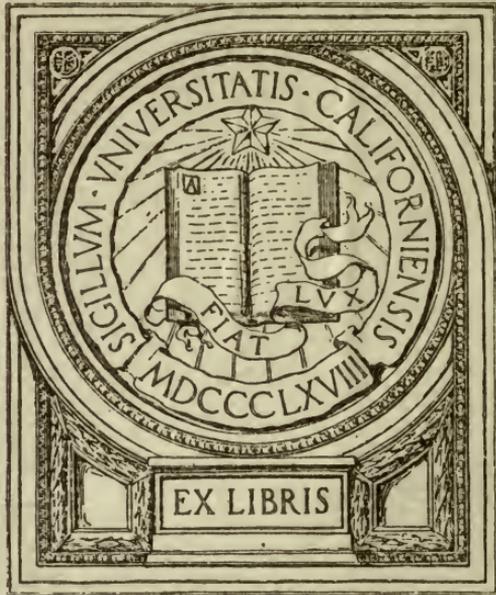


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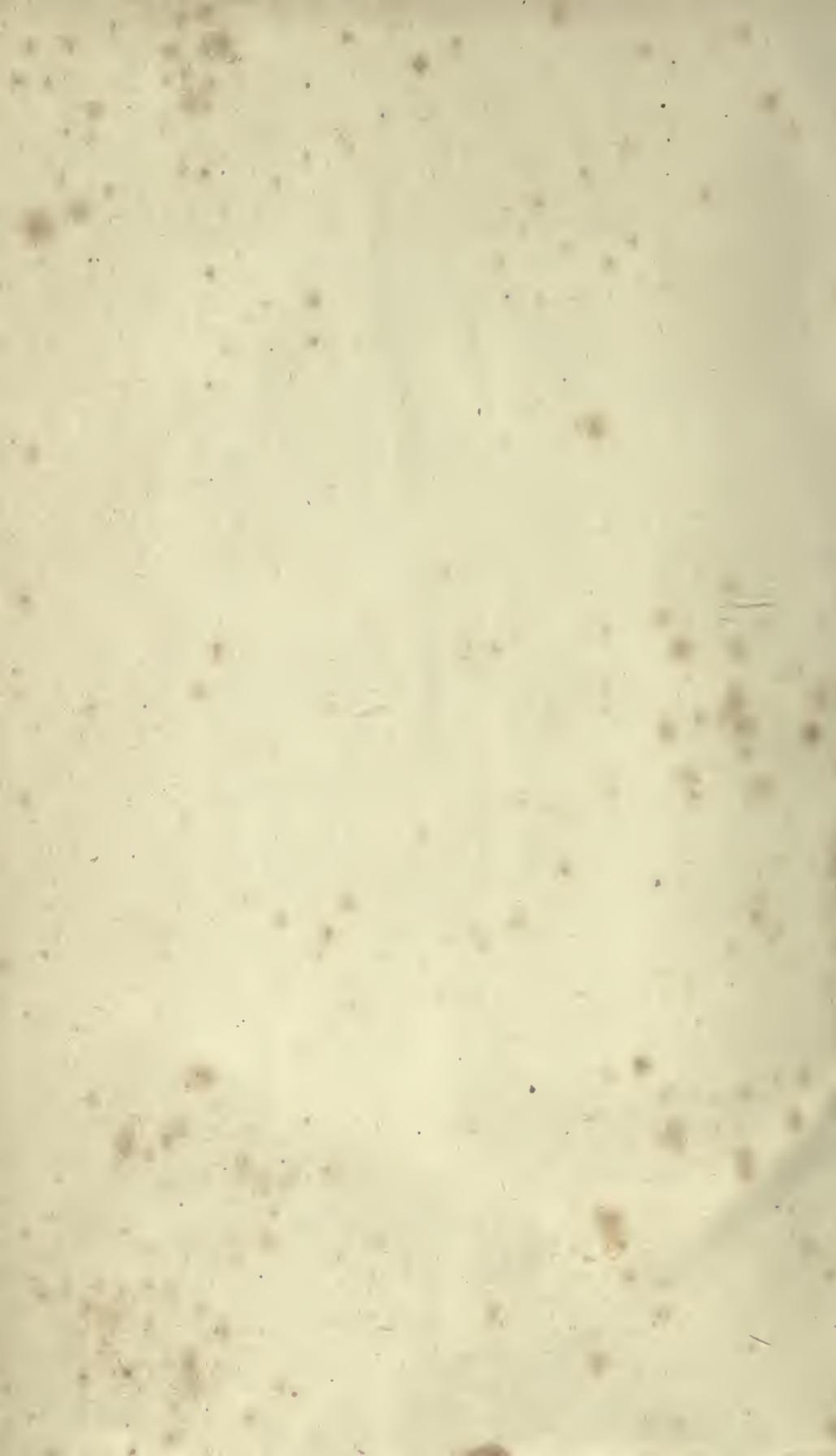
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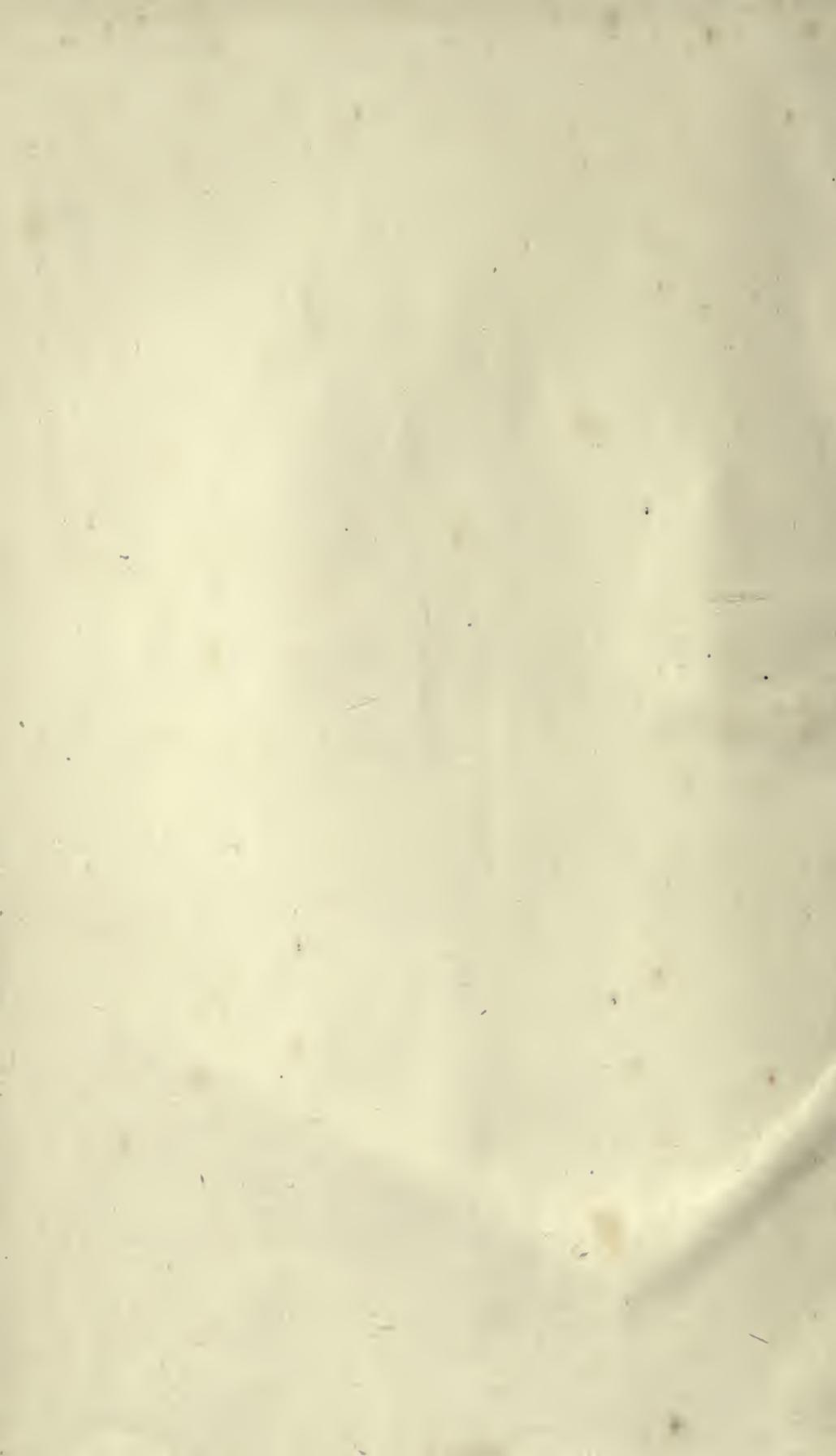
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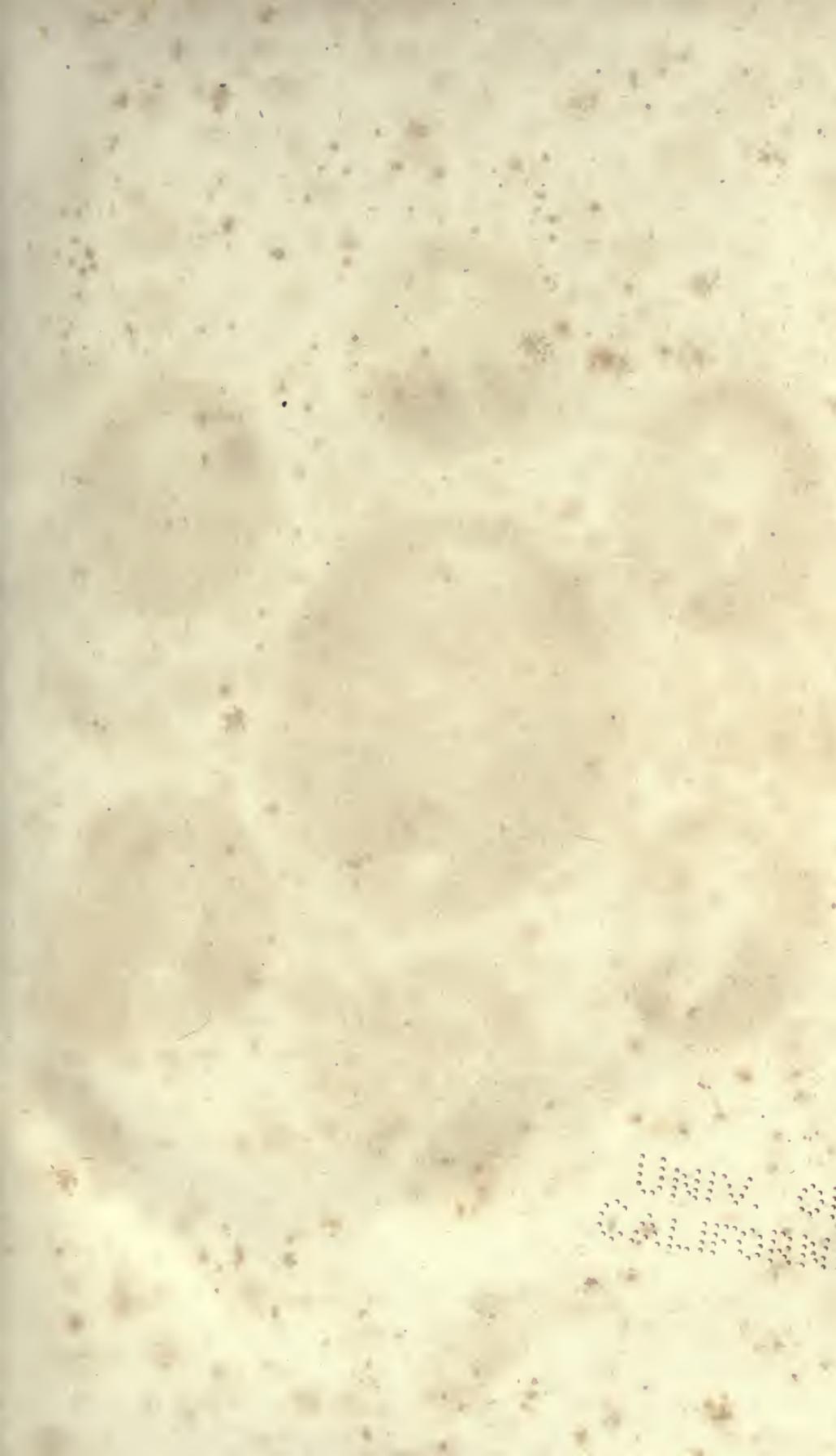
CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS ANECDOTES.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF THE HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND





N. SLATER



A. LAWRENCE



ALBERT GALLATIN



GEO. PEABODY



T. DORSE



JOHN JACOB ASTOR



C. LAWRENCE

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CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS

ANECDOTES;

COMPRISING

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES AND FACTS,

REMARKABLE TRAITS AND HUMORS,

AND

Notable Sayings, Dealings, Experiences, and Witticisms

OF

MERCHANTS, TRADERS, BANKERS, MERCANTILE CELEBRITIES, MILLIONNAIRES,
BARGAIN MAKERS, ETC., ETC.

IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

DESIGNED TO EXHIBIT, BY

NEARLY THREE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS,

THE

PIQUANCIAS AND PLEASANTRIES OF TRADE, COMMERCE, AND GENERAL
BUSINESS PURSUITS.

ASTOR,
ROTHSCHILD,
OUVRARD,
BATES,
BARKER,
LENOX,
HOWQUA,
GOLDSCHMID,
HOPE,
HOTTINGUER,
GRACIE,
COUTTS,
BELMONT,
MORRISON,
DE MEDICI,

GIRARD,
BIDDLE,
LABOUCHERE,
APPLETON,
LAFITTE,
COOPER,
GRESHAM,
PEABODY,
NOLTE,
BROOKS,
RIDGWAY,
GRAY,
CHILD,
HUDSON,
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STURGIS,

BARING,
LORILLARD,
PERKINS,
LEROY,
RUSSELL,
STEIGLITZ,
BUSSEY,
VANDERBILT,
JEEJEBHOY,
GRINNELL,
LEE,
FUGGER,
TATTERSALL,
HOPPER,
COPE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Long life to COMMERCE! What lives not through it! What is all fresh life, all movement, in reality, but trade, exchange, gift for gift!—BREMER.

Come, ANECDOTE! with all thy graces come,
Relieve the grave—to *mit* thy rights afford,
And crown the sparkling glass and hospitable board.—COOKE.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.—STRENE.

A dinner of fragments is often said to be the best dinner.—“GUESSES AT TRUTH.”

By FRAZAR KIRKLAND.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIVE CUTS.

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P R E F A C E .

THE design and scope of this work will be found as clearly indicated and as amply set forth on the Title page, as is requisite to the most complete understanding of the plan which it involves and the character of the matter embodied in its pages. As there stated, it is a collection, original and selected, of the choicest, most striking and *recherché* ANECDOTES relating to BUSINESS MEN and COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, from the earliest trading transactions of which any record can be found down to the present time. It is in no sense intended as a work of biography, history, statistics, or collated facts, only so far as either of these has been found associated, anecdotically, with some episode of Business Character or Dealing, illustrative of the latter in their various aspects of the gay, the ludicrous, the witty, the ingenious, the droll, the original, the unique—laughter-provoking, side-shaking, wonder-exciting, &c. ; with such these pages abound.

The Anecdotes here given necessarily pertain both to persons and things—alike to the *Celebrities* of traffic in all ages and nations, and to the multitudinous *Objects* which give to traffic its name and import. Every country, as well as people, has here its personal representative—exhibiting, in all their kaleidoscopic lights and shades, the idiosyncrasies, customs, and animus peculiar to it, in bargain and sale ; every clime its happy illustrations, in the productions native to it, or which enter into its commercial exchange : the whole forming, as it were, a sort of mental Pantechnicon, or Bazaar, where are to be seen delineated, in endless variety, and as pictures hung upon a wall, the curiosities incident to the genius and craft of THE MART !

Perhaps no volume ever issued from the American press has furnished, in a compendious form, so fruitful a display of the unique and marvellous in human nature, on its *commercial* side, as this. Indeed, it has the merit, whatever that may be, of being the first work of the kind which has ever appeared, in this or any other country, devoted to the *Humorous phase of Trade and Traders*. Collections of anecdotes having reference to art, science, literature, morals, the drama, etc.,—some of them possessing high merit, and attaining a wide circulation—

have at different times been sent forth for public favor; but not one, it is believed, of all these, has ever touched, or but very slightly, the field of pleasantries and piquancies here spread out to view. Our volume, therefore, being thus *sui generis*, offers no opportunity of winning praise by comparison, or of suffering from disparagement by contrast with any other work of its kind. But, however the fact might be in this respect, it would not stand in the way of an honest claim in behalf of the work, of being as perfect in its character as the sources of material available to that end would permit. No time has been spared, no means and facilities left unimproved, no expense or labor withheld, to render these pages tempting to every lover of pithy, pointed, sparkling, and mirthful reading.

It is not too much to say, that the anecdotes, witticisms, and memorabilia, which are here presented, of such monarch merchants as Astor, Rothschild, Girard, Baring, Lafitte, Jacob Barker, De Medicis, Lorillard, Howqua, Bates, Peabody, Lawrence, Hope, Touro, &c., &c., would form, of themselves alone, one of the most delectable of volumes. But these are only a few out of many *scores* of mercantile notabilities who have flourished during the past, or are yet on the stage of action, and of whom it is the object of this book to present the most lively and pleasing incidents illustrative of their professional character, moods, and dealings. And here it will not be impertinent briefly to observe, that, as every undertaking must have its limits, so in the case of the present work, it has been found a point of necessity to exercise a restraining hand, that the several divisions might not become too bulky or diffuse. Arising from this consideration, there are some characters, more or less noteworthy, whose names are not here to be met with, but to which we would gladly have given place. It is believed, however, that this omission rarely involves a name of extensive renown, but applies rather to those whose fame, living or posthumous, is restricted to particular localities or circles; and, as almost every business community, large or small, is known thus to have its "representative men,"—those of strongly marked individuality in their calling,—it is apparent that no task could be more impossible than to attempt to give, without discrimination, the current reminiscences of such a multitude.

In the prosecution of our purpose, every important catalogue, both American and foreign, has been carefully consulted, with a view to examining whatever might promise aid to our efforts; and not a single library of note, in our largest cities, has been left unexplored for material, in the way of biography, travels, adventure—fresh, racy, and relevant—in the preparation of this work. Besides these invaluable means, the best private sources within the circle of men of letters have been resorted to, and the suggestions and assistance thus personally extended have added greatly to the pleasantness of our task, as well as to the value of its results.

But the perplexities attending a nice discernment in the selection of matter for this volume have by no means been slight. The first requisite, of course, in the qualities of an anecdote, is that of truth. Where this is wanting, the narration, however agreeable or well told, falls off at once ninety per cent. in its interest and import. It becomes a mere fable, and should be thus entitled. The number of so-called "anecdotes" coming within this latter class, and which might have had their nominal appropriateness in these pages, is very large; they have been rejected in every case where they could not stand a fair test of authenticity. Many others, of the genuine cast, have been abridged or condensed; and others still have been revised or rewritten, so as more nearly to conform to fact and reason, or that they might appear in a more perspicuous dress to the reader. There is yet another class—and one which forms an exception to the observation just made with reference to credibility—namely, the bristling fantasie of commercial satire, burlesque, &c., which have been allowed a welcome place in almost every department. These explain themselves, and may be said to constitute one of the richest and most attractive features of the work.

It is believed that the general arrangement and classification of this volume are scarcely susceptible of improvement. They are such as to relieve the matter of all stiffness, formality, and tediousness, while they at the same time open up, at the reader's will or fancy, and in pleasing diversification, all the various spheres and phases of commerce, business life, and its individual appertinments. It is not claimed, however, that there are no instances to be found, where portions of one department might not as appropriately—and perhaps more so—have had a place under some other specialty. The difficulties of perfect precision in this respect, in such a work, are obvious, and were frequently felt in the allotment of its contents. For any incongruities that may thus be manifest, a lenient criticism is asked.

Our acknowledgments are due, and are here most gratefully tendered, to those librarians in our principal cities who have so freely and courteously opened the treasures of their alcoves to our use; and also to the many editors, authors, and merchants, who have not only encouraged us by their warm approval of our work, but have favored us with their advice and friendly offices, and with the happy effusions of their pens, with which to enliven our volume.

The magnificent collections of standard periodical literature, now to be found complete in almost all our great libraries, and embracing full sets of the Edinburgh, Westminster, Gentleman's, Fraser's, Blackwood's, Eclectic, Harleian, Jerrold's, Dublin, Punch, Notes and Queries, Chambers', Household Words, The Leisure Hour, &c.,—these, in addition to our American publications of similar character, furnish a vast and bountiful storehouse, inviting and rewarding the research of the scholar. All these have been made readily accessible to us; and, though the

labor of painstakingly examining their contents has certainly been formidable, it has yet been richly remunerative for the purposes of this volume.

The choice sippings of Punch will be relished by all who love to drink at that fountain of mirth, satire, and facetiæ; and Mrs. Partington, that brusque old wit—or witch—will be found to grace, by her weird presence, the same exhilarating category. The pages of the now venerable, but always sprightly and inimitable Knickerböcker, have been drawn upon for some of those “saws” whose teeth always have a point; and the “Drawer” of Harper’s, that charming repository of keen blades and fancies, has been approached like a bundle of golden jack-straws, from which we might extract, here and there, a dainty waif, without taking *all*. From the files of Hunt’s and Homans’ magazines, we have culled not a few of the admirable *morceaux* of commercial biography and the humors of mercantile genius, which give to those serials so peculiar a value; and the same observation is pertinent to the more youthful Continental, especially the series of brilliant personal sketches from the facile pen of Mr. Frothingham. Of the writings of Mr. Richard B. Kimball and “Walter Barrett,” from which we have taken an occasional anecdote or vivacious passage, it may truly be remarked that those authors have succeeded in imparting the delight of romance to the counting-house themes which they have made their specialty; and the great popular favor which their works have received, evinces the widespread taste for the pleasantries of commercial literature, under the inspiration of a genial hand.

Having wrought, to the best of our ability, in the field from which this CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES has been garnered, it is sent forth with the consciousness that, whatever defects or deficiencies may be discoverable, it has at least been the aim of the editor, from the inception of the volume to its completion, to spare neither time, labor, nor cost, in rendering it as rich and perfect of its kind as seemed humanly possible.

INTRODUCTION.

“Every class of readers requires a book adapted to itself.”—D'ISRAELI.

IT is generally admitted by those qualified to speak authoritatively in such matters, that the term ANECDOTE may be used to designate collections, either of the recorded acts of noted individuals, of remarks made by them, or of extracts from their private writings as well as their published works; or generally, of particulars respecting them and their calling—detached incidents, narratives, and experiences; personal tastes, traits, and habits; eccentricities, witticisms, &c., &c. It is thus, in its most enlarged and comprehensive sense, that the word is employed in this volume, and applied distinctively to those engaged in BUSINESS PURSUITS.

That the ancients were given to the wit and raillery conveyed through anecdotes, may reasonably be supposed from the fact that no less a person than Julius Cæsar compiled a book in which he related the *bon-mots* of Cicero; and Quintilian informs us, that a freedman of that celebrated wit and orator composed three books of a work entitled *De Jocis Ciceronis*; and Gellius has filled his *Noctes Atticæ* with anecdotes which he heard from those distinguished characters whose society he frequented in Rome. Procopius gave the title of Anecdotes to a book he published against Justinian and his wife Theodora; and other similar collections of incidents in the lives of eminent men have been published. Muratori gives the title, *Anecdota Græca*, to several writings of the Greek Fathers found in the libraries, and first given to the world by him. Martene and Durand have given a *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*. Becker, Bachmann, Heinbach, and others, have made collections, and called them *Anecdota*. The Orientalists, more than others, were particularly fond of these agreeable collections; and the fanciful titles with which they labelled their variegated miscellanies, sufficiently attest their delight.

The first eminent person of modern times, whose jests and opinions have in this way been transmitted to posterity, is Poggio Bracciolini, who was secretary to five successive popes. He and his friends were accustomed to assemble in a hall to discuss the news and scandal of the day, and at these meetings they communicated to each other entertaining anecdotes. The pointed jests and humorous stories which occurred in these unrestrained conversations were collected by Poggio, and formed the chief materials of his *Facetiæ*, printed in 1470.

One of the most curious of such collections is considered to be the Wal-

poliana, founded upon the life and sayings of Horace Walpole, who was distinguished for his resources of anecdote, wit, and telling remark, as well as for his epistolary qualifications. The most celebrated of the French collections of anecdotes is the *Menagiana*—the best known, the fullest, and most valuable. Other works of this kind that may here be named are the *Conversations of Luther*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, *Selden's, Johnson's, and Cowper's Table Talk*, the *Percy and Arvine collections*, &c., &c.

It would be a tedious as well as profitless task, however, to go over the dusty past, with a view to describing the character, or discussing the merits, of the various works of this kind which have appeared at different times and in different countries. It will suffice our immediate purpose to say, that, among them all, no volume of anecdotes, wit, and amusement, relating to the votaries of Trade and Commerce, as such, is numbered, notwithstanding the universality of those occupations, and the vast numerical preponderance of those engaged in them.

The present volume, then, may be said to be the first in the pleasing domain of Commercial Incident, Novelty, and Humor. And if it be true, as has by some one been remarked, that there is no species of composition so delightful as that which presents us with personal anecdotes of men notable in their peculiar calling—illustrating the genius of their adaptation to and success in such calling, as well as their domestic traits, and peculiarities of temper—then a claim for no small credit may with justice be put forth in behalf of the present work, the abundant pages of which are stored with the rarest, the best, and most striking of such memorabilia. They will be found to be a “salad” alike for the “solitary” and the “sociable”—entertaining, from their variety, and curious, as presenting a lively image of those whom they thus portray, in their most interesting relations and doings. If men reason more correctly on paper, they usually display their feelings and convictions with more truth in that unpremeditated conversation, and in those natural outpourings of wit, which they give play to in the familiar haunts of business, and under the free-and-easy influence of home surroundings. Few are so cautious or artificial that they do not sometimes drop the mask in the society of their friends, and express just what they think or feel, when they entertain no apprehensions of being watched and noted. In many instances, however, anecdotes are to be regarded rather as affording an idea of the *casual* turn of thinking and acting, of those whose conversations they detail, or whose deeds they record, than as authorities for settled opinions. Thus, a spirit of contradiction, a wish to display ingenuity, to astonish, or merely to support conversation, may often lead men to maintain ideas in colloquial intercourse, which they perhaps never seriously held, or at least would be ready to disclaim on mature deliberation.

It being the nature of anecdotes to involve or exemplify more or less of Wit, it is well for those who use or listen to them to bear in mind that such an element is rarely calculated to have any influence on reasoning, other than to disturb it. To determine, however, the precise character, or to give a definite *meaning*, to the term wit, is indeed difficult. According to one, both fancy and judgment are comprehended under that name; but this idea is far from being the one generally adopted, and the word has perhaps passed through more significations, than any other in the English language. At one time, it used to denote a superior degree of understanding, and more particularly a quick and brilliant reason; but it came subsequently to be regarded as consisting

in lively and ingenious combinations of thought; and was afterward very neatly described to be such an assemblage of ideas as will give delight and surprise; and from this it has ultimately come to be regarded as ludicrous surprise.

But, in addition to the pleasure to be derived from anecdotes on account of the wit which may characterize them, and which carries with the recital both relish and stimulus, there is also the very active element of Curiosity, in the constitution of the human mind, and which craves and welcomes every opportunity of gratification. This feeling of curiosity oftentimes rises to eagerness and enthusiasm. There is an anxiety to know all that is possible to be learned of those who have occupied a prominent position in their sphere of life. It is not, merely, that every circumstance derives value from the person to whom it relates; but an apparently insignificant anecdote often throws an entirely new light on the character of a man's actions. Great deeds, though they shed a broad and lasting lustre round the reputation of those who have achieved them, yet occupy but a small part of the life of any individual; and mankind are never unwilling to penetrate through this bright halo surrounding one or more illustrious deeds, to see how the interior or remaining intervals are filled up; in a word, to look into the every-day details, to detect incidental foibles, and to ascertain what qualities such persons have, or had, in common with the great mass of men, as well as distinct from them.

D'Israeli very philosophically remarks, that "every class of readers requires a book adapted to itself." It was in this conviction that the book now offered to that numerous and influential portion of every community—the Business class—had its origin; fortified by the well-known fact, that anecdote forms an element of positive force and profitable effect in the transactions of the countingroom and shop—as much so, perhaps, as in any other profession. And why should it not be so? An anecdote in point, occurring to a man of business, when he is plying the arts of trade, whether as buyer or seller, will naturally give spur to his thoughts, and perhaps be the means of balancing things in his favor, when all other expedients and every other recourse would have proved unavailing. This is a principle as rational as truth itself, and the value of which will be found most amply unfolded in the contents of this volume.

That all pleasantries ought to be short, has long since passed into an axiom. Due regard has been paid to this sentiment, in the preparation of these pages. Nor has it been any part of the purpose of this volume, to make it a mere lumber room of the relics and dotage of far-back ages—a few things good and fresh mixed up with many stale and inferior wares. A special characteristic, too, of mercantile or business men, is that of action—of ready doing, rather than loquacious talking; a quality of which Rothschild, of the Old World, and Girard, of the New, may be cited as memorable examples. Anecdotes are brief, or should be—all over in a short time; and, if they hit the mark, the object is gained. This collection treats of the business classes on a similar plan: their acts, sayings, achievements, fortunes, customs; shop talk and "conversations commercial;" curious annals and interesting data in all the departments of trade; all the turnings and windings of mercantile life; apt maxims, ingenious or philosophical thoughts; testimonies and examples of virtues, of vices, and of abuses, in all their ramifications; types, pictures, and images; signs, shows, and wonders; all things, in short, that have either wit, or humor, or sparkling ideas in them, or a more original or novel spirit than ordinary, here enter as

ingredients, and are interwoven in pleasing variety—a distillation of whatever is pointed or pungent—the milledulcia extracted from the choicest and innumerable sources.

The opening department of this volume—that which presents Business Celebrities in their more distinctively biographical aspect—forms one of the most interesting of the series. It is the vestibule, or porch, as it were, to the rest; and the endeavor has been to arrange it with that care and completeness which should distinguish matter of such a character. To render biography generally attractive, it is indispensable that its basis should be that of truth. Without this, it necessarily wants the great superiority of the narrative of real events over that of mere fictitious creations; viz., that of recording what has actually occurred in real life. How important an element this is in awakening the sympathies, may be seen in children, who, when particularly fascinated by any story they are told, almost invariably end by asking, “But is it all true?” The fact, also, that biography deals with personal characters, admits of its expansion into many topics, both interesting and amusing. As the delineation of character is its object, and the events of individual life its principal subject, it not only admits of, but requires a thousand incidents and descriptions, which are essential to a right understanding of the characters portrayed. Such details enable the reader to clothe the characters in which he is interested in the actual habiliments in which they were arrayed; they bring before one’s eyes the business occupations and resorts, the dwellings, the firesides, the traits of domestic association, and other data, which go to make up the warp and woof of life.

Nor is it less instructive than pleasant, to be, as it were, introduced thus familiarly to the companionship of men who have been or are distinguished in the sphere occupied by them. If they be men of sterling and intrepid qualities, it is a privilege to be made acquainted with the motives of their actions, to follow them from their starting point, to mark the difficulties and opposition they encountered in their struggle for advancement—the energy and skill by which they were overcome, and the courage that animated them to persevere in their efforts. By their failures, also, warning is obtained of the various quicksands and dangers that beset the path of commercial life.

Thus considered, the lives of noted business men supply abundant and striking material for the pen of the writer. It is true, that only here and there does such a life present itself among that class—so full of versatile and remarkable experience—as to afford substance for an elaborate and formal biography. Such as the latter have sometimes been written, exhibiting a most frugal proportion of kernel to shell—mere rivulets of fact in meadows of verbiage, and bringing positive discredit both upon the author and his subject. But, notwithstanding this, there are very many characters which afford, respectively, some trait, habit, or individuality, capable, when presented in a lively manner, of furnishing entertainment and profit in the highest degree; as the numberless specimens here spread out before the reader will attest.

It may safely be asserted, that no character of fiction, made ever so dazzling by the imagery of the novelist, presents to the mind such marvels as may be found in the solid realities of experience pertaining to an Astor, a Rothschild, a Lawrence, a McDonough, a De Medicis, a Girard, and their compeers, the chronicles of whose great and unflinching career loom up so conspicuously in these pages. Nor is the mind less startled at the history of the magnificent success of a Morris, a Law, a Lafitte, a Goldschmid, a Fordyce, a Hudson, and

others, and their subsequent downfall and ruin. Not only are such narratives adapted to intellectually impress—to captivate, to excite, to confound, to arouse to wonderment, to amuse—but they may be made subservient to positive profit; in business parlance, they may “be made to pay!” An acquaintance with the ways and means which have characterized the career of successful business men—their apt sayings, or more apt silence; their penetration of human character, and art of imperceptibly influencing its sensibilities and moods to their own ends; their genial sallies and happy repartees; their shrewd plans, skilful combinations, ingenious finesse, and general *modus operandi* of “turning a trade;” such an acquaintance cannot but be a capital desideratum to all who move in a kindred path.

The plan which has been adopted of dividing the contents of this work into different sections, each devoted to a particular specialty, is one which will enable the reader to strike easily at every salient point in the anecdotal field of commerce and commercial character thus spread before him. Of the bearings of the first department, we have already spoken; the others admit, severally, of similar explanatory detail with respect to their prescribed object and the illustrations afforded by their contents. But, not to attempt to specifically portray or analyze the features of each department by itself, into which this volume is divided—the fascinating data which open up in the memorials of world-renowned merchants, bankers, and millionnaires—the arts and humors of money dealing—the captivating examples of success based on the practice of the more rigid qualities—the low craft and bold criminalities both of ancient and modern traffic—the whims and ingenuities of business phraseology—the unique thoughts and things pertaining to commercial transit—the curious phenomena of trade and merchandise in their legal bearings—the exhibition of the private or domestic side of mercantile characters—the novelties and erratic expedients characteristic of bargain makers in different countries—the vagaries and hazards of insurance—the incidents of clerk life, shop experience, &c., together with the variegated jottings of trade and its votaries, as related to “the rest of mankind;”—without attempting to depict the results, or point out the peculiar entertainment presented by each one of these, separately, it may be remarked, in conclusion, that perhaps the portion of this volume which exhibits the phenomena of commercial dealings in their most extraordinary developments, is comprised in the recital of the manias, bubbles, panics, and delusions, which have from time to time swept the business world like a tornado, carrying before it the verdant like chaff, and ultimately the most sagacious and wary.

Now that those delusions are past, it is difficult to conceive how mercantile men could be led to entertain such visionary expectations, and to pay immense premiums in distant and hazardous undertakings, of which they knew little or nothing. A blind ardor seemed to take possession of men’s minds; every rumor of a new project was taken at once as the presage of sudden and inexhaustible wealth. People supposed they were forthwith to lay their hands on treasure that waited simply their bidding. The rise, in many cases, exceeded cent. per cent. Many who were most eager in pursuit of shares, intended only to hold them for a few hours, days, or weeks, and then profit from the advance which they anticipated would take place, by selling them to others more credulous or bold than themselves. The confidence of one set of speculators confirmed that of others. Meanwhile, the indiscriminating rapacity of the public

was fed by every conceivable art. Madness ruled the hour. The poor and the rich rushed wildly to invest their all; and even mendicants rolled proudly, for a while, in fictitious wealth! But, as in all such cases since the world was, the shadows of doubt began, in time, ominously to cast themselves athwart this bright picture, and soon deepened into the dark and lurid clouds of stern reality. People turned ashy pale. Consternation took the place of confidence, and Panic spread out her spectral wings. Thus, one by one these airy bubbles exploded, leaving the wail of desolation, of gaunt despair, and of ghastly suicide, in their fatal train. The pen of the romancer, in its most unrestrained flights, would fail to equal, in startling wonders, the chronicles of commercial tragedy which have their appropriate department in this volume.

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PART FIRST.

*ANECDOTES AND REMARKABLE REMINISCENCES OF THE
EARLY CAREER OF BUSINESS CELEBRITIES IN ALL
AGES AND COUNTRIES.*

PART FIRST.

Anecdotes and Remarkable Reminiscences of the Early Career of Business Celebrities in all Ages and Countries.

ASTOR, ROTHSCHILD, OUVRAUD, BATES, BARKER, TOURO, MCDONOGH, HOWQUA, GOLDSCHMID, HOPE, HOTTINGUER, COUTTS, MORRISON, DE MEDICIS, GIRARD, BIDDLE, LABOUCHERE, LA-FITTE, APPLETON, COOPER, GRESHAM, PEABODY, NOLTE, GRAY, BRUCK, BEATTY, STEWART, LAWRENCE, LOWELL, WHITNEY, GIDEON, DEXTER, BARING, MORRIS, LORILLARD, STEIGLITZ, PERKINS, LONGWORTH, ETC., ETC., ETC.

—That *captivating art* which consists in the delineation of individual traits and achievements.—EDIN. REVIEW.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under the ground.—SIR T. OVERBURY.

Let not those blush who *have*, but those who *have not*, a lawful calling.—TATTLER.

Still let the mind be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, the business may be done.—HERBERT.

Robert Morris, the Financier, of Philadelphia.

THIS eminent financier was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1734. Of his family, very little is known, except that his father was a respectable English merchant, and for a long time held the agency of a very considerable tobacco house in that place. The nature and extent of his concerns required his frequent visits to this country; and it was in one of these trips that his son Robert, at the age of thirteen, became the companion of his voyage, and received an introduction to the scene of his future greatness. His father, by a melancholy accident, lost his life about two years after he had established himself in this country as a merchant. Soon after this sad event, Robert was received into the counting house of Charles Willing, at that time the most distinguished merchant in Philadelphia, to whom he appears to have been indentured; and, after remaining

in this subordinate station the usual term of years, he was established in business by his patron, in conjunction with his son, Thomas Willing.

Embarked on an extensive and profitable West India business, Mr. MORRIS made several voyages as supercargo in the ships belonging to the company, in one of which he was unfortunately captured by the French, and, during a close imprisonment for some time, suffered cruelty of treatment not justified by the laws of war, nor the usages of civilized nations. In this state of distress, without a shilling, by exercising his ingenuity, and repairing the watch of a Frenchman, he raised the means of his own liberation, and enabled himself to return to Philadelphia and resume his mercantile life.

Under his active superintendence, the house of Willing and Morris rapidly rose to the summit of commercial reputation. Their foreign freightage employed an incredible number of ships;

while the able management of their finances at home, procured them the confidence and credit of the world. At the age of thirty-six, he married the daughter of Colonel White; she was the sister of the venerable Bishop White. At the close of 1775, he was sent to Congress, and, after rendering important services during the war, he was, in 1781, unanimously elected, by Congress, superintendent of national finance.

He still continued his commercial business, having formed a connection with the Messrs. Hazlehurst. In 1786 he was elected a member of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and in 1788 was appointed United States senator. His public duties, however, caused that inattention to his private affairs, which finally resulted in those great embarrassments of mind and circumstances which weighed upon his declining years. In his old age, Mr. Morris embarked in vast land speculations, which proved fatal to his fortune. The man to whose financial operations our country has been said to owe as much as to the negotiations of Franklin, or even the arm of Washington, passed the latter years of his life in prison, confined for debt. He died on the 8th of May, 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Mr. Morris was of large frame, with a fine, open, bland countenance, and simple manners; for nearly half a century, until the period of his imprisonment, his house was a scene of the most liberal hospitality.

P. C. Labouchere, the Youthful Prince Merchant.

In his youth, LABOUCHERE commenced his commercial training in Nantes, but subsequently engaged to become a clerk, for a period of three years, to take charge of the commercial correspondence of Hope & Co., the world-renowned bankers of Amsterdam. Shortly before the close of this

term young Labouchere gave his principal a hint that a moderate increase of salary was desirable. An answer was promised for the next morning. When he went at the appointed time to receive the anticipated reply, old Mr. Hope laid before him for his signature, a contract already drawn up, in which he named him as his partner, with a suitable share in the profits, and intrusted him with the signature of that vast and princely house. Labouchere was at that time only twenty-two years of age, yet ere long assumed the eminent position of head of the firm—one of the first in the world, and studied the manners of a French courtier previous to the Revolution; these manners he soon made so thoroughly his own, that they seemed to be a part of his own nature. He made a point of distinguishing himself in everything he undertook by a certain perfection, and carried this feeling so far, that, on account of the untractable lack of elasticity in his body, and a want of ear for music, which nature had denied him, he for eighteen years deemed it necessary to take dancing lessons, because he saw that others surpassed him in that graceful accomplishment. He married a daughter of the Barings: his whole career, both public and private, was one of almost unexampled brilliancy.

Howqua, the senior Hong Merchant.

This immensely wealthy and powerful Chinese merchant, whose mercantile fame was so extensive in both hemispheres as long as he lived, was descended from a respectable Fo-kien family, long resident in the principal black-tea district, and his grandfather was one of the Amoy Hong, who, with the progenitors of the Canton Hong merchants, Poon-ke-qua, Chunc-qua, and Minqua, were ordered by the emperor to remove to Canton, when all intercourse was forbidden with the English and Dutch at the port of Amoy.

Howqua had attained his seventy-fifth year when he died, at Canton. For a long time he had been in a feeble state of health, with extremely attenuated frame, but with an unimpaired intellectual vigor up to his last illness. His fortune was variously estimated, but his investments in the British and foreign funds were very great, and it was the belief of those who were most personally intimate with him, that his wealth did not fall short of twenty-five million dollars. With a very small exception, all his riches were the result of his own industry and enterprise. The war with the English involved him in a loss of two million dollars, and his proportion of the Canton ransom was eight hundred thousand dollars.

One of the peculiar characteristics of Howqua was an inveterate aversion to new customs and modern fashions,—clinging with the most conservative tenacity to the old, corrupt system, by which his vast wealth was mainly accumulated. He was the organ of communication between the government and the foreign merchants, possessed great power and influence among his countrymen, was a large landed proprietor, and had founded and endowed a temple to Buddha, in the suburbs of Canton.

It seems almost incredible, but it is not the less true, that, to the last, he directed his vast and complicated trade, which almost encircled the globe, alone. His knowledge, and even familiarity with mercantile details connected with the trade of foreign ports, was truly astonishing. Sound judgment, true prudence, wary circumspection, and a wise economy, were distinguishing traits of his mercantile character. By Englishmen, Howqua was not liked. His predilections were American—and justly so, seeing that he was indebted, in an early stage of his career, to an American citizen, for information he sought in vain from the English.

James Wood, the Gloucester Millionaire.

JAMES WOOD, the celebrated shop-keeping millionaire and sole proprietor of the Old Gloucester (Eng.) Bank,—the oldest private bank, with the exception of Childs', in England—amassed a property of five million of dollars. From the earliest period in his business career to the day of his death, he kept a shop such as comes within the description of a chandler's shop, in which he sold almost everything, from a mousetrap to a carriage; not that his premises were large enough to contain all the various stores in which he dwelt, nor indeed was it requisite that they should—for his wealth was sufficiently known to all the large manufacturers and traders, so that they were at all times ready to supply him with goods to any amount. At one end of this motley shop, the business of the 'Old Gloucester Bank,' as it was familiarly called, was transacted; and the whole establishment was managed by himself and two clerks or assistants. He was very penurious, and never married, entertained no company, visited no one, spent his whole time in his bank or shop, and his Sundays in a long walk in the country. His will involved much litigation, and, as a consequence, proved a prolific source of employment to the gentlemen of the greenbag.

Coutts, the English Banker.

The father of Mr. COUTTS, the founder of the celebrated English banking house which bears his name, was a merchant of some eminence in the city of Edinburgh. He had four sons; the two youngest, James and Thomas, were brought up in their father's office. James, at the age of twenty-five, went to London, and settled in St. Mary Axe, as a Scotch merchant, and subsequently started as a banker on the same spot, and it is believed in the same house where the business of the bank is now carried on. Some few years after,

Thomas joined his brother as a partner in the establishment, under the firm of 'James and Thomas Coutts, Bankers.' On the death of James, Thomas was left sole proprietor of the bank. Mr. Coutts, the founder of this eminent house, was plain in his person, sedate in his deportment, punctual to an extreme nicety in the discharge of all the duties of his immense and successful business, frugal and sparing in his personal expenditure, singularly calm and clear in his judgment, careful of his health—and still more of his reputation. To these traits the great prosperity and wealth to which Mr. Coutts attained are due.

It is related, as an illustration of Mr. Coutts' character, that one day, while sitting at dinner with a company of bankers whom he had invited to his hospitable board, he was informed by one of his guests, that a certain nobleman had applied to his house for a loan of thirty thousand pounds, and had been refused. Mr. Coutts took no particular notice of this at the time, but the moment his guests had retired, which was about ten o'clock, he started off to the house of his lordship, and inquiring for the steward told him his business, adding, "Tell his lordship, that if he calls on me in the morning, he may have what he requires." On the following morning, the nobleman went to the bank. Mr. Coutts received him with great politeness, and taking thirty one-thousand pound notes from a drawer, presented them to his lordship, who was most agreeably surprised, and asked, "What security am I to give you?" "I shall be satisfied with your lordship's note of hand," was the reply. This was instantly given. The nobleman then said, "I find I shall only require, for the present, ten thousand pounds of the money; I therefore return you twenty thousand pounds, with which you will be pleased to open an account in my name."

This handsome act of Mr. Coutts was

not lost upon his lordship, who, in addition to paying in, within a few months, two hundred thousand pounds to his account, being the amount of the sale of an estate, recommended several of the nobility to patronize Mr. Coutts; and further, his lordship related the interesting circumstance to King George the Third, who also patronized him by keeping a large amount of money in Mr. Coutts' bank. The king, however, afterward closed his account with Mr. Coutts, it having come to his knowledge that the latter advanced the sum of one hundred thousand pounds toward Sir Francis Burdett's election to parliament. In place of Mr. Coutts, the king opened an account with a banker at Windsor, but this banker, to the great mortification of the king, subsequently failed, considerably in his majesty's debt.

Tattersall, the Auctioneer, London.

The present noted auctioneer in London, known as TATTERSALL, is a son of the founder of the great establishment, who died while enjoying the sumptuous surroundings in which his princely fortune enabled him to indulge.

Nobody who sees Mr. Tattersall presiding in his rostrum during the sale of horses, can resist the conviction that Nature intended him for an auctioneer of those noble animals. In the rostrum, he is obviously in his proper business sphere. He enters on his vocation with heart and soul, each succeeding day. He has no idea of happiness beyond the auction yard. The very sight of the hammer, or rather of himself wielding the hammer, is to him an enjoyment of the first magnitude. His own voice, when expatiating in praise of any horse that "is to be sold," has inexpressible charms to his ear. There is not a sound in the world that he will acknowledge to be half so musical to him,—except it be the sound of some voice whose proprietor is making a

"handsome bidding" for the animal in the market.

Mr. Tattersall, though a man of few words compared with the voluble school of auctioneers in general, is a very adroit and successful knight of the hammer. He is dexterous in discovering who among all that surround him are the parties really intending to buy, and to them in succession he addresses himself. His very look, unaccompanied by a single word, has, in innumerable cases, appealed so forcibly to some bystander, as to draw out "another guinea for the horse," even when the person had fully resolved in his own mind not to advance, on any earthly consideration, a single sixpence more. He holds in contempt all bombastical diction, as in poor taste, a waste of time, and a positive insult to the persons assembled. Besides, he is convinced that by his own plain and homely, but expressive style, he "fetches" a far better price for his "fine animals," than he would by the most high-sounding clap-trap sentences that could be strung together. He usually contents himself with mentioning the pedigree of the horse, praising him as one of the finest ever known; affecting to be quite shocked at the idea of selling him at the price offered; assuring the company that it would be positively giving him away, which of course neither he nor the proprietor can afford to do; and regretting that he cannot bid himself. When an extra quality of horse is "up," Mr. Tattersall's art of winning upon the good graces of the company is inimitable; an example of which is furnished among the AUCTION anecdotes in this volume.

By all his acquaintance, Mr. Tattersall has the reputation of being an excellent-hearted man, and is a great favorite, personally, with all who visit his premises, or have occasion to do business with him. He is a dark-complexioned man, with a rather full face, and wears a reserved expression. He

is slightly under medium size, of somewhat stout build, and very lame. The number of horses he sometimes sells in one day is one hundred to one hundred and eighty.

—

Jacques Lafitte, the French Banker.

Important results often follow from the most trifling incidents. A remarkable instance of this kind is that afforded in the history of LAFITTE, one of the most memorable among the names of French bankers, and which was the foundation of the colossal fortune he afterward accumulated, and of the scarcely less than imperial position which he at one time held in the councils of the realm.

When he came to Paris, in 1798, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking house; and to attain this object, he called on M. Perregeaux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of introduction. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Mademoiselle Gurmard, which had been put up in a lottery by that lady, and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this most charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Lafitte paid his first visit in Paris, and, as it were, took his first step in the brilliant Parisian world. The young provincial—poor and modest, timid and anxious—entered by that gateway which had witnessed so many convivialities in the last century.

He was introduced into the boudoir of the danseuse, which had become the cabinet of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit. "It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment, at least for the present," replied the banker; "all my offices have their full complement. If I require any one at a future time, I will see what can be done; but, in the mean time, I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect a vacancy for a long while."

With a disappointed heart, the young

aspirant for employment left the office ; and while, with a dejected air, he traversed the stately courtyard, he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lappel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate and open up so famous a destiny to him ; but so it was. From the windows of his cabinet, M. Perregeaux had observed the movement of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers and quick interpreters of human actions, who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action, he saw the revelations of a character. It was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of the qualities in especial which should be possessed by a good financier. A young man who would thus painstakingly pick up a pin, could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and reach a high degree of prosperity. In the evening of the same day, M. Lafitte received the following note from M. Perregeaux :—

“ A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of tomorrow morning.”

The anticipations of the banker were not disappointed. The young Lafitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From a simple clerk, he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris ; and afterwards, in rapid succession, a Deputy, and President of the Council of Ministers—the highest point to which a citizen could aspire. Rarely have riches been placed in better hands—rarely has banker or prince made a more noble use of them. In 1836, M. Lafitte founded the joint-stock bank which goes by his name, and of which he was the head

and principal partner. His fortunes changed materially, for the worse, after the Revolution. He died in May, 1844, and was buried with great magnificence in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. He left one daughter, who married the prince of Moskowa, the son of Marshal Ney.

William Forbes, Scotch Banker.

The private banking house once universally known in Scotland under the lead of SIR WILLIAM FORBES, had a somewhat peculiar genealogy, reaching far back into the last century, and even faintly gleaming through the obscurities of the one before it, when mercantile efforts and speculations were taking their birth amidst the embers of scarcely extinct civil wars and all kinds of private barbarisms. The genealogy is traced to the firm of John Coutts & Co., of Edinburgh, in 1742, and the concern appears to be the main stock from which branched off the eminent London banking firms of Coutts & Co. and Herries & Co. It was the first banking house in Edinburgh.

Born in 1734, and fatherless when four years of age, Sir William had but little other means of help than the usual Scotch thrift. He rose, however, to be the head of the house which he had entered as an apprentice, without a capital, at fifteen ; recovered the lost fortunes of his family, aided materially in establishing those of his country on a solid basis, and even became the sole preserver of much of her literary history which must otherwise have perished.

Originally confined to commercial dealing and general business traffic, the sole transactions of the house finally came to be those of banking. It subsequently yielded, once or twice, to the temptation of mercantile or merchandize speculation, but suffered from it, and ever afterward refused to engage, directly or indirectly, in anything but banking. Mr. Forbes died, in 1806, at

the age of sixty-seven, and to his virtues Scott has paid a merited tribute in the dedication of one of the cantos of *Marmion*.

—

M. Steiglitz, Richest of Russian Merchants.

What the name of Rothschild is in other countries, and that of Astor in America, the name of STEIGLITZ is in Russia, and has been for half a century. It would doubtless still continue to hold this pre-eminence, but for the voluntary retirement of the proprietor, two or three years since, with a fortune computed, by Russian authorities, at scores of millions of dollars,—acquired by his connection with all the great financial concerns of the empire, and the numerous and extensive manufactories, sugar refineries, etc., which he carried on.

M. Steiglitz, senior, arrived in Russia about the commencement of the present century; he came from Hamburg, and was a Jew by birth, but subsequently abandoned that faith and identified himself with Christianity. Immediately after his arrival in Russia he entered into business, and founded the great commercial and banking house which he bequeathed to his son, with the title of Baron, and a prodigious fortune. M. Steiglitz, junior, subsequently managed the house, and with such ability and success as to be able to retire with an estate valued at little short of *fifty millions of dollars*. This vast fortune consists in capital deposited in the imperial banks, in shares in the best Russian companies, and in landed estates, both in the south of Russia, in Livonia, and in Germany. He has the rank of Councillor of State, and is decorated with the grand cordon of the Order of St. Stanislaus. He married a Mdle. Muller, belonging to a highly respectable, though not wealthy family, and has no children.

Solomon, the Merchant Sovereign.

KING SOLOMON was at once monarch and merchant; and it may easily be inferred, that no private merchant could safely compete with a prince so regal, who had assumed the mercantile character. By his intimate commercial union with the Tyrians, he was put into the most favorable of all positions for disposing of his goods. That energetic nation, possessing so small a strip of territory, had much need of various raw produce for their own wants. Another large demand was made by them for the raw materials of manufactures, and for articles which they could with advantage sell again; and as they were able, in turn, to sell so many acceptable luxuries to the court of Solomon, a most active exchange soon commenced. The carrying trade, which was shared between Solomon and the Tyrians, was probably the most lucrative part of the southern and eastern commerce. From Egypt, Solomon imported not only linen yarn, but even horses and chariots, which were sold again to the princes of Syria and of the Hittites; the light, strong, and elegant structure of the chariots rendering them very salable. Wine being abundant in Palestine, and wholly wanting in Egypt, was, no doubt, a principal means of repayment. That Solomon's trading correspondence also extended to Babylon, may be fairly inferred. He is said to have realized from a single voyage four hundred and fifty talents of gold, that is, *upwards of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars!* The business transactions of Solomon, it thus appears, were enormously large and lucrative; yet it does not appear that any fault was found with him on that account—particularly by his own subjects.

—

M. Bruck, Austria's Great Merchant Banker.

Some considerable number of years back, when the Greeks were in arms to

assert their independence, a young man with a staff in his hand and a travelling knapsack on his back, presented himself at the office of a Greek merchant at Trieste, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Filled with youthful enthusiasm for the once glorious name of Greece, he was on his way to the Morea with the intention of joining the Greek insurgents.

The merchant, pleased with the youth's appearance, and perhaps influenced by the letter of introduction, thought it a pity that so much intelligence should be employed in warlike rather than in peaceful pursuits, and endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. To give his argument its desired effect, he offered the adventurer a clerkship in his office. The offer was immediately accepted. The young man's name was BRUCK. He doubtless devoted himself with much zeal to the interests of his patron, for in a few years he became the head-clerk and manager of his business. A courtship shortly afterwards took place between him and the merchant's daughter, which ended in marriage with her and a partnership in business with her father.

This man became one of the ruling spirits in European commerce and finance, the extent of his business operations comports with the high repute of the house with which he was identified. M. Bruck devoted himself to the formation of the Austrian Navigation Company; and he it was who established that well known commercial institution, the Austrian Lloyd's—for which he was indebted for a name to the mercantile phraseology of England,—and which he founded on principles similar to those by which the English Lloyd's is conducted. It is also due to his energy that railroads have been introduced and extended in Austria. And in addition to all this, his great financial and business talents caused him to be appointed Minister of Finance of the Empire,—like La-

bouchere in England, and Lafitte in France.

Jones Lloyd, London Banker.

The firm of JONES LLOYD & Co., consisting of two partners—father and son—has long held rank in London with those of the Coutts, Glyns, Denisons, Smiths, Barclays, Paynes, Willises, and others, for immense extent of business and honorable dealing. The father has been mentioned as the only great banker in London who has made a fortune by banking, without having been bred to it. Banking sought him. He preserves, it is said, to this day, in his bedroom, a little table which used to stand many years ago in his shop at Manchester, and upon which, as people used to bring their money to him, his first accounts were kept. His wealth has been estimated at ten to twelve million dollars in ready money, the whole amount being kept floating in convertible securities for immediate use. Mr. Lewis Lloyd, according to his own account, began business in 1792, at Manchester, where having spent a year, he removed to London, where he concluded to remain, with a partnership in the Manchester firm. According to report, he was originally a Unitarian clergyman, but soon became tired of that vocation—finding it, as he is said to have sometimes confessed after dinner, “much more profitable and agreeable to spend his time in turning over bank notes, than in turning up the whites of his eyes.” Mr. Lloyd seems to have been somewhat partial to this style of remark. Thus, when Frys and Chapman, the Quaker bankers, failed, a member of the society took his account to Mr. Lloyd: “We think you are right, friend,” said the senior partner; “it is wiser to put thy money with a rich sinner than a poor saint.”

James Lenox, Merchant, of New York.

The name of LENOX appears among some of the early Scotch emigrants,

such as the Irvings, Masons, Douglasses, Grahams, &c. Robert Lenox became a distinguished New York merchant. His profits were wisely invested in land, and this became very valuable. His only son, JAMES, inherited the larger portion of this estate, whose increasing value made him a millionaire.

In his benefactions, Mr. Lenox is said to exercise close discrimination, and in this way has for years refused personal applications. This measure, indeed, was necessary, in order to escape a perpetual siege, which would soon have driven any man to distraction. He has been in the habit of considering written applications, and of selecting such as seemed worthy of his patronage. Mr. Lenox annually disburses, it is stated, an enormous sum in a most useful as well as most quiet manner. Indeed, his mansion has been described as one of the benevolent institutions of the day—its occupant being, to all intents and purposes, but an actuary, driven by perpetual duties and working with assiduity to fulfil an important trust. He is a thoroughly practical man, posted on all the details of business, and, inheriting the peculiar abilities and energy of his father, puts them to the best of use.

Mr. Lenox is a man of fine taste, and finds recreation in gathering rare books, of which he has a valuable collection, and he possesses, in addition, a splendid gallery of pictures, among these being two of Turner's landscapes.

**Daniel Callaghan, the Irish Mercantile
Celebrity.**

One of the ablest and most accomplished merchants that Ireland ever produced was DANIEL CALLAGHAN, the elder,—shooting ahead of all the merchants in Ireland, by his native abilities, his shrewdness, enterprise, and tact. He set up, when but a stripling, in the butter trade, but was refused credit for the small amount of £400 at

Tonson & Warren's bank, as his first experience. He, however, finally obtained the aid he was in need of, and from that time pursued his business with great success. A great London merchant took the whole provision contract at that time, and the Cork merchants combined to engross the market. This was the moment chosen by Callaghan to reap the reward of the study he had bestowed, so inquiringly and systematically, upon the business of his choice. Alarmed at their position, one of the Londoners came over, and was still more dismayed when he reached Cork. Young Callaghan introduced himself, and, what was then thought a most presuming thing on his part, he gave a dinner to the Londoner, to which, however, he had some difficulty in getting guests. He soon showed the London firm the game it should play, and expounded all the resources in their power, to their enlightenment. A share of the contract was immediately given him, and, before the year expired, the same firm handed Callaghan £10,000, on his own word, after having hesitated, only nine months before, to take his bond with security for a few hundreds. There have been a few Irish merchants who have realized greater fortunes than Mr. C., who, at his culminating point, was rated at considerably above a million; but it was the splendid style in which he transacted his affairs, his off-hand dealing, his liberality and contempt for peddling, and his complete mercantile accomplishments, that placed him at the head of the Irish commercial world.

**Henry Engelbert Haase, Banker, of
Bremen.**

Among those who have reached and passed through the "golden gate" of commercial success, is HENRY ENGELBERT HAASE, of Bremen, widely known at home and abroad, but whose career terminated so disastrously. By trade

he amassed a large property, and was one of the most highly respected business men in Bremen—holding several public offices, was trustee of various funds, administrator of many estates, and guardian of a large number of orphan children. In fact, he abounded in both public and private charities, and he was always the one above all others to whom his friends intrusted their obligations when they were absent from the city. A certain coxcombry—for instance, he wore jewels and lace, which was not usual, and took every measure to conceal his age—was forgiven him, on account of the high esteem which he universally enjoyed. No one ever ventured in the slightest degree to ridicule Alderman Haase—in the opinion of every one, he stood higher than any other man in Bremen. He was remarkably hospitable; entertaining every week a distinguished company, and a degree of luxury was exhibited at his dinners, excusable only in a rich man without children. In his annual statement of the different trust funds he had in charge, he warmly solicited the inspection of the books, and often pretended that the value of the property had increased by advantageous purchase and sale of stocks, and frequently offered to show the overseers the certificates in various closets and oaken chests; but it was naturally deemed a gross imputation on such a wealthy trustee and sternly particular accountant, as well as a downright waste of time, to accept the offer. But at last, in one of the ways peculiar in such cases, an explosion took place, and his defalcations, squandered in luxury and “charity,” were found to be immense. His house fell, and “great was the fall of it.”

—

Preserved Fish, Merchant, of New York.

No name was better known in the mercantile community of New York than this, during the advanced life-

time of its owner. Mr. Fish was born in Rhode Island, July 3, 1766, of parents in obscure circumstances. He was at an early age apprenticed to the blacksmith business, but becoming dissatisfied with his employment and employers, he ran away, and shipped as a cabin boy in a whaling vessel. In this trade he made several voyages, gradually rising until he became master of a small whaling craft, and finally by his economy and industry accumulating a little capital.

In 1810, he quit his seafaring life and settled in New York, forming a business copartnership with his cousin, Mr. Joseph Grinnell, under the style of Fish & Grinnell, and which lasted until 1825, when Mr. Fish went to Europe and established a house in Liverpool, under the name of Fish, Cairns & Crary. He soon after returned to New York, forming a copartnership with Mr. Saul Alley and Joseph Lawrence, under the style of Fish, Alley & Lawrence, but which only continued for two or three years. As president of the Tradesmen's bank, to which position he was elected in 1829, his management was very successful, as the high dividends and large contingent fund of that institution, under his administration, show.

Mr. Fish was remarkable for great energy and decision of character, pursuing with ardor anything he undertook, and, like most men of this character, he was rather opinionative, and always firm in maintaining his own notions—possessing but little of the *suaviter in modo*, that *oily* process of operating which distinguishes the more polished man. Perhaps this trait which characterized Mr. Fish may be said to have been illustrated in the remark made by a certain eminent man, that “whenever I issue an order to a servant, I say *if you please*, and *if he don't please*, I make *him please*.” Still, in business qualifications, Mr. Fish had few superiors, and enjoyed the universal

confidence of the mercantile community.

It may be said of him, that he was temperate in his habits, moderate in his desires, and neither parsimonious nor prodigal in his expenses; while his industry, economy and good judgment, enabled him to realize a fortune from which he derived an abundant income. He was three times married, but left no children. The story that he was picked up at sea, on a plank or in an open boat, and in that way acquired the name *Preserved*, was unfounded in truth; but its peculiarity probably added notoriety to a character already distinguished for consistency, a discriminating judgment and stern integrity.

The name of DAVID LEAVITT may also be here cited as that of one who exhibits in his habits of industry and his business judgment, as well as financial success, a parallel case with that of Mr. Fish. And to these distinguishing qualities as a business man, Mr. Leavitt unites the personal bearing of a bland and high-toned gentleman of the old school. Few names stand out brighter on the roll of illustrious American merchants,—attaining to wealth and distinction by every honorable means perseveringly applied,—than that of David Leavitt.

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Amos Lawrence, Merchant, Boston.

According to the usual custom in New England, the first experience of AMOS LAWRENCE, in the sphere of business, was that of shop boy, and subsequently that of clerk. The firm by whom he was thus employed having, in course of time, become insolvent, Mr. L. conceived the idea of commencing business on his own account, and accordingly rented a shop on Cornhill, Boston. He was then, he says, in the matter of property, not worth a dollar. His father was comfortably off as a farmer, somewhat in debt, with perhaps four thousand dollars. His brother Luther was in the practice of law, getting forward, but not worth two thousand dol-

lars; William had nothing; Abbott, a lad just fifteen years old, at school; and Samuel was a child of only seven years. Some four months before, Mr. Lawrence's father mortgaged his farm for the sum of one thousand dollars, and placed the proceeds in the hands of Amos, for his use in business. Although the latter was deeply affected by this act, which had been effected without consultation with any human being, he did not the less deeply regret it. He had no desire for aid that might cause others to suffer through their affording it. His own ideas on this point will be interesting: "My honored father brought to me one thousand dollars, and asked me to give him my note for it. I told him he did wrong to place himself in a situation to be made unhappy, if I lost the money. He told me he *guessed I wouldnt lose it*, and I gave him my note. The first thing I did was to take four per cent. premium on my Boston bills—the difference then between passable and Boston money—and send a thousand dollars in bills of the Hillsborough Bank to Amherst, N. H., by my father, to my brother Luther, to carry to the bank and get specie, principally in silver change, for the bills, and he returned it to me in a few days. In the mean time, or shortly after, the bank had been sued, the bills discredited, and, in the end, proved nearly worthless. I determined not to use the money except in the safest way, and therefore loaned it to the Messrs. Parkman, in whom I had entire confidence. After I had been in business, and had made more than a thousand dollars, I felt that I could repay the money, come what would of it—being insured against fire, and trusting no one for goods. I used it in my business, but took care to pay off the mortgage as soon as it would be received."

Mr. Lawrence cleared fifteen hundred dollars the first year, and four thousand the second. Excessive credit he regarded as the rock upon which so many

business men are broken. He therefore, at the commencement of his own business, adopted the plan of keeping an accurate account of merchandise bought and sold each day, with the profit, as far as practicable. This plan he pursued for a number of years; and he never found his merchandise fall short in taking an account of stock, which he did as often at least as once in each year. He was thus enabled to form an opinion of his actual state as a business man. He adopted also the rule always to have property, after the second year's business, to represent forty per cent. at least more than he owed—that is, never to be in debt more than two and one-half times his capital, a plan which saved him from ever getting embarrassed. The splendid fortune which Amos Lawrence amassed, during his business career, was thus founded in the most careful and upright regulations, and to these he rigidly adhered. He used his vast wealth for the best good of his fellow creatures; and his style of living, though elegant, as became one occupying so high a position, was marked by no extravagance. What his distinguished namesake, Cornelius W. Lawrence, has so long been in the commercial circles of the Empire State,—or its metropolis,—Amos Lawrence was in New England and its thriving capital. The history of both of these men is luminous with those traits and characteristics which lie at the foundation of prosperous commerce and individual renown.

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Lorenzo de Medicis, "the Magnificent Merchant."

The MEDICI family is universally acknowledged to be the most splendid instance of commercial greatness which the world affords. The true source of the wealth and renown of the Medici was their superior talents, and the application of those talents to mercantile enterprise.

Cosmo de Medici and his grandson,

"the Magnificent Lorenzo," were practised and operative merchants, who by combining personal enterprise with the most exalted patriotism, and a love of trade with a devotion to science and literature, raised the city of Florence to an unexampled height of glory, and made themselves the first citizens of the world.

The high character of LORENZO, as a statesman and man of letters, was the means of obtaining from other countries privileges and advantages which rendered Florence the envy of the civilized world. The glory of the republic appeared at a distance to be concentrated in himself. He seems to have arrived at proficiency in everything he undertook, and his individual success was made subservient to his country's good, his private gains being freely devoted to the defense of the state and the preservation of its honor.

Under the auspices of this family of merchants, literature, science, and the arts, flourished side by side with commerce. The Medicean Library, founded by Cosmo, and supported by his grandson, still exists in Florence, presenting the noblest of the many monuments of their glory, the most authentic depositary of their magnificent fame.

Historians, poets, and philosophers, have combined to swell the notes of praise in honor of the merchant to whom posterity has awarded the title of "Magnificent." Thus, Voltaire says: "What a curious sight it is to see the same person with one hand sell the commodities of the Levant, and with the other support the burden of a state, maintaining factors and receiving ambassadors, making war and peace, opposing the pope, and giving his advice and mediation to the princes of his time, cultivating and encouraging learning, exhibiting shows to the people, and giving an asylum to the learned Greeks that fled from Constantinople! Such was Lorenzo de Medicis; and when to these particular distinctions,

the glorious names of the father of his country and the mediator of Italy are appended, who seems more entitled to the notice and admiration of posterity than this illustrious citizen of Florence?" This eulogy is as beautifully as it is wisely and truthfully penned.

The death of this great man, whose splendid career terminated at the early age of forty-four years, called forth from his townsman and contemporary, the wise but profligate Machiavelli, the following encomium: "No man ever died in Florence, or in the whole extent of Italy, with a higher reputation, or more lamented by his country. Not only his fellow citizens, but all the princes of Italy, were so sensibly affected by his death, that there was not one of them who did not send ambassadors to Florence, to testify their grief, and to condole with the republic on so great a loss." The busts and portraits of this illustrious merchant adorn almost every art-collection and gallery in the capitals of Europe.

Henry Hope, the Amsterdam Banker.

The great Amsterdam banking house of Hope & Co. was established in the seventeenth century by HENRY HOPE, a Scottish gentleman, a descendant of John de Hope, who came in 1537 from France to Scotland, in the train of Madeleine, queen of James V.

Mr. Hope was one of the most exalted of his class. It was he who opened the way for the autocratic power of Russia, under the empress Catharine II., to the confidence of the then wealthiest capitalists in Europe, the Dutch, and thereby laid the foundation of Russian credit. Always treated by the empress with great distinction, he was honored with the gift from her own hand, of her portrait, the full size of life. This picture occupied the place of honor in the superb gallery of paintings, fitted up by Mr. Hope in his palace "t' Huys ten Bosch," now a royal pleasure-place, which he had built in the domain of

Harlem. Upon his emigration to England, he took this splendid gallery, entirely composed of cabinet pieces, with him, having it at his residence in Cavendish Square.

To the tone of a refined gentleman and man of the world, he united a certain amiable affability, which won upon all who were numbered among his associates. The trouble of *his* heart, however, was the notorious relations of his niece, Madam Williams Hope, with a Dutch officer of dragoons, by the name of Dopff. The larger part of Hope's fortune, which he had bequeathed to Henry, the eldest son of this niece, and who died unmarried, passed, at the decease of the latter, to Adrian, the second son, who left no male heirs, but from whom it descended to Francis, the third son, born several years afterward,—this third inheritor being the rich and well known Mr. Hope, of Paris, the last member of that branch of the whole family.

One of the leading members of this vast establishment, in the early part of the present century, was Mr. Henry Hope, who was born in this country, being the son of a Scotch loyalist who had settled in Boston, Mass. This Henry Hope lived some time in the town of Quincy, Mass., and was a poor youth when he emigrated from that place to England, at the close of the last century. Mr. John Williams, an Englishman, who married his niece, and who assumed the name of John Williams Hope, and afterward that of John Hope, was the manager of the establishment. Among the silent partners of the house were Adrian Hope, Henry Philip Hope, and Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius." The oldest active member of the firm was Mr. Peter Cæsar Labouchere, the interesting circumstances relating to whom, in his elevation to this high position, are narrated on another page of this work.

The governments with whom this house entertain the most intimate

financial relations, are those of Holland, Russia, and Spain. The Hope certificates, as the stocks are called, which the Russian government has given to the Dutch bankers, in acknowledgment of its debt, amount to about twenty-five millions of dollars. Although much less powerful in its monetary sway than the Rothschilds, the Hopes hold in some respects a position superior to the Jewish bankers. Sir Archibald Hope, and the Earl of Hoptoun (John Alexander Hope), are the present representatives of the English and elder branch of the Hope family. Some of the great financial transactions of this eminent house, as given in other parts of this volume, will be found to possess scarcely less interest than a romance.

Francis Child, the Founder of English Banking Houses.

The celebrity of the first London banking house belongs, by common consent, to Mr. FRANCIS CHILD. This gentleman, who was the father of his profession, and possessed a large property, began business shortly after the Restoration. He was, originally, apprenticed to William Wheeler, pawnbroker and banker, whose shop was on the site of the present world-renowned banking house. The foundation of his importance arose from the good old fashion of marrying his master's daughter, and through this he succeeded to his estate and business. The latter he subsequently confined entirely to the banking department. The principles on which he founded it, and the remarkable clauses in his will, by which he regulated its future conduct, show him to have been a man of the highest business character. It has maintained to the present day, amid all the chances and changes of banking, the same position and the same respectability which he bequeathed to it.

Stephen Whitney, Merchant, of New York.

STEPHEN WHITNEY was so long an *habitué* of Wall street, Front street, and Coenties slip, that even now (says a writer in the "Continental Magazine") we almost momentarily expect to meet him. His office was held for years in the second story of a warehouse in Front street, a spot in whose vicinity he had passed nearly threescore years. Thither he had come, in his boyhood, a poor, friendless, New Jersey lad, had found friends and employment, had at last got to be a grocer, and had gradually accumulated a large capital by the closest economy. At this time, the war of 1812 broke out, and cotton became very low, in consequence of the difficulty of shipping it to England. Mr. Whitney had at that time a vast amount of outstanding accounts in the Southern States, and his debtors were glad to pay him in this depreciated article. We have been informed that Jackson's cotton defenses of New Orleans were of his property. As neutral ships were permitted to sail between the belligerent ports, Mr. Whitney exported large quantities of cotton to England, and held the balance of his stock until the close of the war, when it advanced enormously. This advance, together with the proceeds of his exports, at once made him a millionaire, and the capital thus acquired never lost a chance of increase. Giving up the details of trade, Mr. Whitney bought large quantities of real estate, on which he erected warehouses and obtained a princely rental.

Francis Cabot Lowell, Merchant, of Boston.

This distinguished merchant was a native of Newburyport, Mass., where he was born in 1775, and died in Boston in 1817. In 1810, Mr. LOWELL visited England, on account of the state of his health; and on his return home, shortly after the commencement of the

war of 1812, he became so strongly convinced of the practicability of introducing the cotton manufacture into the United States, that he proposed to his kinsman, Patrick T. Jackson, to make the experiment on an ample scale.

The result of his project was the establishment of manufactures at Waltham, and the foundation of the city of Lowell, which was named after himself. He visited Washington in 1816, and his personal influence with Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Calhoun, and other leading members of Congress, contributed largely to the introduction into the tariff act of that year of the protective clause which gave such an impetus to the cotton manufacture in the United States.

Johannes Fugger, and the Great Commercial Family of Fuggers.

The origin of the proverb "as rich as a Fugger" is in the name of a German family of immensely wealthy merchants. Its founder was JOHANNES FUGGER, a weaver of Graben, near Augsburg, who lived in the first half of the fourteenth century, and acquired a large property in lands by commerce in cloths. His son, of the same name, continued the occupation of weaver, to which he also added that of cloth merchant. Andreas, eldest son of the latter, lived about 1400, and was widely known as "*Fugger the Rich.*" The nephews of the last, Ulrich, Georg, and Jakob, born about the middle of the fifteenth century, covered the Baltic with their commerce, which extended also to Hungary, Italy, and even to India, and were able to influence the affairs of the empire by lending money to the princes, and were in course of time created nobles. After attaining to high political dignities, they continued their commerce, built in the Tyrol the splendid castle of Fuggerau, greatly embellished the city of Augsburg, and found a new source of wealth by working the mines of Iaathal, Falkenstein, and Schwartz. The only

heirs of these three brothers were two sons of Ulrich, Raimund and Anton. The latter raised the family to its highest degree of prosperity and power. The emperor Charles V. resorted to them both when pressed for money, yielded to them the privilege of coining, and made them counts and princes of the empire, and was lodged in the splendid mansion of Anton when he attended the diet of Augsburg. So wealthy were they, through the success attending their commercial enterprise, that "as rich as a Fugger" became a proverb. The most important branches of this family at present are the princely houses of Kirchberg and Babenhausen.

Benjamin Bussey, Merchant, of Boston.

BENJAMIN BUSSEY was for a long period known as one of the old school merchants of Boston—only a few of whom now remain as representatives of that highly honored and most worthy class.

He was in the early part of his life engaged in the occupation of a silversmith, and on going into business on his own account he had only a very small amount of paper money, which his father gave him, accompanied with the characteristic advice of that day, to be always diligent,—to spend less than he earned,—and never to deceive or disappoint any one. From his grandfather he also obtained the additional sum, at this time, of fifty dollars in silver money. Having purchased the necessary tools, he had only ten dollars left as his whole capital, and owed fifty dollars borrowed money. But he possessed an iron constitution, principles of strict integrity, and a spirit of perseverance which nothing could subdue or tire. In one year he made himself acquainted with all the details of a silversmith's art; he had by his good business management acquired some capital, and his success had been equal to his expectations. Articles of gold

and silver wrought by his own hand—and well wrought, too,—may still be met with in and near Boston. In two years he purchased the real estate on which was his store. He subsequently engaged in trade, in Dedham, and afterward in Boston, soon reaching a high position as a merchant. His business rapidly increased, he became deeply concerned in commerce, dealt largely with England, France, and Holland, owned several large vessels, and was engaged in heavy and distant mercantile adventures—though all of them were legitimate business transactions, for he never speculated. He seldom gave or took credit. The immense fortune which he left ultimately goes, by his will, to Harvard University.

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Peter Cooper, Merchant, of New York.

It is an interesting fact, that the first idea of PETER COOPER'S great University of Science, or "Institute," arose in his mind when he was young and thirsting for knowledge, which at that time he could not buy in New York, even with the money which he earned in his trade. One day, a friend told him of a visit he had lately made to Paris, where he had been able to learn whatever he wished, without money and without price, at the University endowed by the first Napoleon. Peter Cooper, with all the ardor of his aspiring mind, wished that there was such an opportunity in America, and this idea he said never left him afterward. When he began to be very successful, this idea began to take shape, till at last it has built that monumental palace of Science for "whosoever will"—the Cooper Institute, involving the munificent individual appropriation of six hundred thousand dollars, and which bids fair to rival, at some future day, the most magnificent universities of Europe. The successful glue-maker has always in a measure "stuck to his glue," and now not merely sits in the palace due

to his opulence and high position as a merchant, but is besides an intellectual noble of the first class.

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George Peabody, American Merchant and Banker, of London.

GEORGE PEABODY was born in Danvers, Mass., Feb. 18, 1795, of parents in humble circumstances, though industrious and respectable. His father, however, died when George was in his teens, and, from the first, he was aware that in the battle of life before him he must depend on himself alone. Fortunately for himself and many others, he very early found that he *could* thus depend on his unaided efforts. Incidents strongly displaying ambition, energy, and perseverance, marked the whole course of his youth. The hard earnings of his boyhood were cheerfully devoted to the comfort of his mother, his brothers, and sisters; and he subsequently charged himself with their entire support, and cheerfully practised every self-denial that he might serve them. It is always safe to say, that the son and brother who has shown himself true to the claims of kindred, will be found wanting in none of the relations of life; and George Peabody is an eminent illustration of the truth of this saying.

At the age of thirteen he became clerk for a grocer, and remained with him about three years. Afterward, he went with an uncle to Georgetown, and in course of time he attracted the attention of Mr. Riggs, the capitalist, with whom he finally went into business—Riggs furnishing the money and Peabody the brains. The house was removed to Baltimore, and prospered so well that branches were established in New York and Philadelphia. In 1837 he went to England to buy goods, and formed many acquaintances with its leading merchants and politicians. He now took up his permanent residence in England, and severed his connection with Peabody, Riggs & Co., in 1839.

He rendered important service in preventing the complete prostration of American securities, and particularly those of Maryland, in London, in 1837, but refused all compensation for what he did. While he has lived in England, his establishment has been a headquarters for Americans, whom he has always welcomed with a generous hospitality. The princely gift of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was made a short time ago to the destitute of London, but was not the first instance of his public spirited generosity. In 1852, he sent a toast to a semi-centennial festival at his native town, Danvers, which was to be opened at the table. It was: "Education, a debt to future generations;" and to pay his share of that debt, he inclosed twenty thousand dollars, to be expended in establishing an institute, library and lyceum for the town. The sum has since been increased to sixty thousand, with ten thousand dollars additional for a branch library at No. Danvers. Mr. Peabody subscribed ten thousand dollars toward the first Grinnell expedition to the Arctic sent in search of Franklin. In 1856, he gave three hundred thousand dollars, with a pledge to make it five hundred thousand, for the establishment of an institute in Baltimore, to be devoted to science, literature and art. A record of colossal munificence is that of George Peabody.

John McDonogh, Millionnaire, of New Orleans.

JOHN McDONOGH was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1779. The only incidents of his youth that are known are, that he was a clerk in a mercantile store in an inland town of Maryland; that he was noted then for eccentricities, and for an excess of imagination, which led to the apprehension that he was not entirely of sound mind. Still, his energy and intelligence secured him

employment and the confidence of his employers.

About the year 1800 he was sent out to New Orleans by a house in Baltimore, with a letter of credit and considerable resources. He then engaged largely in business, but soon renounced his position as agent, and starting on his own account, became a leading and prosperous merchant. In a few years he accumulated a large fortune, say at least three hundred thousand dollars. He was one of the nabobs of the city, and his style of living, and his habits, conformed to his position and resources. His mansion was one of the most showy and luxurious in the city. He kept his carriages and horses, his cellar of costly wines, and entertained on a scale of great extravagance and sumptuousness. He was, in fact, the centre of fashion, frivolity, sociability, and even of the fashionable dissipations of the day. His person, which even in extreme old age was remarkable for dignity, erectness, and courtliness, was at this period conspicuous for all the graces of manhood. Owing to some peculiar experiences of a private nature—an account of which will be found in our ANECDOTES OF MERCHANTS IN THEIR DOMESTIC RELATIONS,—Mr. McDonogh eventually became secluded and morose, though prosecuting his acquisition of property with augmented vigor, his peculiar passion being that of accumulating countless acres of waste and suburban land. All his views regarded the distant future. The present value and productiveness of land were but little regarded by him. His only recreation and pleasure were in estimating the value of his swamp and waste land fifty, a hundred, and even a thousand years to come. This passion at last gained such an ascendancy over him, that he seemed to court and luxuriate in waste and desolation. He would buy cultivated places, and let them go to ruin. He would build on his lots in the city miserable shanties and rookeries, which

would absolutely taint the neighborhood, and thus enable him to buy out his neighbors at low rates.

He could not be induced, by any offer or consideration, to alienate any of the property he had once acquired. Abstemious to a fault, and withholding himself from all the enjoyments and associations of the world, he devoted his time to the care of his large estate, to the suits in which such acquisitions constantly involved him, working for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, the greater part of which labor consisted in writing the necessary documents relating to his titles, and in corresponding with his lawyers and his overseers. For the fifty years of his residence in New Orleans, he never left the State, and rarely, if ever, passed beyond the limits of the corporation. He was not a usurer, a money lender, nor a speculator. He acquired by legitimate purchase, by entries on public lands. He dealt altogether in land. Stocks, merchandise, and other personal securities, were eschewed by him. The wonder is, how, with a comparatively small revenue, his property not being productive, and his favorite policy being to render his lands wild and unsuited for cultivation, he was able to go on every year expanding the area of his vast possessions.

Sampson Gideon, the Rival of Rothschild.

SAMPSON GIDEON, the great Jew banker, as he was commonly called—and the rival and enemy of Rothschild—was the financial support of the illustrious Sir Robert Walpole, the oracle and leader in all monetary matters, and his name was as familiar in the last century as those of Goldschmid and Rothschild. A shrewd, sarcastic man, possessing a rich vein of humor, the anecdotes and reminiscences preserved of him are, unhappily, few and far between. "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman," he would say; "they

wither, but they never die." And if the proposed annuitant coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching the room door, Gideon would call out, "Aye, aye, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!"

In one of his dealings with Mr. Snow, the banker—immortalized by Dean Swift—the latter lent Gideon £20,000. Shortly afterward, the "forty-five" broke out; the success of the Pretender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his cherished property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his office, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least phenomena the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, sent for a vial of hartshorn, rolled the vial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent.

The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight, in immense gains.

Khan, the Great Persian Merchant.

When Georgia was invaded by Mohammed, the founder of the present Persian dynasty, the only one of the Khorasanian chiefs who was not obliged to give hostages of fidelity was ISAAC KHAN, chief of Turbet-e-Hyderee, a man of low birth, who, by the pursuits of commerce, had been able, like the Medici family in Italy, to obtain a territory of two hundred miles in

length, and to raise himself from being overseer of a caravansary, to the rank of an independent sovereign and the most eminent merchant and trader in the whole realm. His revenue was reckoned at one million dollars, two hundred thousand of which was realized from the merchandise in which he traded, and the rest from his land property, etc., which he had come in possession of by means of his vast and successful mercantile transactions. He had six thousand troops in his pay, but chiefly trusted to his policy for the maintenance of his power; nor did ever prince more securely reign in the hearts of his subjects, and of the merchants whom he had attracted to his new emporium. To these, as well as to pilgrims and beggars of every country and religion, his hall was always open; and it was his principal relaxation from the fatigues of public affairs and commercial traffic, to dine in company with the motley multitude,—conversing on equal terms with all, acquiring an accurate knowledge of everything which concerned the welfare of the people, and admired by his guests for his affability.

Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the Great Parsee Merchant.

One of the most remarkable East India merchants, a native of the Parsee race and faith, and ranking with the highest and the most enlightened among Europeans of the same business calling, was JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY. He was born at Bombay in 1783, and his father was so poor that he followed the profession of a "bottly-wallah," that is, a bottle-fellow, buying and selling old bottles. At the age of nineteen, Jamsetjee entered into partnership with his father-in-law, Framjee Nusserwanjee, and in the following years made several successful voyages to China.

Possessing those qualities most desirable in a merchant, integrity, judgment, and enterprise, he gradually

extended his dealings to other countries, and drew in a rich harvest of gains. His ships, built by the excellent Parsee shipwrights of Bombay, traded with all parts of the East, and now and then sailed even round the Cape. Year after year he prospered, and when he had been twenty years in business, he had acquired a large and still increasing fortune. He did not, however, in winning his fortune, forget or mistake how to spend it.

In the course of a few years, Jeejeebhoy's benefactions amounted to some \$300,000. The East India Government made a report of his enlightened munificence to the Home Government, and the latter conferred upon him the rare and distinguished honor of knighthood. It was the first instance, indeed, of any royal title being bestowed by the English government upon a native of India. The ceremony of presentation took place at the Governor's House. The circumstance was one not only highly gratifying to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy himself, but to the native community in general, who are accustomed to attach an extravagant value to any such marks of honor. It was consequently determined by some of the most influential natives to offer him a testimonial at once of their respect for his character, and their gratification at the distinction he had obtained. A sum of fifteen thousand rupees was consequently raised, and invested—not in a silver service, a bust, or a statue, but—in a fund, the interest of which should be devoted to procuring translations of popular and important works from other languages into Guzeratte, the language chiefly in use among the Parsees.

Vincent Nolte, the Wandering Merchant.

VINCENT NOLTE has been termed "the wandering merchant." He was born at Leghorn, in Italy, and lived, successively, in Leghorn, Hamburg,

Trieste, Venice, Nantes, Paris, Amsterdam, London, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He began his life as a clerk in the house of Otto Frank & Co., at Leghorn, in 1795; while drawing caricatures, the theatres, dress, and flirtation, formed his real occupation. His tailor's bill, at the end of a year, presented the not inconsiderable sum total of twelve coats of all colors, and twenty-two pairs of hose and pantaloons, which were just then coming into fashion,—rather fast life for a youth of sixteen. He saw Bonaparte at Leghorn, in 1796; saw Wellington and the allies at Paris, in 1815; fought under Jackson, at New Orleans, in 1814, and was with Lafayette, in Paris, during the revolution of 1830. How many times he crossed the Atlantic it would be difficult to say.

Mr. Nolte was termed "the giant of cotton speculation" at New Orleans; he was also a contractor for supplying the French army with muskets; the mercantile agent in Cuba and the United States of the house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam; and agent of the Barings; an operator in stocks; a translator of manuscripts at Venice; a *Trésor de Numismatique et de Glyptique*; a writer on finance; and an editor. He stood in business and social relations with most of the great men of "high finance" of the last century—with the Barings, Labouchère, Hottinguer, Lafitte, Ouvrard, etc.

—◆—
"Lord Timothy Dexter," the Eccentric Merchant, of Newburyport, Mass.

According to his own account, TIMOTHY DEXTER was born in Malden, Mass., Jan. 22, 1747. After having served as an apprentice to a leather dresser, he commenced business in Newburyport, where he also married a widow, who owned a house and a small piece of land, part of which, soon after the nuptials, was converted by him into a shop and tanyard for his own use.

By application to his business, his

property increased, and the purchase of a large tract of land near Penobscot, together with an interest which he bought in the Ohio Company's purchase, eventually afforded him so much profit as to induce him to buy up public securities at forty cents for the pound, which securities soon after became worth twenty shillings on the pound. By these and other fortunate business transactions, he prospered so greatly, that property now was no longer the sole object of his pursuit; he exchanged this god of idolatry for that of *popularity*. He was charitable to the poor, gave liberal donations to religious societies, and handsomely rewarded those who wrote in his praise. His lordship—a self-conferred title—about this time, acquired his peculiar taste for style and splendor, set up an elegant equipage, and, at great cost, adorned the front of his mansion with numerous figures of illustrious personages.

Some of his lordship's speculations in trade have become quite as celebrated for their oddity as those of Rothschild for their unscrupulous cunning. He once anxiously inquired of some merchants, whom he knew, how he should dispose of a few hundred dollars. Wishing to hoax him, they answered, "Why, buy a cargo of warming pans, and send them to the West Indies, to be sure." Not suspecting the trick, he at once bought all the warming pans he could find, and sent them to a climate where—there was every reason to suppose—ice would be far more acceptable. But "Providence sometimes shows his contempt of wealth, by giving it to fools." The warming pans met with a ready sale—the tops being used for strainers, and the lower parts for dippers, in the manufacture of molasses.

With the proceeds of his cargo of warming pans, Dexter built a fine vessel; and being informed by the carpenter that *waals* were wanting, he called on an acquaintance, and said, "My

head workman sends me word that he wants 'wales' for the vessel. What does he mean?" "Why, whalebones, to be sure," answered the man, who, like everybody else, was tempted to improve the opportunity of imposing upon Dexter's stupidity. Whalebones were accordingly bought; but, finding that Boston could not furnish enough, he emptied New York and Philadelphia. The ship-carpenters, of course, had a hearty laugh at his expense; but, by a singular turn of fortune, this blunder was also the means of increasing his wealth. It soon after became fashionable for ladies to wear stays completely lined with whalebone; and as none was to be found in the country, on account of his having thus so completely swept the market, it brought a golden price. Thus his coffers were a second time filled by his odd transactions.

Joshua Bates, of the House of Baring & Co.

An honored member of the great firm of Baring Brothers & Co., London, is JOSHUA BATES. Mr. Bates is a native of Weymouth, Mass., where he was born in 1788, being the only son of Col. Joshua Bates, of that place. He received his early education under Rev. Jacob Norton, and at the age of fifteen entered the counting-room of William R. Gray, of Boston, an accomplished man of business.

Young Bates showed a remarkable aptitude for commercial knowledge and a commercial career, on which account he was intrusted with the extensive business concerns not only of his first employer, but of the latter's father also, the elder Mr. Gray, for a long time the leading merchant in New England and exceeded by but a few in the world, in respect to extent of shipping.

The war with England proving disastrous to mercantile pursuits, Mr. Bates was despatched to Europe, to look after Mr. Gray's extensive maritime interests in that quarter. This, of course, brought

him into relations with some of the leading commercial and banking houses of Europe, especially of the Hopes and the Barings, who were greatly impressed with his remarkable talent and judgment in respect to whatever concerned the commerce of the world. In the year 1826, through the influence of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., he formed a house in London, in connection with Mr. John Baring, son of Sir Francis Baring, under the firm of Bates & Baring. On the death of the late Mr. Holland, these gentlemen were both made partners in the house of Baring Brothers & Co., and of which Mr. Bates has ever since been an active and efficient member, giving to it much of that commanding influence which it enjoys both in Europe and America. Mr. Bates has long been noted for his large-hearted charities on both sides of the Atlantic. His most munificent donations to the Boston Public Library are well known; but his benevolence has by no means been confined to that object alone.

Mr. Bates was married, in 1813, to Lucretia Augusta, of the Boston branch of the Sturgis family, by whom he has only one surviving child, Madame Van de Wyer, wife of the eminent statesman who has more than once been called to administer the government of Belgium, and more recently officiating as its diplomatic representative at the court of St. James.

James Morrison, "of twenty millions."

JAMES MORRISON, who well deserved the title given him of a "modern Cæsus," was until his death one of the extremely rich men of London. In mental character, and with boundless wealth entirely self-acquired, this great millionaire was certainly remarkable as a man and a merchant. He was of common parents, originally of Scotch descent. Early transplanted to the English metropolis, at the end of the

last century, the country boy first set foot in London unaided, in search of his fortunes. After the close of the great Continental wars, and the consequent rapid extension of population and wealth, Mr. Morrison was one of the first English traders who reversed his system of management, by an entire departure from the old plan of exacting the highest prices. His new principle was the substitution of the lowest remunerative scale of profit and a more rapid circulation of capital; the success of this experiment was soon seen in his enormously augmented trade. "Small profits and quick returns" was his motto, and he therefore became widely known as the "Cheap Merchant." From his earliest settlement in London, he was associated with the liberal party in politics,—even in the worst of times,—nor did his later gains of immense wealth ever vary his political principles. As a member of Parliament, he devoted himself to questions and measures relating to trade, foreign commerce, the currency, and railways. His accumulations amounted to the prodigious sum of twenty millions of dollars.

Mr. Morrison retired from active business several years since, but without withdrawing his capital from the mercantile house; and though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death (which recently occurred) with all the sagacity of earlier days, he became haunted with the idea that he should come to want. He finally commenced doing day labor on a farm held by one of his tenants, for which labor he was regularly paid twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his last illness. For eighteen months before his death he was an habitual applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers, and receiving with each one of them his two shillings and a quarter loaf. His friends indulged him in these fancies,

on the ground that it was the best choice of two evils. And yet he made a most judicious will, and his investments up to the last were characterized by great good sense.

The probate duty on Mr. Morrison's will exceeded five hundred thousand dollars. Among his possessions was his seat at Basildon Park, which cost over six hundred thousand dollars, and the furniture four hundred and fifty thousand. The mansion on this estate was left to his widow, with an annuity of fifty thousand dollars yearly. The estate itself was left to his son Charles, as well as the Islay estate in Scotland, which latter cost about two and a-half millions of dollars. This is let to numerous tenants, and from its extent and vastness may be termed a principality. His son Charles was likewise bequeathed the round sum of \$5,000,000 under the will. Besides being possessed of Fonthill Abbey, Hone Park, Sussex, and his town palace in Harley street, Mr. Morrison had shares amounting to four hundred thousand dollars in the Victoria Docks, and large acquisitions in the United States.

Jacob Little, "of Wall Street."

The name of JACOB LITTLE has long been so largely and universally associated with the financial operations of which Wall street, New York, is the especial theatre, that that *locale* may with more appropriateness perhaps than any other be connected with his name and reminiscences.

Mr. Little was born in Newburyport, Mass., and, when twenty years of age, he went to New York to seek his fortune and give play to the business faculties and aptitude with which nature had endowed him. His means were small, but his intelligence was quick and made readily available to his circumstances and purposes. He became, in a short time, a clerk in the employment of Jacob Barker, and, under such tui-

tion and example, it must indeed have been his own fault, if he did not find himself, at the close of his five years' service, prepared to follow *some* calling with shrewdness and success. His career shows that the opportunities thus enjoyed were not lost upon him. On leaving Mr. Barker, Mr. Little commenced the business of exchange and specie broker, on his own account, and in this sphere left nothing undone that could contribute to an energetic and successful pursuit of his business, and to securing the confidence of those who intrusted to him their orders and funds. His activity, decision, and good judgment, gave him a high place in monetary circles, wealth and favor rolled in upon him, and though he has more than once had to yield to the revulsions in the stock and money market, he has shown the rare quality of being as faithful to his creditors as to himself.

Mr. Little has been humorously written of as equally the hero and the dupe of the American stock exchange—the heir of Ouvrard—the confidant of bank presidents—the untiring projector of time bargains—and every now and then he becomes so jaded and out of breath, that he himself cannot be “called to time.” He has for some forty years thrown an air of enchantment about speculation; has devised more pitfalls for the credulous, as well as for the cautious, than any man of his time—repeatedly losing or impairing his financial power, and as often regaining it. He was made to wrestle with fortune, and to fall with a laughing face. Hundreds of satellites revolve about him, set when he sets, and rise when he rises. If fate should compel him to a period of inaction, his condition would be most miserable.

century their influence has been continually on the increase; and to them, more than to any monarch or minister of state, however potential, Europe is indebted for the preservation of peace between the great powers. To give even an outline of the immense and successful operations which have placed a German Jew, his sons, and grandsons, at the head of the moneyed interests of the world, it would be necessary to embrace the history of European finance since the year 1812.

Meyer Anselm Rothschild was the founder of this house, about the year 1740; he was a money-changer and exchange broker, a man of fair character, and in easy circumstances. After the battle of Jena, October, 1806, Napoleon decreed the forfeiture of their states by the sovereigns of Brunswick and of Hesse-Cassel, and a French army was put in march to enforce the decree. Too feeble to resist, the landgrave prepared for flight. But in the vaults of his palace he had twelve million florins—about \$5,000,000—in silver. To save this great and bulky amount of money from the hands of the French was a matter of extreme difficulty, as it could not be carried away, and the landgrave had so little confidence in his subjects that he could not bring himself to confide his case to their keeping, especially as the French would inflict severe punishment on him or them who might undertake the trust. In his utmost need, the landgrave bethought himself of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, sent for him to Cassel, and entreated him to take charge of the money; and by way of compensation for the dangers to which Mr. Rothschild exposed himself, the landgrave offered him the free use of the entire sum, without interest. On these terms, Mr. Rothschild undertook the trust, and by the assistance of some friends, Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was so carefully stowed away, that when the French, after a hurried

—
**The Rothschilds, Wealthiest Bankers
 in the World.**

The house of ROTHSCHILD is the impersonation of that money power which governs the world. For nearly half a

march, arrived in the city, they found the old landgrave gone, and his treasure vanished.

At the time this large sum of money was placed in M. A. Rothschild's hands, he had five sons, of whom three, Anselm, Nathan, and Solomon, had arrived at man's estate. These he associated with himself. By their skilful management, the large sum of ready money at their disposal increased and multiplied with astonishing rapidity. The fall of Napoleon enabled the old landgrave to return to Cassel, and he gave the Rothschilds notice that he should withdraw the money he had confided to them; but before the notice expired, Napoleon's return from the isle of Elba so greatly alarmed the landgrave that he urged the Rothschilds to keep the money at the low rate of two per cent. per annum, which they did until his death, in 1823, when the Rothschilds refused to keep it any longer.

At the period of Meyer Anselm Rothschild's death, which occurred so unexpectedly, he saw his five sons placed respectively at the head of five immense establishments—at Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, all united in a copartnership which is universally allowed to be the most wealthy and extensive of the world has ever seen. And, whatever exceptions may be made to the manner in which the business of these houses has been conducted, in some operations which have marked their career, it must be admitted that rarely does a family furnish so many members who are competent, individually, to be intrusted with such vast financial concerns.

Although Mr. ROTHSCHILD was commonly termed a merchant, his most important transactions were in connection with stocks, loans, etc. It was here that his great decision, his skilful combinations, and his unequalled energy, made him remarkable. At a time when the funds were constantly varying, the temptation was too great for a capitalist like

Mr. Rothschild to withstand. His operations were soon noticed; and when the money market was left without an acknowledged head, by the deaths of Sir Francis Baring and Abraham Goldschmid—for the affairs of the latter were wound up, and the successors of the former did not then aim at the autocracy of the money market,—the name of Nathan Meyer Rothschild was in the mouths of all financial dealers as a prodigy of success. Cautiously, however, did the great banker proceed, until he had made a fortune as great as his future reputation. He revived all the arts of an older period. He employed bankers to depress or raise the market for his benefit, and is said to have purchased in one day to the extent of four million pounds. His transactions soon pervaded the entire globe. The old and the new world alike bore witness to his skill; and with the profits on a single loan he purchased an estate which cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Minor capitalists, like parasitical plants, clung to him, and were always ready to advance their money in speculations at his bidding. Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp—nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for tens of millions, as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist. Like too many great merchants and bankers, whose profits are counted by thousands and millions, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them.

Rothschild in London knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before the British Government, and the value of this knowledge was no less than *one million dollars, gained in one forenoon*. No bad loan was ever taken in hand by the Rothschilds; no good loan ever fell into other hands. Any financial operation on which they frowned, was sure to fail. And so conscious were they of their influence,

that after the July revolution in 1830, Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, declared,—and the declaration was made to sound in imperial ears,—“The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace.”

In addition to their five principal establishments, they have agencies of their own in several of the large cities, both of the old and the new world. As dealers in money and bills, they may be said to have no rivals, and as the magnitude of their operations enables them to regulate the course of exchange throughout the world, their profits are great, while their risks are comparatively small by the perfect manner in which their business is managed. Indeed, the only *heavy* loss they may be said to have experienced as yet—that is, heavy for *them*,—was through the February revolution of 1848, when it is said that, owing to the sudden depreciation of all funded and railroad property throughout Europe, their losses from March till December of that year reached the enormous figure of \$40,000,000. But great as their losses were, they did not affect the credit of the Rothschilds, and do not appear in any degree to have impaired their means. The members of the firm are numerous, as the third generation has been received into the copartnership, and, as the cousins mostly intermarry, their immense wealth will, for a length of time, remain in comparatively few hands. The affairs of this firm in the United States have for a long time been under the direction of August Belmont, of New York, by whom they have been managed with distinguished success.

G. J. Ouvrard, the “Napoleon of Finance.”

M. GABRIEL JULIEN OUVRARD'S name has been associated with the most gigantic financial operations, in Europe, during the last half century,

and numberless interesting incidents have marked the chequered career of him who has been most appropriately designated the “Napoleon of Finance;” and when the vastness and novelty of his plans, the extraordinary quickness of his perception, the fertility of his resources, his masterly combinations, and the vigor and perseverance with which he wove out the brilliant but eminently practical conceptions of his genius, are considered, the epithet thus given him seems most happy.

That he has claims to universal celebrity as a financier, it is sufficient to say that he figured prominently in the great events of the French Republic—the Consulate—the Empire—the Restoration—and the Revolution of 1830; that, after having witnessed the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and aided in the downfall of Robespierre, he became the *Banker of the Republic*, with power to issue a paper currency of his own, admissible as a legal tender in payment of the taxes of the state—the associate of Barras, Cambacérès, and Talleyrand—a worshipper at the feet of “Notre Dame de Bon Secours”—the votary of “Notre Dame des Victoires”—the creditor of Bernadotte—the confidential agent of Charles IV. of Spain—the honored guest of Pozzo di Borgo, Metternich, and Louis XVIII.—the intimate friend of Châteaubriand—the Commissary-General of Napoleon at the Passage of the St. Bernard, the Camp of Boulogne, and on the decisive field of Waterloo—and the host of Wellington at Paris!

By a special contract with Charles IV. of Spain, M. Ouvrard became the business partner of his Majesty in the exclusive commerce of the Spanish possessions in the new world during the war with Great Britain. It was in reference to this contract, and while crumpling the document in his hand, that Napoleon observed to M. Ouvrard, in presence of the council of ministers, “You have lowered royalty to the level

of commerce." Whereupon M. Ouvrard, to the surprise of all present, replied, in a firm but respectful tone, "Sire, commerce is the life-blood of states; sovereigns cannot do without commerce, but it can very well do without sovereigns."

M. Ouvrard lived to a very advanced age, using moderately the bounties and luxuries of affluence with which he was surrounded. The philosophical equanimity of his mind, and the iron frame in which it was cast, served him in all his varied experiences. His elegance of manner, dignified serenity of countenance, and the graceful charm of his advanced years, rendered his presence both illustrious and attractive. He was naturally indulgent, kind-hearted, condescending, and, like all thorough men of the world, inclined to treat with lenity the inexperience and errors of his fellows, and especially of his juniors. His memory was wonderfully retentive; and his conversation, founded on a vast experience of men and things, was rich in information and sparkling with wit, and without any affectation. Some of his transactions, however, cast a cloud upon the integrity of his business dealings—at least during one portion of his remarkable career.

Thomas Gresham, the Royal Merchant and Financier.

Sir THOMAS GRESHAM's name stands out prominently in England's mercantile annals, as the founder of the Royal Exchange, and as a distinguished financier. His father had amassed great wealth and attained great eminence as a merchant and bill broker in the reign of Henry VIII., and he resolved to train his son to succeed him in the business so successfully pursued by himself. After a thorough collegiate education, young Gresham was apprenticed to his uncle, a knight, and a distinguished member of the "Merchants' Company." Under Edward VI., Gresham was employed on the same services as his

father had performed for that king's father, and in the course of Edward's short reign, he made no fewer than forty voyages to Antwerp, on the royal business. By his financial skill and foresight, he rendered great service to the revenues of the English crown, which he rescued from the extortions of Dutch and Jewish capitalists, and introduced with great effect the practice of raising money from native money lenders, in preference to foreigners, who exacted a ruinous rate of interest. Mary and Elizabeth continued him in his employment, and the latter knighted him in 1559. He had now accumulated an immense fortune and built himself a palatial dwelling—which, after his wife's death, was used as Gresham College, and the site of which is now occupied by the excise office. He lived there in great state, and, by command of Elizabeth, he often entertained the ambassadors and visitors of rank that thronged her court. To these circumstances Gresham owed his familiar title of the "*Royal Merchant and Financier.*"

Nicholas Biddle, the Financier, of Philadelphia.

The eminent financier, NICHOLAS BIDDLE, was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1786, and died there Feb. 27, 1844. On graduating at Princeton college, he studied for the legal profession, but being too young for admission to the bar, he accepted the post of secretary to Gen. Armstrong, Minister to France, and afterward filled the same position under Mr. Monroe, Minister to England. He afterward travelled much in Europe, and in 1807 returned to Philadelphia, and commenced his career as a lawyer. He edited the "Portfolio," compiled a Commercial Digest, and prepared the popular narrative of Lewis and Clark's Exploration. He was at different times a representative and senator in the Pennsylvania legislature, where he ably

supported various educational measures. He was a candidate for Congress in 1817, but was defeated by the Federal party. In 1819, President Monroe appointed him a government director of the United States Bank, and in 1823 he became its president. This bank continued until the expiration of its charter, in 1836, when Congress renewed the charter, but President Jackson vetoed it. The Pennsylvania legislature then created a State Bank, giving to it the name of the United States Bank. Mr. Biddle, then at his zenith as a financier, was urged to accept the presidency of this institution, which he finally though reluctantly did, serving until 1836, when he resigned on account of ill health. Two years afterward, the bank, after many struggles, ceased payment, and became insolvent. Whether this was the result of measures pursued during the administration of Mr. Biddle, or after it, or of general causes affecting the condition of the whole country, were points of vehement controversy still fresh in the minds of business men. Mr. Biddle, besides his career as a financier, was a writer of considerable ability, an agriculturist, and quite an adept in the fine arts. He was president of the trustees of Girard College, and determined the plan of the building in accordance with his fine classic taste; also the beautiful structure, the United States custom-house.

The Barings, Merchants and Bankers, of London.

Various origins are attributed to the members of the house and family of BARING. It has been stated, and is generally believed to be the most authentic account concerning them, that they were originally German weavers who came over to London; and, being successful in business, were, through the interest of William Bingham, of Philadelphia, appointed agents to the American government. During the loyal-

ty loan in 1797, the head of the house made one hundred thousand pounds for three consecutive days; and in 1806, somebody sarcastically said, "Sir Francis Baring is extending his purchases so largely in Hampshire, that he soon expects to be able to inclose the country with his own park paling." Nearly sixty years ago, this gentleman, the first algebraist of the day, retired from business with a regal fortune, and died shortly after his retirement. But the great commercial house which he had raised to so proud a position was continued by his sons, and may be considered the most important mercantile establishment in the British empire; and as an instance of the fortune and capacity of its members, it may be mentioned that the late Lord Ashburton, when bearing, as Sir Robert Peel expressed it, "the honored name of Alexander Baring," realized £170,000 in two years by his combinations in French *rentes*.

Peter Baring seems to have been one of the remotest ancestors of the Barings. He lived in the years from 1660 to 1670 at Groningen, in the Dutch province of Overijssel. One of his ancestors, under the name of Francis Baring, was pastor of the Lutheran church at Bremen, and in that capacity was called to London, where, among others, he had a son named John. The latter, well acquainted with cloth-making, settled at Larkbeer, in Devonshire, and there put up an establishment for the manufacture of that article. He had five children—four sons, John, Thomas, Francis, Charles, and a daughter called Elizabeth. Two of those sons, John and Francis, established themselves, under the firm of John and Francis Baring, at London, originally with a view of facilitating their father's trade, in disposing of his goods, and so as to be in a position to import the raw material to be required, such as wool, dye stuffs, &c., directly from abroad. Thus was established the house which,

after the withdrawal of the elder brother, John, who retired to Exeter,—gradually under the firm-name of Francis Baring & Co., and eventually under that of Baring Brothers & Co., rose to world-wide eminence in commerce.

**Isaac De Buirette, the Illustrious
German Merchant.**

The German mercantile house of DE BUIRETE was, in the seventeenth century, as also in the beginning of the eighteenth, one of the most extensive and renowned on the continent of Europe. Its name, its influence, extended over the whole commercial world, and its credit was unlimited. In his time, Isaac De Buirette was considered the most accomplished merchant in all Germany. Under the firm of Blumart & De Buirette, he carried on the most important exchange business, and entered largely into great commercial undertakings and bold speculations. A second house was in the course of time established at Vienna, which acquired in a short period a great reputation, and was the most celebrated ware-emporium of that famed commercial metropolis. The king of Prussia made him his financial counsellor. His learning was ripe and varied. His correspondence was immense—extending to all places of trade in his part of the world, and also beyond, in all of which his high reputation was a proverb, and an unlimited confidence and credit in the mercantile world were his reward. The firm, in its later stages, and after the decease of Daniel De Buirette, consisted of his three sons, and existed for many years. It was a house whose fame will never be blotted out in the annals of German commerce.

James Beatty, Merchant, of Baltimore.

The name of JAMES BEATTY will long be known in the mercantile annals of Baltimore, as that of an unblemished merchant, who reaped the rewards of

his good judgment and uprightness. An anecdote which he himself used to relate will be appropriate here as illustrating the secret of his success: At the time of the approach of the British forces toward Baltimore, the United States navy agent, Mr. Beatty, was placed in a somewhat unpleasant situation by repeated threats from the soldiers in the regular army, that unless they received, within a stated period, all the wages due them, they had determined to revolt. The amount of funds in his hands was far short of what was required, and the banks of the city were called upon to aid in making it up; but after this request had been complied with, there was still not enough to satisfy the demand.—At this juncture, Mr. Beatty happening one day to meet Mr. James Wilson, the latter gentleman made inquiry as to how matters stood with him in relation to the raising of the funds. Mr. Beatty related the circumstances, upon which Mr. Wilson requested him to step to his counting-room, and he would give him a check for the sum yet wanting, which was over \$50,000. Mr. Beatty went to the bank, and the check was duly cashed—the soldiers returning to duty—the battle of North Point was fought shortly afterward—the war was closed—and Government again became enabled to discharge all its minor debts in that section. Mr. Beatty made out a statement of the indebtedness of the Government to Mr. Wilson for his approval. “Mr. Beatty,” said the patriotic merchant, “you have allowed me interest on the sum loaned; sir, I want *no interest*—the money was lying idle, and it was just as well that Government should have the use of it.” It was doubtless Mr. Beatty’s method to put himself in contact with men of this stamp, and his own probity and judgment secured their confidence as well as coöperation.

P. T. Barnum, the "Prince of Showmen."

Though only in his youth, and then but for a brief period and in a subordinate capacity, engaged in mercantile trade, the career of MR. BARNUM, dating from his humble beginning, affords one of the most notable instances of business enterprise, perseverance, originality, tact and success. Indeed, the history of the American business world during the last quarter of a century would fail of one of its most piquant pages, without some reminiscences of the "Great Showman." He started in his business career without a cent, and was compelled to carry on the struggle alone. He commenced life as a clerk in a country store, and married at the age of nineteen. He published a newspaper several years in his native town, where he was fined and imprisoned for publishing his opinions too freely. Afterward he tried mercantile business on his own account, in both Connecticut and New York, with indifferent success. In 1835 he became engaged in a strolling exhibition; afterward in a circus, &c.; and in 1842, bought the American Museum in New York. This establishment began to thrive immensely under his management. In 1843 he picked up "Gen." Tom Thumb; exhibited him in his museum a year, then took him to Europe, where he remained three years, appearing before all the principal courts and monarchs of the old world, and returned with a fortune to his native country. In 1850, he engaged Jenny Lind, and with her made the most triumphant and successful musical tour ever known, clearing, it is said, some half a million dollars in nine months, after paying that lady over three hundred thousand dollars.

Stephen Girard, Merchant and Banker,
of Philadelphia.

STEPHEN GIRARD was born in the environs of Bordeaux, May 24, 1750. Little or nothing is known respecting

the condition of his parents. He is supposed to have left his native country at the age of ten or twelve years, in the capacity of cabin boy in a vessel bound for the West Indies. He soon after came to New York, as cabin boy and apprentice in the employment of Captain J. Randall. While with the latter, his deportment was distinguished by such fidelity, industry and temperance, that he won the attachment and confidence of his master, who generally bestowed on him the appellation of "my Stephen;" and when he gave up business, he promoted Girard from the situation of mate to the command of a small vessel, in which he made several voyages to New Orleans, always applying himself with great soberness and diligence to the accomplishment of his ends.

Girard was self-taught, and the world was his school. His intuitive quickness of conception and his powers of combination were such as would cause a very little instruction to go a great way. It was a favorite theme with him, when he afterward grew rich, to relate that he commenced life with a sixpence, and to insist that the best capital a man can have is his personal industry.

The Water-Witch, or, at least, the captain of the Water-Witch, was always fortunate, and he soon became part owner. Such was his confidence in his "lucky star," as almost to amount to superstition. He first visited Philadelphia in 1769. He soon established himself in business, and was reputed a thriving man. In partnership with Isaac Hazelhurst, he purchased two brigs, in 1771, to trade to St. Domingo. Of one of them he took command himself. Both were captured and sent to Jamaica. For once his "lucky star" forsook him. All professions and all occupations, which afforded a just reward for labor, were alike honorable in his estimation. He was never too proud to work, even

when he was the richest millionaire in the land. During the revolutionary war, he bottled and sold cider and claret. In 1780, he was engaged in trade to St. Domingo and New Orleans. In 1790, on the dissolution of a partnership which had some time existed between himself and his brother, John Girard, he was found by their mutual umpire to be worth thirty thousand dollars.

At the time of the insurrection of the blacks in St. Domingo, he had a brig and schooner in port, in which many of the inhabitants deposited their most valuable goods, but were prevented by a violent death from returning to claim them. It is, however, not supposed that he received in this manner more than fifty thousand dollars. In the time of the fever, in 1793, when consternation had seized the whole population of the city, Girard, then an opulent merchant, offered his services as a nurse in the hospital; his offers were accepted, and, in the performance of the most loathsome duties, he walked unharmed in the midst of the pestilence. He used to say to his friends, "When you are sick, or anything ails you, do not go to the doctor, but come to me. I will cure you."

The terms of a bargain were to him a law, which he never violated; but in his breast there was no chancery jurisdiction for the decision of causes in equity. The misfortunes of a bankrupt, in his view, were follies, which excited no commiseration.

Having been successful in his commercial speculations, and by that means made immense additions to his property, in 1811, in expectation of a renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States, he purchased a large amount of the stock of that institution. The charter was not renewed, and the banking house coming into his hands by purchase, at a reduced price, the Bank of the United States became Stephen Girard's Bank. It was emi-

nently convenient to the public at the time it was established, and during the war was particularly useful to the government, supplying, in fact, the want of a national institution, at a time when it was especially needed. On the establishment of the last national bank, Mr. Girard, just at the close of the subscription, took the balance of the stock, namely, three million and one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Girard did much to ornament the city of Philadelphia, and his ambition during his long and untiring business career, seems to have been to die the richest man in the country and be remembered as the patron of learning and the benefactor of the poor. He died December 26, 1831, in the eighty-second year of his age, the Girard College and the city of Philadelphia being his principal devisees.

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**Alexander T. Stewart, Merchant, of
New York.**

In his early years, Mr. STEWART was engaged in teaching, but soon changed his employment for a small mercantile business. He commenced with but a limited capital, and opened a store on Broadway, in 1827. This little concern, in which he then was salesman, buyer, financier, and sole manager, has gradually increased in importance, until it has become the present splendid establishment, whose name and fame are heard everywhere.

The marble block which the firm now occupies was built nearly twenty years ago. It had been the site of an old-fashioned hotel called the "Washington," which was destroyed by fire. Mr. Stewart bought the plot at auction for seventy thousand dollars,—a small sum in comparison with its present value. To this was subsequently added adjacent lots in Broadway, Reade, and Chambers streets, and the present magnificent pile was reared. This establishment, large as it is, proved too small for the increasing business; hence

another mercantile palace has been erected by Mr. Stewart, in Broadway and Tenth street. This is intended for the retail trade, and is, no doubt, the most splendid structure of the kind in the world. The down-town store is devoted to the wholesale trade. The firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. consists of Mr. Stewart and two partners, one of whom, Mr. Fox, resides in Manchester, and the other, Mr. Warton, in Paris. These gentlemen, together with agents in the principal cities of Europe, are constantly engaged in furnishing the house with supplies of goods. The amount of annual sales is estimated at from ten to twenty millions. In the retail department, the proceeds of which are included in this estimate, the daily sales vary, according to the weather and the season, from three thousand to twelve thousand dollars.

Mr. Stewart has attained his present position by patient toil and forty years of close application to business. His remarkably fine taste in the selection of dress articles, by means of which he was always able to have superior goods, probably led to his first success. He has everything reduced to a perfect system. Each branch of his trade is under a special manager, who is selected with a view to his qualifications for that department. The numerous failures which take place among the business men of New York give him his choice among them for his managers, so that he is always able to find the kind of men he needs and whom he can trust. He is an accurate judge of character, possessing a penetration which enables him to read men at a glance; so that it is rarely, if ever, that he is deceived. He sits close in his office, is seldom seen in the salesrooms, or among his clerks, yet seems to know everything that is going on throughout the establishment. Mr. Stewart is a native of Ireland.

Edwin D. Morgan, Merchant, of New York.

Mr. MORGAN is widely known both as a successful merchant and able statesman. His father, Jasper Morgan, an old and highly respected citizen of Connecticut, formerly lived in Berkshire county, Mass., and there it was that his son Edwin was born, in February, 1811. He received a fair education before he was seventeen, without going to college, and at about that age commenced his mercantile experience in a store in Hartford, Conn., at a salary of sixty dollars for the first, seventy-five for the second, and one hundred for the third year's service. A trip to the great city was not then made with the facility that it is now; but as he had served for two or three years in the store, and acquired the confidence of his employer, he was permitted to go to New York, and, to combine business with pleasure, was intrusted to make sundry purchases of tea, sugar, etc., and also corn, which was then becoming an article of import, instead of export. The visit was made, and Edwin returned in due time, by the old stage route. After being greeted and welcomed, his employer inquired as to the corn. The price was very satisfactory; but his employer doubted if the article would be of good quality at so low a rate. Edwin immediately drew a handful, first from one pocket and then from another, as samples, and the old gentleman expressed his approbation. It had been usual for the dealers to purchase two or three hundred bushels at a time, and he then inquired of Edwin as to the quantity, but was nonplussed by the answer that he had bought two cargoes, and that the vessels were probably in the river.

"Why, Edwin," said the astonished old gentleman, "what are we to do with two cargoes of corn? Where can we put it? Where can we dispose of it?"

"Oh!" replied Edwin, "I have disposed of all that you don't want, at an

advance; I have shown the samples to Messrs. A. & B., who wish three hundred bushels; C. & Co., three hundred, &c., &c. I could have disposed of three cargoes, if I had had them. I stopped into the stores as I came along, and made sales."

This was a new phase, and out of the old routine; but the gains and results were not to be questioned. The following morning, Edwin was at the store, as always, in season, and had taken the broom to sweep out the counting room, when his employer entered.

"I think," said he, "you had better put aside the broom; we will find some one else to do the sweeping. A man who can go to New York, and on his own responsibility purchase two cargoes and make sales of them without counselling with his principal, can be otherwise more advantageously employed. It is best that he should become a partner in the firm for which he is doing so much,"—and he did, though not yet of age.

When he had just attained to his majority, Mr. Morgan was elected to the city council of Hartford; and at twenty-two he married Miss Waterman, of that city, by whom he has but one surviving child—a son. He removed to the city of New York in 1836, establishing himself as a wholesale grocer, upon a small capital of four thousand dollars, but which his business qualities afterward greatly enlarged, and his fortune increased, until now the house of Edwin D. Morgan & Co. is one of the richest of the metropolis. In 1849, Mr. Morgan was elected a member of the then Board of Assistant Aldermen; in 1852, a member of the State Senate; in 1858, to the high position of Governor of the State; and he now fills the honored post of United States Senator. Such a career of combined mercantile success and political honors is rare indeed.

Nathan Appleton, Merchant, of Boston.

Mr. APPLETON was born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1779, and was the seventh son of Isaac Appleton. At fifteen years of age he was examined and admitted into Dartmouth College. It was decided, however, that he should proceed no further in his collegiate studies. His brother Samuel, who had been in trade in New Ipswich, and was about to remove to Boston, proposed that he should accompany him. This was accepted, and, as he afterward said, "It was determined that I should become a merchant rather than a scholar." His brother commenced business in a small shop on Cornhill, Boston; it consisted mostly in purchasing goods at auction and selling them again to country dealers for cash and short credit, at a small profit. In 1799, his brother made a short visit to Europe, and left his business in the charge of Nathan. On the return of the former, he removed to a warehouse in State street, and proposed to the latter, who had become of age, to be a partner. This was accepted, and Nathan now had at hand opportunities for enlarging his observation and experience. He was sent out to England to purchase goods. Europe was in a state of war. The news of peace reached him, however, on landing, and changed the whole current and condition of trade. He postponed his purchases and travelled on the Continent; shortly afterward returning to America and resuming his mercantile career. In 1806 he married Maria Theresa Gold, eldest daughter of Thomas Gold, of Pittsfield, and for the health of his wife soon crossed the ocean again. In Edinburgh he met Mr. Francis C. Lowell, at the moment the latter was first conceiving the policy to which the cotton manufacture of New England owes its origin; with him he held an earnest and encouraging consultation in regard to it. As capital accumulated in his hands,

he took an active part in connection with Mr. Lowell, Patrick T. Jackson, Paul Moody, and others, in establishing the cotton factory at Waltham, Mass. He says: "When the first loom was ready for trial, many little matters were to be adjusted or overcome before it would work perfectly. Mr. Lowell said to me that he did not wish me to see it until it was complete, of which he would give me notice. At length the time arrived, and he invited me to go out with him to see the loom operate. I well recollect the state of satisfaction and admiration with which we sat by the hour watching the beautiful movement of this new and wonderful machine, destined, as it evidently was, to change the character of all textile industry." Mr. Appleton was also one of the chief associates in the company which made the first purchases for a like purpose in Lowell. On different occasions he was elected a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and in 1830 was chosen a member of Congress. In 1842 he was again sent, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Robert C. Winthrop. In this sphere, his mind naturally turned to the financial and commercial view of questions. He was a member of the American Academy of Science and Arts, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Appleton died in Boston, July 14, 1861, and left a very large fortune.

The name of WILLIAM APPLETON is justly entitled to a place in the records of this eminent commercial family. Few names, indeed, shine out with such conspicuous and unsullied lustre in the annals of American mercantile fame as this. For their enterprise, integrity, benevolence, and public spirit, they have never been surpassed by any of the "solid men of Boston," whose character reflects such honor upon American commerce, at home and abroad.

David Ricardo, English Financier.

DAVID RICARDO, celebrated alike as a merchant, banker, and financial writer, was born in London, of a Jewish family, in 1772. His father, a native of Holland, was for several years a prominent banker in London, and, designing his son for the same occupation, he sent him to Holland, where he might obtain the best commercial education. Soon after his return to England, he was taken into his father's office as a clerk, and, when of age, he was associated with him in business. He subsequently formed a matrimonial alliance with a lady of the Christian faith, which union was displeasing to his father, by reason of the latter's religious scruples,—the elder Mr. Ricardo having been born of Jewish parents, and continuing in that faith until his death. This breach between the father and the son,—which, however, was afterwards entirely healed,—necessarily caused the dissolution of their business copartnership.

But the character of the son, for industry, talent, and fair dealing, early secured to him the confidence of business men as well as that of the community, and he thus accumulated a magnificent fortune. He amassed his immense wealth by a scrupulous attention to what he called his own three golden rules, and the observance of which he used to press on his private business friends. These were: "*Never refuse an option when you can get it,*"—" *Cut short your losses,*"—" *Let your profits run on.*" By cutting short one's losses, Mr. Ricardo meant, that when a broker had made a purchase of stock, and prices were falling, he ought to re-sell immediately. And by letting one's profits run on, he meant, that when a broker possessed stock, and prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning to fall.

Besides being an eminent banker,

Mr. Ricardo was a most profuse writer on finance and currency, and his works on these subjects gained for him a high repute. He was also of quite a speculative turn of mind—and in some respects strangely so—on religious themes. He is stated to have adopted the Unitarian system of belief, though usually attending the established or Episcopal church. On the other hand, he is said to have suggested, as an "improvement," a sort of intermediate faith between Judaism and Christianity; holding that Jesus Christ was a worthy man and an excellent teacher, whose precepts should therefore be regarded with great respect,—but that "he assumed too much in his claim to be the son of God, and therefore that the blame of his unhappy catastrophe was to be divided between his enemies and himself." The number of adherents to Mr. Ricardo's faith were very few, and his writings on this subject were far less brilliant in their results than those which constituted the staple of his counting-house ledgers.

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Judah Touro, Merchant, of New Orleans.

A well written life of this remarkable man would make a volume of peculiar interest, especially to the mercantile class, of which he was long so honorable as well as successful a member. At first, he opened a small shop on St. Louis street, near the levee, where he began a brisk and profitable trade in soap, candles, codfish, and other exports of New England, making prompt returns to his friends in Boston. His fidelity, integrity, and good management, soon secured him a large New England trade, every vessel from that section bringing him large consignments, and many ships being placed at his disposal, as agent, to obtain cargoes and collect freight. His business was prosperous, his funds accumulated. He invested his surplus means very judiciously in ships and in real estate, which

rapidly advanced in value. His career, guided by certain principles to which he steadfastly adhered, was one of honest, methodical labor, and stern fidelity to the legitimate practices of trade, never embarking in any hazardous ventures or speculations, never turning aside from his chosen sphere of business, and adhering rigidly to the cash system.

Mr. Touro was as methodical and regular as a clock. His neighbors were in the habit of judging of the time of day by his movements. In his business he rarely employed more than one clerk, and even this one was generally a lad. It was his custom to open his store himself at sunrise and close it at sunset. He attended to all his affairs himself, and had them so well arranged that there was no possibility of any misunderstanding. He engaged in no lawsuits, though he lived in one of the most litigious communities in the world. He could not bear a disputatious, nor even a very earnest, discussion. On one occasion his friend, Dr. Clapp, became involved in a very warm discussion on a theological question with some clergymen of the city. Mr. Touro was greatly annoyed at the warfare of words and logic thus carried on, and begged Dr. Clapp to desist from a controversy which was so unpleasant to him.

Mr. Touro's hard experience of the discomforts attending voyages by sea, though it determined him to remain on land for the remainder of his life, could not eradicate from him that natural passion of a New Englander—as he was—to own ships. He had consequently invested largely of his means in this business, and owned some of the largest and best built ships that came into the port of New Orleans. It was rather an amusing peculiarity of his, that though he took great pleasure and pride in walking along the wharves and surveying the grand and symmetrical proportions of his noble ships, he

could never be persuaded to go aboard and examine and admire their interior. Mr. Touro's career was perhaps not so eventful as that of his townsmen John McDonogh and Jacob Barker, and yet, as an upright, enterprising, and successful merchant, there are few whose names can be placed in advance of his.

“Old Billy Gray,” Merchant, of Boston.

Among the successful and honorable merchants of America, few have stood higher than WILLIAM GRAY—“Old Billy Gray,” as he came to be universally called. He was born in Lynn, Mass., in 1751, and when quite a small boy was apprenticed to a merchant in Salem. He finished his commercial education with Richard Derby, of that port; and such was his character for enterprise and strict integrity during his apprenticeship, that when, soon after its close, he commenced business for himself, he had the entire confidence and good will of the whole community. Prosperity waited upon him in all his transactions, and in less than twenty-five years after he commenced business, he was taxed as the wealthiest man in Salem, notwithstanding some of the largest fortunes in the United States belonged to that town. His enterprise and industry were wonderful; and at one time he had more than sixty sail of square-rigged vessels on the ocean. For more than fifty years, he arose at dawn, and was ready for the business of the day before others had finished their last nap. Although he had millions of dollars afloat on the sea of business, he was careful of small expenditures—those leaks which endanger the ship—and his whole life was a lesson of prudent economy, without penuriousness.

During the embargo, Mr. Gray took sides with Jefferson, notwithstanding New England was all in a blaze against the president, and it was an injury to

the amount of tens of thousands of dollars to the great merchant's business. In the midst of the commercial distress, he removed to Boston, and having pleased the people while a State senator, he was chosen lieutenant-governor of the commonwealth. He freely used his immense riches for the wants of Government, and it is said never took advantage of the exigencies of the times, to speculate in government securities. After the war of 1812-15, he engaged largely in business again, but he lost often and heavily. Yet he died a rich man, and universally respected, at his elegant mansion in Boston, Nov. 4, 1825, aged about seventy-four years. It has been stated that at one period in his early career, Mr. Gray was a poor shoemaker; but, notwithstanding his subsequent great wealth, and the magnificence of his dwelling, the old cobbler's bench which he formerly used long remained intact in a separate room, and was shown with pride to his visitors as the sign of what he once was.

“Rich Spencer,” Merchant and Banker, of London.

JOHN SPENCER—afterward Sir John, and, in 1594, Lord Mayor of London—died possessed of property valued at several round millions, acquired by his tact and shrewdness in the pursuits of commerce. There is much that might be written respecting the humors and caprices of this noted representative of the commerce of that period,—one who rose to such eminence in the annals of wealth amassed by sharp dealing and still closer saving. In a curious pamphlet printed in 1651, and entitled “The Vanity of the Lives and Passions of Men,” there is the following singular anecdote respecting this “Rich Spencer”—for so Sir John was usually called: In Queen Elizabeth's days, a private of Dunkirk laid a plot with twelve of his mates, to carry Spencer away, and which, if he had

done, fifty thousand pounds, it is stated, would not have redeemed him. This private come over the seas in a shallop, with twelve musketeers, and in the night came into Baring Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches, near the path in which Sir John came to his house (Canonbury House); but, as good fortune would have it, Sir John was forced, by some unusual demands of business, to stay in London that night. But for this, he would have been taken away and rigidly dealt with. The kidnappers, fearing they should be discovered, returned in the night time to their shallop, and went back to Dunkirk, minus their anticipated booty.

Jacques Cœur, French Merchant in the Middle Ages.

JACQUES CŒUR was the great French merchant and financier of the middle ages. He sprung from the people, and raised himself, by successful commercial enterprise, to a level with the princes of his age. He found French commerce behind that of every other nation, and left it prosperous and increasing. Direct and speedy communication with the East seems to have been his great idea. Modern Europe is still striving for it. He had, at one time, in his employment, three hundred factors; and the rest of the merchants of France, with the whole of those of Italy, are not supposed to have equalled this one man, in the extent of their commercial dealings. "As rich as Jacques Cœur," became a proverb. It was even believed, by some, that he had found the philosopher's stone; and popular tradition asserts that so great was the profusion of the precious metals possessed by him, that his horses were *shod with silver*—a common reputation, even at the present day, enjoyed by persons of singular wealth.

He showed himself worthy of his

great mercantile eminence, by giving his wealth, thus acquired, freely for noble objects. He raised three armies for king Charles at his own cost; and he repaired and reëstablished, in his office of *Argentier*, the deranged finances of the kingdom. It was his money which enabled the French to profit by the genius and enthusiasm of Joan of Arc; and it was his honest sympathy, and steady, manly counsel, which seems to have sustained the tender and brave heart of the noblest of royal mistresses, in her efforts to save the king. On her death bed, she selected Jacques Cœur for her executor.

Jacques Cœur had, in the course of twenty years, more commercial power than all the rest of the merchants of the Mediterranean put together. Everywhere his vessels were respected as though he had been a sovereign prince; they covered the seas wherever commerce was to be cultivated, and, from farthest Asia, they brought back cloths of gold and silk, furs, arms, spices, and ingots of gold and silver, still swelling his mighty stores, and filling Europe with surprise at his adventurous daring and his unparalleled perseverance. Like his great prototype, Cosmo de Medicis, who, from a simple merchant, became a supreme ruler, Jacques Cœur, the Medicis of Bourges, became illustrious and wealthy, and sailed long in the favorable breezes of fortune, admired, envied, feared, and courted by all.

But his weakness seems to have lain in the direction of personal magnificence and splendor, and to this may be traced his fall. He did not allow sufficiently for the prejudices of his age, and at last armed them for his ruin. He is described to have far transcended, in his personal attendance and equipments, the chiefs of the most illustrious families of France; and when Charles made his triumphal entry into Rouen, the merchant Jacques Cœur was seen by the side of Dunois, with arms and tunic

precisely the same as his. His destruction was planned by a party of the nobles, and an indictment of all sorts of crimes preferred against him—among them, the charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel. He narrowly escaped torture and death; and only this by confiscation of his treasures (which his judges divided among them), and perpetual banishment. This latter resolved itself ultimately into a sort of strict surveillance in a French convent, from which he at last escaped by the fidelity of one of his agents, who had married his niece. He was again characteristically engaging in active pursuits, and beginning life anew, on the coast of Asia Minor, when illness seized him in the island of Scio.

Peletiah Perit, Merchant, of New York.

The name of PELETIAH PERIT has been familiar in the business circles of New York for about half a century, and is one of the most honored. He was at one time a member of the firm of Perit & Lathrop, and in 1819 he became a partner in the house of Goodhue & Co. Mr. Perit (says the author of the "Old Merchants of New York") was born in Norwich, Conn., and received a collegiate education at Yale College. In the first partnership of Mr. Perit with Mr. Lathrop, his brother-in-law, he was not successful, and during the war he was connected with an artillery company, and performed military service in the forts that protected the harbor. After he went with Mr. Goodhue, his commercial good fortunes returned, and their house coined money. In 1833 or 1834, the health of Mr. Perit declined, and he conceived the idea that it was necessary to take more active exercise, and in order to insure that daily, he purchased a piece of property on the North river, lying between Burnham's and the Orphan Asylum. It may have cost him perhaps ten thousand dollars. He sold it about

two years ago, and it is now supposed to be worth half a million dollars. This is a comment on persevering mercantile life. By a mere accident Mr. Perit buys a small lot of land, and makes more money than Goodhue & Co. ever made in fifty-three years' hard work! Probably no house has done a larger business with all parts of the world than Goodhue for the fifty-three years that it has existed in a continuous business. This house, so eminent, commanding means to an extent that an outsider has no conception of, has made merely moderate earnings in comparison with some lucky land hit, made by unknown and uncredited persons, that has realized millions. Since Mr. Perit sold his property in New York, he has removed to New Haven, Conn. He has done much for the benevolent enterprises of the day. He is unequalled as a merchant, and has been for many years honored with the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce.

Jacob Ridgway, Merchant, of Philadelphia.

This wealthy Philadelphia celebrity came from New Jersey at an early age, and commenced the life of a busy, bold, and enterprising merchant. He commenced on a small scale; but by his industry, integrity, economy, and attention to business, he rose rapidly. Dame Fortune smiled, and in course of time he took high rank among the shipping merchants of that period. He visited Europe, to superintend a branch of the house with which he was connected; and soon after, having the confidence of the merchants of his own country, Mr. RIDGWAY was appointed American consul at Antwerp, where he laid the foundation of his handsome fortune. He returned soon after, and retired from mercantile pursuits, settling himself in Philadelphia, and engaging extensively in plans for the improvement of it and the city of Camden, on the opposite side of the river Delaware. In

proportion as his efforts and means were laid out in this direction, so did his fortune increase; and from being the owner, in early life, of a single farm, he acquired possessions and wealth, the extent of which has perhaps never but once been equalled in Pennsylvania, and in all human probability never will be by any one man again. He was a plain man—his dress and deportment were plain, and his manners free from *haut-tour*. In his directorship of the Bank of Pennsylvania, in which he was a large stockholder, he exhibited much prejudice against granting discounts and accommodation to the rich and extensive operators, preferring the humbler mechanics, tradesmen, and merchants.

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**Abraham and Benjamin Goldschmid,
old English Bankers.**

For a long and important period, ABRAHAM and BENJAMIN GOLDSCHMID were the magnates of the English money market. Of singular capacity, and, for a time, of equally singular good fortune, the firm of which they were the members rose from comparative obscurity to be the head and front of the financial circle of the world's metropolis. They were the first members of the Stock Exchange who competed with the bankers for the favors of the chancellor, and diverted from their bloated purses those profits which were scarcely a legitimate portion of banking business. The combination of that powerful interest being thus broken up, the bargains for public loans became more open, and have continued so.

The munificence of the Goldschmids was constant and wide spread. Naturally open hearted, the poor of all creeds found kindly benefactors in these Jew capitalists. On one day, the grandeur of an entertainment given by them to royalty was recorded in the papers, and on the next a few words related a visit of mercy on their part to a condemned cell. At one time, their mansion, vying in architectural beauty with those of

regal occupants, was described; at another, some great and gracious act of charity was narrated. Entertainments to princes and ambassadors, reviving the glories of oriental splendor, were frequent; and galleries, with works of art worthy the magnificence of a Medici, graced their homes. They seemed, at least for a while, Fortune's chief and most special favorites. When, in 1793, the old aristocracy of England's traders fell, as in 1847, and the bank in one day discounted to the amount of more than twenty million dollars, the losses of this great firm amounted to only the trivial sum of fifty pounds sterling. Strange to relate, both of these brothers came to their death by violence at their own hands.

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**Judah M. Lopez, Speculator in
Annuities.**

The name of JUDAH MANASSEH LOPEZ is handed down to this day, in England, as that of a Lombard and Jew of "the baser sort," and a usurer—one in whose business dealings the art of deception seemed to have fairly culminated. Of the origin or the successive business steps in the career of this man we know little. His business consisted in the purchase and sale of annuities. He lent to merchants when their vessels failed to bring them returns in time to meet their engagements; and he advanced cash on the jewels of those whom a disturbed period involved in conspiracies which required the sinews of war. But annuities were his favorite investment; and to him, therefore, resorted all who were in difficulties and were able to deal with him. With the highest and the lowest he trafficked. He was feared by most, and respected by none.

One remarkable feature in this man's dealings was, that no one found it easy to recover the property once pledged, if it chanced to much exceed the amount advanced. In an extremity, Buckingham, the favorite of Charles, applied

to and received assistance from the Jew on the deposit of some deeds of value. When the time approached for repayment, Lopez appeared before the Duke in an agony of grief, declaring that his strongroom had been broken into, his property pilfered, and the Duke's deeds carried away. But Buckingham had dealt too much with men of this class to believe the story on the mere word of Lopez. He therefore detained the usurer while he despatched messengers to the city, to search out the truth, placing the Hebrew at the same time under watch and ward, with an utter indifference to his comfort.

When the messengers returned, they avouched that all Lombard street was in an uproar at the violation of its stronghold. Still the Duke was dissatisfied, and resolutely refused to part with his prey until he had received full value for his deposit. In vain did the Hebrew demurely fall on his knees—in vain did he call on Father Abraham to attest his innocence; for, in the midst of one of his most solemn asseverations, Buckingham was informed that a scrivener urgently solicited an audience, and he saw at the same time that a cloud came over the face of Lopez.

The request of the scrivener being granted, to the Duke's astonishment he produced the missing document, explaining to his Grace that Lopez, believing the scrivener too much in his power to betray him, had placed it in his charge until the storm should blow over, but that, fearing the Duke's power and trusting to his protection, he had brought it to York House. On the instant, Buckingham confronted the two. The Jew's countenance betrayed his crime, and, fawning on the very hem of the Duke's garment, he begged for forgiveness, and crouched like a dog to procure it. It is intimated that from that time the Duke had his loans on more equitable terms and on smaller security, as he dismissed the Jew with

a courtesy the latter did not deserve.

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**William B. Astor, Millionaire, of
New York.**

Prince street, New York, is the locality of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S financial operations. The street itself is of but a third-rate character, and the houses are but of a common stamp. Near Broadway, however, one may notice a small brick office, neatly built, of one story, with gable to the street, but with doors and windows closed, and the whole appearance one of security. Near the door may be seen a little sign which reads thus: 'ENTRANCE NEXT DOOR. OFFICE HOURS FROM 9 TO 3.' This "next door" to which we are referred is a plain three-story brick dwelling, with no name on the door, and might be taken for the residence of some well-to-do old-fashioned family. Hence one is quite startled to find that this is the headquarters of the chief capitalist of America. Entering the street door, one will find himself in a small vestibule, neatly floored with checkered oilcloth, and opening a door on his left, he will enter a well-lighted front room, destitute of any furniture but a counting-house desk and a few chairs. At this desk stands an accountant (or perhaps two) working at a set of books, and evidently enjoying an easy berth. He will answer all ordinary inquiries, will do the duty of refusing charitable demands, and will attend to anything in the ordinary run of business; but if one has anything special on hand, he will point to a door opening into a rear office. This apartment is of moderate size and of simple furniture. On the table are a few books, and on opening one of them, which appears well thumbed, it will be found to contain maps of plots of city property, carefully and elegantly executed, and embracing the boundaries of an enormous estate. Seated by the table may generally be seen a stout-

built man with large and unattractive features, and upon the whole an ordinary face. He is plainly dressed, and has a somewhat careworn look, and appears to be fifty or sixty years of age. One naturally feels—that is, if he be a poor man—that it is quite a rare thing to address a capitalist, and especially when that capitalist is the representative, say of twenty-five millions of dollars. His daily income has been estimated at *six thousand dollars!*

The care of Mr. Astor's estate—the largest in America—is a vast burden. His tenements, of all grades, number several hundreds, ranging from the dwelling at three hundred dollars per annum, to the magnificent warehouse or hotel at thirty thousand dollars. To relieve himself from the more vexatious features of his business, he has committed his real estate collections to an agent, who does the work well, and who is, no doubt, largely paid. He, with his clerks, collects rents, and makes returns of a rent roll whose very recital would be wearisome. As a matter of course, such a man must employ a small army of painters, carpenters, and other mechanics, in order to keep up suitable repairs; and as Mr. Astor pays no insurance, the work of rebuilding after fires is in itself a large item. A large part of Mr. Astor's property consists of vacant lots, which are in continual demand, and which he generally prefers to hold rather than sell; hence he is much employed with architects and master builders, and always has several blocks in course of erection. This is a very heavy burden, and, were it not for the help derived from his family, would, doubtless, crush him. His son, John Jacob, is quite a business man, and bears his share of the load. In addition to this, Mr. Astor has the aid of a gentleman of business habits and character, once a member of one of the largest shipping houses in New York, who has become connected with the family by marriage. The la-

bors of all these parties cannot be more than adequate to the requirements of so enormous a property.

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C. K. Garrison, Merchant, of San Francisco.

The financial and public position attained by Mr. GARRISON, of San Francisco, so well known as one of the mayors and leading merchants of that city, was due to his own perseverance, exhibited in a manner and to a degree rarely witnessed even in American mercantile character. Originating in New York, near West Point, his ancestors were among the regular "Knickerbockers" of that region—the Coverts, Kinglands, Schuylers, and others. The *paterfamilias* was at one time considered quite wealthy, but from heavy indorsements he became involved at an early period in the life of the subject now under notice. The latter, having to look to his own resources, left home at the age of thirteen, in the capacity of a cabin boy in a sloop. It was not, however, without great difficulty, that young Garrison obtained from his parents their consent that he might leave their home, and accept the situation he sought. "What," said his mother, with characteristic feminine perception, "would the Van Buskirks, the Kinglands, the Schuylers, the host of other respectable relatives, the thousand and one cousins, &c., &c., say, if it reached their ears that my son was a cabin boy?" From this small beginning he worked his way up, until he finally found himself in California, where, shortly after, on account of his great business tact, he was offered the Nicaragua Steamship Company agency, at a salary of \$60,000 a year, for two years certain. In addition to this appointment, he received at the same time the agency of two insurance companies, at a salary of \$25,000 per annum. At the age of forty-five, he found himself the possessor of a princely fortune; with a salary three or four times greater

than that of the President of the United States; with a revenue besides, from other sources, of as much more; and occupying the position of Mayor of the city of San Francisco. This is success that rarely falls to the lot of those, even, who are what may be called the "successful" ones in commercial life.

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William Hogg, the Pennsylvania Millionaire.

More than seventy years ago, WILLIAM HOGG—who died at his residence in Brownsville, Pa., leaving an estate of more than a million dollars—crossed the Alleghany mountains with a small pack of goods, all he possessed, and which he bore upon his own back, and established himself at Brownsville, then called Red Stone. He soon after opened a small store, the first in that region of country, on the Monongahela river, transporting his goods from Philadelphia by means of packhorses, and increasing his stock, from time to time, until he became the wealthiest merchant in Western Pennsylvania—a rank which he prominently occupied in the latter period of his life. He was remarkable for his accurate habits of business, his persevering and indefatigable application, and his great sagacity in the management of his numerous and extensive establishments. Whether worth one dollar only, or a million, he held that frugality was the same virtue, and rigidly lived up to this principle.

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Herodotus a Merchant.

The opinion—equally ingenious and probable—is advanced by Malte Brun, that the great father of history and geography, HERODOTUS, was a merchant. "At least," says he, "this supposition affords the most natural solution of his long voyages and numerous connections with nations by no means friendly to the Greeks." His silence respecting commerce is presumed to have arisen from the same motives which in-

duced the Carthaginians to throw every voyager into the sea who approached Sardinia, lest the sources of their commerce and riches should be discovered.

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Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy, Parsee Banker and Merchant.

JEEJEEBHOY DADABHOY, of Bombay, was a Parsee banker, merchant, agent, and broker, for more than forty years, and sustained important business relations to many European mercantile houses. So extensive were his transactions, that his name was well known in all the commercial towns of England, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria, Egypt, India, China, Mauritius, &c. A few years before his death, which occurred in 1849, at the age of sixty-four years, he retired from the firm of Messrs. Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy, Sons & Co., but left his name by associating his sons, who have since carried on the business, the firm ranking among the first Parsee commercial houses in India.

Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy was one of the most active among the native capitalists in the establishment of the various banks in Bombay; and he served his time as director respectively in the Oriental and Commercial Banks. To him and to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy the people of Western India are indebted for the introduction of steam navigation for commercial and passenger traffic—the first, and by far the best paying of these steamers having been built by them. Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy, the manager of this company, so judiciously conducted the business, that in the course of six years he divided profits amounting to nearly the outlay.

He shared, indeed, in every enterprise which promised to promote public advantage, however little his personal interests might be benefited. Among the commercial joint-stock companies, he was a large shareholder in the following: the Railway Companies, Cotton Screw Companies, Steam Naviga-

tion Company, Colaba Land and Cotton Companies, most of the Bombay Marine and Life Insurance Companies, the Bengal India General Steam Navigation Company, several Calcutta Insurance Companies, &c. His capital was likewise engaged in advances on coffee, sugar, &c., &c.

For nearly twenty years he was a member of the Parsee Panchayet, a position which frequently imposed important duties upon him for the general benefit of the Parsee community. He was also constantly called upon to arbitrate and settle matters in dispute between members of his caste, and his straightforward judgment invariably gained for him the esteem of those who had submitted their difficulties to his decision.

In matters of charity his purse was always open to the poor of his community. His name was likewise to be found on almost all the lists of public subscriptions and private charities, both European and native. At the time of his death, forty-two schools, in various parts of the Bombay Presidency, were wholly supported by his bounty.

He left a widow, four sons, three daughters, twenty-one grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, to whom he bequeathed immense wealth. He likewise, by his will, left one hundred thousand dollars, to be invested in Government securities in the names of eight trustees, four of these being his sons, the interest of this amount to be annually divided in charities for the relief of the suffering of his caste.

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**Abbott Lawrence, Merchant, of
Boston.**

ABBOTT LAWRENCE, one of the most eminent of American merchants, was born in Groton, Mass., in 1792. His ancestors were people in humble circumstances, who had for one hundred and fifty years been settled in Groton as cultivators of the soil, and his father, Major Samuel Lawrence, served with

credit in Prescott's regiment at Bunker Hill, and in many of the severest battles of the war of Independence. For a brief period in his boyhood, he attended the district school and the academy at Groton, and in his sixteenth year went to Boston, with less than three dollars in his pocket, and was bound an apprentice to his brother Amos, then recently established there in business. In 1814 he became one of the firm of A. & A. Lawrence, which for many years conducted a prosperous business in the sale of foreign cotton and woollen goods on commission. Subsequently to 1830, they were largely interested as selling agents for the manufacturing companies of Lowell; and, in the latter part of his life, Abbott Lawrence participated extensively in the China trade.

In addition to his business pursuits, Mr. Lawrence took a deep interest in all matters of public concern, and was at an early period of his career a zealous advocate of the protective system. In 1834, he was elected a representative in the twenty-fourth Congress, and was there a member of the important committee of ways and means. He also served for a brief period in 1839-'40. In 1842, he was appointed a commissioner, on the part of Massachusetts, on the subject of the northeastern boundary, in the discharge of which trust he rendered the most important service. In the Whig Nominating Convention of 1848, he was a prominent candidate for Vice-President of the United States, lacking but six votes of a nomination—the choice falling upon Mr. Fillmore. On the accession of General Taylor, whose election Mr. Lawrence had zealously advocated, a seat in the cabinet was offered to Mr. Lawrence, but declined by him. He was subsequently appointed the representative of the United States at the court of Great Britain, a position which he occupied with credit until October, 1852, when he was recalled at his own

request. The remainder of his life was devoted to his private business.

The benefactions of Mr. Lawrence, for private and public purposes, were numerous and wisely bestowed, although, from the nature of the circumstances under which the greater part of his life was passed, the amount cannot, as in his brother Amos's case, be accurately estimated. In 1847, he gave to Harvard University fifty thousand dollars to found the Scientific School, bearing his name, connected with that institution; and he bequeathed a like sum in aid of the same object. He left a further sum of fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting model lodging houses, the income of the rents to be forever applied to certain public charities. He was greatly esteemed in private life for his benevolence of disposition and genial manners, and in his public relations commanded the respect of all parties. Mr. Lawrence died in Boston, August 18th, 1855.

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Jacob Barker, Merchant, of New Orleans.

Mr. BARKER is descended from the same stock as Dr. Franklin, to whom he is proud to claim a certain family resemblance—and certainly in some of their personal characteristics there is a striking identity. He was brought up in the Quaker communion, to which, and to their unpretending costume, he long adhered.

At the age of sixteen he was adrift in the world, and came to New York, where he got employment with Isaac Hicks, a commission merchant, and, beginning the trade on his own account, in a small way, *before his majority* was in possession of four ships and a brig, and had his notes regularly discounted at the United States Bank. Sitting at his wedding dinner, August 27th, 1801 (he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hazard, of New York), with Mr. Henry Dewees, for whom he had heavily indorsed, news

was brought him of the ruin of them both; he passed the letter over to Mr. Dewees, drank wine with him, and took no further notice of the matter.

For some transactions concerning the North River Bank, Mr. Barker was once openly insulted by one David Rogers, to whom he sent a note demanding an explanation. No explanation came, but in place of it an indictment by the grand jury for sending a challenge. Mr. Barker defended himself with infinite subtlety on the trial, denying the fact of the challenge; but the jury would not be persuaded, nor the judges afterward, when he argued the question of law, and he was sentenced to be disfranchised of his political rights—from which sentence he was relieved by Governor Clinton. But at length, on the failure of the Life and Fire Insurance Company, he was indicted, with others, for conspiracy to defraud. The trial was long, the counsel wanted time to look over their notes, and it was suggested that Mr. Barker should begin his defence. He had no brief, and had taken no notes, but professed his readiness. "Yes," said Mr. Emmet, "if they were all to be hanged, Mr. Barker would say, hang me first!" His defence was a prodigy of ability. At the first trial the jury disagreed, on the second he was convicted, but a new trial granted. After the third the indictment was quashed.

Some years since he appeared in his own defence in a suit brought in New Orleans, and obtained a verdict after a long personal address to the jury, which is said to have made a most vivid impression both upon them and a numerous auditory. In reciting the chequered history of his life—his unrivalled commercial enterprise,—“that the canvas of his ships had whitened every sea, and that the star-spangled banner of his country had floated from the mast head of his ships in every clime,”—his aid in procuring a loan of five million dollars for the Government du-

ring the last war with England—he said he came to New Orleans poor, and in debt, that he had since made a great deal of money, and spent it in the support of his family and the payment of his debts outstanding in New York; that all those debts were now settled, as was proved, and that he owed nothing in the world at present but one account (on a note, he believed) of about a thousand dollars.

During the war, Nantucket was in want of supplies: Mr. Barker purchased the New York pilot boat Champlain, and caused her to be landed at Norfolk with flour, and despatched for that place. When near the island a heavy fog set in; when it cleared away she was within a half gunshot of a British seventy-four, captured, and vessel and cargo lost.

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Alexander Fordyce, the Shark of the Exchange.

The career of this notorious broker—one of the shrewdest ever known on the roll of British financiers—furnishes a dark phase in the dealings of the exchange. Bred a hosier at Aberdeen, he found the North too confined for such operations as he hoped at some future day to engage in; and, repairing to London, as the only place worthy of his genius, obtained employment as clerk to a city banking house.

Here he displayed great facility for figures, with great attention to business, and rose to the post of junior partner in the firm of Roffey, Neale & Jaines. Scarcely was he thus established, ere he began to speculate, and generally with marked good fortune—and, thinking his good luck would be perpetual, ventured for sums which involved his own character and his partners' fortune. The game was with him; the funds were constantly on the rise; and, fortunate as daring, he was enabled to purchase a large estate, to support a grand appearance, to surpass nabobs in extravagance, and *parvenus*

in folly. He marked "the marble with his name," upon a church which he ostentatiously built. His ambition vied with his extravagance, and his extravagance rivalled his ambition. The Aberdeen hosier spent thousands of pounds in attempting to become a titled magnate, and openly avowed his hope of dying a peer. He married a woman of title; made a fine settlement on her ladyship; purchased estates in Scotland at a fancy value; built a hospital; and founded charities in the place of which he hoped to become the representative.

But a change came over his fortunes. Some political events first gave him a shake; then another blow followed, and he had recourse to his partners' private funds to supply his deficiencies. On being smartly remonstrated with, a cool and insolent contempt for their opinion, coupled with the remark that he was quite disposed to leave them to manage a concern to which they were utterly incompetent, startled them; and when, with a cunning which provided for everything, an enormous amount of bank notes, which Fordyce had *borrowed* for the purpose, was shown them, their faith in his genius returned with the possession of the magic paper—it being somewhat doubtful whether the plausibility of his manner or the agreeable rustle of the notes decided them.

Ill fortune, however, still continued to cast its gaunt shadow on Mr. Fordyce's track—the price of the funds would not yield to his fine combinations and plans. But with all his great and continued losses, he retained to the last hour a cool and calm self-possession. Utter bankruptcy finally followed, and the public feeling was so violent, as he detailed the tissue of his unsurpassed fraud and folly, that it was necessary to guard him from the populace. He broke half the commercial town. Two gentlemen, ruined by the broker's extravagance, shot themselves dead, and many of the wealthiest fami-

lies were beggared. Nor is this surprising, when it is known that bills to the amount of *twenty millions of dollars* were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them—a name still synonymous with that of “the Shark of the Exchange.”

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Nicholas Longworth, Millionnaire, of Cincinnati.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who recently died in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty years, was born in Newark, N. J., in the year 1783, and was brought up to the shoemaking business in his early life. His father, having been reduced to poverty, became a shoemaker, and had all his children educated to follow trades. It was intended that Nicholas should obtain his living as a regular shoemaker; but at an early age he improved the opportunity offered him of going to the South with a brother, and became a clerk in the latter's store in Savannah. After being in mercantile business at the South about two and a half years, he removed in 1804 to Cincinnati, then only a scattered and sparsely populated village of about seven hundred and fifty inhabitants, adjoining to Fort Washington, on the banks of the Ohio, where the Federal Government maintained a garrison, the expenditure of which at that and earlier periods formed no small share of the business of Cincinnati.

The beginning of Mr. Longworth's career in Cincinnati was a very curious one. He commenced the study of the law, under Judge Burnett, an eminent lawyer, and was admitted to the bar in advance of the ordinary period. Until 1819, he followed the law as his profession. Meantime he had married a widow of some means, and had devoted himself to speculations in lots, foreseeing that the value of real estate must enhance immensely. In this way he laid the foundation of his gigantic fortune. At that time, property was at a very low valuation, and many of Long-

worth's lots cost him no more than ten dollars each, which in a few years multiplied in value a hundredfold. His property increased so rapidly that in 1850 his taxes rated higher, perhaps, than those of any other man in the United States except William B. Astor, the taxes of the latter amounting to some twenty-three thousand, while those of Longworth were over seventeen thousand. The ground occupied by the celebrated Observatory of Cincinnati was a free gift from Mr. Longworth. He donated four acres of his land on Mount Adams for that purpose.

Mr. Longworth devoted much of his time to agriculture and horticulture—the grape and the strawberry especially. Every one has heard of his Catawba wine, both still and sparkling champagne. Indeed, Nicholas Longworth, Esq., the “fifteen millionnaire,” is not half so well known as “old Nick Longworth,” who did so much for the culture of the Catawba and Isabella grape in the Ohio valley. His gardens and hothouses abounded in the rarest exotics, and were freely accessible to visitors who wished to enjoy them, and, if his gardeners were not on hand to point out their beauties, it is very probable that Nicholas Longworth himself would perform the part of chaperon. Mr. Longworth was a ready writer, full of wit, humor, and sarcasm.

Mr. Longworth had four children—three daughters and one son. One of the daughters married Larz Anderson, of Cincinnati, brother of the hero of Fort Sumter, a prominent lawyer. The wealth of which Mr. Longworth died possessed is put down at fifteen millions; but it is probable that it may be quoted at a much higher figure. His city lots alone would probably amount to that sum. The value of his property in the suburbs of Cincinnati and the different counties of Western Ohio, from Hamilton county to Sandusky, would perhaps swell his estate to twenty millions.

John Overend, the Pioneer Bill Broker of London.

JOHN OVEREND'S name stood, for a long time, at the head of the most ancient as well as extensive and renowned bill-brokering establishment in the world. Bill brokering in its present form was commenced about half a century ago. This house—Overend & Co.—so well known in Europe and America, was formed in the year 1807, under the firm of Richardson, Overend & Co. The partners were Thomas Richardson, a clerk in the banking house of Smith, Wright & Gray; John Overend, a clerk to a woollen dealer; and Samuel Gurney, then twenty-one years of age, the second son of Mr. John Gurney, a partner in the Norwich Bank. This bank was established in 1770, by Henry Gurney, who was succeeded by his son, Bartlett Gurney, and the latter, in 1803, took into partnership his cousin, John Gurney, and several other members of his family. Mr. John Gurney had previously been a woolstapler and spinner of worsted yarn. In this character he was acquainted with Mr. Joseph Smith, who was extensively connected with the trade of Norwich, and was engaged by the Norwich Bank to employ their surplus funds in discounting bills for his numerous connections. This business became so extensive that, upon the suggestion of John Overend, a firm was established expressly for the purpose of carrying it on, under the superintendence of the Norwich Bank. Mr. Samuel Gurney had, for three years previously, been a clerk to Mr. Fry, who had married Mr. Gurney's sister, the celebrated Elizabeth Fry. After the death or retirement of Mr. Richardson, the firm was Overend & Co. On the death of Mr. Overend, Samuel Gurney became the senior partner, until his death in 1856, when he was succeeded by David Barclay Chapman. The second house of this kind, in point of time, was that of Messrs. Sanderson & Co. The house of Alexander & Co.

has also long been eminent in the same kind of business founded by Overend.

“Old Mr. Denison,” of St. Mary Axe.

“OLD MR. DENISON,” as he was called by every one, for more than a generation, belonged to the primitive school of English bankers, who made his own fortune, and was remarkable for his economy and strict attention to business. He lived for years at his banking house in “St. Mary Axe,” and was so provident as to go to market daily, basket in hand, for his family. But if he thus looked closely after small matters, it was because he held everything subservient to one great one—his bank and the accumulation of capital. Like many men who have a turn for economy, he was fond of boasting of the bargains he had bought. There has also been many a chronicle rehearsed of the trouble it used to give to the old gentleman to provide good things *cheap*, when his son, the present distinguished banker and political notability, entertained his west-end friends at dinner. For, with the honorable pride so frequently observed among Scotchmen, “old Mr. Denison” not only took care that his son's education should be excellent, but gave him a very fair encouragement to gain a footing in the best society—in which, too, he was as successful as he could have wished. He left a large property, which has been increased by his son, one of the richest London bankers—being commonly rated at three millions sterling—the greater part of which is always kept available for business purposes.

Lorillard, the New York Tobacconist.

The name of LORILLARD looms up very prominently in the annals of American mercantile biography, and few of the solid merchants of New York show a more honorable record of personal worth and financial success. It

was one of Mr. Lorillard's favorite remarks, and well deserving of note, that his prosperity arose from his *not having made haste to be rich*. He entered upon business with a capital of a thousand dollars, increased by a loan from his brothers of double that amount; and from the skill, the foresight, and the diligence with which his business was conducted, and from some adventitious advantages, his own part of it was eventually multiplied more than a thousand-fold. "Lorillard, the New York Tobaccoist," became, in course of time, a name widely known in both hemispheres, nor has it yet lost its prestige.

Simple in all his tastes and habits, well regulated in all his affections and desires, free from vanity, ostentation, and pride, he had no extravagant longings, either to urge him on in the eager pursuit of wealth, or to make him squander, in prodigality, the fruits of iniquity and fraud. Instead, therefore, of unduly extending his business, and, in haste to enrich himself, careless about the interests and claims of others; instead of running out into wild and visionary schemes, which are usually so tempting to the cupidity of business men, and staking the laborious acquisitions of a life upon the chances of a day, Mr. Lorillard was contented to follow the prudent methods of better times, to avoid unnecessary anxiety for the future, to keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that was right in regard to his neighbor.

Whenever, therefore, the profits of his business were not needed for the enlargement of his capital, he was in the habit of investing them in real estate, selected very often in obscure and retired places, which would be unattractive to the mere speculator, and with greater regard to the security of the property than the immediate prospect of gain. But, in most cases, this very moderation and prudence turned to a better account than the grasping calculations of avarice itself—his own

possessions increasing in value, securely and steadily, while those of others were often swept away by their extravagance and folly.

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John Jacob Astor, Richest Merchant of America.

Mr. ASTOR was born near the ancient city of Heidelberg, Germany, in the year 1763, and his history embodies an invaluable moral for merchants generally, and for young men in particular. His parents moved in humble life. He came to this country when about nineteen years of age, at which time the State of New York was mostly a wilderness. He made frequent excursions up the Mohawk river, to traffic with the Indians for furs, and gradually enlarged his business as his means increased. After a while, the American Fur Company was formed, and he became a competitor with the great capitalists of Europe, who controlled the Northwestern and Canadian Fur Companies. Such was his enterprise, that he extended his business to the mouth of the Astoria river, and formed the first fur establishment then known as Astoria. For many years previous to the war of 1812, and subsequently, Mr. Astor was extensively engaged in the Canton trade, and during the war was fortunate in having several of his ships arrive here with valuable cargoes. The profits on these were enormous. Mr. Astor made large investments in Government stocks, which he purchased during the war with Great Britain, at sixty or seventy cents on the dollar, and which, after the peace, went up to twenty per cent. above par. On his death, most of his estate went to Mr. William B. Astor, his son, and consisting in a great measure of property not subject to regular appraisal, the estimates of its value have been very various. During the whole of his protracted business career, Mr. Astor was noted for persevering industry, rigid economy, and strict integrity. He had

a genius bold, fertile, and expansive; a sagacity quick to grasp and convert a circumstance to the highest advantage; and a singular and never-wavering confidence of signal success in what he undertook.

As the result of only sixteen years of business life, Mr. Astor was worth one quarter of a million dollars, and is supposed, on a moderate estimation, to have left a fortune of twenty millions. It would be difficult to say whether the great part of his immense fortune was derived from his mercantile dealings or his investments in real estate. He early began and systematically followed up the policy of investing largely, not only in the inhabited parts of the city, where immediate income could be realized, but in unoccupied lots, or acres, rather, of fields out of town, which he saw, in anticipation, covered by the spreading city. He was under no necessity of mortgaging one property for the purchase of another—under no temptation to dangerously expand. Thus he was enabled to make investments which it has been said, no doubt with literal truth, centupled on his hands. At one time, it is stated, he was in the habit of investing two thirds of his net annual receipts in land, and in the course of all of his vast operations, with a large part of his fortune afloat on the ocean, he is said never to have mortgaged a lot. During the fifty years of his active business life, he hardly made a mistake or misstep through defect of his own judgment. Until his fifty-fifth year, he was at his office before seven o'clock. He was a great horseman, and in the constant habit of riding out for pleasure and exercise. In the strength of his general grasp of a great subject, he did not allow himself to be too much disturbed by the consideration of details. His mind worked so actively that he soon got through the business of a day, and he could leave his office earlier than many business men who did less.

Troubled and annoyed by petty trials, he was calm and self-possessed under great ones. "Keep quiet—keep cool," was the constant and familiar admonition from his lips. When the great trials came, his spirit rose with the emergency, and he was equal to the hour. Mr. Astor died in March, 1848, aged eighty-four years, and in his will bequeathed four hundred thousand dollars to found a free public library in the city of New York.

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**Samuel Appleton, Merchant, of
Boston.**

SAMUEL APPLETON, a rich merchant and distinguished philanthropist of Boston, was born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1766. His father was a respectable farmer, and the son spent his youth amidst the severe toils attendant on the pursuits of agricultural life. Samuel shared his good fortune with his brother Nathan, who was his partner in mercantile business. Some amusing anecdotes are related of the early career of the subject of this notice, illustrative of his humble origin and his fidelity. One of these is, that, when fourteen years of age, his father hired him to assist a drover of cattle ten miles through the woods, for which service the father received twelve and a half cents. The boy satisfied the drover so well, that six and a quarter cents more were given him as a gratuity. This was perhaps the first money that he could call his own. When about twenty-one years of age, he left home and spent some time in clearing a lot of new land in Maine, on which was a log cabin; the nearest residence was distant two miles, and his only guide to it was the marked trees. He next became a country schoolmaster, but after a short time engaged in a small village store. His success was good; and in 1794 he removed to Boston, where, with his brother Nathan, under the firm of S. & N. Appleton, he embarked in commercial pursuits, and be-

came one of the most thrifty merchants in that city. His wealth increased rapidly; and, from an early date in his accumulations, his charities gladdened the hearts of the widow and orphan. The Boston Female Orphan Society was one of the first to participate in his munificence. His native town, also, was occasionally remembered by him with filial affection. Indeed, he was always ready to give, according to his means, and when consistent with their claims, if the object presented was a good one. Being himself without children, most of his estate, amounting to a million of dollars, was distributed by his will as follows: he left to his widow specific bequests amounting to two hundred thousand dollars; also, many other bequests, to nephews, nieces and others, amounting to some three hundred and twenty thousand dollars more. Among these may be mentioned one of five thousand dollars "to his friend and pastor, Rev. Ephraim Peabody," and five thousand dollars to the servants living in the family at the time of his decease, to be distributed in the manner and according to the proportion to be fixed upon by his widow. He then bequeathed to his executors, manufacturing stocks valued at two hundred thousand dollars, to be by them appropriated for scientific, literary, religious, or charitable purposes,—and thus, through the long future, his wealth is to be beneficially employed. Mr. Appleton lived to the good old age of eighty-seven years.

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**Peter C. Brooks, Underwriter and
Millionaire, of Boston.**

PETER C. BROOKS was born in North Yarmouth, Maine, January 6th, 1769, his father, Rev. Edward Brooks, being then a settled clergyman in that place. Soon after his birth, his father returned to Medford, Mass., his native town, to which the family was strongly attached, and there he died prematurely, in 1781, the son being only twelve years of age.

As soon as the subject of this sketch arrived at maturity, he repaired to Boston, gifted only with a common school education, and without pecuniary means, to seek his fortune. The rich men of that city were then in especial need of young men of talent and character, by whom they could be assisted in the care of their property and business. Mr. Brooks soon proved to them that he had business talents of the highest order, and these were united with great modesty, and an integrity that never received from youth to old age a single blemish.

At the time referred to, there were no insurance companies in Boston, and Mr. Brooks had the sagacity to see the need of a substitute, and hence established himself as an insurance broker, particularly for marine policies. Most of the capitalists had such confidence in his judgments, that they became underwriters in his office. With the rapidly increasing commerce of the country, the business of Mr. Brooks became large and lucrative, and, almost before he or any one else thought of it, he was a rich man. This was the foundation of an estate estimated, long before his death, to amount to three millions of dollars, more or less; but it was at least sufficient to furnish a moral to young men, which to them is worth more than any mere financial computation. It shows how a small business, shrewdly commenced and skilfully prosecuted, will ordinarily lead to competence, if not to affluence. The same good sense manifested by Mr. Brooks in his business affairs was also exhibited by him in regard to his daughters when contracting matrimonial alliances. He desired his daughters especially to select wise and good husbands, rather than heartless and brainless shadows of manhood, though possessed of wealth. In illustration of this, it may be mentioned that Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, D.D., Hon. Edward Everett, and Hon. Charles Francis Adams,

son of John Quincy Adams, were his sons-in-law. Although Mr. Brooks did not receive an university education, yet his attainments were better than many who had enjoyed those advantages. As a man of business he had not a superior; and in the social relations of life, he was an accomplished Christian gentleman.

**Thomas H. Perkins, Merchant, of
Boston.**

Mr. PERKINS was one of the most sagacious, enterprising, and successful of Boston merchants, of which city he was a native. Colonel Perkins, as he was uniformly called, had two brothers, James and Samuel, both merchants. James, who died about the year 1825, and left a large fortune, was a liberal patron of the Boston Athenæum. Samuel acquired a fortune; but afterward incurred such heavy losses, that for many years he derived his chief support from a salary as President of the Suffolk Insurance Company. Colonel Perkins had three sisters, one of whom was the mother of John P. Cushing, the well-known millionaire, who accumulated a large fortune in China; one was the wife of Benjamin Abbott, LL.D., for fifty years the celebrated principal of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H.; and the third sister was the mother of the philanthropic Captain Forbes, who commanded the James-town on her mission of benevolence to famished Ireland, in the year 1847.

Colonel Perkins commenced his commercial career in partnership with his elder brother, James, who was a resident of St. Domingo, when the insurrection occurred in that island, and was then compelled to flee for his life. They afterward embarked in the trade to the Northwest coast, Canton and Calcutta, in which they acquired great wealth. Soon after the death of his brother James, Colonel Perkins retired from active business. The Perkins family gave over sixty thousand dol-

lars to the Boston Athenæum. For more than sixty years was Colonel Perkins identified with the commercial history of Boston; and for a quarter of a century, or more, by common consent, occupied a prominent position as the leading merchant of New England.

Among the many incidents of his life, which mark and illustrate his private character, is the part he took in the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument, and the donation of his elegant estate for the use of the Boston Institution for the Blind. He was also, in 1827, the projector of the Quincy railway, the first enterprise of the kind in the United States. Subsequently, he was much interested in urging forward the completion of the Washington Monument; and was also the largest contributor to the Boston Mercantile Library Association. But his chief pleasure was derived from his free and constant private charities. His full heart kept his full hand always open.

Colonel Perkins visited Europe several times, and, while in Paris, on one of these tours, participated, with another Bostonian, in the pleasure of liberating from the conscription, George Washington, the eldest son of the Marquis de Lafayette. His last visit to Europe was made when in his seventy-seventh year; and it has been asserted that no American, occupying a private station, has been treated with such marked attention by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, as was Colonel Perkins. He was not simply a talented merchant, but his taste led him to the study and to the advancement of literature, the sciences, and the arts. He died at Boston, in January, 1854, at the age of eighty-nine years, leaving a fortune of nearly two millions.

**Jonathan Goodhue, Merchant, of
New York.**

THIS eminent and excellent merchant was a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Salem, June 21, 1783.

His father, Hon. Benjamin Goodhue, represented the State of Massachusetts in the United States Senate, two successive terms. Jonathan received his education at the village grammar school, and diligently improved the opportunities of educational advancement there afforded him, until, at the age of fifteen, he became a clerk of that excellent man and distinguished merchant, John Norris, of Salem. After serving in this capacity a few years, his employer sent him to Arabia, as supercargo, touching at the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of France, and remaining some six months at Aden, Arabia, carrying on trade with the Mohammedans. Subsequently to this he went, in the same capacity, on a voyage to Calcutta.

In 1807, at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Goodhue removed to New York, and there commenced his successful career as an extensive, high-minded and opulent merchant, under the patronage of his former friend, Mr. Norris, together with such men as William Gray, of Boston, Joseph Peabody, of Salem, and others of kindred stamp in that section of the country; and one of his warmest friends in his newly chosen sphere of commercial operations was the late Archibald Gracie.

As soon as the peace of 1814 came with its blessings upon the country, Mr. Goodhue greatly extended his business, comprising voyages to almost all parts of Europe, the East Indies, Mexico, South America, etc. And such was the method which characterized Mr. Goodhue's business transactions, that, notwithstanding the long period covered by his career, and the consequent multiplicity and importance of the political and other events affecting commercial interests during that period, his credit remained unimpaired throughout the whole.

In his intellectual qualities, Mr. Goodhue was distinguished for simplicity, clearness and strength, and his love of

acquiring information from books and intelligent acquaintances. He was an unflinching Federalist, and an advocate of the doctrine of free trade,—differing of course, in these respects, from the great body of his associates through life. But that he entertained these views of political and commercial policy conscientiously, no one ever for a moment doubted. The same quality of conscientious uprightness may be said to have shone conspicuously in all his personal, public, and business dealings. His tastes, too, were simple, and thus the affluence to which he attained was never accompanied by pride or extravagance; and though he shunned notoriety, he was always ready to fill those positions of philanthropic or financial trust in which he could be of benefit to his fellow-men,—a feeling which was illustrated by his long and honorable connection with some of the most important institutions in his adopted city. Mr. Goodhue died at the age of sixty-five years. Immediately after this event, a letter was found, written by Mr. Goodhue to his family, and in which,—with many other things equally characteristic of the goodly simplicity of his character,—he says: “In reference to the closing scene in this world, I wish to express my desire that there be no parade connected with the funeral performances. It would be my desire that none but the immediate relatives and friends should be called together when the usual religious services should be performed, and that no more than a single carriage should follow the hearse to the cemetery.”

Erastus Corning, Merchant, of New York.

In 1807, when but thirteen years of age, Erastus Corning sought and found the opportunity to begin that industrious career, which he has so long and so admirably sustained. Troy at that time attracted the attention of many

of the sagacious men of business of the Eastern States. It seemed by its position toward the Western and Northern trade, and the facilities for manufacture which clustered near it, to afford a sure recompense for the exercise of business energy; a result of which the success of the city has justified the prediction. Mr. Corning's relative, Mr. Benjamin Smith, appreciating the character and energy of his nephew, made him the companion of his removal from Norwich; and, as he fixed his abode in Troy, associated him with his business. Mr. Corning here, and then, entered upon that connection with the business of hardware which, with him, has been the progress from a moderate beginning to the head and control of the largest establishment in that section of the country. Seven years were passed in Troy. The same kind relative who had initiated him into the duties of a commercial life, accompanied him with his kindness to the last. Strengthened in fortune, and with a business habit which moulded readily to his character, and which was every day developing the resources of judgment and good sense which distinguished him, he removed to Albany—the city the annals of whose prosperity, and, better than that, of whose charities, cannot be dissociated from his life.

The house Mr. Corning entered, when he arrived at Albany, had at its head a remarkable man—a man of the first grade of merchants. John Spencer exhibited one of the best specimens of a merchant high in the order of commercial integrity. Nor is it strange that out of a house, conducted by such a man, so many fortunes have had origin. Many of those, now giving to various great measures of good the valuable influence of their wealth, as well as their example, traced from the house of John Spencer & Co. their career. On one occasion, Mr. Spencer was at the old Pearl-street House in New York, when that locality was the gath-

ering place of the merchants of Western New York. At the dinner table were collected such men as Christopher Morgan, and those who, like him, led the business of "the West"—a geographical designation applied, at that time, to New York State. The name of a merchant in Albany was mentioned, and Mr. Spencer asked in relation to his solvency and credit. He answered instantly: "As good as my own." Returning to Albany, he sent for that man, conversed with him of his affairs, entered fully into their actual condition, and finding them precarious and at peril, assumed the burden of his obligations, and placed him beyond cavil or danger. Such was John Spencer's estimate of the worth of a merchant's word, that even his opinion was to be—though at cost and loss—made sound and reliable.

The young man who, at the age of twenty, came to his establishment, was congenial to such honorable rule, and in two years after his entry to the house he became a partner, and the house of Erastus Corning—sometimes alone, but oftener with partners, giving to the business the same high and earnest direction—has continued in increasing prosperity, and with a range of business touching the very verge of the country. But it is to Mr. Corning, as a railway man, that the public eye has for many years been directed, and, so well known is his distinguished career in this sphere, that it would be well-nigh superfluous to attempt, in this place, any delineation of his great and sagacious abilities.

Archibald Gracie, Merchant, of New York.

THIS distinguished merchant and estimable man was born at Dumfries, in Scotland, in 1756. He received a mercantile education of high order, in a counting house at Liverpool. Among his fellow clerks were three other emi-

ment merchants—the late Mr. Ewart, of the latter place; Mr. Reid, of Reid, Irving & Co., London; and Mr. Caton, of Baltimore, who married a daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Mr. GRACIE came to the United States soon after the peace which confirmed their independence, and married Miss Rogers, a sister of the late Moses Rogers Esq., of New York. He established himself first in Virginia; where, in the year 1796, he was ranked among our first merchants for credit and capital.

The geographical position of New York did not escape his foresight; for he early pronounced its destiny to be the commercial emporium of the Western World, and selected that port for the home of his mercantile operations, as well as permanently made it his residence. Here riches flowed in, and honor and usefulness were his rewards for a long term of years. Endowed with rare sagacity and sound sense, to which he added great experience, his commercial enterprises were laid with judgment, and executed with zeal. His signal flag was known in most of the ports of the Mediterranean and the Baltic seas, of the Peninsula, in Great Britain and China, and his name was synonymous with credit, probity, and honor. Even the Spanish Government, not usually over-confiding in foreigners, intrusted to him at one time their bills of exchange, drawn on Vera Cruz, to the extent of ten millions of dollars. These bills were brought in a French frigate to New York, in 1806, and Mr. Isaac Bell, who had charge of them, was upset in a boat, and a reward of two hundred dollars was offered to the finder of the trunk which contained them. It was picked up a fortnight after, at Deal Beach, near Long Branch. The bills were dried, and collected in specie by Mr. Gracie and two other distinguished merchants—Mr. Oliver, of Baltimore, and Mr. Craig, of Philadelphia.

But a season of reverses came. Embarrassed by the capture of ships and cargoes, and by the failure of foreign correspondents and domestic debtors—disaster upon disaster befalling the commercial community—his mass of wealth, accumulated by a long life of enterprise and industry, was entirely swept away in the common ruin—a sad verification of the proverb: "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." But he never boasted of them, nor trusted in their continuance. Public confidence had often been manifested toward him by appointments to places of trust; and now his friends, whose esteem he never lost nor forfeited, sought to secure a continuance of his usefulness, and an asylum for his declining years, in the presidency of an insurance company, created for these purposes. But the effect of the blast which had prostrated him was not yet over; for here again adversity crossed his path, and the hazards of the ocean proved ruinous to the affairs of the office.

Benevolence and beneficence were the shining characteristics of Mr. Gracie. His dwelling was long the mansion of elegant, unostentatious hospitality, and his door never closed against the poor. It is no slight testimonial to his standing and worth, that he reciprocated honor in a long and confidential intimacy with Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris. Mr. Gracie died on the 12th of April, 1829, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

**Thomas P. Cope, Merchant, of
Philadelphia.**

MR. COPE, formerly one of the most eminent of Philadelphia merchants, was a native of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and belonged to a highly respectable Quaker family. His ancestor, Oliver Cope, was one of the first purchasers from William Penn. On the maternal side, Mr. C. descended from the Pymys, who claim as an an-

cestor the celebrated parliamentarian, John Pym, whose name is connected with that of Strafford. In 1786, he was sent to Philadelphia, and entered a counting house. In 1790, he began business for himself, and built for his own use the store at the corner of Second street and Jones's Alley, then known by the euphonious designation of Pewter-Platter Alley. Here he transacted a large business, importing his own goods. In this location he continued until 1807, at which time he built his first ship, which he named for his native county, Lancaster. This same year he was elected to the State Legislature; and soon afterward he was solicited to accept a nomination for Congress, but preferred to superintend his extensive mercantile concerns. To Mr. Cope was Philadelphia indebted, in 1821, for the establishment of the first regular line of packet ships between that city and Liverpool, England.

About 1810, Mr. Cope removed his place of business to Walnut street wharf, where his sons now have their counting house, and where their packet ships lie when in port. This place had been remarkable as the scene of misfortune to nearly all its previous occupants, and so marked had the results been, so striking and so uninterrupted, that a dread had been excited in the minds of those the least tinged with superstition. It was what was called an "unlucky place," and several of Mr. Cope's friends mentioned to him with some earnestness its bad character in this respect. "Then," said he, with his characteristic uprightness and fearlessness, "I will try to earn for it a better name." And although he was a wealthy man before he removed thither, yet that place is identified with his subsequent prosperity.

As a mercantile man, Mr. Cope was the contemporary and often the rival of Stephen Girard; he was also on terms of intimacy and friendship with that remarkable man. It was another

proof of Mr. Girard's sagacity, that he selected Mr. Cope to be one of the executors of his will, and one of the trustees of the bank. It happened that after discharging with fidelity the duties which his friend and fellow merchant had thus devolved upon him, Mr. Cope became, for a time, President of the Board of Commissioners of the Girard Estate. To Mr. Cope, in an eminent degree, may be accorded the praise of bringing to a completion the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal; and the citizens of Philadelphia are not likely soon to forget the promptness and the efficiency of his efforts to secure the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For a long time he was President of the Board of Trade, an active manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and was also President of the Mercantile Library Company from its foundation to his death.

His personal appearance was quite prepossessing; and not even the weight of eighty years deprived him of a buoyancy of spirits that made his company the delight of social gatherings. He died November 22, 1854.

**Jacob Ridgway, Merchant, of
Philadelphia.**

JACOB RIDGWAY, son of John and Phebe Ridgway, of Little Egg Harbor, was born on the 18th of April, 1768, and was the youngest of five children. His parents were Friends, his father being an elder in the meeting. He was about seven years old when his father died. His father left a good farm, besides money at interest, for each of the three sons; and a small house and lot, with three thousand dollars, to each of the daughters. The family continued to live at the homestead, until the death of the mother, when the household was broken up; and Jacob, then about sixteen, went to Philadelphia, to live with his eldest sister, whose husband he had chosen as his guardian. His property

was more than sufficient for his maintenance and education, and afforded a capital at last for commencing business.

He studied the wholesale dry goods business in the store of Samuel Shaw, and succeeded him in it as partner with his son, Thomas Shaw. Though only twenty-one, he was highly valued for his business capacity. After a few years he withdrew from this, and went into partnership with his brother-in-law, James Smith, in a grocery, on Water street. They continued this for some time, till, finding their funds increasing, they sold out to Joseph Pryor, and commenced the shipping business.

Smith & Ridgway continued as shipping merchants with great prosperity until the difficulties between France and England. Their ships were seized; and it became necessary for one of the firm to reside abroad to protect their property. Mr. Ridgway then removed with his family to London, where he conducted the business of the firm, and also that of other merchants. He spent much time in travelling, but finally settled at Antwerp, as consul for the United States. He there became a partner in the firm of Mertons & Ridgway, still continuing in the firm of

Smith & Ridgway, of Philadelphia. During this time he constantly sent on funds to be invested in real estate in Philadelphia. On his return, after several years' absence, he retired from business, finding sufficient employment in the care of his property.

It is related, as an instance of his decision and promptitude, that, while living as consul at Antwerp, he was informed of the seizure of a vessel consigned to his care, the cargo of which was very valuable. Instantly he despatched a courier to Paris to order relays of post-horses at the different stations, collected his papers, and travelled day and night, eating and sleeping in his carriage, until he reached Paris, where he procured an interview with Bonaparte, obtained authenticated papers for the ship's release, and returned to Antwerp with the same rapidity. Before his absence had been even suspected, and just as the captors were about breaking open the cargo and dividing the spoil, much to their surprise and disappointment, he appeared among them and countermanded their proceedings, producing his papers, and taking possession of the ship. Mr. Ridgway died in May, 1843, aged seventy-six years.

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PART SECOND.



*ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF BUSINESS PURSUITS IN
THEIR MONEY RELATIONS.*

THE HISTORY

OF THE

PART SECOND.

Anecdotes and Incidents of Business Pursuits in their Money Relations.

BANKS, BANKERS, BROKERS, SPECIE, NOTES, LOANS, EXCHANGE, DRAFTS, CHECKS, PUBLIC SECURITIES, AND CURRENCY IN ALL ITS FORMS AND PHASES; WITH JOTTINGS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED MILLIONAIRES AND MONEY DEALERS—THEIR BUSINESS MODES AND CHARACTERISTICS, MAXIMS, COLLOQUIES, ECCENTRICITIES, WIT, AND FINESSE.

Money in thy purse will ever be in fashion.—RALEIGH.

Money, as money, satisfies no want, answers no purpose—can be neither eaten, drank, nor worn.—LAURINS.

It—money—is none of the wheels of trade; it is the oil which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy.—HUME.

Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win.—SPENSER.

Whole droves of lenders crowd the banker's doors.—DRYDEN.

Drawing the Specie.

THERE was at one time, in the vicinity of Boston, a working man who had saved quite a sum from his earnings, and of this sum he deposited some fifteen hundred dollars in a bank, one of the officers of which was an old acquaintance. After a time, however, the depositor concluded to withdraw his money, stating that he wished gold, as he was to expend it in Maine, and there might be some trouble about bills if he took them. He was informed that the cashier's check would be as good as gold for the purpose, and in case of loss, be more secure, as payment could be stopped. But he desired to have the gold, which was at once counted out to him. The next the bank officers heard of him, he was under arrest, and the following facts were elicited: The story about taking the funds to Maine was simply an excuse for drawing specie. The gold

had been secreted under the hay in the loft of a stable; and the man, visiting it in the night, had taken a lantern, the light of which had arrested the attention of another party who watched the movements, supposing the owner of the gold to be an incendiary, and took the man and his bag of double eagles forthwith to the police station house. After considerable parley and protestations of innocence on the part of the supposed culprit, the funds were retained as security for the owner's appearance in the morning. His statements concerning his treasure were verified the next day, and he was released. When remonstrated with for his imprudence in mistrusting a sound bank so capriciously, and leaving his money in a place so liable to destruction as a stable, he replied, that he thought that in case the barn was burned, his gold would *drop through*, and he could easily find it among the ruins!

**The Great Bankers of the World in
Rothschild's Parlor.**

IN the year 1824, the great bankers of the world met together to combine in the carrying out of a colossal operation for the French government, viz., to convert the state debt from five per cents. to three per cents.

It was proposed to pay off with a round sum those who were disinclined to exchange their claims which bore five per cent. interest for new three per cent. claims, and to take seventy-five francs for every hundred. The whole of the state debt amounted to 3,066,783,560 francs; and as it was shown that only about one third of the state creditors would consent to the conversion, a payment in cash of 1,055,556,720 francs became necessary. In order to collect this important capital, the whole financial power of England, Holland and France was called into exercise. Invitations in all directions assembled the leaders of the Paris and London Exchanges—Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. of London, Brothers Rothschild, and J. Lafitte & Co. of Paris,—to no very difficult task, namely, to arrange in three lists the capitalists of various lands with whom they were connected, especially those of London, Amsterdam, and Paris, at the head of each list being one of themselves.

These financial magnates sat daily in the parlor of the Brothers Rothschild, and sat the longer because of the inexhaustible eloquence of M. Lafitte, about the advantages to accrue from the conversion and all matters connected with it,—an eloquence which, as Mr. Baring afterwards remarked, drove them frequently into positive impatience.

The secret plan of the holders of the three per cent. debt was to raise it to eighty, and then to sell it, and so get rid of it. This price would give to buyers an interest of three and one-half per cent.; and if the portion of the debt to be paid off could not be raised, excepting by new three per cent. pur-

chasers at eighty, the consequence would be, that the five per cent. before the conversion would be worth the relative price of one hundred and six francs sixty-six and two-thirds, in order to get rid of the corresponding interest. This governed the operations of the London, Frankfort, Amsterdam, and Paris Exchanges. The capital destined for the conversion, and collected at the common cost of the representatives of the three lists, was estimated at one thousand millions. Speculators had conceived so favourable an idea of the three per cent. funds to be created—an idea based upon the belief that the undertakers would not bring it into circulation under eighty—that buyers were found in Amsterdam and Frankfort at eighty-one and eighty-two, and even eighty-three and a half. At the same time important sales were made of French five per cent. state paper, at the relative price of from one hundred and six francs sixty-seven, to one hundred and ten. Nothing more was to be had. The project, after much opposition, was sanctioned by the chambers of deputies and peers. For the business world, the consequence of this measure was immense losses for all the direct partakers in the conversion, and for all the first speculators. The five per cents. ran down to ninety-eight francs, and remained fixed at that price for a long time. As people had freely purchased in behalf of the conversion, it became necessary to turn the purchases made on time into money again.

Of the three chiefs of this celebrated coalition, Messrs. Baring and Lafitte suffered most, because of the immense expense caused by the collection of the thousand millions. But the Rothschilds were splendidly compensated by the sales of the three per cents. at eighty-one and eighty-two, and by the sale, at the same time, of a great quantity of five per cents. at one hundred and four—five—and six. As the three per cents. had just been called into exist-

ence they had nothing to furnish, and they could replace the five per cents. sold at ninety-eight francs. This plan of M. Rothschild was not imparted to the other two who were interested in the conversion, as is always required by the common understanding of a common participation in loss and gain—the two had been outflanked. The unconquerable aversion which the chief of the Hope house had long felt, to all business connections with the Rothschilds, was the cause of the Amsterdam firms having no part in the projected conversion, and consequently none in the losses. In the same way the house of Hottinguer & Co. refused any participation in the matter.

Nicholas Biddle and the Mississippi Loan.

To the prudence and clearness which characterized Mr. Biddle's course in the crisis of 1836-'7 has been attributed the fact that American credit was saved, and the mercantile interests of the United States preserved from ruin. The gratitude of the commercial houses thus carried through was limitless, and Biddle was always received with marked attention in New York, and throughout the States he was hailed as the greatest financier of the day—the Saviour of Commerce. Perhaps the height to which he was thus elevated made him dizzy, even generating the fancy that his popularity and moneyed influence could lift him to the presidential chair. To win the South, he made enormous advances to the cotton planters. His last measure for popularity was this: there was no American holder of the whole \$5,000,000 to the State of Mississippi. Planters are naturally rather backward, and this begat public distrust. Then Biddle took the whole loan, reckoning on his influence and the indorsement of his bank to procure money from the capitalist. When he saw, however, that he had reckoned without his host, he determined to offer

a part of it to Hottinguer & Co., as equivalent for the bank exchanges. The French firm, however, already a little nervous, resolved to get rid of the whole burden, to let the bank paper be protested, and to send back the Mississippi paper. What followed is well known.

Goldschmid and Baring's Unfortunate Contract—Suicide of the Former.

SOME fifty years ago, the houses of Baring and Goldschmid were contractors for a ministerial loan of £14,000,000. But Sir Francis Baring dying, the support of the market was left to his companion. The task was difficult, for a formidable opposition had arisen, which required the united energies of both houses to repress, and to meet which one house was inadequate. It was the interest of this opposition to reduce the value of scrip, and it succeeded. Day by day it lowered, and day by day was Mr. Goldschmid's fortune lowered with it. He had about £8,000,000 in his possession; and with the depression of his fortune his mind grew dispirited and clouded. Another circumstance occurred at this particular moment to increase his embarrassments. Half a million of exchequer bills had been placed in his hands to negotiate for the East India Company; and the latter, fearing the result of the contest going on, claimed the amount. His friends did not rally around him, as might have been expected they would, at such a moment; and Abraham Goldschmid, dreading a disgrace which his sensitive and honorable nature magnified a hundredfold, after entertaining a large dinner party, destroyed himself in the garden of his magnificent residence in Surrey.

Glances behind the Bank Counter.

A VERY readable account of some of the inside operations of a provincial bank is given in Chambers' Journal. We commence with "Old Levy," the

official specie hunter: "Who can this little man be who comes forward, thumping down on the counter those immense bags of silver, and who has a man behind him bringing more?" This is "Old Levy," who collects silver for the bank, when hard pressed for that useful commodity. How he gets it all, or where, nobody cares to know; there it is. Hard work he must have, and not very great pay, for he receives only half a crown for every hundred pounds of silver he brings. But a very useful appendage to the bank is Mr. Levy, nevertheless.

There goes the messenger off to some branch with a remittance which probably has just been asked for by letter. There seems nothing very particular about him, and yet his non-arrival at the branch to-day would place the respectable manager there in a very uncomfortable dilemma. It is curious how little bother is made in sending him off. The manager quietly walks up to him and says laconically: "Ten thousand pounds in notes to go to Overdun Branch by next train; you have twenty minutes." The messenger sends out for a cab, stuffs the little bundle of notes into an inside breastpocket, and away he goes, as unceremoniously and unconcernedly as if he hadn't a penny about him.

Here comes the little telegraph lad, elbowing his way up to the teller, and pitching his missive imperiously across to him, as if he knew that his business was of primary consequence, and would be first attended to; and he is right. The dispatch is opened by the manager, and is from the London bankers, where all the bills are payable,—and he thus reads: "Your customer, Robert Banks's bill for three hundred pounds to Hayes & Co., is presented for payment; we have no advice from you to pay,—shall we do so?" "Very stupid of Banks," mutters the manager; but on referring to his account, he finds plenty of funds to meet it; so the care-

less friend is sent for, to give the necessary check and sanction for correcting his oversight. He comes in very hot, makes all kinds of apologies, and then another little missive is sent to the telegraph office, addressed to the bank's agents; it contains only the word "Pay," accompanied, however, by a private cipher, known only to the "confidentials" in both establishments, and without which no notice would be taken of it.

Vaults of the Bank of France.

THE silver coin of the Bank of France is heaped up in barrels and placed in spacious cellars, resembling the subterranean storehouse of a brewery, each tub holding fifty thousand francs, in five-franc pieces, and weighing about six hundred pounds. There are, at times, eight hundred barrels, piled up to the very crown of the arches, and rising much higher than a man's head. The visitor walks through a long alley of these barrels, for some time, until he comes to a large stone-floored apartment, wherein are to be seen large square leaden cases, resembling those used at vitriol and sulphuric acid works. Each of these holds twenty thousand bags of one thousand francs, and the whole are soldered up hermetically within the cases—several of these, it appears, not having been opened for nearly forty years, and will probably remain entombed one hundred years longer—the last of the stock to be disposed of or dipped into. In these leaden reservoirs the treasure of the Bank of France is kept perfectly dry, and free also from any variation of temperature. The stairs reaching to these regions of Plutus are narrow, and admit of only one person at a time, ascending or descending with a candle. This has been expressly contrived for protection and defence from insurgent mobs. In one of the treasure vaults are the precious deposits of the Rothschilds, and other

wealthy capitalists, left for safety with the bank.

—
"Confidence" in Hard Times.

A LITTLE Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars, when times were good. He called at the counting house on the times becoming "hard," in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—very sick," replied monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*Detimes?*—what disease is that?"

"De malaide vat break all de marchants, ver much."

"Ah—the times, eh? Well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust à present, when all de marchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must?"

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book, drew a check on the good old "Continental" for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it parfaitement convenient to pay de same?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some leetle year longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it!"

"*Tout au contraire*. I no vant *de l'argent*. I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez, eh?*"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His *confidence* was restored—he did not stand in need of the *money*. That's all.

—
Pursuit of Specie under Difficulties.

AN anecdote of a somewhat lively character is given of a Cincinnati broker, who favored the banks of Lafayette, Ind., during a financial excitement. The broker had with him about \$2,500 in bills on the old State Bank, and some \$4,500 on the Bank of the State. He stepped into the latter, and his eye brightened at the prospect of the yellow boys ranged in tempting piles before him, every dollar worth ten per cent. premium. He presented his notes, and the cashier recognizing him as one of the Cincinnati sharks, took up

a bag of silver specially reserved for such chaps, and commenced redeeming one bill at a time. The broker expostulated. He wanted gold—offered to make a slight discount; but no, the cashier told him that the notes were worth one hundred cents to the dollar, and he proposed to redeem them in Uncle Sam's currency at that figure. He refused to take the silver, and depositing the red backs in an old carpet sack that looked as though it could a tale unfold of many a "run," the discomfited broker wended his way to the old State Bank. He presented his packages, marked "\$2,500," and demanded the specie. The cashier of this bank promptly put *his* hook into the broker's nostrils, by setting out a couple of bags filled with dimes and half-dimes. Mr. Broker thus finding "a spider in his cake" here also, turned upon his heel in disgust—if not a better man, at least better "posted."

Specie in the Brokers' Windows. .

It has been said that next to owning gold, the highest pleasure in life is looking at it. Acting on this idea; especially in times when specie circulates scantily, knots of people stand, shoulder to shoulder, at the windows of the exchange brokers, and feast their greedy eyes with gold.

There it is, spread out in a flat, careless heap, with an ingenious affectation of profusion. Looking at it, tossed recklessly on the black velvet, as if thrown out of a shovel, one would hardly think that the owners attached much value to it. Its tempting abundance calls up visions of great vaults full of gold in the back office. The display in the window seems but a sample of tons more, which can be heard of by inquiring within. This is a high instance of art concealing art. The intention of the broker is to express the idea of boundless resources, and he does it. If he arranged the gold in his

window, in the shape of a cornucopia, or piled it up in little uniform columns, set like the squares of a checker-board, the illusion of untold wealth would at once be dispelled. The gazers on the sidewalk would say, or think, "This is all the gold the man has. He is showing it off to the best advantage." So it seems that the arrangement of gold in a broker's window, like the tying of a cravat, must be done with a certain studied carelessness, or it will fall short of a perfect success.

Some brokers, who have investigated the subject with that attention which it deserves, as a legitimate department of the fine arts, obtain an admirable effect by scattering twenty-dollar gold pieces carelessly at the bottom of the heap, barely allowing the milled edge of the ground periphery to stick out from the mass of smaller coins above and around. The sidewalk man recognizes the sublime double eagle of the national currency at once. Perhaps he owned one like it years ago—or, more probably, he was slightly acquainted with some other man that once had one. At any rate, he has seen a twenty-dollar gold piece somewhere before, and its majestic outline is stamped upon his memory. From seeing these double eagles peeping out here and there, among the sprawling mass of coins, he derives, by a natural logical process, an impression of Ophirs and Golcondas within, which ten times the number of the same huge unattainable pieces would fail to create, if geometrically adjusted in cylindrical piles.

Loss of Bank Notes.

THE old Bank of the United States was chartered in 1791, and continued in active business operation during a period of twenty years. Its circulation never exceeded twenty millions. In 1823, by decree of court, the trustees of the bank were formally released from any obligation to redeem outstanding

bills, as twelve years had elapsed from the expiration of the charter; and notice, by public advertisements, had been widely spread for seven years,—sufficient to meet almost every ordinary case, it would seem. The notes then unredeemed amounted to the large sum of \$205,000. A fund of five thousand dollars was reserved for instances of peculiar hardship that might in future turn up; but the whole presented did not exceed eleven hundred dollars, of which the greater part was in the hands of an invalid revolutionary soldier, and liquidated in 1825. A note of ten dollars, however, was redeemed a short time since.

Lafitte in a Tight Place.

THE ancient and close connection between the banking houses of Lafitte of Paris and Coutts & Co. of London, who were intrusted with the wealth of the highest and richest nobles in England, had brought into their hands an immense capital, belonging to English travellers in France and Italy. Many of the travellers had settled in those countries, leaving their money in Lafitte's hands.

It was the common calculation, that fifty thousand Englishmen were living in France; and that if each were to spend but ten francs a day, fifteen millions of francs a month, and one hundred and eighty millions a year, of English gold, would be spent in France. It is evident, that if one-third of these people, or even fewer, were to leave their funds in Lafitte's hands, it would make up a capital far beyond the need of his banking business, and so his own capital might be untouched. But, in order to make it lucrative, Lafitte had loaned it on mortgages of every sort, had invested it in factories, had bought real estate, forests, etc., so that it was no longer of use in his business, but the foreign capital served for his operations. The July revolution

alarmed most of the English in France; they departed, and drew their money from the banker. This emigration became stronger every day, and emptied the portfolios and chests of the house.

For the first time, the credit of the mightiest French banking house was shaken, and their embarrassment was notorious. Then the new king, Louis Philippe, came to the help of his friend Lafitte, who had greatly contributed to his elevation, and bought of him the part of the forest of St. Germain which he owned, for the sum of nine millions of francs. Even this help, however, was not needed, for the storm soon blew over.

Ouvrard the Banker, and Napoleon.

NAPOLEON once sent for Ouvrard the banker, ostensibly on diplomatic business. After a brief interview, Napoleon said:

“Can you give me any money?”

“How much does your imperial majesty require?” was Ouvrard's answer.

“To begin with,” said the emperor, “fifty millions of francs.”

“I could get that amount within twenty days, in return for five millions Rente,” (of which the price was more than fifty-three francs,) “to be given me at fifty francs, and under the condition that the treasury shall pay Doumerc, whose creditor I am, the fifteen millions it owes him.”

The agreement was at once concluded, and the terms drawn upon the spot, by a secretary of the emperor, the latter dictating every word, and signing the paper with his own hand. Napoleon, who had made himself fully acquainted with the condition of the public credit on the Paris Bourse, himself doubted the success of this proposition of Ouvrard's; but when the great banker continued, for seventeen days, to pay in two millions of francs daily to the treasury, Napoleon could scarcely master his astonishment. This

was, perhaps, the first time that he, who had never known any other way of filling the treasury than by contributions from the countries he overran, and the taxation of his own subjects, formed a correct idea of the power of credit.

Learning the Currency in a Small Way.

OF all the close dealers among us, the Dutchmen live on the least, and shave the closest. It is astonishing how soon they learn our currency. A good thing occurred, however, in this connection, with the keeper of a small lager bier saloon, in a certain neighborhood, who undertook to teach his assistant, a thick-headed sprout of "Faderland," the difference between "fivepence" and "sixpence."

"Yah!" said John, with a dull twinkle of intelligence.

A wag of a loafer, who overheard the lecture, immediately conceived the idea of a "saw" and "lager bier" gratis, for that day at least. Procuring a three-cent piece, he watched the departure of the "boss," and going up to John, he called for a mug of "bier," throwing down the coin, and looking as if he expected the change. John, who remembered his recent lesson, took up the piece, and muttering to himself, "Mit-out de vomans—'tish von sixpence," he handed over three coppers change.

How often the aforesaid was drank that day, we know not; it depended upon his thirst and the number of times he could exchange three coppers for three-cent pieces; but when the boss came home at night, the number of small coin astonished him.

"Vat ish dese, John; you take so many?"

"Sixpence," replied John, with a peculiarly satisfied leer.

"Sixpence! Dunder and Blitzen! You take all dese for sixpence? Who from?"

"De man, mit peard like Kossuth; he dhring all day mit himself."

"Der teufel! You give him change every time?"

"Y-a-h," said John, with a vacant stare.

"Der teufel catch de Yankees!" was all the astonished Dutchman could say.

Punch's Money Vagaries.

THE early Italians, says "Punch," used cattle as currency, instead of coin; and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand-pound bullock, when he would receive twenty fifty-pound sheep; or, perhaps, if he wanted *very* small change, there would be a few lambs among them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's bankers, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of *bullion*.

As to the unhealthy custom of "sweating sovereigns," it may be well to recollect that Charles the First was, perhaps, the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent, that his immediate successor, Charles the Second, became one of the "lightest sovereigns" ever known in England.

Formerly every gold watch weighed so many "carats," from which it became usual to call a silver watch a "turnip."

"Troy weight" is derived from the extremely "heavy" responsibility which the Trojans were under to their creditors.

The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their coins in the presence of their legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the top of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be "above the standard."

Banking Habits of Girard.

THE habits characterizing Mr. Girard's attention to business were extremely regular in his counting room, and generally so in the bank, but not always. On discount days, he almost invariably



JOHN ...

ROBERT MORRIS

STEPHEN GIRARD

...

THOMAS CORNING

...

AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO.

Engraved for D. Appleton & Co.

American Bank Note Co. New-York.

no. 1000
1000000000

entered the bank between nine and eleven o'clock during the short days of winter, and six and nine during the summer months; he immediately proceeded to the despatch of business, and would then drive to his farm—for which purpose he would order his horse and chair to the bank at the exact hour that he calculated to finish his business. This routine he generally followed up, unvaryingly, throughout the whole year, never deterred by the inclemency of the weather or other circumstances.

During the first years of the existence of his bank, his visits, except on discount days, could not be calculated upon, but at a later day, as the course of trade induced him to abstract more of his capital from commerce, the pleasure he took in his banking and financial operations seemed to increase, and he then seldom failed to examine his balance sheet every day, and "bleed" some of the debtor banks of their specie. In this latter operation, however, it is claimed for him that he was never actuated by any spirit of envy or hostility, but exclusively by the broad and fair principle of equitable competition—to keep down the balances due him to a sum corresponding to the resources of character of the debtor bank, as well as to check that spirit of too liberal discounting, by which they often extended their business beyond the just proportion of their specie responsibility, and the ability of their capitals.

From the peculiar nature of a private institution like Girard's, the harvest of his business was during a scarcity of money in the market, or a scarcity of specie among the banks. His deposits bore no proportion to his capital, but his specie responsibility always far exceeded, even in a compound ratio, that of other institutions; so that, when the State banks began to curtail, Girard's bank began to extend discounts, and this he always did to the utmost limits of a sound discretion, but never to the extent of his ability. He never seemed

to evince any great anxiety as to the small or large amount of applications for discounts. If the offerings were limited, he was content to keep his surplus funds, and draw specie from the other banks, to stock his vaults for emergencies. If they were ample, he discounted freely, and paid away the specie he had before been employed in gathering. In this respect, he seemed to have as much elasticity of mind, as he was distinguished by eccentricity of conduct; and, like a true philosopher, was always prepared for the loss or the profit that happened to him.

When the State passed an act prohibiting individuals from discounting notes, as bankers, he altered his books as they stood, and his system, from that of discount to loaning operations—giving the customer full credit for the whole amount of the note, and the interest charged against him, as a check drawn.

Timely Hard-Money Loan.

ROBERT MORRIS'S financial benefits rendered to our country were equal in importance, as affecting the great issue involved, to the military exploits of some of the ablest generals, in the conflict then waged. At one time, the public safety absolutely demanded a certain sum of hard money, and information of this demand was sent to Mr. Morris, in the hope that, through his financial credit, the money might be obtained. The communication reached him at his office, on his way from which to his dwelling-house, immediately afterward, he was met by a merchant of the Society of Friends, with whom he was in habits of business and acquaintance, and who accosted him with his accustomed phrase, "Well, Robert, what news?" "The news is," said Mr. Morris, "that I am in immediate want of a sum of hard money"—mentioning the amount—"and that you are the man who must procure it for me. Your security is to be my note of hand and my

honor." After a short hesitation, the quaker gentleman replied, "Robert, thou shalt have it," and by the punctual performance of his promise, the great public exigency was met.

Logic of Specie Payments.

A PECULIAR circumstance once occurred in Mr. Rothschild's dealings with the Bank of England, in which the latter may be said to have been essentially outwitted by his superior finesse. Mr. Rothschild was in want of bullion, and went to the governor of the bank to procure on loan a portion of their superfluous store. His wishes were met; the terms were agreed on; the period was named for its return; and the affair finished for the time. The gold was used by the financier, his end was answered, and the day arrived on which he was to return the borrowed metal. Punctual to the time appointed, Mr. Rothschild entered, and those who know anything of his personal appearance may imagine the cunning twinkle of his small, quick eye, as, ushered into the presence of the governor, he handed the borrowed amount in bank notes. He was reminded of his agreement, and the necessity for bullion was urged. His reply was worthy a commercial Talleyrand: "Very well, gentlemen. Give me the notes! I dare say your cashier will honour them with gold from your vaults, and then I can return you bullion." To such a speech the only worthy reply was a scornful silence.

Roman Money Lenders.

THE Roman money lenders had no newspaper in which they could temptingly advertise "advances to gentlemen on personal security"—after the modern fashion; but they could stand in the Forum, and offer their shining coin to the passers-by—a more beguiling lure to ruin perhaps, in the case of the heedless, than an advertisement. What

spendthrift could resist the sight and convenient form of the yellow metal, or hear the clink thereof unmoved? No stairs to mount—no grim clerk to face—no "sweating room" to be ushered into,—the money amiably and invitingly thrust under his very nose! They had a thriving business, those Roman money lenders; legal interest was one per cent. per month—and the rest *they* knew about. The penalties, too, of non-payment, were such, in those times, as make a very paradise of all modern Botany Bays.

Disinterested Brokers.

WHAT would the British Government do without its broker? There never is a difficulty in the money market but he disinterestedly comes forward, bearing his offers of relief, and spends his fifteen or twenty thousand pounds with no more concern than a school boy would drop his halfpenny at the nearest apple stand. This he does, not merely one day, or a couple of days, but will go on generously buying for weeks and weeks together.

He is the financial physician to the State, and no sooner does Government feel a little tightness in its chest, than with the benevolence of a Rothschild himself, he is ready to relieve it by immediately applying for an investment,—the happy application of which to the part affected, enables the patient to exclaim with as much saltatory glee as the dressing-gowned invalid in George Cruikshank's pictorial advertisement, "Ha! ha! Cured in an instant!"

He is the best friend that Madam Bank, the aged lady in Threadneedle street, ever had, and, supposing that elderly dame ever took it into her head to marry, it would be no matter of wonder that the government broker should prove to be the object of her affection.

His wealth must be something enormous, considering the amount he spends in the course of a twelvemonth; and

his frugality must be almost as great as his wealth, for it is noticed that he never buys for any other purpose than that of paying into the savings banks. He must make money very fast, too, or else has an enormous "ready cash" business, that brings him in thousands every week throughout the whole year, inasmuch as it is a stereotyped fact that the government broker limits his operations generally to buying—for he is rarely caught selling. This is a proof of the sure principle upon which he always conducts his business, and the consequence is, that the interest which accrues is invariably not less sure than the principal.

Counting House Dinners.

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is told of Girard, which shows that he was not disposed to permit his appetite to interfere with his business. A merchant had made a large purchase of him; and after waiting some time for Mr. Girard to send for his notes, and not residing far off, he carried his receipt book and waited upon Mr. Girard to pay him. As he entered his counting room, he found Girard at dinner, making his repast upon biscuit and cheese, from a small pine table, the drawer of which, as the merchant entered, Girard opened, and with a broad, off-hand sweep of his right arm, brushed in the fragments of his simple meal—thus consulting not only the economy of money, but the economy of time. It is not supposed but that the "fragments" were made to serve a prudent purpose at another time.

Securing Trustworthy Bank Officers and Safety of Capital.

CREDIT, respectability, reputation, rank, and religious exterior having been proved to be no pledge for the probity of bankers, the public have become very anxious to be informed of some *definite criterion*, by which they shall be assured of the trustworthiness

of those in whose keeping they intrust the whole, or most, of their money.

Since, then, the grounds of confidence in bankers above enumerated are not to be depended upon, the gentleman in search of a banker is reduced, by a process of utter exhaustion, to resort, for guidance in his momentous inquiry, to physiognomical indications, but of these the only scientific basis is the system of phrenology.

This consideration has suggested the formation of a new joint-stock bank, to be entitled the "PHRENOLOGICAL BANKING COMPANY," the directors to consist of individuals whose heads are all highly developed in the moral and intellectual regions. No doubt can be entertained of the soundness of the principles on which a bank would be conducted by gentlemen of fine embossments laying their heads together.

Casts of the heads of the directors and other officers of the bank are to be exhibited for public inspection in the bank windows facing the street, and another set of them will be on view within, open, on application, to all parties desirous of taking shares, or depositing money with the company.

As most persons, however, are but imperfectly acquainted with practical phrenology,—in order to facilitate the examination of the development of the directors, casts of the heads of the most noted villains will be placed in juxtaposition with them, for the sake of contrast or comparison. The criminal heads will include those of bankers most recently convicted and therefore most familiar to the public, and, if procurable, those also of directors who have eluded justice.

The casts of the heads of the directors of this new bank are to be duplicated, and kept on sale at all the principal image shops, and at the bank itself. It is submitted that this provision for the publicity of the constitution of the establishment will be far more satisfactory than an ordinary ad-

vertisement of the heads of a banking association.

It cannot have escaped the notice of many persons, that bankers are very apt to be bald. This fact looks almost like a provision of nature for assisting observation so extremely important as that of the moral organization of a banker; and it is not unworthy of remark, that "conscientiousness," and all the other organs of the virtues, are seated at the crown of the head.

Pecuniary particulars are to be announced when a certain number of subscribers shall have come forward; all that is precisely stated at present concerning the resources of the company being, that it is composed of capitalists with capital heads, and that the services of Mr. Bumpass have been secured as provisional manager.

Novel Securities for Loans.

THE great banking house of Strahan, Paul & Bates, of London, came to a sudden and ignominious end, some years ago, on its becoming known that they had been guilty of disposing of securities intrusted to them as bankers, by their customers, for safe keeping, and for their use, but which they had appropriated to their own,—one of the highest criminal offences in England, and which was formerly punishable with death. The name of this firm was originally Snow & Walton. It was one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most honored banking houses in London, second only to Child & Co., who date from 1640. At the period of the Commonwealth, Snow & Co. carried on the business of pawnbrokers, under the sign of the "Golden Anchor." The firm, about the year 1679, suspended its payments, in common with most of the London bankers, owing to the circumstance of the seizure of their money by that most profligate and unprincipled ruler, Charles the Second. On an examination of the books of Strahan & Co., ren-

dered necessary by their failure, one was discovered of the date of 1672, which clearly shows that the mode of keeping accounts in those days was in decimals. It is also stated as a curious fact, in respect to the nature and quality of the articles pledged by the *élite* at the loan houses of that period (comprising some of a domestic as well as rather comical character), that one of the entries in the books in question runs thus: "March 10, 1672. To fifteen pounds lent to Lady —, on the deposit of a golden *pot de chambre*." The blank, it is said, might be filled up with an existing Scotch title.

Pawning Money in Ireland.

THE fund of Irish anecdotes will probably never be so much drawn upon, but that there will be one left. Among a portion of the people of Galway, so little is the commercial value of money known, that they are constantly in the habit of pawning it. A traveller visiting that place, having been informed of the fact, was so incredulous as to its truth, that he went to a pawnbroker's shop to satisfy himself in regard to it. On asking the question, the shopman said it was quite a common thing to have money pawned, and he produced a drawer containing a £10 Bank of Ireland note, pawned six months ago, for ten shillings; a thirty shilling note of the National Bank, pawned for ten shillings; a thirty shilling Bank of Ireland note, pawned for one shilling; a £1 Provincial Bank note, pawned for six shillings; and a guinea, in gold, of the reign of George the Third, pawned for fifteen shillings, two months ago. Anything more blindly ignorant and absurd than this, it is scarcely possible to conceive. The £10 bank note would produce six shillings and sixpence interest in the year, if put into the savings bank, while the owner, who pledged it for ten shillings, will have to pay two shillings and sixpence a year for

the ten shillings, and lose the interest on his £10; in other words, he will pay ninety per cent. through ignorance, for the use of ten shillings, which he might have for nothing, and realize besides, some five or six shillings for the use of his nine pounds ten shillings. The keeper of the establishment also stated that in many cases money was sold as a forfeited pledge; that a man would pawn a guinea or fifteen shillings, keep it in pawn till the interest amounted to three or four shillings, and then absolutely and doggedly refuse to redeem it.

Business Aspect and Conduct of the Richest Banker in the World.

AT all times in the haunts of business, and especially on 'change, Nathan Rothschild was a marked object. There he stood, day after day, leaning against his pillar on the right hand, entering from Cornhill. He was a monarch on 'change; and the pillar in question may be said to have been his throne—but in his case a solid one of granite. No consideration would induce him to do business anywhere else, so devotedly attached was he to that particular spot. There, with his back resting against the pillar, and with note book in hand, he was always to be seen, during the usual hour of business, entering into transactions of great extent with the merchants and capitalists of all countries.

Little would a stranger, who chanced to see the money potentate of the world standing on the spot in question, have fancied from his personal appearance, what an important influence he exerted on the destinies of Europe. No one could be more unprepossessing than he,—just such a man as the boys in the street would have thought a fine subject for a "lark," unless, indeed, they had been deterred by the lowering expression or sullen aspect of his countenance. He, always looked sulky, never indulged in a smile, nor even relaxed the rigidity of his muscles. In private,

his intimate friends mention that he occasionally made an effort to smile, but never with any marked success, his smiles at best being hardly more than a species of spoiled grin.

His countenance wore a thoughtful aspect, but his whole appearance was that rather of a stupid, clownish-like farmer of the humbler class. His features were massy. He had a flat face, its conformation being peculiarly characteristic of the faces of the Jewish race of people. His features seemed to be huddled together, without anything like regularity in them. His nose had a good deal of the cock-up form. His mouth was rather large, and his lips thick and prominent. His forehead was of more than an average height, considering the altitude of his face. His hair had something like a darkish hue, and was generally short. His complexion was pale, except where it was slightly tinged with color by the weather. He was short and thick; though being considerably under the general height, it is possible his pot-belly and corpulent aspect generally, may have made him appear shorter than he really was. He usually was to be seen in a great coat of a dark brown color; and as he paid but little attention to his personal habiliments, his tailor had no difficult customer to please—that is, in respect to taste and style, though not on the question of price.

It was one feature in Nathan's conduct when on 'change, that he never, except when engaged in business, entered into any conversation whatsoever with any of the multitude surrounding him. There he stood, apparently as deeply lost in thought, and with as melancholy a countenance, as if he had been alone in the "vast wilderness" of shade referred to by Cowper, or been the "Last Man," described by Campbell. Whether his reserve was constitutional, or whether it arose from the pride of purse, or whether from the magnitude of the matters which must

have been ever occupying his mind—or from the conjoint operation of these three,—can only be surmised.

Another Bank Project.

It has long been a reproach to roguery that it never permanently prospers; a fact which is owing to the improvidence which generally accompanies want of "principle."

Numerous examples however, in the commercial world, as well as elsewhere, prove that it is possible for a rogue, provided he be prudent, to get on as well as anybody else. And, as organization is as necessary as honor among thieves, an eminent pickpocket has suggested the propriety of establishing a STEALINGS BANK to be conducted on the principle of a Savings Bank, for the accumulation of the earnings of dishonest industry, as a provision for the predator's declining years.

The direction of the Stealings Bank is, according to the plan announced, to be vested in a chairman, whose name, for obvious reasons, has not been made public, he being the greatest character in the fraternity concerned. This "gentleman" is to be assisted by an unlimited number of Vices of the lowest grade. The smallest deposits will be admissible, and plunder in kind will be regarded as an investment, and receive a fair moneyed equivalent—whereby, it is hoped, an end will be put to the extortions of less reputable establishments now so numerous. The bank will be open to yards of ribbon and bits of tape, and even to rags and bones. To sharp shop-boys, also, having access to tills, no less than the footpad and highwayman, this institution will be available, and will receive any amount of booty from the smallest theft to the highest burglary, swindling, or forgery transaction.

No distinction is contemplated between common thieves, sharpers, Funks and pickpockets, and those engaged in

mercantile and financial pursuits, or speculators in Government and other official situations; and thus, to all dishonestly-disposed persons holding public or private berths of trust, the Stealings Bank holds out peculiar temptations and facilities. Magistrates' clerks likewise, and officers of certain law courts, whose fees come decidedly under the head of impositions, will find an appropriate receptacle for their gains in the proposed Stealings Bank.

Yankee Hoarding Specie.

Now and then some very remarkable cases of specie hoarding come to light. A Boston broker some time ago purchased a quantity of coin, of which the history was as follows: The coin was purchased of the heirs of an old man who died in Barnstable county, Mass. He was an old resident of that county, and lived to be ninety-four years old. He was the owner of the house and land which he occupied; but it was not supposed that he had much property beyond his real estate, although it was known that he was very close and miserly in his habits. After his death, his premises were searched, and specie of various kinds found to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. Many of the Spanish dollars were of ancient date; but they showed by their color and perfect stamp that they had not circulated much since the coinage. The Spanish gold pieces were wrapped in scraps of parchment, on which the value of each was marked; and the date indicated that they had been thus hoarded for a long period. In all probability, a large part of this gold and silver had been in his possession more than half a century.

George Peabody's Colossal Fortune.

WHEN all American securities were cast down in the London market, from the unjust confusion of good with bad,

arising from the repudiation of some of the States, George Peabody made the beginning of that colossal fortune, which he has proved he knows so well how to use. He made no secret, indeed, of the true state of affairs, and publicly as well as privately exerted himself for the maintenance of American credit. It was a sort of poetical justice, that rendered the instruments by which he proved to the world his confidence in his assertions, the means of his own exceeding great reward, in a solid pecuniary return.

California Gold Seventy Years Ago.

IN the "Voyage Round the World," by Captain George Shelvocke, begun in 1790, he says of California: The soil about Puerto Seguro, and very likely in most of the valleys, is a rich black mould, which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust, some of which we endeavored to purify and wash from the dirt; but though we were a little prejudiced against the thoughts that it would be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with the common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it; and the more we did, the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied, I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China.

How remarkably a mere accident thus prevented the available discovery, nearly a century back, of the magnificent harvest of gold since gathered and now gathering in California!

"Lives" of Bank Notes.

THE average period which each denomination of London notes remains in circulation has been calculated, and is shown by the following authentic account of the number of days a bank

note issued in London remains in circulation: £5 note, 72.7 days; £10, 77.0; £20, 57.4; £30, 18.9; £40, 13.7; £50, 38.8; £100, 28.4; £200, 12.7; £300, 10.6; £500, 11.8; £1,000, 11.1. The exceptions to these averages are few, and therefore remarkable. The time during which some notes remain un-presented is reckoned by the century. On the 27th of September, 1846, a £50 note was presented bearing date 20th January, 1743. Another, for £10, issued on the 19th of November, 1762, was not paid till the 20th of April, 1845.

There is a legend extant of the eccentric possessor of a £1,000 note, who kept it framed and glazed for a series of years, preferring to feast his eyes upon it, to putting the amount it represented out at interest. It was converted into gold however, without a day's loss of time, by his heirs on his demise—a fact which can very easily be credited.

Stolen and lost notes are generally long absentees. The former usually make their appearance soon after a great horse race, or other sporting event, altered or disguised so as to deceive bankers, to whom the bank furnishes a list of the numbers and dates of all stolen notes.

Bank notes have been known to light pipes, to wrap up snuff, and to be used as curl papers; and British tars, mad with rum and prize money, have not unfrequently, in the time of war, made sandwiches of them, and eat them between bread and butter. Carelessness gives the bank enormous profits, against which the loss of a mere £30,000 note is but a trifle. In the forty years between 1792 and 1832, there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England—presumed to have been lost or destroyed—amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank.

Bank Parlor in the Winter.

THE parlor of the Bank of England has always been a place of considerable "interest," and has been often described by those so fortunate as to visit it. But its aspect in winter has been portrayed by only one hand, the sparkling qualities of whose pen are only equalled by those of real "Punch." Of course, in the cold weather, the fire-place is the spot which first attracts and holds the attention, and there the observer perceives the conventional mode of keeping the pot boiling by means of money, most strikingly realized. A bank coffer filled with real coffee rests on the bars, which of course are made of real bullion, and the fire is kept alight by the agency of little bags of a material—one hundred in a bag—that may be seen piled up in the neighboring coal-scuttle, which is also of the same shiny material. On the rug before the fire-place is a little footstool with a delicious stuffing of bank notes—an article known to be extremely useful in keeping people on their legs and giving them a firm footing. The seats serve the purpose of chests as well as chairs, and are filled with the national currency—every seat in the bank parlor having a good stock of the precious metals for its foundation. The works of art in the bank parlor are rare, and the celebrated drawing of a bank note for one million pounds, inclosed in a frame of gold—similar in style to the bars of gold which form the window sashes—is the chief ornament to the walls of the apartment.

Avoiding Specie Suspension.

WHEN the combined influence of the non-intercourse act, the war, and the dissolution of the old Bank of the United States, caused the State banks to resort to a suspension of specie payments, in order to avoid total ruin and bankruptcy, Mr. Girard became greatly embarrassed as to the course he should

pursue, to avoid the drain of his specie, and yet preserve his character for strict integrity of business dealing; but he was soon relieved of his inquietude by adopting the suggestion of Mr. Simpson, a most competent and respected adviser in such matters, viz., to pay out the notes of the State banks instead of his own, which he drew in, by paying the specie for them;—so that, at no period of the most disastrous financial crisis, was a bank note of Stephen Girard's ever suffered to become depreciated. This husbanding of his resources subsequently enabled him, in 1817, to contribute so materially to the restoration of specie payments.

The fact just mentioned is interesting, as showing that Girard was never seduced into an imprudent measure, by the prospect of immediate profit, but was satisfied to do what appeared to procure permanent advantage, though, for the time being, rather detrimental than profitable. Most men would have attempted to force their notes into circulation, and redeem them when presented for payment, with the common circulating medium of the country. But, acting according to the principle and method which he did, Stephen Girard's bank never refused to pay the specie for a note of Stephen Girard! It is also stated, that only in one instance was his name ever protested; but even then, it was not his name, but that of his agent in Europe, on whom he had drawn bills, that became dishonored—for, as soon as they were presented to him, after their return, he immediately paid them.

Curious Reasons for Borrowing Money.

MR. PETER C. BROOKS's maxim was, that "the whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures." An amusing and singular illustration of that distinguished merchant's maxim is thus given:—

A merchant named Porter once had

a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy. Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting balancing his cash, a note would come, requesting "the loan of a five dollar bill." The money was always restored punctually at eight o'clock on the Monday morning following. But what puzzled the lender was, the person always returned the identical note he borrowed. Since the discovery of this fact, he had made private marks on the note; still the same was handed back on Monday morning.

One Saturday evening, Porter sent a five dollar gold piece, instead of a note, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could hardly sleep at night for thinking about it; he would wake his wife in the middle of the night, and ask her what she thought of such a strange occurrence. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower, one Christmas eve, asking for the loan of *ten* dollars. A brilliant thought now struck him. He put on his great coat, resolving to call and demand an explanation of the mystery. When he was shown into his friend's study, he found him plunged in the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. B.," said the lender, "if you will answer me one question, I will let you have that ten dollars! How does it happen that you always pay me the money you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The parson raised his head, and after a violent internal struggle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said, in faltering tones, "Porter, you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a New Yorker—I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when, on Saturday, I have bought my Sunday dinner, I have seldom a red cent left

in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the gospel and blow up his congregation properly, without he has something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have therefore borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally, as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes. Well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket. Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning. But, *to-morrow*, Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach, and I thought I would try the effect of a *ten* dollar-bill sermon on him!"

Atchafalaya Currency by the Cord.

CAPT. SHALLCROSS, of the Mississippi steamer *Peytona*, is one of the crack captains on the river. Everybody knows him and he knows everybody—therefore everybody will be pleased with a little story about him. One day, the *Peytona* was steaming down past the cotton woods toward New Orleans, when she was hailed by another boat going up.

"Hallo! Capt. Shall.!"

"Hallo!" was the answer.

"Got any Atchafalaya money?"

"Yes, plenty."

"Well, pay it out; the bank's busted, or gwine to."

"Ay, ay," said Capt. Shallcross.

"Clerk, have you got much of that money?" "About a thousand dollars, I reckon, sir," said the clerk of the *Peytona*. "Well, stop at the first wood boat." And the *Peytona* puffed on, until a wood boat was seen moored to the shore, with piles of cord-wood around, and a small man, with his trousers rolled up, and his hands in his pockets, shivering on the bank beside his boat, in the chill December weather.

"Wood boat, ahoy!" sang out Capt. Shallcross.

"Hallo!" sounded the small man in the distance.

"Want to sell that wood?"

Small man in the distance—"Yas."

"Take Atchafalaya money?"

Small man in the distance—"Yas."

"Round to, pilot," said Capt. Shall.

The boats bound down stream always have to come around, with their bow pointed up stream, to resist the current of the Mississippi; sometimes they encounter a big eddy, and have to take a sweep of some miles before they reach the landing place. So it was in this instance.

"So you *will* take Atchafalaya money for wood, will you?" said the captain, as the boat approached the shore.

"Yas," said the small man.

"How will you take it?" asked Capt. Shall.—meaning at what rate.

"Take it even," quoth the small man.

"What do you mean by even?"

"*Cord for cord, Captain.*"

"Put her round again, pilot," said Capt. Shall," "and wood up at the next wharf-boat; I reckon that some gabbler has *posted* this fellow on Atchafalaya."

Burning a Banker's Notes.

DURING one of the rebellions in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against a certain great banker, passed a resolution that they would at once burn his notes which they held; this they accordingly did—forgetting that, in burning his notes, they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames, a corresponding value went into the banker's pocket and out of their own. This is what may be termed a genuine financial Hibernianism!

Money Changers in China.

THE Chinese do not recognize either gold or silver as current coin. Gold is

considered merchandise, and its value varies like that of any other precious commodity in Europe. As to silver, it is never coined, but, to forward the purposes of commerce, it is generally divided into small ingots, which they can cut into morsels, as they choose, in order to make their payments exact. Thus all men of business carry with them a pair of small scales, of most exact balance, by means of which they settle all their accounts by weight. The changer may usually be seen examining a dollar, and grasping with one hand a species of shears, used as well for testing as dividing the coin of foreigners. A dollar is worth a number—more or less, according to the course of exchange—of the small copper coins which are seen threaded on the changer's desk. This coin is the only one legally current in China; it is round, with a hole in the middle, and is a little larger, but much thinner than an English farthing. These small coins are called lees; they are used separately for trade purposes, or strung in fifties, hundreds, or thousands. The lees are current only during the reign of the sovereign who issued them. The head of the reigning prince, however, is never engraved on the Chinese coin; the only distinguishing mark is that of the dynasty under which it was struck, with a couple of Chinese characters on the face, and as many Tartar characters on the reverse. The Chinese would think it a great mark of disrespect to the majesty of the emperor, as brother of the sun, to circulate his august effigy among the common people, and submit it to the plebeian fingers of hawkers, pedlers, and fishfags. Such a degradation is not to be thought of.

Bankers of the Old School.

THE London banker of the olden time, the successor to the Lombards, had but little resemblance to the modern gentleman who is known by the same title.

He was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. On looking in his face, there could be read, in intelligible characters, the fact that the ruling maxim of life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts and by which he shaped all his actions, was, "that he who would be trusted with the money of other men should *look* as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum."

He lived, if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of it, at his banking house, was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the west end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying, and would have deemed it little short of insanity to imagine that such an act was within the compass of human daring, as that of a banker lounging for an evening in Fop's Alley, at the opera, or turning out for the Derby with four greys to his chariot, and a goodly bumper swung behind, well stuffed with pies, spring chickens, and iced champagne.

The material or architectural aspect of the business of banking in early times, is also, to modern ideas, as humble as it must have been picturesque. Instead of the handsome apartments, the highly polished and well-fitted counters, and well-dressed clerks of the modern banking-houses, there were the dark-featured Lombards, ranged behind their bags of money displayed on low benches in open shops, protected, perhaps, by occasional awnings, from the inclemency of the weather.

"The Lady's Broker."

Most of the leading men who act as brokers in London go by nick-names; and the way in which these names sometimes originate, is quite curious. One of the fraternity has been dubbed "The Lady's Broker," in consequence of hav-

ing been employed, on one occasion, by Madame R., the lady of a deceased capitalist, in a speculation into which she entered on her own account, and without the knowledge of her husband. The speculation turned out so unfavorably, that neither the lady nor her broker could discharge their obligations; and hence, as in other cases where the broker cannot meet the engagements he has entered into for any other party, he must, to save himself from the black-board, give up the name of his principal,—the broker was compelled to divulge the name of the lady speculator. From that day to this, he has gone under the name of the "The Lady's Broker." The husband, in this case, knowing he could not be compelled to pay for the illegal gambling of his wife, refused to advance a single farthing in liquidation of her debts.

Cashier Inviting a Run upon his Bank.

A BANK that was managed with great caution was once in what was supposed to be a peculiar position, when a friend of the cashier called upon him, and taking him aside, with a grave face, said, "I heard it asserted just now that you have not five thousand dollars left out of the one hundred thousand silver dollars that were lately paid into your bank, and I hastened to tell you, in order that you may show me your vaults, and give me the means to contradict the rumor."

"No," said the cashier, "the rumor is all true. What use do you suppose that I have for the silver?"

"Why, to meet the run upon your bank, which must certainly come when this state of your affairs is generally known," was the reply.

"Let the run come," said the cashier; "and by way of beginning it, do you go into the street, collect all of our bills that you can find, and bring them to me, and I promise to give you the hard dollars for them."

After some time, his friend returned to say that he had not been able to find any of the bills of that particular bank, excepting a solitary one for five dollars, for which the silver was immediately offered him.

"Just so," said the cashier, "almost all the bills that I have issued have already been sent in, and I have paid out the silver for them. But in doing so, I have emptied most of these boxes of dollars. The money was given me to lend; and I have lent it for about four months. But I could not lend and keep it too. I have, therefore, very little gold or silver in the vaults. So long as I have the small amount that is necessary to redeem the few bills that remain out, and the two thousand dollars which I have earned for the stockholders, I am easy. You may go back to the street, if you will, and defy the world to break our bank. We shall lend nothing more until the promissory notes that we have taken as security begin to fall due. As they are paid in, with hard dollars, or the bills of other banks, we shall have the means to lend money again."

Obtaining Security to be a Broker.

AMONG the political opponents of George Hudson, the English railway monarch, when at York, was one who, when riches were discovered by him to be so easily realized on the stock exchange, sought the great metropolis to make his fortune, as others had, by becoming a broker. To London he went. But to be a member of the money market in that city, two sureties were required; and he could procure only one. The difficulty continued, and great was his disappointment. In his despair he thought of the railway king; and, as a last resource, on Mr. Hudson he waited, and told his mission.

"You've been no friend of mine," said Mr. Hudson, bluntly; "but I believe you're a good sort of fellow—call on me to-morrow."

The morrow came, and, full of anxiety, he waited on the autocrat.

"Well," said Mr. Hudson, "it's all settled; I've arranged everything. Mr. — will be your other security: go to him; I've told him to do it."

Mr. Hudson did not add, as he might, that he had in fact guaranteed the amount to the broker named by him, and was himself sole surety for the opponent he befriended.

London Bankers and Banking Houses.

THE oldest banking houses in London are Child's, at Temple Bar, Hoare's, in Fleet street, Strahan's—formerly Snow's, in the Strand, and Gosling's, in Fleet street. None date earlier than the restoration of Charles the Second. The original bankers were goldsmiths—"goldsmiths that keep running cashes"—and their shops were distinguished by signs. Thus, Child's was known by "The Marygold," still to be seen where the checks are cashed; Hoare's, by "the Golden Bottle," still remaining over the door; Strahan's, by "the Golden Anchor," to be seen inside; and Gosling's, by "the Three Squirrels," still prominent in the ironwork of their windows toward the street.

The founder of Child's celebrated house was John Backwell, an alderman of the city of London, ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles the Second. Stone and Martin's, in Lombard street, is said to have been founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, and the grasshopper sign of the Gresham family was preserved in the banking house till late in the last century.

Of the west-end banking houses, Drummond's, at Charing-cross, is the oldest; and next to Drummond's, Coutts's, in the Strand. The founder of Drummond's obtained his great position by advancing money to the Pretender, and the king's consequent withdrawal led to a rush of the Scot-

fish nobility and gentry with their accounts, and to the ultimate advancement of the bank to its present footing. Coutts's house was founded by George Middleton, and originally stood in St. Martin's lane, near St Martin's church; Coutts removed it to its present site.

The great Lord Clarendon, in the reign of Charles the Second, kept an account at Hoare's; Dryden lodged his £50 for the discovery of the bullies who waylaid and beat him, at Child's, Temple Bar; Pope banked at Drummond's; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, at Child's; Gay, at Hoare's; Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, at Coutts's; Bishop Percy, at Gosling's; the Duke of Wellington, at Coutts's; the Duke of Sutherland, at Drummond's; the Duke of Devonshire, at Snow's.

Paying Notes in Specie.

PHILIP HONE, speaking of the "blessed" days of specie currency, says: "The few notes which were given out by the merchants and shopkeepers—and the sequel will show how few they must have been—were collected of course through the bank. Michael Boyle, the runner, with his jocund laugh and pleasant countenance, called, several days before the time, with a notice that the note would be due on such a day, and payment expected three days thereafter. When the day arrived, the same person called again with a canvas bag, counted the money in dollars, half dollars, quarters, and sixpences (those abominable disturbers of the people's peace—bank notes being scarcely known in those days), carried it to the bank, and then sallied out to another debtor. And in this way all the notes were collected in the great commercial city of New York, in such a circumscribed circle did its operations then revolve. Well do I remember Michael Boyle, running around from Pearl street to Maiden lane, Broadway, and William street,—the business limits,

happily for him, not extending north of the present Fulton street,—panting under the load of a bag of silver, a sort of locomotive sub-treasurer, or the embodiment of a specie circular."

Security for a Discount.

It is very common among business men to give vent to a good deal of grumbling about the illiberal course which characterizes banks in hard times, toward their customers. An unfortunate customer of one of these institutions in Philadelphia, being somewhat irritated at the picayune policy pursued, resorted to the following desperate expedient, to see if there was any such thing as "raising the wind," in said concern. He drew a note for five dollars at thirty days, covered it down the back with first-class indorsements from his fellow sufferers, pinned it to a ten dollar bill of the same bank, as collateral, and then ventured to offer it for discount. That is what Jedediah Tompkins would call "*hintin' round.*"

Jacob Barker's Forty Kegs of Specie.

MANY years ago Jacob Barker offered some good business paper for discount at one of the Wall street banks, and, when the board of directors met, they, after mature deliberation, threw the paper out, which displeased friend Jacob, and he consequently sought revenge, in a professional way, for what he took to be rather ungentlemanly treatment. A few days only elapsed, when Jacob presented forty thousand dollars of the bills of that same bank at its counter, and demanded the specie from the astonished officers; but nevertheless it was rolled out to him in kegs of one thousand dollars each,—the teller of the bank informing him that they were obliged to give him small coin, five and ten cent pieces.

Here was a dilemma, even for so bright witted and redoubtable a man

as Jacob; but being equal to the emergency, Jacob ordered the porter to unhead the casks, which being done, Jacob took a handful of the coin from each, and requested the teller to place the remainder—which of course required, according to bank custom, to be counted—to his credit. It was said, at the time, that it required the whole available force of the institution to count the coin, and that many late hours were made. Whether Jacob ever offered any more notes for discount, or applied for any “accommodation” favors, at that bank—or whether he got them if he did,—we are only left to infer.

Final Argument at a Bank Counter.

ON receipt of the news of the banks suspending specie payments, Mrs. Jones hastened to her savings bank, elbowed her way smartly to the desk, presented her book, and demanded her money.

“Madam,” said the clerk persuasively, “are you sure you want to draw this money out in specie?”

“Mrs. Jones,” said a director, with an oracular frown, do you know that you are injuring your fellow depositors?”

“And setting an example of great folly to less educated persons in this community?” struck in another director.

“Let us advise you simply to reflect,” interposed the clerk, blandly.

“To wait for a day or two at least,” said the director

At last there was a pause.

Mrs. Jones had been collecting herself. She burst now. In a tone which was heard throughout the building, and above all the din, and at which her interlocutors turned ashy pale, she said:

“Will you pay me my money—yes or no?”

They paid her instantly.

First Jewish Bill of Exchange.

THE circumstance which gave rise to the introduction of bills of exchange in the mercantile world, was the banishment from France, in the reigns of Philip Augustus and Philip the Long, of the Jews, who, it is well known, took refuge in Lombardy. On their leaving the kingdom, they had committed to the care of some persons in whom they could place confidence, such of their property as they could not carry with them. Having fixed their abode in a new country, they furnished various foreign merchants and travelers, whom they had commissioned to bring away their fortunes, with secret letters, which were accepted in France by those who had the care of their effects. From this it is claimed that the merit of the invention of exchanges belongs to the Jews exclusively. They discovered the means of substituting impalpable riches for palpable ones, the former being transmissible to all parts, without leaving behind them any traces indicative of the way they have taken.

Leather Money.

ON the authority of Seneca, a curious account is given of a period when leather, appropriately stamped to give it a certain legal character, was the only current money. At a comparatively recent date, in the annals of Europe, Fredich the Second, who died in 1250, at the siege of Milan, actually paid his troops with leather money. Nearly the same circumstance occurred in England, during the great wars of the barons. In the course of 1350, King John, for the ransom of his royal person, promised to pay Edward the Third, of England, three millions of gold crowns. In order to fulfil this obligation, he was reduced to the mortifying necessity of paying the expenses of the palace in leather money, in the centre of each piece there being a little, bright

point of silver. In that reign is found the origin of the burlesque honor of boyhood, called "conferring a leather medal." The imposing ceremonies accompanying a presentation, gave full force, dignity, and value to a leather jewel, which noblemen were probably proud to receive at the hand of majesty.

The United Job and Lazarus Bank.

WITH a view to the special advantage of the small and uncertain capitalist, the United Job and Lazarus Bank has at last been established.

That distinguished British actuary, Mr. Fitzlocker, has calculated that the half-pence annually bestowed in charity upon persons of the mendicant class amounts, on an average, to no less a sum than £950,000, 14s. 2½d. This sum does not include the daily coppers expended upon the crossing-sweepers, that may fairly be put down at £50,000 more, sinking, for the sake of round numbers, the odd half-penny. Thus, a total is presented of £1,000,000, 14s. 2½d. Now, it is well known that the mendicant and crossing-sweeper class are, for the most part, a thrifty if not a penurious people. What is more common than to read of the apprehension or death of the beggar upon whose person or body are found rolls of bank notes and showers of sovereigns?

It is calculated that of the above £1,000,000, not above one half is expended by the recipients for board, clothing, and lodging—leaving a fair margin of expense for an annual visit to a watering place. Thus, a clear half million is annually accumulating in old stockings, under worm-eaten floors, and in all sorts of impossible nooks and corners considered convenient only to Plutus.

Now, it is to afford safe and peculiarly profitable means of investment to the provident classes above named, that the United Job (it is requested that "Job" be taken in its purely patriarchal pronunciation)—the United Job and

Lazarus Bank is established. The persons most interested in the successful permanence of the institution, it cannot be doubted, will feel the fullest and deepest confidence in the character of the concern, upon a careful perusal of the circular containing the names of the officers; these include such individuals as Messrs. Crook-fingered Jack, Jemmy Twitcher, Wat Dreary, Ben Budge, Ben Booty, Reynard Foxleer, and others, with Mr. Filch as manager and cashier

Capital of European Bankers.

AN actual report of the general supervisor of the books of the several firms of the Rothschild, giving the aggregate amount of their capital or the sum at their instantaneous command, shows that capital to be a milliard of francs, or two hundred million dollars. It is also stated that the similar capital of the two Péreires is at least one hundred millions of francs; of the Hottinguers, seventy-five millions; of Mirés and the Foulds still higher; and the Duke of Galiera, at the head of the *Crédit Mobilier*, is held to be prodigiously opulent. The Péreires have created for themselves a new fortune by the purchase of very extensive grounds within and without the walls of the capital, which they turn into streets and boulevards with a certainty of the earliest and most ample proceeds.

Dudley North's Opposition to Brokerage.

THE system of banking or brokerage by bills which was introduced in London in the sixteenth century, in place of the old method of paying in solid metals, encountered much opposition and clamor. Old fashioned merchants complained bitterly that a class of men who, thirty years before, had confined themselves to their functions, and had made a fair profit by embossing silver bowls and chargers, by setting jewels for fine ladies, and by selling pistoles

and dollars to gentlemen setting out for the Continent, had become the treasurers and were fast becoming the masters of the whole city. These usurers, it was said, played at hazard with what had been earned by the industry and hoarded by the thrift of other men. If the dice turned up well, the knave who kept the cash became an alderman; if they turned up ill, the dupe who furnished the cash became a bankrupt. On the other side, the consequences of the modern practice were set forth in animated language. The new system, it was said, saved both labor and money. Two clerks, seated in one counting house, did what, under the old system, must have been done by twenty clerks in twenty different establishments.

Gradually, however, even those who had been loudest in murmuring against the innovation, gave way and conformed to the prevailing usage. The last person who held out, strange to say, was Sir Dudley North. When, in 1689, after residing many years abroad, he returned to London, nothing astonished or displeased him more than the practice of making payments by drawing bills on bankers. He found that he could not go on 'change without being stealthily followed round the piazza by goldsmiths—as the dealers in bullion were then called—who, with low bows, begged to have the honor of serving him. He lost his temper when some of these friends asked him where he kept his cash: "Where *should* I keep it," he sharply asked, "but in my own house?" and turned his heel upon the whole pack. With difficulty he was at last induced to put his money, just by way of trial, into the hands of one of the Lombard street men, as they were familiarly called. As ill luck would have it, the Lombard street man broke, and some of his customers suffered severely. Dudley North lost only fifty pounds; but this loss immovably confirmed him in his dislike of the whole art of "improved bank-

ing." It was in vain, however, that this old landmark stood up and exhorted his fellow citizens to return to the good old practice, and not to expose themselves to utter ruin in order to spare themselves a little trouble. He stood alone against the whole community.

Strongest Bank in the World.

THE Bank of Genoa, which has been in existence hundreds of years, has perhaps proved itself the strongest institution of the kind in the world. It is a remarkable fact in its history, that its administration has always been as permanent and unchangeable, as that of the republic has been agitated and fluctuating. No alteration ever took place in the mode of governing and regulating the affairs of the bank; and two sovereign and independent powers, at war with each other, have been within the walls of the city, without producing the slightest shock to the bank, or causing it to secrete any of its books or treasures.

Financial Physic.

It is proposed to establish an altogether new method of inquiring into the state of the health of certain classes of the community. The following are some of the interrogatories to be addressed to the patient: How are your funds? Let me see your coupons. Put out your stock. Are your dividends all right? Have you any pain about your bonds? Any uneasiness referring to your foreign securities? What is the state of your corn market? Allow me to examine your shares. Let me feel your scrip. Have you any sinking in your mines? Any tightness at the back, or hollowness of the chest? How is your discount? Have you any appetite for speculation?

Brief Explanation of Banking.

OLD Mr. Lefevre, father of the former speaker of the House of Commons, and the principal founder of the house of Curries & Co., illustrated the simple theory of banking to a customer one day, in a manner rivalling the best treatises on that subject. The customer in question was one of those men who find it very convenient to have bad memories, and very tantalizing at times to have good ones. His account was almost always overdrawn, and whenever spoken to on the hitch thus occasioned, his answer was invariably the same—he really had forgotten *how* it stood. At last, Mr. Lefevre watched his opportunity, caught him one day at the counter, and said to him :

“Mr. Y—, you and I must understand one another something better than we now seem to. I am afraid you don’t know what banking really is ; give me leave to tell you. It’s my business to take care of *your* money ; but I find you are always taking care of *mine*. Now, that is not banking, Mr. Y. ; it must be the other way. *I’m* the banker, not you. You understand me now, Mr. Y. ; I’m sure you do !”

Jacob Little and the Missing Bank Bill.

OF this acute financier, an anecdote of the most extraordinary of his faculties—his quickness of perception—is related, as illustrating one of the secrets of his success. A man came to the counter with a draft for \$650. He was handed at once a \$500, a \$100, and a \$50 bill. The man left. In a few moments he returned, saying,

“Mr. Little, sir, I think you made a mistake. That was a draft for \$650 I gave you, and you have given me only \$150—and he held out the \$100 and the \$50 notes.

With almost fierce abruptness—the tone familiar to all who knew Mr. L.,

he asked the man, “Where have you been ?”

“To the Bank of America, to deposit my money, and it was there I—”

Mr. Little did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. Dashing on his hat, he ran out, hastened to the bank, and returned, in almost less time, than it takes to tell the story, with the missing \$500 in his hand.

“Here, sir,” said he, to the overjoyed customer ; “you dropped your bill at the bank, and if I had been a quarter of an hour later, you would never have seen it again—let me tell you.”

New York Bankers and Western Court Houses.

THAT city bankers are called upon to loan for *almost* everything, far and near, is a fact which none know so well as themselves. Occasionally, however, an incident like the following, in their experience, comes to light. The agent of a county in one of the Western States, visited New York to negotiate bonds, and called on a leading banker, with the expectation of having the gold shovelled into his pocket, that he might go home by the next train.

“What do you want the money for ?” asked the banker.

“To build a court house and jail,” was the answer.

“And you have called on me for advice ?”

“Yes, sir. Knowing you to be acquainted with the best houses, I thought you could refer me to them in a favorable manner.”

“I will give you my advice and help you willingly.”

“Thank you—thank you.”

“It is this : Put your bonds in your pocket and go home. When you get there, take your bonds out of your pocket, and put them into the fire.”

The banker’s visitor opened his eyes and mouth.

“Yes, sir, put them in the fire. Then tax your people and build your court

house and jail. We can't give you money for any such purposes, and you have no business to ask it. What do we care for a court house and jail out by the Mississippi River? This is the way with some of you Western men! Now go back and do as I tell you—burn your bonds and tax your people. Nobody here cares a picayune whether you have a court house or not. If it should do no better than some other court houses, justice won't be the gainer by it. I think it quite likely you would be better with a jail, and I'm sorry to have to say that I can't help you to build it."

Banks Failing.

"ARE you afraid of the banks failing?" asked a Boston cashier, as Mrs. Partington went to draw her pension. "Banks failing!" said the dame; "I never had any idea about it at all. If he gets votes enough, I don't see how he can fail, and if he don't, I can't see how he is to help it." "I mean," said he, "the banks that furnish paper for the currency." She stood a moment counting her bills. "Oh, you did, did you?" said she; "well, it's about the same thing. If they have money enough to redeem with—and heaven knows there's need enough for 'redemption' for a good many of them, and more 'grace' than they allow their customers—they may stand it; but doubtful things are uncertain." She passed off like an exhalation, and the cashier counted out \$115.17 fifteen times while pondering what she said, in order to catch her meaning.

Spanish Reals versus Spanish Bonds.

ROTHSCHILD, though so deeply engrossed in money matters, occasionally has time to add to his quality of shrewdness that of being witty. On being called upon one time to give a good definition of the real and the ideal in sublunary matters, he, true to his profession, answered: "I cannot

give you a more forcible example than this, namely—the 'real' is the current coin of Spain, and a Spanish bond, which is supposed to represent it, is the 'ideal.'"

Throwing out Jacob Barker's Notes.

THE bitter opposition of Jacob Barker to the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank is matter of history; and it came about in this wise: Although subject to occasional reverses, Mr. Barker prospered greatly in his business until he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of Robert Lenox, a very rich Scotch merchant—strong-minded and intelligent, with a will and prejudices equally decided.

Mr. Barker had, as agent for the owner, chartered to James Scott, the ship *Live Oak*, of Portland, Me., for a voyage to St. Domingo and back. On her arrival off the port of destination she found it blockaded, and was ordered off, when, according to custom, she proceeded to the next port; finding that in the possession of the slaves, they having revolted, the captain prudently returned to New York with the outward cargo.

A question now arose, whether or not the ship was entitled to compensation. Mr. Barker applied immediately to his friend and professional adviser, Gen. Alexander Hamilton, for advice; that gentleman advised him to retain a sufficiency of the cargo to pay the amount of the charter, until he could advise and receive an answer from his employer, the owner of the ship. A portion less than the amount of charter was in money; it was retained.

The following day, Mr. Barker's notes offered for discount at the United States Branch Bank, where he kept his account, were all thrown out, which was followed up every discount day for two or three weeks, when Mr. B. began to feel its effects. Knowing Mr. Lenox to be the most influential director, he applied to that gentleman, without the

least idea of the cause, or that he was the individual who had induced the rejection of the notes offered; named to him the liberality with which he had always been treated by the bank, the goodness of the notes offered and their rejection, adding that he presumed there must be some hidden cause which he, Mr. L., could satisfactorily explain, if he knew what it was.

"Yes," said Mr. Lenox, "there is a cause, and if you expect any more discounts at the Branch Bank, you must deliver to Mr. Scott the money you withhold from him."

Mr. Barker, astonished at the avowal, inquired if the board of directors undertook to pass, *ex parte*, on differences which arose among merchants, neither of whom was of their number, and to enforce their decision against one of the parties, without having allowed him a hearing. Mr. Lenox replied that he believed every director at the board agreed with him in opinion.

Application was immediately made to Gen. Stevens, Thomas Buchanan, and other directors, who informed him that Mr. Lenox was mistaken; that they were opposed to all such assumption of power, and that if Mr. Lenox did not withdraw his objection, they would not allow the notes of his friends to be discounted. One or two opposing a note, it could not, by the rules of the board, be discounted. On the re-appointment of Mr. Lenox as a director by the mother bank at Philadelphia, Mr. Barker sought his redress by opposing a renewal of the bank's charter, which was soon to expire. This he did with untiring tact and energy, not ceasing his exertions until the fate of the bank was sealed by a rejection of the bill for the renewal of the charter by Congress. This was done by a majority of only one; and as Mr. Barker's half-brother, Gideon Gardner, was a member from Nantucket, and voted against the bank, it is not unreasonable to conclude that Mr. Barker's influence

was not small, in overthrowing the first United States Bank.

Establishment of the Bank of England —Curious Facts.

AFTER much opposition, the Bank of England was established in 1694. Strange as it may seem, the act of Parliament by which the bank was established is entitled "An act for granting to their majesties several duties upon tonnage of ships and vessels, and upon beer, ale, and other liquors, for securing certain recompenses and advantages in the said act mentioned, to such persons as shall voluntarily advance the sum of fifteen hundred thousand pounds toward carrying on the war with France." After a variety of enactments relative to the duties upon tonnage of ships and vessels, and upon beer, ale, and other liquors, the act authorizes the raising of twelve hundred thousand pounds by voluntary subscription, the subscribers to be formed into a corporation, and be styled "The Governor and Company of the Bank of England." The sum of three hundred thousand pounds was also to be raised by subscription, and the contributors to receive instead annuities for one, two, or three lives. Toward the twelve hundred thousand pounds no one was to subscribe more than ten thousand pounds before the first day of July next ensuing, nor at any time more than twenty thousand pounds. The corporation were to lend their whole capital to government, for which they were to receive interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and four thousand pounds per annum for management; being one hundred thousand pounds per annum on the whole. The corporation were not allowed to borrow or owe more than the amount of their capital, and if they did so, the individual members became liable to the creditors in proportion to the amount of their stock. The corporation were not to trade in any goods, wares, or mer-

chandise whatever, but they were allowed to deal in bills of exchange, gold or silver bullion, and to sell any goods, wares, or merchandise upon which they had advanced money, and which had not been redeemed within three months after the time agreed upon. The whole of the subscription was filled in a few days. In Grocers' Hall, since razed for the erection of a more stately structure, the Bank of England commenced operations. Here, in one room, were gathered, with almost primitive simplicity, all who performed the duties of the establishment. "I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept," says the graceful essayist of the day, "and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations according to the parts they hold in that just and regular economy."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, speaking of the external appearance of the bank, in 1757, describes it as comparatively a small structure, almost invisible to passers by, being surrounded by many others, viz., a church called St. Christopher le Stocks; three taverns, two on the south side (the Fountain) in Bartholomew lane, facing the church there, just where the great door of entrance is now placed, and about fifteen or twenty private dwelling houses. Visitors are sometimes shown in the bullion office the identical old chest, somewhat larger than a common seaman's, also the original shelves or cases, where the cash, notes, papers, and books of business were kept. Visitors are occasionally shown some notes for large amounts, which have passed between the bank and government. In the early history of the establishment any person in the possession of a bank note might demand only part of its amount, and the same plan might be resorted to with the same note until the whole of the sum due upon it was ab-

sorbed; some of these are still shown—on the last which came in there was only sixpence to receive. A bank of England note is never issued after it returns to the bank; it is then cancelled and destroyed, to make way for the next issue. Whenever a note is presented to the bank the corner is torn from it, the number is punched out, it is cancelled in the register book, and then sent down to the library, there to lie for ten years, until burned in the yard during the eleventh. About one thousand persons are employed in the establishment.

Bound not to Break.

THE banking operations of Jacob Barker, when he carried on business in Wall street, New York, met with much opposition from many of the bankers of that locality, and they managed once in a while to push Jacob pretty close to the wall. On one occasion, when the times were somewhat tight, and Mr. Barker was absent, attending to his duties as a member of the New York senate, a ship arrived from Liverpool with advice of the failure of his house at that place. This at once caused a very great run on Mr. Barker's bank—on receiving notice of which he returned to the city, was the first to land from the steamboat, and drove with great speed to Wall street, the carriage making its way through the crowd with difficulty.

He alighted at the bank door, to the surprise of all, and to the disappointment of his enemies, who were ranged on the opposite side of the street in momentary expectation of seeing the doors of the bank close. They had not heard of the boat's arrival, or of the river's being free from ice. He was too quick for them, and remarked to all how glad he was to see them, saying, "Come in, come in—come in and get your money;" caused the back room to be thrown open, and additional clerks to be placed there, with plenty

of specie. All that wished it were supplied. A great number put the notes in their pockets and went home, fully recovered from their alarm. Mr. Barker was "bound not to break," and, as his stores were full of goods—hemp, sail cloth, iron, sugar, tea, salt, etc.—he sold a sufficiency of these at auction to replenish the vaults of his bank, and at once returned to the duties of his office. Jacob declared, with characteristic emphasis, that he was "bound not to break."

Weight of Miss Burdett Coutts's Fortune.

THE late Duchess of St. Albans left Miss Burdett Coutts the regal sum of £1,800,000, or some nine million dollars. The weight of this prodigious sum in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is thirteen tons, seven cwt., three qr., twelve lbs., and would require one hundred and seven men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried the solid weight of two hundred and ninety-eight pounds. This large sum may also be partially guessed, by considering that, counting at the rate of sixty sovereigns a minute for eight hours a day, and six days, of course, in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days, and four hours, to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by the most exact computation—each measuring in diameter seventeen-twentieths of an inch, and placed to touch each other—it would extend to the length of twenty-four miles and two hundred and fifty yards; and in crown pieces, to one hundred and thirteen and one half miles and two hundred and eighty yards.

Mr. Biddle's Wit.

"NICK BIDDLE" was a wit as well as a financier. During the session of the legislature of Pennsylvania, in the year 184—, a bill was up appropriating a large sum for continuing the State

improvements. Mr. H., of Berks, an honest but unlearned German member, was very hostile to the bill, and in fact opposed to all State improvements, as they involved such an expenditure of money. He knew the wishes of his constituents, but his general knowledge was rather limited. While the bill was under consideration, Mr. Biddle of the city moved an ironical amendment, appropriating ten thousand dollars for the improvement of the *Alimentary Canal*. The member from Berks was instantly upon his feet, declaring his purpose to oppose any appropriation for the Alimentary or any other canal—energetically declaring the amendment to be unnecessary and against the wishes of the people. The amendment was instantly withdrawn, amidst the general mirth of the members at the expense of the honest member from Berks.

Bankers Snubbing Napoleon.

THE house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam—always remarkable for great independence of character—effectually checkmated Napoleon in his presumptuous dictation to them as bankers. This powerful house, which may be said to have then stood at the head of the mercantile order throughout the world, and, in Holland, not only felt itself perfectly its own master, but considered itself equal in financial matters to any potentate on earth, and entitled to occupy a similar footing with them, could not recognize that it was in any manner bound by an imperial decree.

Yet Napoleon was weak enough to think differently. He had dictated a letter, addressed to Messrs. Hope & Co., in the handwriting of Mollieu, the successor of Barbe Marbais, who had been removed. This missive, worded in the language of a master to his servant, contained the following words:

"You have made enough money in the Louisiana business to leave me no room to doubt that you will, *without*

reservation, comply with any order I may see fit to make."

He then sent this letter, without Ouvrard's consent, by an inspector of finance, to Amsterdam. However, the finance inspector was very coolly received, and had to come back without accomplishing anything. Soon afterward, Napoleon thought it advisable to send the Baron Louis—afterward Louis Philippe's first minister of finance—to Holland, to explore the ground, and discover what resources Ouvrard might have there. Baron Louis presented himself to the Messrs. Hope, and disclosed the object of his visit. Mr. Labouchère, the partner who received him, at once replied in the following admirable and high-minded mercantile decision :

"Whether we have money in our hands for Mr. Ouvrard, or not, baron, is not a matter for which we are obliged to render any account to you ; and the inappropriateness of your present visit must have been apparent to yourself !"

This anecdote was related by Ouvrard himself, and was likewise repeated frequently by Mr. Labouchère, who could not suppress his commercial pride, whenever he got an opportunity, at this illustration of his independence of the man, at whose feet all Europe bent the knee.

Astor's "Secret Pain."

MR. ASTOR was compelled, at one time, to repair to Paris, where he could avail himself, for a physical infirmity, of the skilful assistance of Baron Dupuytren. The latter thoroughly restored him, and advised him to ride out every day. He frequently took occasion himself to accompany his patient on these rides. One day, when riding, Astor appeared by no means disposed to converse ; not a word could be got out of him—and at length Dupuytren declared that A. must be suffering from some *secret pain* or trouble, when he would not speak. He pressed him, and wor-

ried him, until finally Astor loosed his tongue :

"Look ye, Baron !" said Astor ; "how frightful this is. I have here, in the hands of my banker, at Paris, about two million francs, and cannot manage, without great effort, to get more than two and one half per cent. *per annum* on it. Now, this morning, I have received a letter from my son in New York, informing me that there the best acceptances are at from one and a half to two per cent. *per month*. Is it not enough to enrage a man ?" This revelation of course relieved the Baron's apprehension of any "secret pain or trouble" of a *physical* nature.

Jewish Perseverance and Shrewdness.

THE clerk of an English banker having robbed his employer of Bank of England notes to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, made his escape to Holland. Unable to present them himself, he sold them to a Jew, doubtless at a price affording a good bargain to the purchaser. In the mean time every plan was exhausted to give publicity to the loss. The numbers of the notes were advertised in the papers, with a request that they might be refused ; and for about six months no information was received of the lost property. At the end of that period, the Jew appeared with the whole of his spoil, and demanded payment, which was at once refused, on the plea that the bills had been stolen, and that payment had been stopped. The owner insisted upon gold, and the bank persisted in refusing.

But the Jew was an energetic man, and was aware of the credit of the corporation ; he was known to be possessed of immense wealth. He went deliberately to the exchange, where, to the assembled merchants of London, in the presence of her citizens, he related publicly that the bank had refused to honor their own bills for twenty thou-

sand pounds; that their credit was gone; their affairs in confusion; and that they had stopped payment. The exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion. He declared that they had been remitted to him from Holland; and as his transactions were known to be extensive, there appeared every reason to credit his statement. He then avowed his intention of advertising this refusal of the bank; and the citizens thought there must indeed be some truth in his bold announcement.

Information reached the directors, who grew anxious, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive cash in exchange for the notes. In any other country, the Jew would have been tried as a calumniator; but in England, the bank—the soul of the State—would have lost the cause. The law could not hinder the holder of the notes from interpreting the refusal that was made of payment according to his fancy; nothing could prevent him from saying that he believed the excuse was only a pretext to gain time; and though intelligent people could not credit the story, the majority would have been alarmed, and would not have taken their notes for cash. In short, the Jew was acquainted with the nation and its laws, and he gained his point.

Sir Robert Peel's Opinion of his Son as a Financier.

MR. PEEL'S great currency measure, which he caused to be carried through Parliament by his influence and eloquence, was opposed by his distinguished father, and one of the most interesting features in the history of that celebrated measure is to be found in a petition from the merchants of the city of London, presented by the elder Peel, against its enactment. After stating that his petitioners were the best calculated to judge on so important a point,

and that a meeting, which he had attended for this purpose, was composed of the very men who had so nobly supported the government in 1797, he proceeded to say, in language as feeling as the subject was interesting, that 'he well remembered when that near and dear relation was only a child, he observed to some friends who were standing near him, that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner in which Mr. Pitt did, did most to be admired, and was most to be imitated; and he thought, at that moment, if his own life and that of his dear relation should be spared, he should one day present him to his country to follow in the same path. He was well satisfied that the head and heart of that relation were in their right places; and that though he had deviated a little from the path of propriety in this instance, he would soon be restored to it.'

Peereses Conducting Banking Operations.

Two of the richest bankers in London, a few years ago, were peereses, namely, the Duchess of St. Albans and the Countess of Jersey—the latter, as the heiress of old Josiah Child, constituting the principal partner of the Child banking house. Both ladies were at one time said to be in the habit of paying periodical visits to their respective establishments, and are said to have been distinguished for the affability and good sense with which they sustained their positions, inspected the books, and entered into general business details. But this report was true, and that in part, only of the late Duchess of St. Albans. She was peculiarly fond of showing herself at the bank in the Strand, and putting questions to the partners and clerks, with whom she was no favorite—being, in truth, somewhat of a bore. Lady Jersey, as the representative of Sir Josiah Child's interest, only attends the bank

once a year, when the accounts are balanced and the profits struck. On this occasion, the partners dine together at the bank, and the countess, as the principal partner, takes the head of the table. This lady's connection with the concern has the following history: The last Mr. Child left an only daughter, who was the heiress of his great wealth, and was married to the Earl of Westmoreland; the eldest daughter of that marriage was the present Countess of Jersey, to whom the grandfather's interest in the bank descended.

Model English Banker.

THE model English banker of the present day, is educated at Eton, and makes love to lords. They borrow his money, and laugh at him as a "toady." He enters the banking house at twenty-one, and looks upon the clerks as servants—as breathing copying machines. He belongs to all sorts of clubs. He is a great authority upon wine, horses, and women. He keeps his yacht, and never stops in town after the opera. He walks through the city as if it belonged to him. He is great in jewelry, and very particular about his riding-whips. He wears in winter white cords and buckskin gloves, and subscribes to the nearest "hounds." His wristbands show an inch and a half. He marries a baronet's daughter, and talks nothing but the Blue Book ever afterward. He has a house in Belgravia and a seat in the North. His name, too, is generally amongst the "fashionables whom we observed last night at Her Majesty's Theatre." He has always a particular engagement at the West-end at two, at which hour his bay cab invariably calls for him. His *printed* charities are very extensive—one sum always for himself, another for the company. He is very nervous during panics, and when there is a run upon the bank, it is always owing to "the pressure of the times." He pays his creditors one half

crown in the pound, and lives on three thousand pounds a year, "settled on his wife"—perhaps, indeed, a model banker of this description never fell yet, whose fall was not agreeably softened by a snug little property "settled on his wife." The inference from this is, that the model banker is a most rigid cultivator of the matrimonial virtues, and if he forgets occasionally what he owes to himself and others, he remembers to a nicety what is due to his wife. It is only the system of double entry applied to banking.

Largest Dealer in Commercial Paper in the United States.

THE late Stephen Whitney, of New York, is supposed to have dealt more largely in commercial paper than any other man in that city, and perhaps in the Union. His habits of industry continued through life, and were a common theme of remark with those who observed him in his daily walk from his office to the great moneyed centre of America, where the price of paper and money rates regaled his ears. He was a good judge of paper, and needed no one to advise him. He touched nothing but what in commercial parlance is termed "gilt-edged," and of this he purchased almost daily for thirty years. These notes being made payable to the order of the drawers, needed no other indorsement, and hence might pass through a hundred hands without this fact becoming known. Mr. Whitney's bills receivable falling due in Wall street, must have been at the rate of thirty thousand per day, and his purchases of paper, of course, were about the same rate.

"Borrow Money? Borrow Money?"

ONE of the familiar cries of the London Stock Exchange is "Borrow Money? Borrow Money?" a singular one to general apprehension, but it must be understood of course, that the credit

of the borrower must either be first rate or his security of the most satisfactory nature, and that it is not the principal who thus goes into the market, but his broker.

"Have you money to lend to-day?" is a question asked with a nonchalance which would astonish the simple man who goes to a "friend," with such a question quivering on his mouth. "Yes," may be the reply. "I want ten or twenty thousand pounds." "On what security?" for that is the vital question; and this point being settled, the transaction goes on smoothly and quickly enough.

Another mode of doing the business is to conceal the object of the borrower or lender, who asks, "What are Exchequer?" The answer may be "forty to forty-two;" that is, the party addressed will buy one thousand pounds at forty shillings, and sell one thousand pounds at forty-two shillings. The jobbers cluster around the broker, who perhaps says, "I must have a price in five thousand pounds." If it suits them, they will say, "Five with me, five with me, five with me," making fifteen—or, they will say each, "Ten with me;" and it is the broker's business to get these parties pledged to buy of him at forty, or to sell to him at forty-two, they not knowing whether he is a buyer or seller. The broker then declares his purpose, saying, for example, "Gentlemen, I sell to you twenty thousand pounds at forty," and the sum is then apportioned among them.

Peep at the Treasure in Threadneedle Street.

"THE next room I entered"—says a visitor at the Bank of England—"was that in which notes are deposited which are ready for issue." "We have *thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room*," the officer remarked to me, "will you take a little of it?" I told him that it would be vastly agreeable,

and he handed me a million sterling (five million dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality; but he kind of insisted on my depositing it with him again—perhaps because it would be hardly safe, besides being burdensome, to carry so much money with me into the street, though that was a risk I would willingly have incurred. I very much fear I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the floor was a director and cashier counting the bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This money seemed to realize the most dazzling fables of Eastern wealth.

Vast Wealth of Croesus.

IN our jottings of millionaires, it would seem as though these pages were incomplete without some data concerning him whose name has for centuries and generations—fresh down to the present day,—furnished the standard representative of vast wealth. Croesus flourished about the middle of the sixth century B. C. The prodigious wealth which he had inherited had been increased by the tribute of conquered nations, by the confiscation of great estates, and by the golden sands of the Pactolus. Perhaps some idea of the extent of this wealth may be formed from the rich votive offerings which he is known to have deposited in the temples of the gods. Herodotus himself saw the ingots of solid gold, six palms long, three broad, and one deep, which to the number of one hundred and seventeen, were laid up in the treasury at Delphi. He also saw, in various parts of Greece, the following offerings, all in gold, which had been deposited in the temples by the same opulent man: a figure of a lion, probably of the natural size; a wine bowl of about the same weight as the lion; a lustral vase; a statue of a female, said to be Croesus's

baking woman, four and one-half feet high; a shield and a spear; a tripod; some figures of cows; and a number of pillars; and a second shield in a different place from the first, and of greater size.

Mode of Conducting Great Transactions by Rothschild.

WHEN engaging in large transactions, the method pursued by Rothschild was this: Supposing he possessed exclusively, which he often did a day or two before it could be generally known, intelligence of some event which had occurred in any part of the continent sufficiently important to cause a rise in the French funds, and through them on the English funds, he would empower the brokers he usually employed to sell out stock, say to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds. The news spread in a moment in financial quarters, that Rothschild was selling out, and a general alarm followed. Every one apprehended he had received intelligence, from some foreign part, of some important event which would produce a fall in prices. As might, under such circumstances be expected, all became sellers at once. This, of necessity, caused the funds—to use the customary phraseology,—“to tumble down at a fearful rate.” Next day, when they had fallen perhaps, one or two per cent, he would make purchases, say to the amount of one and a half million pounds, taking care, however, to employ a number of brokers whom he was not in the habit of employing, and commissioning each to purchase to a certain extent, and giving all of them strict orders to preserve secrecy in the matter. Each of the persons so employed was, by this means, ignorant of the commission given to others. Had it been known the purchases were for him, there would have been as great and sudden a rise in the prices as there had been in the fall, so that he could not purchase to the in-

tended extent, on such advantageous terms. On the third day, perhaps, the intelligence, which had been expected by the jobbers to be unfavorable, arrives, and instead of being so, turns out to be highly favorable. Prices instantaneously rise again; and possibly they may get one and a half, or even two per cent. higher than they were when he sold out his five hundred thousand pounds. He now sells out at the advanced price the entire million and a half pounds he had purchased at the reduced prices. The gains by such extensive operations, when thus skilfully managed, are enormous.

Bank Teller's "Varieties."

FEW are aware of the perplexing difficulties of a bank teller. Besides the routine of business in connection with the clearing-house, which requires most judicious examination, the current business of the day goes on with increasing pressure from the outside. So long as he can dispose of the applications uninterruptedly, as they are represented, the lobby is comparatively quiet and free from obstruction; but even a momentary stoppage causes the crowd to gather, and soon ten or a dozen persons are waiting to be served in turn. Expressions of impatience are not uncommon. The teller is pronounced “slow”—“indifferent to the convenience of the customers”—“incompetent,” and “tantaling,” by his deliberation of movement. Deliberation is the secret of his accomplishing so much. In truth, there is hardly a moment when he may not be said to be doing two or more things at once.

The interruptions to which he is subjected are almost incessant. The cashier has just received advices of the issue of a number of duplicate checks by a corresponding bank, to replace the originals which have been lost in the mail. He brings the letter and list of duplicates to the teller, who is occu-

pieced several minutes in obtaining a clear understanding of the case. Some of the originals might be in the hands of persons then waiting to be served, and he must be able to detect them at sight.

"Will you pay me this check, sir? I don't want to be kept here half a day!" growls a hot-tempered customer.

"Yes, sir," answers the teller, "if you will have the discrepancy corrected between the figures and the writing."

Another: "How did your exchanges come out the day before yesterday?" asks a messenger from another bank.

"A thousand dollars over."

"That's lucky! Our teller is short a thousand—that must be it."

"Well, if he can establish his claim, and no other bank contests, I'll pay it."

"I want five thousand dollars in gold for that check—not good," says another bank messenger.

The porter or specie clerk, who keeps the coin prepared for such demands, is absent, and the teller may be obliged to go to the vault for it.

In the next moment, a check which had been sent to another bank, through the exchanges, is returned for a written guarantee of indorsement. If satisfied of its correctness, the teller gives the guarantee. Otherwise he pays the money for it, and returns it to the dealer who had deposited it.

A stranger offers to the teller five hundred dollars in bills, to pay a check which he had drawn on the bank. Keeping no account, his money is refused, but he persists in an altercation about it, to the hindrance of those behind him.

A dealer wants thirty or forty thousand dollars in coin, to pay duties at the custom house. Another hands in a memorandum check that he has given out, but of which he wants to arrest payment. Another inquires whether a lost check, of which he had previously given notice, has been paid. A porter from the Merchants' Bank presents a

dozen notes of different parties for certification, and he is immediately followed by one from another bank, with a bag of gold which he reports ten dollars short, and which may be the occasion of some dispute.

The other clerks have frequent necessity to communicate with the paying teller with respect to the state of accounts, and he with them.

A noisy colloquy ensues with a dealer whose check has been refused, because of his deposit having been credited to another party; and with another, whose account appears deficient, because a promised discount of paper has not been entered on the books.

"Here," says Mr. Bungle, returning a handful of crumpled bank bills and coin, "that money which you paid me is twenty dollars short." The teller examines it, and satisfies Mr. Bungle that the error was in his own counting.

Raising Money on Manuscript.

IN ancient times, manuscripts were important articles in a commercial point of view; they were excessively scarce, and preserved with the utmost care. Usurers themselves considered them as precious objects for pawn. A student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law; and a grammarian, who was ruined by a fire, rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero, through the pawnbroker.

Irish Banker Redeeming his Notes.

SAYS a sprightly writer who possesses a lively relish for the humorous in matters of business: I once accompanied a large party of English ladies and gentlemen to that enchanting spot, the Lakes of Killarney, where, having amused ourselves for a few days, we were on the point of returning to Dublin, when one of the party recollected

that he had in his possession a handful of notes on a banker who was a kind of saddler in the town of Killarney. Accordingly, we all set out by way of sport to have them exchanged, our principal object being to see and converse with the proprietor of such a bank.

Having entered the "bank," which hardly sufficed to admit the whole company, we found the banking saddler hard at work. One of the gentlemen thus addressed him :

"Good morning to you, sir. I presume you are the gentleman of the house?"

"At your service, ladies and gentlemen," returned the saddler.

"It is here that I understand that the bank is kept."

"You are right, sir," was the reply; "this is the Killarney Bank, for want of a better."

"We are on the eve," said the spokesman, "of quitting your town, and, as we have some few of your notes which will be of no manner of use to us elsewhere, I'll thank you for the cash for them."

The banker replied "Cash, please your honor, what is that? Is it anything in the leather line? I have a beautiful saddle here as ever was put across a horse, good and cheap. How much of my notes have you, sir, if you please?"

"There are no less than sixteen of your promises to pay, for the amazingly large sum of fifteen shillings and ninepence sterling money."

"I should be sorry, most noble," returned the banker, "to waste any more of your lordship's time or of those swate beautiful ladies and gentlemen, but I have an illegant bridle here as isn't to be matched in Yoorup, Aishy, Africay, or Merickay; its lowest price is fifteen shillings six and a-half pence—will say fifteen shillings sixpence to your lordship. If ye'll be plased to accept of it, then there will be twopence ha'penny or a three-pence note coming to your

lordship, and that will clear the business at once."

This account of an Irish banker, although possibly somewhat overcharged, may be considered a pretty fair specimen of many who pretended to carry on the business of banking in that country, years ago.

Florentine Brokers and Money Loaners.

THE early prosperity of the Florentine brokers was great indeed. The useful invention of a system of exchange, first known, or at least perfected in Florence, raised her in commercial character; and strengthened by the sums of money which, at an advantageous interest, were loaned by the Florentine merchants to the largest houses, and not unfrequently to the governments of other countries, the body or board of Florentine brokers became at once among the most influential in the domestic affairs of the city, and among the most necessary to the rising commerce of Europe.

The mode of exacting security on loans is a notable circumstance, and shows, with unerring certainty, the exact value to commerce of the indefatigable exertions made by the money lenders of Florence. When Aldobrandino d'Este applied for the aid of the bankers of Florence, in addition to the mortgage of all his real estate, they required the person of his brother in pledge. The neglect of similar precautions had caused to Florence a loss that shook the whole fabric of commercial prosperity, when Edward of England, the conqueror of Cressy and Poitiers, and the ambitious aspirant to the realm and throne of France, permitted the great house of Peruzzi to fail in consequence of his inability to repay the moneys which they had furnished for his wars, and which amounted to a sum, calculated according to the present value of money, of not less than thirteen millions of dollars.

Conducting Business on the Paris Bourse.

THERE are some interesting peculiarities in the mode of doing business on the Paris Bourse, or stock exchange. The *agens de change* alone are authorized by law to purchase or sell public securities. All respectable business, whether for cash or the end of the month, is transacted by them—not, as in London, through the medium of the third party, called the jobber,—but directly with each other. They seldom communicate to their principals the names of the persons with whom they deal; but they report each bargain as it is made, and answer at the end of the month for the balance due to him. They are very cautious in doing business with the public, and they generally require a deposit, or *couverture*, as it is called, of from two to four per cent. of the sum bought or sold, before they will deal for the end of the month.

Their profits are enormous, as about sixty agents engross the whole respectable business of the Bourse, and as they encounter losses only when some great banker fails, or some brother *agent de change* stops payment.

The *agens de change* compose what is called the "*parquet*," but there is another body in the exchange called the *coulisse*, consisting of speculators of all classes and fortunes, who are beyond the law, and who do business with each other on parole. There are respectable men to be found in the *coulisse*, but many persons are admitted into it who have very little to recommend them. Their operations are all for time, and in the three per cents. only. Several members of the *coulisse* do business as brokers for speculators out of the market, but their chief occupation consists in catching for each other the turn of the market. It rarely happens that the *parquet* and the *coulisse* take the same view of public affairs; and the former, backed by the great capi-

talists, are usually the "bulls," while the latter usually are the "bears." In both, the small fry are sacrificed—sooner or later they are carried down the stream, as the rich bankers, at stated times, combine and execute them without mercy.

Terrible Revenge on a Bank by Rothschild.

AN amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London.

The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported to him the fact: "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are!"

Three weeks afterward, Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the five-pound notes he could procure in England and on the Continent—presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket book a five-pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note,—a third—a tenth—a hundredth, he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as, he said, "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued,

till the close of the bank. The baron had employed seven hours to change twenty-one thousand pounds. But as he had also nine employés of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note.

Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They however laughed less when they saw him return the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of bankers said with ironic simplicity: "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" "For two months!" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they have never possessed!" The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. The next morning, notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

Determining the Genuineness of a Check.

THE bank account of a highly respectable house was reported overdrawn for two thousand dollars; and one of the firm denied the genuineness of a particular check for that amount. A number of his checks were so arranged as to conceal all but the signatures, and he was requested to point out the forgery. He acknowledged his inability to discriminate between that and any other. On close inquiry it appeared that he had been in the habit of signing checks in blank to the order of his bookkeeper, to be used in his ab-

sence, and the one in question was of this description, excepting that it was payable to the bearer. He was asked if he could swear that the signature was not his own—to which he answered in the negative. Yet it was not made subject to order in his usual form, and he had no recollection of having signed it. Under these circumstances, the bank insisted that it was genuine, and the house submitted to the loss.

Modern Bank Directors' Parlor.

THE bank room, or parlor, of the Bank of England, is the grand centre around which the whole mechanism of that vast establishment revolves. There in solemn assembly sit, once a week, that august commercial body, reverently spoken of by all as the "board of directors;" there all the overdrawn accounts are gone over and commented upon; instructions are given for further advance or reduced balances; all the bills on hand, and the character of their acceptors, are regularly examined and criticized; grave deliberations are held as to the best means of investing any surplus funds; and last, but not least, to those immediately concerned, the question of salaries is there gone into, and duly disposed of. Very rarely, indeed, is a joke heard, or a pun perpetrated in this retreat, sacred to business alone; but should such an event ever occur, it would doubtless be some dry wit comprehensible only to financiers. The directors never die—that is to say, they never die out. So soon as a vacancy takes place, it is immediately filled, generally by the largest shareholder, if possessed of a reasonable amount of capacity for the position.

Detecting Bad Bills.

A BANK TELLER requires an instinctive faculty for the detection of spurious bills. To stand by and observe him counting, it might be supposed that he



Modern Bank Directors' Parlor.

could hardly get a glimpse of each, so rapidly do they pass through his hands. He looks as if he were trying how many times he could strike the ends of his fingers together in the twentieth part of a second; but you see a steady stream of bills issuing beneath them and gradually gathering into a pile.

There goes one aside, without perceptible pause in the handling! He checks the item on the list, and with his right hand thrusts the pile into a drawer, whilst with the left he tosses the single bill back to the depositor.

“Counterfeit—five dollars off!”

He makes the entry, deducting it from the list, hands the book to the dealer, and takes the next in order, in which there is a package of mixed denominations of several hundred dollars. He gives it a smack on the counter to loosen the bills, and a peculiar toss, which makes them fall over like the leaves of a book, affording an instantaneous glance at their ends. His eye has caught in that instant an old acquaintance.

“Where did you get that altered bill?” he asks of the customer, meanwhile counting—“twenty, thirty, fifty,

fifty-five, sixty,” and on he goes like lightning. The dealer looks astonished, not thinking that the question could possibly have reference to any bill in his money. The teller repeats, without ceasing his account for an appreciable instant—“one twenty, one thirty, two, five, one forty five—say, where did you get that altered bill?—sixty-five, one seventy, eighty, two thirty—*that*,” he says, tossing it in his face—“two altered to ten; two eighty-five, two ninety-five, three, five, ten, three thirty-five—ten off, right;” and the deposit is entered, and the dealer’s book is returned before he knows it, and the teller is in the midst of another count for the next customer in order.

This is very curious to an inexperienced observer. But there are certain well-known spurious and altered bank bills, which are distinguished by a quick teller, as well as the countenance of said teller’s landlord who approaches to ask for his quarter’s rent.

An Excited Specie Hunter.

DURING the heat of the specie excitement at Glasgow, a few years ago, a

gentleman went into the Union Bank of that city, and presented a check of five hundred pounds. The teller asked him if he wished gold. "Gold!" replied he, "no; give me notes, and let the fools that are frightened get the gold."

Another gentleman rushed into the same bank in a great state of excitement, with a check for fourteen hundred pounds. On being asked if he wished gold, he replied, "Yes." "Well," said the teller, "there are one thousand pounds in that bag, and four hundred in this one." The gentleman was so flurried by the readiness with which the demand was granted, that he lifted up the bag with the four hundred pounds only, and walked off, leaving the one thousand pounds on the counter. The teller, on discovering the bag, laid it aside for the time. Late in the day the gentleman returned to the bank in great distress, stating that he had lost the bag with the one thousand pounds, and could not tell whether he left it behind him on leaving the bank, or dropped it while in the crowd. "Oh, you left it on the counter," said the teller quietly, "and if you will call to-morrow you will get your thousand pounds."

Renewing a Note.

As queer scenes occur in the daily proceedings of a bank, probably, as in almost any kind or place of business that can be named—the apparent monotonous routine of bank transactions being diversified by many an odd incident.

When the tellers get at their posts, and the hour for business has arrived, customers begin to drop in first one by one, and there are generally "cases" of some sort or other soon requiring special attention. Perhaps among them will come "Old Indian," as he is familiarly known at the institution, a man who has honorably acquitted himself in the military line, and one who

is liked by all at the bank, but who has got into difficulties, which, perhaps, he feels to be more galling than he ever did the fire of an enemy. Without preliminaries, he, soldier-like, comes to the point at once.

"I wish to pay the interest on that bill of mine you hold, and to renew it for three months longer."

"Very good, sir; I will find the bill."

The teller now goes ostensibly for the document, but in reality to consult the manager's wishes on the subject: "Mr. Brookes has called to renew his note; shall I do so?" "Well, I suppose we must. You know we have a little security for it, and as he means to pay off gradually, we must try to oblige him."

Having thus "found the bill," the teller again goes to his desk, and draws out the new one, which the old gentleman signs, pays the interest on the first, and with a stiff "good morning," takes his leave. They all feel for him, but sometimes wonder, with all credit to his good intentions, whether he will ever do much more than *renew* his bills.

Franklin's Multitude of Capitalists.

"TIME is money," said Franklin; but it doesn't follow that the multitude of those who have so great a quantity of such "money" on their hands are all capitalists.

"Manifolding" Bank Notes.

THE use of bank notes, independently of their legitimate value, appears to be somewhat diverse. But perhaps the most extraordinary use to which they have been applied is to be found in the process termed "manifolding." A person carrying on a rather extensive business in the British provinces, being in want of cash, and having in his possession a fifty-pound note, came to the conclusion that he would cut it in two. With one part he went to a moneyed acquaintance told him he had just re-

ceived it by post, and that the other would follow in a day or two, and it would be a great convenience if his friend could advance him cash to the amount on its security. The person to whom he applied consented to the request. Having been thus successful with one half, he determined to try the other; with it he proved equally fortunate, and thus his fifty-pound note produced him one hundred pounds. The game was too profitable to be given up at once; so he went to a banker, and demanded a one hundred pound note with the cash he had received. Again he had recourse to the process of cutting; again he victimized two acquaintances, and thus procured two hundred pounds for his original note. With the money thus acquired he departed, satisfied with having gained one hundred and fifty pounds thus easily.

Running a Bank.

THE Bank of England probably never passed through a more critical strait than the "run" made upon it by the Duc de Choiseul,—a French plan to destroy the institution, hoping thereby to obtain important State advantages for France over her rival. Some millions of livres added to the zeal of the French emissaries, who discovered a period when the bullion was somewhat low, and spread reports calculated to injure the standing of the corporation.

Collecting all the notes which they could possibly procure, they poured them into the bank, and carried away the gold with a parade which attracted the attention it sought. The old cry arose of a run upon the bank, and in a few hours the whole city was in motion. Volumes of paper were presented, and gold received in exchange. The consternation of the directors was in proportion to the suddenness of the attack. The alarm, far from being quieted, became every day more general. Post-chaises poured in from the

provinces. The application for specie became more urgent. There was no mode of judging to what extent an attempt so unprecedented and so unexpected might be carried. The efforts of the national enemy seemed prospering, and for some days England appeared to be on the brink of the greatest evil which could happen.

Time was necessary to collect specie, and people were employed day and night to coin money. All the gold which by any stratagem could be gathered was brought into the bank. The method of paying by weight was discontinued. The sums claimed were delivered with greater deliberation; and the money placed guinea by guinea on the table. For nine days this fever continued; but the method adopted by the directors, with concurrent circumstances, gave time for the production of a large supply of gold. All the demands were met, and the claimants finding there was no cause for doubt, resumed their confidence in the bank.

Intruding into the Bullion Room.

THE directors of the Bank of England some time since received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion room. They treated the matter as a hoax and took no notice of the letter. Another and more urgent and specific letter failed to rouse them. At length, the writer offered to meet them in their bullion room at any hour they might please to name. They then communicated with their correspondent through the channel he had indicated, appointing some "dark and midnight hour" for the rendezvous. A deputation from the Board, with lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent. Punctual to the hour a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor without much trouble were displaced, and

in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the presence of the astonished directors. His story was very simple and straightforward. An old drain ran under the bullion room, the existence of which had become known to him, and by means of which he might have carried away enormous sums. Inquiry was made. Nothing had been abstracted, and the directors forthwith rewarded the honesty and ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent—a working man, who had been employed in repairing sewers—by a present of eight hundred pounds.

Rothschild Trying to Raise a Small Loan.

THE name of Nathan Meyer Rothschild is found upon more money bills than passed through any twenty banking firms in London, during the period covered by his business career. But he was far from being celebrated for his proficiency in the art of writing. This defect, on one occasion in particular, caused him some little annoyance. He was travelling in Scotland, and, on his return, stopped at the town of Montrose; here, wishing to replenish his exhausted exchequer, he went to the bank, and requested cash for a draft of one hundred pounds on his agent in London. He was, however, much surprised at the refusal of the bank manager to honor his check, without, as that functionary said, having the genuineness of the signature—which he was *utterly unable to read*—previously accredited; and for this purpose it must be first forwarded to London. To this arrangement Mr. Rothschild was compelled to submit; and as, at that time, it took six days before an answer could be received from London, he was detained until the reply came, which, of course, proving favorable, he was enabled to pursue his journey.

Girard's Great Government Loan.

IT is a fact which may be put to the credit of Girard's patriotism, that in 1814, when the credit of the country was exhausted, the treasury bankrupt, and an invading army was marching over the land; when, in fact, subscriptions were solicited for funds to the amount of five millions of dollars, upon the inducement of a large bonus and an interest of seven per cent., and only twenty thousand dollars could be obtained upon that offer for the purpose of carrying on the war, Stephen Girard stepped forward and subscribed for the whole amount. When, too, those who had before rejected the terms were afterward anxious to subscribe, even at a considerable advance from the original subscription, these individuals were let in by him upon the same terms.

Coin Used by Judas.

THE "piece of silver," thirty of which were paid to Judas, in his trade of betraying Christ, was considered a peculiar piece by the Israelites, and was always spoken of in their holy books as the shekel of Israel, or holy shekel of the sanctuary. It was the amount which each Israelite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, was required to pay into the public treasury, as a ransom for their delivery, during their sojourn in the wilderness.

According to the British currency, a shekel was worth two shillings three pence three farthings,—equal to about fifty cents of our money. The coin was somewhat larger than an American half-dollar, and was smooth-edged. On one side it bore the emblem of Aaron's rod, as mentioned in Numbers, xvii. 8, surrounded with the inscription in Hebrew which is given in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus—with the words, "Shekel of Israel."

History of the Old Red Cent.

As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure succeeding this—the staid, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair,—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

Origin of Paper Money.

THE celebrated traveller, Marco Paulo, of Venice, was the first person who announced to Europe the existence of paper money in China, under the Moguls. It was subsequently introduced by the Moguls into Persia, where their notes were called djaou, or djaw, a word evidently derived from the Chinese word schiao—a word intended to signify the want of specie.

The fact of the Moguls having, in China and Persia, made use of paper money, has induced the belief that they were the inventors of it. But in the history of Tchingiz-khan, and of the Mogul dynasty in China, published in the year 1739, the author speaks of the suppression of the paper money,

which was in use under the dynasty of the Soung, who reigned in China previous to the Moguls; and he also mentions a new species of notes which were substituted for the ancient in the year 1264.

The original financial speculation of the Chinese ministry, to provide for the extraordinary expenditures of the state, which were exceeding the revenues, was in the year 119 before the Christian era. At this period were introduced the phi-pi, or value in skins. These were small pieces of the skin of deer, which were kept in a pen, within the precincts of the palace. They were a Chinese square foot in size, and were beautifully ornamented with painting and embroidery. The price of those skins was fixed at a sum equal in English money to about twelve guineas.

Ricardo's Three Golden Rules.

DAVID RICARDO, the English Jew broker, accumulated an immense property. He had what he called his three golden rules in business, the observance of which he always pressed upon his private friends. These were: Never to refuse an option when you can get it; cut short your losses; let your profits run on. By cutting short one's losses, Mr. Ricardo meant that, when a broker had made a purchase of stock, and prices were falling, he ought to re-sell immediately. And by letting one's profits run on, he meant that, when a dealer possessed stock, and the prices were rising, he ought not to sell until prices had reached their highest, and were beginning again to fall.

M. Rothschild on the Secret of his Success.

ON the occasion of a familiar interview, one day, between Sir Thomas Buxton and Rothschild, the latter said: "My success has always turned upon one maxim. I said, *I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for all*

the rest of 'em. Another advantage I had—I was always an off-hand man; I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds in gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought the whole of it. I knew the Duke of Wellington *must* have it. I had bought a great many bills of his at a discount. The government sent for me, and *said* they must have it. When they had got it, they didn't know how to get it to Portugal, where they wanted it. I undertook all that, and sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did in my life.

“It requires (continued Rothschild) a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I should listen to one half the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon.

“One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man. He tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, ‘Grunt, grunt,’ then ‘Squeak, squeak.’ But this does me no harm. I am always in good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, he runs away as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing.”

Application for a Discount, by Astor.

MR. J. J. ASTOR'S profits rolled in upon him at a rate which no one could have dreamed of, and he kept their amount a secret until he had so penetrated the frontier by his agencies that he controlled the whole fur-trade, when he occasionally acknowledged a degree of wealth which astonished those who heard. For instance, he had occasion at a certain time, to use a large amount

of cash, and, what was very rare with him, applied to his bank for a heavy discount. The unusual circumstance and the sum demanded startled the cashier, who, in a plain business way, put the question: “Mr. Astor, how much do you consider yourself worth?” “*Not less than a million,*” was the reply. “A million!”—the cashier was overwhelmed. He supposed that he knew all his customers, and had rated Astor at hardly more than one-tenth of that sum.

Peculiar Management of the Bank of Amsterdam.

PREVIOUSLY to the year 1609, the great trade of Amsterdam brought thither large quantities of clipped and worn coin, from foreign countries. Thus, the whole currency became greatly debased; for, whenever any coin was issued fresh from the mint, as the metal was worth more than its nominal and current value, it was immediately withdrawn from circulation, and exported, or melted down. In this state of things, merchants could not always find enough of good money to pay their bills of exchange.

To remedy the inconveniences in question, a bank was established in 1609, which received all money, at its real value in standard coin, and gave the owners credit for the amount, after deducting a small percentage for the recoinage and other expenses. A law was passed, that all bills of exchange of the value of six hundred guilders, or above, should be payable only in bank currency—a regulation, which at once compelled all merchants to open an account with the bank. As the city of Amsterdam became bound for the solvency of the bank, and as the paper currency had many conveniences, the bank paper was always at a premium, and could be sold in the money market for more than its nominal value. Consequently there was no necessity to demand payment of the bills.

The bank professed to lend no part of the money that was deposited in its vaults, but to have the value in coin always in hand, for all its certificates of credit. It is believed that this was really the case; for, on one occasion, when political events caused a run upon the bank, some of the coins, then paid out, bore the marks of having been scorched by a fire, which had occurred soon after the institution was established.

Lost Bank-Note of Thirty Thousand Pounds.

A VERY wealthy English banker had occasion for thirty thousand pounds, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought; to facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note somewhat carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterward to lock it up, it was not to be found.

No one had entered the room—he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The banker went to acquaint the gentlemen, who were associated with him as directors of the bank, with the misfortune that had happened to him; and, as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only four-and-twenty hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger.

About thirty years afterward (the banker having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost bill

at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they narrated to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled—he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid to him. The heirs of the deceased banker would not heed any demand upon them for restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterward that an architect, having purchased the banker's house, had it taken down, in order to build another upon the same spot, and found the note in a crevice of the chimney!

Merchants' Notes as Currency.

THE peculiarities of carrying on business in the United States and England respectively, are illustrated by the difference in passing good mercantile notes as a circulating medium. In England, a note of hand, when given for any business purpose, is not taken to some convenient banker's, to be discounted or sold, but is treated with that deference that is given to other kinds of notes signed by certain officials known as the president and cashier of a bank, for the simple reason that, if made by an honest, responsible man, it is worth just as much. The holder can, any day, in the neighborhood where its character may be known, without any previous negotiation, buy anything he pleases, and pay for it with this paper by simply indorsing it—because the second holder knows he can in turn do the same; and so it goes, getting farther and farther from home, until having passed through the hands of perhaps more than twenty different persons, and being literally covered with indorsements, it is finally lodged in the bank for collection. Such a note, of one thousand pounds, is frequently made

to pay the indebtedness of twenty different men, not one of whom needs to know whether the bank is calling in or letting out its best money, or to care whether his banker is easy or "tight" in his financial condition.

Scenes after Discount Day.

DISCOUNT customers at New York banks are, in a good majority of cases, an eager set. The first crowd at the bank the morning after the board has sat, is composed of the most anxious dealers. It is important for them to know early, whether they must seek elsewhere the bread of commercial life for the day. They are followed by the less needy—the more deliberate, who know the value of "deportment" in a tight market. Here are some samples which will keep fresh for a long time :

"Notes done, sir?" is asked by the applicant, either verbally, or in pantomime. The affirmative causes a bright gleam of sunshine in the face of the questioner. But a negative to the next comer substitutes a scowl of disappointment: "What is the reason of that, sir? Has the bank stopped discounting?" "Market tightened up, sir. Deposits down. Offerings very heavy."

The customer departs with an audible growl of indignation at what he conceives to be "a denial of rights."

Another: "Good morning, Mr. Smith; what have you to say to me?" "Nothing very encouraging, sir. The bank discounted one of your notes." "What—only one out of ten?" "That's all. Very good proportion, I do assure you." "A single thousand! And I want five to-day! Where's the president?" "In his room, sir. But I don't believe you'll gain anything by talking to him. Our receipts are very small just now, and the porter brings bad news from the clearing-house."

A third fills the little gate in the railing with a grim and threatening visage, but does not speak. The clerk knows

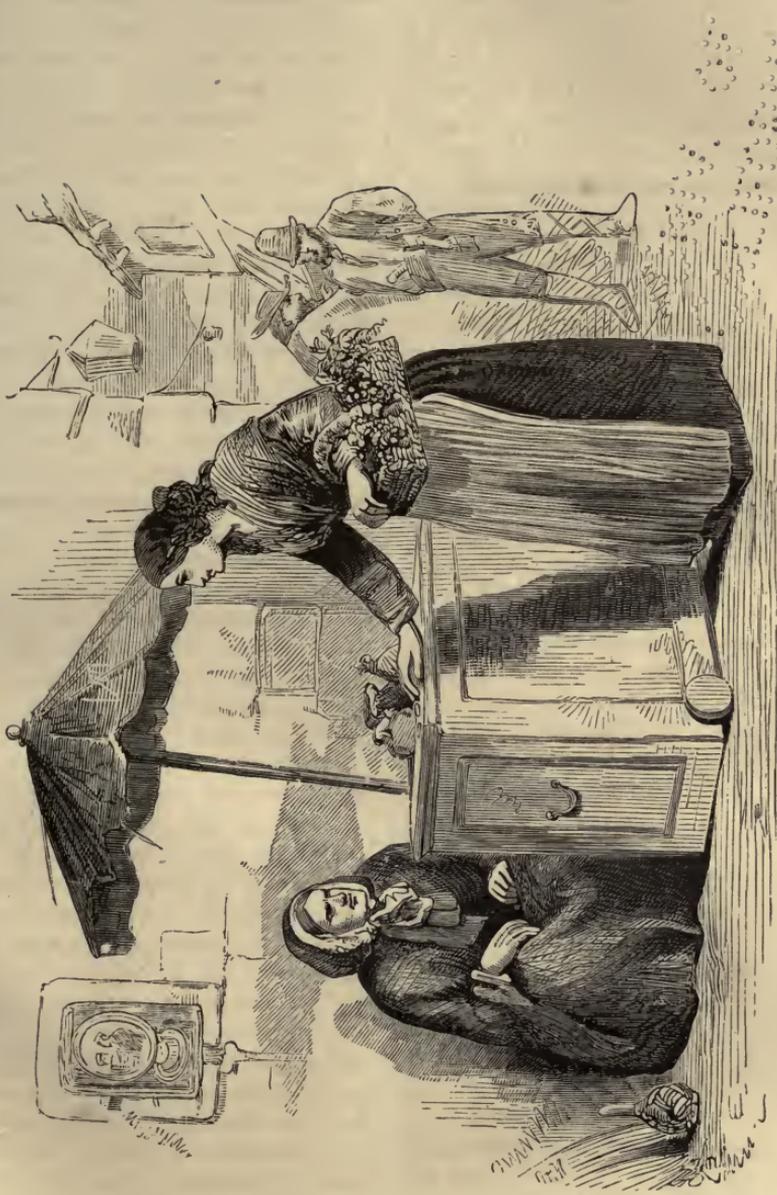
him as a frequent applicant, and seldom a fortunate one; the character of his account, as well as of his paper, being inferior, and presenting no claims worthy of consideration by the directors. He receives back his offering without remark, and departs in sullen silence.

Customer four: "Well, Smith, don't tell me my notes ain't done!" "Wouldn't if I could help it, sir. Board did mighty little." "Hang the board! Isn't there any explanation? Don't they know the paper? Is it too long?" "No explanation given to me. Bank's short. Can't help it. Majority in the same boat." Customer leaves an oath behind him.

Neapolitan Cambiamoneta, or Money Changer.

ALONG the crowded streets of Naples the passer-by will occasionally see a great red umbrella mounted on a tall pole, and under which a very snug little business is carried on. A smart, respectable, middle-aged lady sits in state beneath this circumscribed, but brilliant, little awning, which lends a decidedly roseate hue, not only to herself but to her calling. The table at which she sits is, in fact, a "strong box" on wheels, and she herself is a banker in a small way—a street money-changer. On her little counter are disposed various money bags, with open mouths—a small one of gold, a larger one of silver, and a still larger of copper coins. Her transactions are as safe as they are simple. She does not lend out her money on usury; she does not gamble on the stock-exchange, or make "time bargains," or demand a high rate of interest for "accommodation," while she gives a low rate of interest on "deposits." She merely lays herself out to change one set of coins into their equivalents; for this she receives a small banker's commission, and on this small commission she lives and thrives.

It is surprising how often her intervention is required in the daily busi-



NEAPOLITAN MONEY CHANGERS.



ness of life. Here is a laughing, rollicking, black-eyed servant girl come out, with a basket on her arm, to make her purchases in the market of Santa Lucia. Her money does not happen to be in an available shape, and the fish-monger cannot give change. But—"Ah! most fortunate! See, the Signora Marchetti! Ah, *'cellenza*, without your help I am lost. Oblige me, this holy morning, with some of your dear *carlini*. My *padrone* (master) is so impatient. Ah, *'cellenza*, how eagerly he craves his dinner." And so her "Excellency" is only too happy to oblige her friend, the brisk and vivacious little cook, while with the blandest of smiles she deducts from the change her own pretty little percentage.

Again, there is a tall, dark, suspicious-looking man, who finds that his long walk from Capua has made a hole in his shoe. Near by, too, there is a poor street cobbler, who is seated on his own tool-basket, with his little hammer, and his twine and wax disposed around him on the pavement. The dark Capuan kicks off his ailing shoe, plants his unshod foot on the ground by the shod one, and, in spite of the police, hums a proscribed ode to Masaniello, until the poor cobbler sets him comfortably on his feet again. Once more, the Signora Marchetti must be referred to, for the cobbler's pocket is as empty as himself, and not a "*grana*" lurks there to supply his employer with the requisite change, and to supply himself with the yet more requisite dinner of chestnuts; and thus, for an additional exchange of equivalents, the banker's commission glides into the Signora's waiting purse.

Largest Check ever Drawn.

IN the negotiations made a few years since by the English government for a loan of eighty million dollars, the successful contractors were the Messrs. Rothschild; and, having been sup-

ported by the subscriptions of friends, they were of course recognized as the acting firm in that important transaction. In paying the first deposit toward this amount to the government, the check they drew was for the sum of *six million dollars*. This bank check was probably the largest ever drawn at once by one private banking-house—or, if not, it was certainly for a very "considerable sum."

Lorillard Paying a Bequest in Bank Stock.

ON a certain occasion, Jacob Lorillard was appointed executor to an estate in which the widow had a life-interest, but where each of the children was to receive a thousand dollars on coming to age. When, in the first case, this period had arrived, one of the sons called on him for the amount of this bequest. "And what," he said, "do you wish to do with it?" "To purchase stock with it in a particular bank." "At what is it now selling?" "A hundred and ten." "Have you any objections to leave the money with me on interest till the 1st of May, and then I will let you have the stock at the same rate?" In the mean time it fell, as he anticipated, to eighty-four. When this change took place, the young man was greatly depressed. He called at the time appointed, to fulfil the engagement. "The stock is ready for you," Mr. Lorillard playfully remarked; "however, if you prefer it, I will release you from the contract, and the money may remain where it is." It may easily be conceived that the young man left him grateful and rejoicing.

Greatest Lending House in Europe.

THE great money-lending house at Naples was first established in 1539 or 1540. Two rich citizens, Aurelio Papparo and Leonardo or Nardo di Palma, redeemed all the pledges which were at that time in the hands of the Jews, and

offered to deliver them to the owners without interest, provided they would return the money which had been advanced on them. More of the opulent citizens soon followed their examples; many bequeathed large sums for this particular purpose; and Toledo, the viceroy, who drove the Jews from the kingdom, supported it by every method possible. This lending house, which has undergone so many variations, is the largest in Europe; and it contains such an immense amount and number of different articles, many of them exceedingly valuable, that it may be considered as a repository of the most important part of the movables of the whole nation.

Oldest Bill of Exchange in the World, 1325.

THE oldest copy of a formal bill of exchange known to be in existence, at present, is one dated at Milan, on the 9th of March, 1325, and runs in the original as follows:

"Pagate per questa prima litera [lettera] a di IX. Ottobre a Luca de Goro Lib. XLV. Sono per la valuta qui da Marco Reno, al tempo il pagate e ponete a mio conto e R. che Christo vi guarde Bonromeo de Bonromei de Milano IX. de' Marzo, 1325." Or, in English—

"Pay for this first bill of exchange, on the 9th of October, to Luca Goro 45 livres; they are for value received here from Marco Reno; at the time of maturity pay the same to my account, thanking you, may Christ protect you, Bonromeo de Bonromei of Milan, the 9th of March, 1325."

Unexpected Balance at Coutts's Bank.

LORD A. FITZCLARENCE happened to drop into Coutts's bank with his friend Mr. W., who wanted to draw some money, for which purpose he got a check from the cashier, and filled it up for two hundred pounds; on re-

ceiving which, he observed that he had something to say to one of the partners, and excused himself for stepping into an inner room a few minutes for the purpose. Lord A., left standing by the counter, remarked, laughingly:

"Well, it is a very pleasant thing to walk in and get helped to two hundred pounds in that way."

"If your lordship wishes to draw," replied the cashier, "I will hand you a check."

"Oh, yes! but as I do not keep an account here, that would be of very little use," said the lord; and the conversation went on, as his lordship thought, jocularly.

"I beg your lordship's pardon; but I should be very happy to cash it."

"But I tell you I have no money in the bank, and never had any at Messrs. Coutts's."

"Your lordship is mistaken; there is a larger sum than that standing on our books in your name;" and, consulting a large ledger, he pointed out the entry.

It turned out that Lord A.'s royal father had vested certain amounts for the younger branches of his family, and had somehow forgotten to mention the circumstance; and so it might have lain for a very long time, as it is a rule of the house never to announce moneys paid in.

Colloquies inside the Bank.

IN his various walks and contacts, the porter of a bank gains much knowledge of men and things, which, discretionally, or in answer to questions, he communicates to the bank officials, between whom and himself there is free and often confidential intercourse. Here is an amusing illustration, from no other pen than Gibbons's:

"What news at the clearing-house to-day, Mr. Donaldson?" asks the president. "I didn't hear anything particular, sir. It looks as if things might

be a little excited and uncomfortable, that's all." "Ah! Well, that's a good deal. What makes you think so?" "A little sort of *snaf*, sir. Some of the porters came in late, as though they'd been holding back for morning checks." "Did you hear anything in the street?" "I heard some talk about a failure among the brokers, but no name." "No steamer in?" "Well, yes, sir; but the boys ain't crying an extra yet. They've got a notice on the bulletins—'Delhi not taken!'"

The president catches a valuable hint from many a conversation, of which this is an example.

"Delhi not taken! Then, Mr. Cashier, I think you may answer Mr. Borrow, that we can't give him any privilege of over-draft, nor re-discount his paper. These country banks must learn to take care of themselves." An application for a credit of fifty thousand dollars, which had been lying in suspense, is thus decided by the state of things *in India*.

It is not unlikely that the porter will carry notices to parties within the next half hour, calling in one or two hundred thousand dollars of demand loans, so sensitive are bank officers to imaginary effects that may follow an announcement that some "Delhi" or other is "not yet taken."

Disadvantage of being a Bank Director.

THE Senate of the State once elected Mr. Matthew Carey, the eminent book publisher, a director of the Bank of Pennsylvania. He mentions, as a disadvantage to him from the position, the lenity shown by the other directors, whereby his debts rose extravagantly high. This evil he urges with great warmth and zeal, as the one which several times in his business life came near bringing him to bankruptcy. "I printed and published," he declares, "above twice as many books as were necessary for the extent of my business; and, in

consequence, incurred oppressive debts to banks—was laid under contribution for interest to them and to usurers, which not only swallowed up my profits, but kept me in a constant state of penury. I was in many cases shaved so close by the latter class, that they almost skinned me alive. To this cause my difficulties were nearly altogether owing, for I did a large and profitable business almost from the time I opened a bookstore."

He sets down another evil practice of his business career, which he cautions young traders to shun, as they would "temporal perdition." It is that of endorsement. "In this way, in fourteen years," he writes, "I lost between thirty and forty thousand dollars; and but for this I might have retired from business ten years earlier than I did; besides, in one of the cases of failure, I was brought to the verge of stoppage."

Royal Pawnors and Brokers.

THE infection of gambling, in the different varieties of that practice, is so strong that Pope, who knew his countrymen well, declared that:

"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks;
Peeress and butler share alike the box;
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown."

In the twelfth century Richard I. pawned the revenues of the crown for the payment of moneys borrowed to defray the expenses of the fanatical conquest of the Holy Land. Henry III. pawned the crown jewels and regal ornaments and robes of state. Edward I. borrowed money to pay the debts of his father, in order to get his soul "out of purgatory," as the record states. Richard II. was deposed for extorting one million one hundred thousand pounds sterling, under pretext of borrowing, which was never repaid. This was one of the chief

causes of the York and Lancaster wars. In 1346 Edward III. ordered a sum of money to be lent to him. Henry IV. obliged the rich men of the kingdom to lend him money on the growing taxes. Henry VIII. escaped the punishment he so justly merited for defrauding his creditors; he compelled Parliament to pass two acts, offering him "all the money he had received in loans,"—thus discharging him of all obligations he had come under, and all suits that might arise thereupon. In money matters in Elizabeth's time, the people insisted upon the payment of the sums advanced to her predecessors, a demand she was wise enough to comply with.

Irishman at the Bank.

THE city banks have all kinds of customers. For instance, one in the shape of an Irish pig-jobber, a stranger, introduces himself, or rather his business, by laying his great whip on the counter, taking off an apology of a hat—so far as any known styles stand related to it,—and then, fumbling in the cavernous recesses of his dirty garments, lugs out a crumpled bundle of very nasty-looking notes.

"Could ye give me your bank notes for these, sur?" he asks, in his most insinuating manner.

"We never change notes to strangers."

"Why, they're good, ain't they?"

"Yes, doubtless; but we don't change notes of another bank."

"Well, sur, supposing I'd be after paying ye a little charges now, would ye do it for me?"

"Do you know any one in the town? If you can find any one known to us, who will write his name on the back of them, we might do it, perhaps."

"Yes, sure, sur, there's Mr. Murphy the pork butcher, sur."

"Well, he will do."

In due time he re-appears, with his friend Murphy, and with much satisfac-

tion pockets the new and clean notes. After paying his "charges," as he calls them, the warm heart of a son of Erin exhibits itself:

"Thank ye, sur; and, by jabbers, if ye'll come out wid me, I'll stand trate for brandy."

Juvenile Contempt of the Bank.

A SHOP boy, having a very rustic appearance in dress and manners, entered one of the banks in Dundee, Scotland, and, throwing a sixpence to the teller, asked, "A saxpence worth o' fardins." The teller very politely replied, "I can't do it. I have not so many." Shop boy, "Gie's back my saxpence, then." The boy, on opening the door to leave, looked over his shoulder, and staring at the teller, exclaimed, "Sic a bank!" Next day he had occasion to visit the same bank, and on being asked amid the laughter of the clerks "If he got his saxpence worth o' fardins?" replied contemptuously, "Ay did I. I got them in a little pie-shop."

Banks of Ease.

MANY years ago the first settlers in Western New York were obliged to take their grain a great distance in wagons to Albany, to find a market. The roads were bad, and the travelling dangerous. Three farmers of this region found a purchaser for their loads of wheat at Amsterdam, a village some twenty-five miles west of Albany, and were glad thus to dispose of it, and save themselves the trouble and travel. They took an order on the bank of Amsterdam for their pay, which was offered them in specie—silver; but they objected to taking it, as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred the notes of the bank. And here the laugh comes in. The officers of the bank refused to give them the bills, because the farmers were going so far out into the wilderness, the bills would never come back

to the bank again! The matter was finally compromised by the bank's paying each of them one dollar extra, on their consenting to receive silver instead of paper money. Surely, this bank might well be termed a Bank of Ease!

Russian Money Brokers.

THOUGH the ring upon one's finger is said to be unsafe in the Russian money-marts, it is clear that the silver rubles and ducats on the tables of the money-brokers are perfectly secure; for tables of this kind stand at the corners of all the streets, amidst the thickest of the throng, upon which columns and heaps of the different sorts of coin are invitingly exposed to the public gaze—a phenomenon that perhaps could not take place in any other great and crowded city. It would be easy for any one intent on plunder to upset the table, and tumble its valuable freight promiscuously into the mud; and no one, amidst the general confusion, could be expected to point out the rogue that was enriching himself with the scattered spoil.

And yet it is a fact, that though thousands of rubles are often placed under the care of lads only twelve years of age, not a broker would risk a farthing, if he did not think himself perfectly safe with his money amidst all these people and the attendant commotion. But the Russian rogue is a strangely discriminating fellow, who has not the least scruple to commit some actions that are palpably dishonest—for instance, to charge a buyer six times as much for a thing as it is worth, or to pick one's pocket of watch or purse,—while he thinks others most disgraceful, and is therefore, in certain points, as honorable and trustworthy as the most conscientious man that can be found. These money-brokers are under the protection of the public and of the thieves themselves. No doubt it has

often happened that such money-tables have been overthrown, and not a single copeck, much less a ducat, has been lost, because all the by-standers, in their sheep-skin dresses, assisted with the most courteous officiousness to pick up all the pieces of gold and silver out of the dirt.

Note Buyers.

THERE are men who spend their whole lives in Wall street, and who do nothing else but buy notes. They come in early and go out late. Their time is occupied in making fresh inquiries, and in haggling about the rate per cent. You can to-day see these persons, if you will take the trouble to station yourself on the spot, and I predict you will behold what will deeply interest you. Wait a few moments near this corner, and you will not be disappointed. There he comes, passing thoughtfully along the street. He has the appearance of a man laden with many cares. Look at him! He is respectfully encased in a moderately warm suit of black. His head inclines forward; his eye has become stony; his nose pointed; his chin angular; his cheeks rigid; his lips wooden; his mind—alas! he has no longer any mind; but in place of mind he possesses an instinct so subtle and acute that it will detect a piece of "made" paper in the very curl of the signature. If you wish to see more of this sort, go and take a seat for an hour or two in one of the many small note-brokers' offices, which abound, and watch the arrival of others of these paper sharks. They come in hungry, eager, sharp, to hear and see what new offers. They have a large capital, perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, invested in notes, or represented by securities, which can be converted into cash in twenty-four hours, should it be required to buy more paper with. They are always moving about to pick up the note of some good

mechanic, who they know for certain reasons is hard-up, and who is willing to bleed freely rather than to fail in a contract.

It is hardly necessary to say that, for the delineation of the above character, the credit belongs to Kimball's facile pen.

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Jacob Lorillard's Note of Accommodation.

THE benevolent feelings manifested by Jacob Lorillard toward young beginners in business, who were needy and friendless, exhibit a very bright side to human nature. When a director of that institution, of which he was twice the president, he would frequently take a parcel of the small notes which were offered for discount by poor mechanics, who were obscure and unknown, and which, therefore, for the most part, would have been rejected, and make diligent inquiry, in person, as to their character and standing; and if he found that, with a proper regard to the interests of the bank, he could commend them to favor and confidence, he felt that he was abundantly rewarded for all his pains.

On one occasion, a person whose note had been refused where it was offered for discount, and who, it appears, had no peculiar claims on his kindness and influence, though possessing his confidence, called on him for the favor of a line of recommendation, which would be sure to procure the desired accommodation. He at once, as it seemed, complied with the desired request; instead of being a line of recommendation, however, it was afterward discovered to be a note of Mr. Lorillard, for the amount which was needed. The person immediately returned, and pointed out the mistake. "Never mind," said Mr. Lorillard, "if they will not discount your note, see whether they will not mine."

Losing a Bank Customer.

MR. CHICKERING, of piano-forte fame, one day presented a large number of notes for discount at one of the banks in Boston, where he had done his business. The president asked him who was to endorse the notes. Mr. Chickering replied, "I shall endorse them myself." "That will never do," said the president. Mr. Chickering simply responded, "Very well," took the notes, and carried them to another bank, which immediately gave him all the money he needed. On another occasion, a bank with which he had long had transactions, and to which he had as usual applied through his clerk for an accommodation, sent for Mr. Chickering, and said to him, "Security was wanted." Mr. Chickering replied, "I shall give you none; I have done my business at this bank for a long time; and if you do not know me, I shall apply where I am better known." The consequence was, the necessary discount was at once given by another bank, to which he transferred his business. This business was worth at least ten thousand dollars a year. Soon after this, a director of the bank which refused him, called on Mr. Chickering, to induce him to restore his business, under the assurance that for the future the bank would grant whatever accommodation might be wanted. Mr. Chickering, however, declined the proposed arrangement, not wishing to do business at an institution willing to suspect his responsibility.

Endorser's Qualifications.

A WORTHY but poor minister once requested the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of a country bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would "pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham." The cashier returned word that by the rules of the

bank, the endorser of the note must reside in the State !

More Cunning than Rothschild.

NOTWITHSTANDING his great forethought, sagacity, and penetration, Rothschild was occasionally surpassed in cunning. On one occasion a great banker lent Rothschild a million and a half on the security of consols, the price of which was then eighty-four. The terms on which the money was lent were simple and usual. If the price reached seventy-four, the banker might claim the stock at seventy; but Rothschild felt satisfied that, with so large a sum out of the market, the bargain was tolerably safe. The banker, however, as much a Jew as Rothschild, had a plan of his own. He immediately began selling the consols received from the latter, together with a similar amount in his own possession. The funds dropped; the stock exchange grew alarmed; other circumstances tended to depress it—the fatal price of seventy-four was reached, and the Christian banker had the satisfaction of outwitting the Hebrew loanmonger.

Voltaire's Dealings in Government Stocks.

THOUGH a literary man, Voltaire had an eye to the main chance, the angle of his vision finding its focus in government stocks. "Here I am," he says, "living in a way suited to my habits, and caring but little for to-morrow; for I have a friend, a director in the Bank of France, who writes to me whenever money is to be made in the public funds. Sometimes he writes to me desiring me to sell, because the bank is going to withdraw its notes. At other times he bids me buy—for 'we are going to issue a quantity of notes;' and so, through the kindness of my friend, I always make money, though living two hundred miles from Paris."

Jewish Money Lenders.

A PREJUDICE against Jews, on account of their sharpness in money transactions is almost universal. The simple fact is, however, just this: that when a man—not a Jew—is in a tight place, or broken down in his fortune, so that he can neither raise funds by the credit of his name nor by mortgage on his estate, he flies to the money lender. Now, Jews are essentially a financial people, and money-broking, in all its details, is their special avocation. The class of Israelite money lenders is, therefore, numerous; and it is ten to one that the broken-down individual who requires a loan addresses himself to a Jew, even if he take the money lender nearest to him, or to whom he is at first recommended. Well, he transacts his business with this Jew; and as his habits of life and shaky business condition are well known, he cannot of course obtain the loan he seeks, save on terms proportionate to the risk incurred by the lender. Yet he goes away, and denounces the Jew as a usurer; when, had he applied to a "Christian" money broker, the terms would have been equally high,—if any terms could have been effected at all, seeing that he had no real security to offer, and that his name was already tarnished. Perhaps, then, after all, Jewish "hardness" will compare favorably with the proverbially rapacious practices of Christian attorneys and the greedy exactions of Christian bill discounters !

Discounting a Hibernian's Note.

A TRANSPARENT Hibernian wanted a friend to discount a note. "If I advance this," said the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?" "I will, on my honor," replied the other—"the expense of the protest and all!"

Addison's Opinion of the Royal Exchange and its Frequenters.

ADDISON once pleasantly wrote: There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth.

The Royal Exchange of London still exhibits one of the most remarkable assemblages in the world, if the stranger visiting it is fortunate enough to have the advantage of a city merchant as his cicerone; otherwise there is little in its general aspect differing from what may be seen daily at 'Change hour in any of the large cities. But it certainly interests the stranger, on walking into the quadrangle between two and three o'clock, "when merchants most do congregate," to see the representatives of the different nations of the earth, grouped in their respective places under the piazzas, and engaging in negotiations, which, more than the councils of cabinets, influence the policy of states; and to be told, for example, that the thoughtful-looking man, with strongly marked Jewish features, leaning carelessly against a pillar, is able by a dash of his pen to control the most powerful governments in Europe. In this quadrangle, too, resides the mysterious susceptibility to the variations in the political and commercial atmosphere, indicated upon the scale of that most sensitive of all barometers, the money market, with its constantly fluctuating prices.

Money Street of New York.

WALL STREET is not a long street, though it is felt a long ways. A man, without corns, can walk the length of

it in five minutes—and then, if he should keep on, would find himself in the East River. It is not a wide street. Bids have been made from curb to curb. Wheels get locked there daily, especially near the head of it; and a vast deal of highly ornamental profanity is done by sweet-tempered carmen, who, having wedged themselves in, seem to think that, like the poor debtor, they can *swear* themselves out.

It is not a handsome street, still there is nothing wooden in it, except, perhaps, the heads of some stock buyers. White marble, brown freestone, terra cotta, and substantial granite bespeak its wealth. There is that wonderfully intricate building, the Merchants' Exchange—now the Custom House, where there is so much hard swearing over fraudulent invoices and political assessments.

On either side of the street is an illustrious row of banks and insurance offices, with foreign insurance agents, land agents, coal agents, railroad agents, steamship agents, and many other sorts of agents (Satan's too, perhaps), including some lawyers on the second and higher floors. The basements swarm with brokers. Every nook and cranny in all these buildings commands high rents. Add to this picture innumerable groups of earnest-talking, scolding, chaffing, gesticulating men, dividing the rapid currents of merchants, brokers, clerks, foreign consuls, financiers, and commercial editors, who are continually passing, and one who has never seen the notorious thoroughfare will have a tolerably graphic idea of Wall street.

It is admitted, even by Europeans, that, as a money-dealing street, this has no superior in the world. The nature and amount of transactions of this kind, for a single week, in this locality, would make a formidable portion of Doomsday Book.

**Governor of the Bank of England taken
by Surprise.**

At the half-yearly meetings of the proprietors of the Bank of England, it sometimes happens that one or more of the stockholders endeavor to elicit some information relative to the conduct of the governor, and also as to the cause of any particular loss sustained by the bank, and from what data the directors have fixed the dividend. These and similar questions are generally put in the most cautious manner; and, if answered at all—which is a rare occurrence—are met with an equal degree of caution on the part of the governor.

That functionary, however, is on some occasions taken by surprise, and betrayed into admissions which are contrary to practice. A singular instance of this occurred during the term of Governor Reid, at a meeting for the declaration of the dividends, when he stated that during the past year the amount of commercial paper discounted by the bank was forty millions of pounds. As this amount was unusually large, and as the rate of interest charged by the bank was five and one-half to six per cent., with only a loss of six hundred pounds, it naturally occurred to the stockholders to inquire why the dividend was not larger than the corresponding period of the last year; and, on one of them putting a question to the chair, as to whether the repayment of the money borrowed from the Bank of France had been attended with any considerable loss to the corporation, the governor was on the point of answering this question, when some kind friend, like a second Mentor, whispered something in the ear of the governor, which had the effect of immediately sealing his lips, and he refused to answer the question. At these meetings, as little as possible of the affairs of the bank is disclosed by the directors, from the fear that, should they be more explicit,

it might endanger their property by depreciating the value of bank stock; and, to such an extent is this system of secrecy carried, that it is a proverbial saying, "that if you met a bank director going across the Royal Exchange, and you asked him what o'clock it was, he would say, 'You must excuse me answering *that* question.'"

Picayunes and Coppers.

You "can't buy nothing" in New Orleans, or most Southern and Western cities, for less than a "picayune"—six and a quarter cents. And in connection with this fact in currency, a little incident took place on board one of the Western boats, the rehearsal of which can do no harm on a hot or rainy day. A man from the North, who happened to have quite a lot of coppers weighing down his pocket, but who, Yankee-like, had no idea of not getting their full value in a trade, essayed to pass ten of the filthy coin upon a "Sucker," for a dime.

"What *be* they?" inquired the Sucker, in unfeigned ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner; "can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other; "and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What *is* cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money—'sartin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see? It says 'E Pluribus Unum'—that's the Latin for 'Hail Columbia'—and here it's inscribed 'One Cent.'"

"Look here," responded the Sucker, putting the thumb of his hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run a sew on a Hoosier or a Wolverine, but I'm blamed if you Yankee me with that contusive stuff!"

Bewitching a Bank Teller.

DURING the sojourn of Professor Anderson in the Quaker City, he used one of the banks for his deposits. One day he went to the bank for this purpose, with a large amount. It was principally in twenty and ten dollar gold pieces, and was handed in in packages of five hundred each. The teller, who did not know the wizard, and who is usually a very smart man, commenced counting the gold, but could not, for his life, satisfy himself of the numerous amounts. Opening one package, he found all right; then he took a second, and found it ten dollars short—recounted it, and found ten dollars over; and then again, and it was short. He then laid it aside, took another parcel, and found it contained twenty dollars over—recounted it, and it was only ten over; again he carefully and deliberately counted it, and discovered it was thirty short! The young man felt his head, to see if he was laboring under sickness, dreaming, or deranged. Finding his senses all right, he set to work again, commencing at the first package and got through five very well; the next he found twenty short, and, recounting it, discovered forty over! He finally called to his aid another teller, who was equally puzzled; but, turning round, his eye fell upon Professor Anderson standing near by, and he felt convinced it was the trick of the wizard. The professor blandly smiled, and desired him to proceed; and when he got through satisfactorily, he took the receipt for the amount. The teller then went to the table where he had left the piles of gold, in order to put them into the drawer, when lo! he could not lift any of them; the coins clung together and were immovable! The young man here looked fairly terrified, and sought a chair; but the professor, seeing his perplexity, told him not to be alarmed. He found his imagination had affected

him, and told him to put the cash away; the professor then left the bank, passing the crowd of anxious customers who had been observing, in blank astonishment, the capers that were being cut up on the other side of the counter.

The Proud Broker Barnard.

JOHN BARNARD, usually styled "the proud broker," flourished extensively in the English money circles of the last century. The reduction of interest on money loans, in 1750, from four to three per cent., originated with this famous man, and he it was who defiantly made war upon time bargains. His pride was indomitable to such a degree that it passed into a proverb; the members of the exchange, who were always spoken of by Sir John with haughty contempt, thoroughly detested him, and greatly helped to fan the unpopularity which fell upon him when he opposed public feeling—as, with a most unflinching determination, he invariably did, if his conscience prompted.

On commercial subjects his opinion was greatly regarded; when any remarkable feature in financial politics occurred, the town echoed with, "What does Sir John say to this?—what is Sir John's opinion?" He once had the honor of refusing the post of chancellor of the exchequer.

It is somewhat at variance with the proud character of the man, that from the time the distinguished honor was paid him of erecting his statue in the Royal Exchange, he never so much as entered that building, but transacted his business in the front.

The blood of Sir John Barnard still flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey. Sir John's great enemy—and a powerful one, it may well be believed—was Sampson Gideon, the Jew broker,

"worth more than all the land of Canaan."

Four Money-making Rules of Rothschild.

ROTHSCHILD commonly ascribed his early success, in a great degree, to the following rules:

"First: I combined three profits; I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of my customer—that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit, and thus combined three profits.

"Second: Make a bargain at once. Be an off-hand man.

"Third: *Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place.* I have seen many clever men who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them; their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them—they cannot get on themselves—how can they do good to me?

"Fourth: *Be cautious and bold.* It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it."

The last idea was one which Rothschild frequently expressed; it forms a passage in his memorable conversation with Sir Thomas Buxton, and there is no doubt he was thoroughly impressed with its truth.

Albert Gallatin declining Baring's Offer of a Fortune.

THE financial talent and success of Albert Gallatin were equalled only by his inflexible business integrity—his name, through scores of years, standing forth as the very embodiment of rare good judgment and unspotted honor. One of the most interesting illustrations of his high-toned character, in business dealings, occurred while

he was in Europe, on a mission in behalf of his Government, in 1818. While absent on his duty, he rendered some essential service to Mr. Alexander Baring in the negotiation of a loan from the French Government. Mr. Baring in return pressed him to take a part of the loan, offering him such advantages in it that, without advancing any funds, he could have realized a fortune. "I thank you," was Gallatin's reply; "I will not accept your obliging offer, because a man who has had the direction of the finances of his country as long as I have, should not die rich."

Gresham's Scheme of Exchanges.

THOMAS GRESHAM was for many years the commercial pride of England; and that his character has not been overrated is proved by the notable scheme he devised at Antwerp, for operating on the exchanges, so as to render them favorable to England. He promised Edward the Sixth, during the reign of whom this occurred, that if he might pursue his own views, he would remove all his sovereign's difficulties in two years. The following is his plan, in his own words:

My request shall be to his majesty and you, to appoint me out, weekly, twelve or thirteen hundred pounds, to be secretly received at one man's hands, so that it may be kept secret, and that I may thereunto trust, and that I may make my reckoning thereof assuredly. I shall so use the matter here in the town of Antwerp, that every day I will be sure to take up two or three hundred pounds sterling by exchange. And thus doing, it shall not be perceived, nor yet shall be the occasion to make the exchange fall. For that it shall be taken up in my name. And so by these means, in working by deliberation and time, the merchant's turn also shall be served. As also this should bring all merchants out of suspicion, who do nothing toward payment of the king's debts, and

will not stick to say, that ere the payment of the king's debts be made, it will bring down the exchange to 13s. 4d., which I trust never to see that day. So that by this you may perceive if that I do but take up every day, but £200 sterling, it will amount in one year to £72,000, and the king's majesty oweth here at this present £108,000, with the interest money that was prolonged before this time. So that, by these means, in two years, things will be compassed accordingly, and my purpose set forth.

By this plan, he found means in a short space to raise the exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish for the pound sterling to twenty-two shillings, at which rate he discharged all the king's debts, and in this way money was rendered plentiful and trade prosperous.

First Run upon Bankers.

THE extravagant luxury of the court of King Charles, together with its utter want of principle, and incapacity to carry on the contest with Holland, produced the *first run upon bankers ever made*. The Government had suffered a succession of humiliating disasters. The extravagance of the court had dissipated all the means which Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was determined only to wage defensive war; but even for defensive war the vast resources of England were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British coast, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness, and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the ships burning in the river was seen at London; it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend; and military men seriously proposed to abandon the tower.

The people, accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in utter consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a

panic. The country was in danger. London itself might be invaded. What security was there, then, for the money advanced to the crown? The people flocked to their debtors; they demanded their deposits; and London now witnessed the first run upon the bankers!

The fears of the people, however, proved fallacious, for the goldsmiths—as the bankers were then called—met all demands made upon them. Confidence was restored by a proclamation from the king, stating that the demands on the exchequer should be met as usual; and the run ceased.

Queen Anne saving the Government Bank from Pillage.

HISTORY shows, in more than one instance, that the great wealth accumulated in the treasury of the Bank of England, has rendered it peculiarly liable to attack in times of public excitement and tumult. There are always idle and profligate men to whom the very name "bank" possesses a charm. In 1709 the piety of the people of London created a religious riot. One Dr. Henry Sacheverell, an apostate Whig, being appointed to preach the annual sermon at St. Paul's, before the Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, used the occasion as an engine of attack upon some of the Government officials. The measureless impudence of the preacher was rebuked—among others by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a director of the Bank of England. The usual courtesy of having the discourse printed by the city was not extended; in the absence of which, Sacheverell himself had it printed, with an inflammatory epistle, dedicating it to Garrard, the Lord Mayor, at whose instance, he alleged, the publication was made. He was arrested and impeached, in revenge for the liberties he had taken with the Government. The populace chose to support the divine; and a body guard

of London butchers accompanied him to his trial at Westminster Hall, which the queen honored with her presence. "God bless the Church and Dr. Sacheverell" was echoed from mouth to mouth among the "pious" populace. Money was thrown among them, by some of the better classes, who followed in hackney coaches. The dissenting chapels were sacked. The queen and court were in the utmost consternation. Multitudes followed the Doctor, pressing about him, and striving to kiss his hand. Alarm seized every bosom.

The anxiety of the bank directors during this period of tumult was great, as every day rendered them liable to attack. At last, intelligence reached them that the rioters were moving toward their locality. As a pious mob was no more to be trusted, pecuniarily, than a political one, the court, assembled to "concert measures proper to be taken," and sent to the principal Secretary of State for a guard to prevent any attempt they might make on the bank. When the message was received the Earl of Sunderland made its tenor known to the queen, who immediately ordered both horse and foot out to quell the tumult, leaving her own person without protection. "God will be my guard," was her ready reply, when reminded of her danger. A detachment under Captain Horsey was immediately ordered into the city to prevent the meditated attack on the alarmed directors. "Am I to preach or fight?" was the question of the blunt soldier, on receiving his instructions. There proved, however, to be no occasion for either. The rioters retreated in alarm; *the bank was saved from pillage, by the self-sacrifice and devotion of the queen.*

Rendering Bank Notes Serviceable.

THE uses of bank notes are manifold; but the following is a novel mode of rendering them serviceable. One of these for £5 came in the course of busi-

ness to a mercantile house in Liverpool. On the back of it was written: "If this note gets into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers." The circumstance was interesting and appeared in a newspaper, in which the paragraph was perused by a person in Carlisle, who had known in past years one Andrew Dean, and was still acquainted with his brother John Dean, of the place named in the note. The son of the latter happened to be in Carlisle, and hearing the intelligence, gave such a report of his uncle that there was every reason to believe he was the Andrew Dean whose captivity became thus singularly known to his friends in England. Of these things are formed the romance of life; and the impossibility of assisting the Algerine slave must often have been a painful remembrance to the prisoner's brother.

Supposititious Will of the Bank-of-England Directors.

THE success which attended the operations of the Bank of England, in its early history, naturally provoked competition. A bank was proposed by Dr. Hugh Chamberlain, to advance money on the security of landed property, and though the Bank of England had no occasion to fear rivalry, they petitioned against it, and were heard by their counsel. All that the projectors required was money; and as that was not ready at the appointed period, "the romantic Land Bank" failed. A war of most sarcastic pamphlets ensued between the friends of the new scheme and those of the old institution, one of these pamphlets being entitled: "The Trial and Condemnation of the Land Bank, at Exeter 'Change, for murdering the Bank of England at Grocers' Hall." A will, by no means complimentary to the directors of the latter, is supposed to be produced at the trial. It runs as follows:

"Know all our creditors by these presents, that we, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, being weak in body through the wounds received from the Land Bank at Exeter Change, to whom we lay our death, but of as good sense as ever we were, finding ourselves impaired in our credit and reputation, and despairing of recovery, do make our last will and testament.

"1st. We bequeath *our soul to the devil*, in order to serve the public out of our creditors' money; and as to the qualities of our mind, we dispose them as follows, namely, all our skill in foreign exchanges, and our probity and candor in making up the accounts of the loss thereof, we give to all and every of our directors, except four or five, jointly and severally, to hold to them, and to their successors, as heirlooms, and imperishable monuments of their skill and probity forever. All our obstinacy and blunders we give unto our present governor, upon trust, that he shall employ one equal third part thereof as one of the lords of the Admiralty, and the other part thereof as Governor of the Bank of England. All our oaths, impudence, &c., we give unto our present deputy governor and our dear Sir Henry Furnese, to hold in joint partnership during their lives, and the survivor to have the whole. All our shuffling tricks we give to our dear Sir William Gore. All our cynicalness and self-conceit we give to our directors, Sir John Ward and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, equally to be divided betwixt them, share and share alike, as tenants in common. All our blindness and fear we give unto our dear Obadiah Sedgwick, and we also give him £5 in money to buy him a new cloth coat, a new half-beaver hat, a second-hand periwig, and an old black sword to solicit with in the lobby, and also to buy him a pair of spectacles to write letters to lords with.

"As to the residue of our temporal

estate (besides the said £5) we dispose thereof as followeth: *Imprimis*, we devise to our own members (when they shall have paid in our £100 per cent.) our fund of £100,000 per annum, charged and chargeable, nevertheless, with the sum of £1,200,000, for which it stands mortgaged, by bank bills, in full satisfaction of all their great expectations from the probity and skill of our directors, advising them to accept a redemption thereof by Parliament, whenever they can have it.

"*Item*—all our ready moneys, before any of our debts are paid, we give to our executors, hereinafter named, in trust, that they shall, from time to time, until 1st August, 1696, lend the same into the exchequer, upon condition to defeat the establishment of the Land Bank; and from and after the 1st said August, then to lend out the same into the said exchequer, upon security of premises to establish our executors the next session, instead of the Land Bank, and for such other premiums as our said executors can give to themselves, for doing thereof. And we do direct our said executors to continue the stock and pensions already allowed to our past friends—they know where. And after all our ready moneys so disposed, we leave the residue of our effects for payment of bills and notes, at such days and hours, and in such manner and proportion, and with such preferences, as our said executors shall see fit. And we do hereby constitute our directors executors of this our will, giving each of them power, out of our cash, to discount their own tallies, bills and notes, at par; and the bills and notes of other of our creditors at the highest discount they can get for the same.

"*And our body we commit to be burned*, with all privacy, lest our creditors arrest our corpse. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our common seal, 4th May, 1696."

The epitaph was as follows:

"Here lies the body of the Bank of

England, who was born in the year 1694, died May 5th, 1696, in the third year of its age. They had issue legitimate by their common seal, 1,200,000, called bank bills, and by their cashier two million sons of — called Speed's notes."

Immense Consignment of Gold to a New York House.

THE great business crash in 1837 was attended by a universal suspension of specie payments by the banks throughout the country. Under these circumstances, and in view of the extensive business relations between the United States and England, application was made to the bankers and capitalists of the latter country, for such aid as would encourage Americans then struggling to extricate themselves from embarrassments, and enable them to return to specie payments. To effect this, Mr. James G. King, of the house of Prime, Ward & King, New York, proceeded to England, and was warmly received and eagerly consulted by bankers and merchants in London. His calm and assured tone and judgment did much to allay the apprehension which panic and ignorance of the extent of resources possessed by the American commercial community and banks, had produced.

He startled the bank-parlor in Threadneedle-street by a suggestion, that instead of embarrassing American merchants by discrediting, as they had been doing, paper connected with the American trade, it nearly concerned the solvency of many of their own customers, and thus their own interests, that liberal aid should rather be extended to that trade. He finally brought them over to these views, and proposed that the Bank of England at once send over several million dollars in coin, to strengthen the American banks and enable them to resume. In conformity with Mr. King's opinions and plan, the bank consigned to his firm the immense sum of *one million*

pounds sterling in gold, upon the sole responsibility of that house and the guaranty of Baring Brothers & Co. The receipt of this coin in America produced at once a realization of the result anticipated by Mr. King, and the transaction constitutes one of the most important events in the financial history of the United States, nor is it necessary to state that Mr. King added much to his already high renown as a merchant and banker, by the part he so grandly enacted. The affair was wound up without loss and with great promptness.

"Accommodation" offered at the Bank.

A CAPITAL example of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and, addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some

place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

Pennsylvania Bonds.

At the time when Sidney Smith, the reverend canon of St. Paul's, was denouncing the "drab-coated men of Pennsylvania" for neglecting to pay the interest on their State stock, of which he held a considerable amount,

he was visited by a young author, exceedingly lavish in his compliments and flattery, and who declared that if he could only hope to attain to even a small degree of the fame and honor which he (Sidney) enjoyed, he would be the most happy man on earth. "My dear young friend," said the canon, "I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*," laying his hand at the same time on the certificates of his Pennsylvania stock lying on the desk before him.

PART THIRD.

*ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SUCCESSFUL
BUSINESS QUALITIES.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1861

BY

W. H. CHAPMAN

NEW YORK

1861

PART THIRD.

Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Successful Business Qualities.

INTEGRITY, ENTERPRISE, ENERGY, PERSEVERANCE, COURAGE, SHREWDNESS, PUNCTILIOUSNESS, PRUDENCE, AMBITION, GRATITUDE, BENEVOLENCE, GENEROSITY, ECONOMY; WITH PENCILINGS OF STRIKING BUSINESS ADVENTURES, VICISSITUDES, EXPLOITS, AND ACHIEVEMENTS, BOTH SERIOUS AND COMICAL.

'Tis not in mortals to *command* success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *deserve* it.—ADDISON'S "CATO."

In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.—LORD BACON.

It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.—JOHNSON.

A merchant who always tells the truth, and a genius who never lies, are synonymous to a saint.—LAVATER.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With *that* we drive the most substantial trade.—YOUNG.

Making Conditions—King James and the Corn Merchants.

DURING the reign of James the First, a great dearth of corn happened, which obliged his majesty to send for the celebrated Eastland Company of merchants. He told them, that to obviate the present scarcity, they must load their homeward-bound ships with corn; which they promised to do, and so retired. One of the lords of the council, however, said to the king, that such a promise signified little, unless they agreed at *what price* it should be sold; on which they were all called back, and acquainted that the king desired a more explicit answer. The deputy replied: "Sir, we will freight and buy our corn as cheap as we can, and sell it here as we can afford it; but to be confined to any certain price, we cannot." Being still pressed for a more distinct answer, the deputy, who was not only a princely merchant but a great foxhunter, said to the king:

"Sir, your majesty is a lover of the noble sport of hunting—so am I, and I keep a few dogs; but if my dogs do not love the sport as well as we, I might as well hunt with hogs as with dogs." The king replied: "Say no more, man, thou art in the right; go and do as well as you can, but *be sure you bring the corn.*"

Shaking One's Business Credit.

A good story is told of old Mr. Fuller, once the famous banker of Cornhill, London—founder of the firm now located in one of the splendid bank palaces in Moorgate street, shining with plate glass, polished mahogany, brass railings, and bronze candelabra, a glance at which would have half driven its head and originator into Bedlam.

Mr. Fuller not only lived at his bank, but even had his washing done on the spot. On such days, for many a revolving year, every one who passed his door at or about noon might have seen

a single pint of porter placed at the foot of the staircase; that was the washerwoman's allowance. In process of time this constant pint, so long a pint, became a pot, and forthwith there was a sensation at the bank, in Cornhill, and all along Lombard street! The twelve o'clock pint of beer that had stood so long, at Fuller's bank, had been increased to a *pot!* Every one talked of the event; and at last one customer—whether a dull, hard-hearted, unhappy miser, or some solemn mocker, pleased to trifle with the infirmities of poor human nature, cannot be told—drew the senior partner's attention to the circumstance, in this formal manner: Entering the bank, one morning, and finding the old gentleman fixed, as usual, woodwork-like to his desk, as if he was a component part of that article, he drew near and thus began:

"I have banked with you now, Mr. Fuller, for a good many years."

Mr. Fuller hereupon bowed, not his head, but head, shoulders, and half his body, smirked, and replied: "Yes, many thanks for your favors; you have, sir."

"I have, Mr. Fuller," continued the other, "and have always felt great satisfaction in keeping my account with you until lately."

"Indeed, sir," interrupted the old gentleman, with quick anxiety, laying down his pen, and pushing his spectacles from his eyes up to his forehead; "pray, what has happened?—we are the same as ever."

"Pardon me, Mr. Fuller; I have noticed for many a year, that on a certain day in the week a pint of porter has regularly stood at the foot of your stairs. I always could tell, when I saw that pint, that it was washing-day with you, and greatly pleased I used to be at that proof of your economy; for, Mr. Fuller, the man who is intrusted with the keeping of other men's money, should know how to take care of his

own; and he cannot give any better or stronger proof of what he is capable of in that respect, than by being moderate and abstemious in his *housekeeping*. Therefore I was always, as I have just said, well pleased to see you were not wasteful with your washerwoman. I felt sure, while that continued, that my deposits in this house were safe—perfectly safe, sir. (This was said with an emphasis that weighed all of thirteen pounds, and with a look that set the tips of Mr. Fuller's fingers a-twirling, as if a small electric battery had been brought to play upon his nervous system.) But I see you are changing—you are breaking loose, Mr. Fuller; you now allow your washerwoman not a pint, but a whole pot of beer, every washing-day; and I must say, sir, that if you go on *doubling your expenditures* at that rate, it may be time for your customers to be looking after their balances."

Mr. Fuller, it is said, took this rebuke quite seriously, and with humble thanks, assuring his customers that business had increased—that more resident clerks were now employed than formerly—and that, as there was more washing to be done, helpers had been hired, and an extra allowance of beer permitted. But this he promised to retrench at once, and he kept his word. The pot of beer was countermanded, the "standard" pint replaced, and this was never afterward exceeded during the old banker's lifetime.

Yankee Shrewdness Handsomely Illustrated.

WHEN the prospect of founding a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac River was in contemplation, some of the persons interested in that great commercial enterprise sent up Mr. B., a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privilege carefully, and to make inquiry as to the prices of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog,

gun, and fishing tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F. He spent his time in viewing the falls, the canal, the river and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing.

After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him "that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there." The man said "he should be pleased to have him." "Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?" "Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move." "Well, what do you say it is worth, Mr. F.?" "Why, it is worth fifteen hundred dollars, and I can't sell it for less than three thousand dollars." "That is too much," said Mr. B., "I can't give that." "Very well, you need not." Here the conversation ended.

Mr. B. continued his sporting, and, having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you three thousand dollars." "Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now, for anything less than six thousand dollars." "You are joking, Mr. F.!" "Not so, Mr. B., I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours."

B., finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him six thousand dollars. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid.

Some time afterward, Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it. "Why, Mr. B., I will tell you; a day or two after I offered you the farm for

three thousand dollars, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought *something* was in the wind, and I determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price." Thus began the purchase, by Boston merchants, of the land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

Queen Jane's Opinion of Merchants.

JANE, of France, wife of Philip the Fair, while residing a few days at Bruges, was mortified at the splendor of the appearance of the merchants' wives, judging by that of her own. "I thought," said the elegant and royal visitor, "I had been the only queen here; but I find there are above six hundred queens in this city!"

Boyhood Struggles of a Merchant.

"I REMEMBER," said Gideon Lee, in after life, "when I was a lad living with my uncle, it was my business to feed and milk the cows. And many a time, long before light in the morning, I was started off, in the cold and snow, without shoes, to my work, and used to think it a *luxury* to warm my frozen feet on the spot just before occupied by the animal I had roused. It taught me to reflect, and to consider possibilities; and I remember asking myself, "Is it not *possible* for me to better my condition?"

Lee and His Travelling Companion.

BEFORE establishing himself permanently as a leather merchant in New York, Gideon Lee made a voyage to St. Mary's, Georgia, taking with him

some small ventures of leather. On returning to New York, the vessel in which he took passage was wrecked off Cape Fear, and he barely saved himself, with the few clothes he had on. Accompanied by a faithful friend, named Smith, who had nursed him while sick at St. Mary's, he had no other means of getting to the North than to trudge it on foot. The journey was a most tedious and dismal one; several days of it were through the pine barrens of North Carolina, not meeting with a house in a day's travel. Smith was a brother Yankee, and bore the hardships with great courage and good humor. Mr. Lee used to relate an anecdote of him, illustrating this latter trait, as well as the dismal character of the country through which they were travelling. "One day," said he, "we had been trudging along, nothing to be seen but the pitch-pine forests, before and behind, and on both sides of us; shoes worn out, and our feet bleeding, myself before, and Smith following after; neither of us had exchanged a word for some time, when Smith suddenly spoke out in his nasal twang—"Mr. Lee!" "Well, Smith, well, what about it?" "I wish I could hear it thunder!" "Hear it thunder! why do you wish so?" "Because they say thunder is God's voice, and if I could only hear it thunder I should know I was on God's earth; as it is now, I don't know where I am."

First Penny Gained by a Millionaire.

A prominent English millionaire, who rose—as most of that class have—from obscurity, says that the first money he ever recollects possessing, was gained in the following manner: I went, he says, to school, a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. *That was the first penny I ever recollect possessing;* and I kept it for

some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off some dirt opposite his door; and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was somewhat bigger than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon the penny, and promised that if I would bring it to him that day fortnight, he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he at once fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of three pence; since which I have never been without money, except when I gave it all away. It is hard to tell which point involves the most difficulty—the art of first obtaining a little "nest egg," or the use and management of it when once possessed.

Benevolence of Goldschmid, the Old Jew Banker.

GOLDSCHMID's wealth seemed, on some occasions, hardly greater than his pure-minded benevolence. It is related that at one time a clergyman of the Church of England, who with a family had met with some unforeseen misfortunes, was in debt the sum of four hundred and sixty pounds. From the good character and conduct of the poor debtor, a number of friends and parishioners were induced to open a subscription for making up the amount; but being unable amongst themselves to raise more than one hundred and fifty pounds, the collectors were advised to try their success by applying to the benevolent Jew banker; this was accordingly done. On application, the collectors were ordered to call in the course of a day or two, when Mr. Goldschmid promised to inquire into the state of the facts. He did so without delay, and finding it a truly worthy case, on their second application, he presented them with a check for the whole amount of the debt, desiring them, at the same time, to return the amount of subscriptions raised else-

where to the poor debtor, to begin the world with afresh.

—
Reynolds, the Charitable Quaker Merchant.

THE late venerated Richard Reynolds, a Quaker merchant in Bristol, Eng., who amassed a princely fortune, was accustomed to speak of himself, in connection with his wealth and the use of it, as merely a steward of the Almighty. Thus, his entire income, after deducting the moderate expenses of his family, was devoted to charitable purposes; and he thought his round of duty still incomplete, unless he devoted his time likewise. He often deprived himself of the slumber which his years craved, to watch beside the bed of sickness and pain, and to administer consolation to those in trouble. On one occasion, he wrote to a friend in London, requesting to know what object of charity presented itself, stating that he had not spent the whole of his income. His friend informed him of a number of persons confined in prison for small debts. *He paid the whole, and swept that miserable abode of its distressed tenants.* Most of his donations were inclosed in blank covers, bearing the modest signature of "A Friend." A lady once applied to him in behalf of an orphan, saying, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Nay," replied the Quaker, "thou art wrong. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all."

—
Liberality of Yakooleff, the Russian Merchant.

THE rich sheet iron merchant, Ivan Alexevitch Yakooleff, at one time most generously presented to the Czar,

through Count Orloff, an order on the bank for one million of silver rubles, equal to *nearly eight hundred thousand dollars*, to make good the defalcation of Politkoffsky in the Invalid Fund, thus saving present and former members of the commission, with their families, from ruin, as their estates and other property were all to be taken to indemnify the government.

Politkoffsky was president of the commission for the management of the Invalid Fund, and possessed the unbounded confidence of his associates in the commission. His death revealed the defalcation, which probably had been increasing for years until raised to above a million of silver rubles; for all which the emperor held the commission individually responsible. This would have involved most of them in ruin, but from which the noble deed of Yakooleff rescued them.

—
French Mercantile Independence.

Soon after Colbert came into the management of the finances of France, he sent for the principal merchants of that kingdom; and in order to ingratiate himself with them, and to acquire their confidence, he asked what he could do for them? They unanimously answered, "Pray, sir, do nothing! *Laissez nous faire.*" "Let us do for ourselves."

—
Patriotic Merchants of the Revolution.

IN that immortal Congress that adopted the Declaration of American Independence, sat many merchants. It was the merchant John Hancock, that presided over its deliberations and that first put a bold and unshrinking mercantile signature to that perilous Declaration. With him, in glory and in danger, were the merchants, Robert Morris and George Clymer, of Pennsylvania; Elbridge Gerry and Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts; Wil-

liam Whipple, of New Hampshire; Philip Livingston and Francis Lewis, of New York; Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina; and Barton Gwinnett, of Georgia.

Old-fashioned Shopkeepers.

FORMERLY, the English shopkeeper took short turns before his door, crying, "What d'ye lack, sir? What d'ye lack, madam?" and then he rehearsed a list of the commodities he dealt in. When he became weary, this task was assumed by his apprentice; and thus a London street was a Babel of strange sounds, by which the wayfarer was dinned at every step. The articles of shopkeeper were often of a very heterogeneous description in those days of "auld lang syne." They were huddled in bales within the proprietor's little shop, and in the midst of them the wife and daughter of the master were ensconced, plying the needle or knitting wires, and eyeing the passing crowd.

In one of the plays of the time, the merchant thus explains to his idle apprentice the way in which he grew rich: "Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? No. By exchanging gold? No. By keeping of goldsmiths' company? No. I hired me a little shop, bought low, took small gains, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop—for want of plate—with good, thrifty, wholesome sentences, as: 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' 'Light gains make heavy purses;' 'Tis good to be merry and wise.'" But, although the shops and warehouses of the London traffickers were so humble, their houses were of a very different description; so that, even as early as the reign of James, the dwelling of a chief merchant rivalled the palace of a nobleman in the splendor of its furniture, among which cushions and window pillows of velvet and damask had become common.

At the hour of nine, the *Bow bell*

rang, which was a signal for the employed to leave off work, and repair to supper and to bed—a bell which the master thought too soon, and the apprentice too late. Only a great magnifico, or royal merchant, was thought worthy the honor and privilege of prefixing "Master" or "Mr." to his name, in those times—the addition of *gentleman*, or *esquire*, would have thrown everybody in such a man's circle into an uproar indeed.

Locking up Foreign Merchants in England.

LONDON is mentioned by Tacitus as the chief residence of merchants, and the great mart of trade and commerce. Yet, before the charter of Runnymede, foreign merchants were permitted to visit England only during the period of public fairs, and were restricted to a residence of forty days. Afterward a German company monopolized the trade of the country for several centuries, and its members were regularly locked up at night—getting comfort, however, from this species of indignity, by keeping the whole foreign commerce of the realm to themselves. Singularly enough, long after the importance of commerce had been recognized in other countries, the people of England, now the most mercantile on the face of the globe, neglected the occupation which has mainly contributed to their greatness.

Merchants of the Golden Fleece.

THERE was formerly, and for many years resident in London, a company of Dutch traders, located at a place called the Stilyard; it was granted many privileges by Henry the Eighth, in return for its occasional loans which enabled him to carry on his wars. Its profits and wealth became so immense that a rival company of traders and merchants was finally created, under the patronage of Queen

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MUTATIONS OF A MERCHANT'S LIFE.

Elizabeth, and its title was that of "The Company of English Merchant Adventurers." This company had for many years the principal trade to Germany, the Netherlands, and the adjacent countries—establishing its marts in all the principal cities of western Europe, and doing an immense business, especially in the exportation of English woollens. It became abroad what the Stilyard merchants had been in England; its credit was in repute, and its wealth famous throughout Europe. The general estimation in which it was held abroad may be judged of from the fact that Philip of Burgundy, because of the great revenue ensuing to his treasury from the duties on English woollen, adopted as the name and emblem of his favorite order of knighthood, that of "The Golden Fleece."

Who were the First Whalemén ?

THE interesting question has often been discussed—"Who were the first whalemén?" In answer to this it is stated, not the sea-ruling Briton, not the hardy Dane, not the steadily enduring, amphibious Dutchman, not the bold Norwegian, child of the sea kings. No: the Spaniards—Biscayans and Bosques—first dared attack the Leviathan on the high seas, so early as 1575. True, some have tried to prove the Norwegians were the first in the field, but they have not made out a clear case. It was probably the narwhal, grampus, and other small versions of the great whale, they hunted. The old ninth century navigator, Olithore the Norwegian, whose wonderful adventures were taken down from his own lips by no less a man than King Alfred, often speaks of having slain sixty whales in two days—flatly impossible, if right whales had been in question. Thus much is certain: the first whalebone which ever found its way into England, was picked up from the wreck of a Bis-

cayan ship, in 1594; and when, at the close of the sixteenth century, the English first began to fit out whaleships, they were obliged to call on Biscayans to direct them in their preparations, and to fill the more important offices in the ship.

Mutations of a Merchant's Life: the New Orleans Sockseller.

A STRANGE old man is he, who may be seen any day, be it cold or hot, in the neighborhood of the Poydras Market, New Orleans, with a bundle of socks in his hand or on the banquette beside him. Selling socks is now his only business; yet time was when it was not so. Of the multiform mutations of human life, that old man has experienced more than mortal's share. See how he mutters to himself, and smiles, half insantly, as he praises his wares to his real or pretended customers! One eye is closed, and the lid is swollen, and the face of the sockseller is covered with scars. These are the traces left in the old man's face by assassin burglars, who once robbed him of his goods, and left him as one dead, in his house on Circus street. It was long before this old man recovered, and when he did, his intellect was a wreck, and nothing save his business habits was left to keep him from total insanity. Since then he has followed the business of selling socks.

But it were unjust to the old man to give so imperfect an abstract of his history. Let us roll back the tide of time some quarter of a century, and a tall, fine-looking gentleman may be observed walking down Broadway, in New York. Fair ladies ogle him as he passes, and feel flattered when he smiles on them. And is it strange? for the smiler of *that* day is a wholesale merchant, of princely fortune. After that changes come. The merchant, broken in fortune, removed to New Orleans, and his remains may now be found in the muttering sockseller of

the Poydras Market. There is a strange tale of love connected with the old man; but here let the veil drop.

Recovering a Wasted Fortune.

It is related of a young man, that, having fallen heir to a large estate, he engaged in a career of profligacy and wasteful expenditures, until he found himself utterly impoverished and destitute, cast off by his former associates, and having no resource to which to look for relief. His misery was so great that he resolved upon self-destruction, and wandering forth to find some suitable place for the execution of his desperate purpose, found himself on an eminence which overlooked the estates that once belonged to him. He sat down and thought of his folly. A long time he mused in silence. When he arose, a new purpose had taken possession of him. He said to himself, "Those estates shall again be mine," and at once he set about carrying out the plan he had thus cogitated in silence.

As he passed along, he saw some coal lying before a door, and he asked to be employed to carry it into the house. His wish was gratified, and after finishing his task, he was master of a shilling. He soon earned another by a similar process, and when hungry he satisfied his cravings in the most frugal manner. Month after month, year after year, he pursued his plan, and in process of time achieved his end. The estates once forfeited by his prodigality were regained by decision, energy, concentration of purpose upon a single end.

Fortunes at a Single Blow.

"I FIND," said a shrewd merchant, "I make most money when I am least anxious about it." There is practical philosophy in this remark. Caution,

prudence, sagacity, and deliberation are all necessary to business success. Some men, it is true, get rich suddenly, but the great majority do not, and cannot. Bonaparte once said, "I have no idea of a merchant's acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow." Such fortunes too often vanish suddenly.

Merchant Patrons of Literature.

THERE are honored names, and not a few—such as Peabody, Bates, Girard, Lawrence, Perkins, Cooper, Astor, &c.—that might be dwelt upon in proof of the connection that may and does exist between trade and letters. Prominent among those of a former day, were Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, the wealthiest men of Europe in their day. And yet they were merchants and bankers, and were preëminent still for their generosity and devotion to letters. To this merchant family belongs the lasting honor of having restored the empire of science and true taste to Europe, after a dreary night of darkness. By their efforts, many valuable manuscripts were saved from total destruction. The Medici thought the discovery of a manuscript equivalent to the conquest of a kingdom. It is doubtful, indeed, if we are not indebted to them for most of the perfect copies now known of the Greek and Roman classics. It is remarkable, too, that they lived at a time when they were enabled to find and preserve so many valuable manuscripts just before the invention of printing, and previously to the wonderful extension of trade and commerce. The Medici were by education and pursuit merchants, yet they devoted their energies for a long lifetime, not only to extend their vast commercial relations, but also to collect and found great libraries, establish galleries, and encourage the fine arts. The names of Cooper, Astor, Perkins, Lawrence, Corcoran, Peabody, &c., of

the present day, rank in the same noble category.

Napoleon and Byron on Trading.

NAPOLEON openly expressed his aversion to commerce and those engaged in it. When a deputation of commercial men came out from Antwerp to welcome him on his approach to that city, he met them with the words, "I don't like merchants! A merchant is a man who would sell his country for a shilling!"—"Je n'aime pas les négociants? Un négociant est un homme qui vendrait sa patrie pour un petit écu!" He despised the walks of trade, and in one of his consultations with the banker Ouvrard, uttered the reproach that he had degraded loyalty to the level of trade.

The curious opinion that there is something derogatory in trade, was exemplified, too, even in a distinguished British statesman, at the Congress of Vienna, who asserted, in the presence of the representatives of Europe, that England was not dependent on commerce. This was intended as an offset to the sneer of Napoleon against the "nation of traders," and arose from a desire to "sink the shop" before the plumed and epauletted array which dazzled and bewildered the civilian into an ungrateful forgetfulness of the very class, without whose aid emperors and kings, if suffered to retain power at all, would have dwindled to provincial governors.

Byron said, "If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain;" and yet he himself bravely encountered that peril by trafficking his own verses with a thrift that would have done credit to Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and a shrewd attention to detail which might have won the heart of Tim Linkinwater. His practice refuted his theory, and his driving a sharp bargain, at the highest market rates, for the proceeds of his genius, resulted in no apparent diminution of his acuteness.

Mercantile Character Comparatively Estimated.

A SHOPKEEPER at Doncaster had for his trading virtues obtained the name of the *little rascal*. A stranger once frankly asked him why this appellation had been given to him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all *great rascals*!"

Money Enough to Break On.

ONE of the richest men in the wealthy town of Zanesville, O., is Mr. S., who acquired some hundreds of thousands of dollars by his industry and business tact. He is a pleasant sort of a man, very nervous, and somewhat eccentric. Being one of the first settlers, he has not brought around his family those ruinous influences that so frequently destroy rich families. When his son William came of maturity, he asked the "old man" for capital to start on. The father gave the son \$10,000, saying that it was enough for him to *break on*. "Bill" took the \$10,000, and instead of breaking, acquired a fortune in ten years, equal to that of his father. He is an extensive private banker, engaged in milling, &c. Occasionally the youth ventures into deep water, and the father undertakes to restrain him; but Bill's reply is, "Perhaps you want the ten thousand dollars; if so, the chinks are ready for you, principal and interest."

Mohammedan's Reason for not Storing Goods.

SOME years ago, a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be stored.

"Leave them here—it won't rain to-night," was the reply.

"But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods might be stolen," said the supercargo.

The Mohammedan merchant burst into a loud laugh, as he replied—

“Don't be alarmed, there ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here.”

Value of a Good Credit.

A CELEBRATED gambler, of great address, but notorious bad character, meeting with a mercantile gentleman of the highest reputation for honor and veracity—one of that exalted class, whose “word is as good as their bond,” observed to him, “Sir, I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name.” “Why so?” demanded the wondering merchant. “Because,” replied the gambler, “I could make one hundred thousand dollars out of it.”

Merchants and Legislators.

THAT the East India Company, at an early age of its existence, entertained a due consideration of the dignity of commerce, is evident from the bearing of Sir Josiah Child, the able manager of the affairs of the company at home, during part of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Mr. Vaux, the manager in India, on being exhorted to “act with vigor, and to carry whatever instructions he might receive from home into immediate effect,” answered—“that he should endeavor to acquit himself with integrity and justice, and would make the laws of his country the rule of his conduct.” Sir Josiah replied, telling Mr. Vaux roundly that *he* expected *his* orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England, which were a heap of nonsense, compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen, who hardly knew how to make laws for the good government of their own private families, much less for the regulating of companies and foreign commerce!

Quaker Merchant's Idea of Privateering.

DURING the war between France and England, in 1780, Mr. Fox, a merchant

of Falmouth, Eng., had a share in a ship, which the other owners determined to fit out as a letter of marque, very much against the wishes of Mr. F., who was a consistent Quaker. The ship's fortune resulted in the capture of two French merchantmen, and the share of the prize-money which fell to Mr. F., was about eight thousand dollars. At the close of the war, Mr. Fox sent his son to Paris, with the eight thousand dollars, which he faithfully refunded to the owners of the vessels captured. The young merchant, to discover the owners, was obliged to advertise for them in the Paris papers. In consequence of this advertisement, he received a letter from a small village near Nismes, in the province of Languedoc, acquainting him that a society of Quakers was established in that remote part of France, consisting of about one hundred families; that they were so much struck with this rare instance of generosity in one of their sect, that they were desirous to open a correspondence with him in England; which immediately commenced—the first correspondence of the kind which the Society had initiated for upward of a century.

Indian's Mode of Judging a Trader.

AN old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisseoa, tells a good story, with a mercantile moral worth remembering, about his first trials of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had both money (which they called *shune ah*) and furs, flocked about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally, their chief, with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosting him with, “How do, Thomas? Show me goods; I take four yard calico, three coonskins for yard, pay you by'm by—to-morrow,” received his

goods and left. Next day he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with coonskins. "American man, I pay now; with this he began counting out the skins until he had handed him over twelve. Then after a moment's pause he offered the trader one more, remarking, as he did so, "That's it." I handed it back, said the trader, telling him he owed me but twelve, and I would not cheat him. We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last, he appeared to be satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin in the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door, and gave a yell, and cried at the top of his voice, "Come, come, and trade with the pale face, he no cheat Indian; his heart big." He then turned to me and said: "You take that skin; I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like a dog; but now you Indian's friend, and me yours." Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash.

Merchants' getting to be Gentlemen.

By a statute of King Athelstane, grandson of Alfred, it was provided that any merchant who made three voyages, on his own account, beyond the British Channel, should be entitled to the privilege of a thane—that is, be regarded as a gentleman.

Not ashamed of Work—Astor's Diligence.

SOME one has said, that the secret of success in business is to be beforehand with your affairs. No one was better able to fulfil this condition than Astor. Always an early riser, he generally left business at two o'clock in the afternoon. He was never at rest, but seldom in haste. His forces, his resources, were always marshalled and in order. An enthusiastic critic of this great business genius, declared that

Mr. Astor could command an army of half a million men.

His unresting industry was not hampered by false pride. He would work with his own hands, and he was not ashamed of workmen's garb. He knew that the master's example must guide, that the master's eye must be on the work if it is to be well done. If his furs required sorting and beating, he would do it himself with the best of his men, and was as ready to work when worth millions as when struggling for success. No humble disciple of poor Richard was ever more ploddingly diligent in the practice of frugality and thrift, which the spirit of mere speculation is prone to overlook, than he.

Opulent New York Merchants.

PRESERVED FISH commenced life as an apprentice to a blacksmith, and his next situation was that of a seaman on board a whaling ship. From being a hand before the mast, he rose to be a mate, and finally commander, and in this hazardous pursuit amassed the foundation of his great fortune.

Saul Alley was bound, when a small boy, apprentice to a coachmaker, and during his apprenticeship his father died, leaving him totally dependent on his own exertions, so that the very clothes he wore he was obliged to earn by toiling extra hours, after the regular time of leaving off work had passed; the foundation of his fortune he acquired by the exercise of frugality and prudence, while a journeyman mechanic.

Cornelius W. Lawrence was a farmer's boy, and worked many a long day in rain and sunshine on Long Island; there were few lads, within twenty miles of him, that could mow a wider swath, or turn a better furrow.

Great Deeds of European Merchants.

THE tact and generosity of an English merchant, Thomas Sutton, are said to have materially aided in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and thereby saved British liberty from torture and thumbscrews.

A fear of the power of merchants stopped Charles the Fifth from establishing the inquisition in Antwerp; while a merchant of that city lent this king a million of money, and, at an entertainment which he gave them, burnt the bond in a fire of cinnamon—at that time a most costly spice.

A merchant of France raised an army at his own expense, and lent millions to his country.

A Georgian of low birth was able, by the quiet arts of commerce, to obtain an immense revenue, and to keep six thousand troops in his pay.

Russia, with all her extent of land, was as nothing, until that half Goth, Peter, surnamed by his countrymen, "the Great," promoted the advancement of commerce. He gave his personal attention to the building of ships, training of seamen, opening of harbors, the establishment of ports, and the furtherance of commercial enterprise.

Peremptory Refusal of Hope & Co. to do Business with Girard.

GIRARD learned one of the most trenchant lessons in his eventful mercantile life, from his favorite correspondents in Europe, Messrs. Hope & Co., of Amsterdam.

Notwithstanding the reliance he placed in them, he had sent a Quaker, by the name of Hutchinson, to Amsterdam, with explicit instructions to watch those gentlemen closely, and see that they accounted for the real prices received by them for his consignments, etc., etc.

It was a rule in the house of Messrs. Hope, to compute one eighth per cent. more than the daily noted rate of ex-

change, when sending the regular receipts to bank, and this was done to cover a variety of minute office expenses, which could not be brought into a stated account. Thus, for instance, Mr. Hutchinson was informed that they had sold a thousand bags of coffee, at so-and-so much per cent. Hereupon, that gentleman came, next day, to the counting room, interrupted Mr. Labouchère in his meditations, and, running his finger along the printed price current he held in his hand, pointed out to him that the rate must be put at one eighth per cent. less. The oft-repeated hints Mr. Labouchère had given the young Quaker, who invariably came in with his hat on his head, and, without permission, marched directly up to the door, and pushed on into the private counting room—that sanctum sanctorum of Dutch merchants—had all proved of no avail; at last they got to let him stand there, without paying any attention to what he had to say.

Under these circumstances, Hutchinson wrote to Girard, who, in response, at once dictated, for his benefit, the most offensive letter to Messrs. Hope, which finally decided the latter to let him know, unmistakably, that there existed so wide a difference between their ways of doing business and his, and all attempts to teach him better had so signally failed, that, for the sake of their own comfort and tranquillity, they should be compelled to decline any further transactions with him. Then there came from Girard a sort of apology, a promise to manage differently in future, etc., etc. But the house in Amsterdam remained firm in the resolution they had taken, offering, however, to do him the favor of recommending to him, as his future correspondents, Messrs. Daniel Crammelin & Sons, their neighbors.

The astonishment of the latter gentlemen themselves, when the first important consignments began to reach them from Girard, and the surprise of the

whole Amsterdam Bourse, that any one should reject such business as his, requiring no advances, may be readily conceived.

Mohammedan Mercantile Morality.

IN some of its phases, Mohammedan mercantile morality exceeds in its scrupulousness that of any other people, whatever their religious character or creed. A mercantile firm in Salonica had bills to a large amount on the principal inhabitants and merchants of the place, which, with their books and papers, were destroyed by fire. On the day following, a prominent Turk, who was largely in their debt, went in person and told them that, having heard that their papers had been destroyed, he had brought a copy of his account with them and fresh bills for the amount which was their due. This example was followed by *all* the Turkish debtors to them. It does not appear to be intimated that this course was one that they had ever learned from the *Christian* traders in their country.

Commencing in the Subcellar.

ONE of the wealthiest merchants of New York relates how he commenced business in that city. He says: I entered a store, and asked if a clerk was not wanted. "No!" in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me—when I reflected, that if they did not want a clerk, they might want a laborer; but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again, "No, sir," was the response—when I exclaimed, in despair, almost, "a laborer? Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object—I must have employ, and I want to be useful in business."

These last remarks attracted their attention; and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and subcellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together.

In the basement and subcellar, I soon attracted the attention of the counting house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little things usually wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies, without remonstrance and threats of exposure, and real exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any ten-hour law. If I was wanted at three in the morning, I never growled, but told everybody to go home, "and I will see everything right." I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became—as I meant to be—indispensable to my employers, and I rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough for any luxury or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself and family in a great city.

Romance of Trade—"Blackguard Snuff."

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer of Dublin, originally kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick, Ireland. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil.

Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior

pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house, in a place called "Black Yard," and preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity, which soon became known as "Black Yard Snuff"—a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word "Blackguard." Making his customers pay liberally through the nose for one of the most "distinguished" kinds of snuff in the world, he soon raised the price of his production, took a larger house in the city of Dublin, and was often heard to say—"I made a very handsome fortune by being, as I supposed, utterly ruined!" When he was rich enough to own and use a carriage, he applied to Lord Norbury for an appropriate motto for his panels. The witty judge suggested the phrase—Latin or English as you please—" *Quid rides?* "

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"Everything by Turns"—Girard's Example.

NOTWITHSTANDING the common adage, that a business man who puts too many irons in the fire, is not likely to get any one of them red hot, it seems to have been otherwise in the career of Stephen Girard. Thus, if one operation miscarried, with that versatility so peculiar to his countrymen he tried another, and another, until he tried the right one. This change of business gave rise to the story that he was at one time engaged in the manufacture of hair powder, as a partner of Boldasky & Co., who, about the year 1786, carried on that business, near Germantown, Pa. But whether or not Mr. G. had a concern in that establishment, the books of the latter show large accounts with Stephen and John Girard for that article, which they purchased for exportation to St. Domingo and the Southern markets.

It is certain that Girard left nothing untried, by which to make his fortune. Even the occupation of a merchant at length began to lose some of its charms for Girard, and failed to satisfy that boundless craving of his mind, which is so peculiar a faculty of genius. Thus it was that he turned banker; and then, this failing to yield him full satisfaction, he becomes a great builder, filling up streets, and skirting whole squares with his mansions, palaces and stores, careful to learn something as he went along, of the arts of those several professions, from the construction of a ship and the building of a palace, down to the erection of a wharf, the paving of a street, or the setting of a curb stone; adding to all this, that of being one of the first farmers, graziers, and butchers, in the State. A gentleman once went to him on business, but was refused an interview, because he was cutting up his hogs for his winter provisions—this job, however, being but small game for Girard; for, when he assisted to butcher on his farm, *fifty oxen* at a time sometimes smoked beneath his knife; or he slew a whole hecatomb, glorying, like a hero, in the gore around him. When to these varied occupations are added his knowledge of horticulture, his skill in planting and gardening, his extensive aviaries, together with the fact that he was an excellent nurse, and prided himself on his success as a doctor,—perhaps few men have ever lived, who could be quoted as his equal, or superior, for the variety as well as excellence and success of his pursuits, nor would it be safe for men in general thus to diversify their occupations. Girard was a man of such remarkable executive capacity, that it seemed almost impossible for him to touch anything without its turning into gold.

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“Stick to Your Last.”

THIS phrase, though seemingly referring to the disciples of St. Crispin, is of general application, and is accepted as such. Zadock Pratt was originally a tanner by trade,—a man of quaint manners and speech, and of very strong common sense. A speculator was once showing him a new method of tanning, by the use of which, he argued, great quantities of money might be made. Pratt told him he had no reason to doubt his assertion, but he was making money enough; and that he—the speculator—would better find some one who was not doing so well. He made it an invariable rule to resist all attempts to allure him from his legitimate business, and by this undeviating application rolled up a splendid fortune. The well known story of Plautus, the Roman comic writer, is an apt though ancient illustration of this principle of “sticking to your business.” He acquired a very handsome fortune by his comedies. He was afterward tempted to embark in trade, and met with such severe losses that he was in consequence reduced to the necessity of working in a mill, as a day laborer, in order to obtain a support.

Controversy among Wine Dealers.

THE question, whether the wines of Champagne or Burgundy were entitled to the preference, was, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a matter of sharp controversy among the wine dealers and their friends of that day. The celebrated Charles Coffin, head of the University of Beauvais, published, during this controversy, a pungent classical ode, in which Champagne is extolled, and its superiority vindicated, with a spirit, vivacity, and delicacy worthy of the most important theme. For this, the citizens of Rheims were not ungrateful to the poet, but liberally rewarded him with an appropriate and

munificent donation of the wine he had so happily panegyricized. Gréneau wrote an ode in praise of Burgundy; but, unlike the subject which it treated, it was flat and insipid, and failed to procure any recompense to its author. The different pieces in this amusing controversy were collected and published in octavo, at Paris, in 1712. Erasmus attributes the restoration of his health to his having drunk liberally of Burgundy, and has eulogized it in the most extravagant terms. An epistle of his, quoted by Le Grand d'Aussy, shows that Falstaff and he would have spent an evening together more agreeably than might have been supposed.

Little Too Candid.

DURING a political campaign in Virginia, a democratic speaker was addressing a large audience, and descanting with great vehemence upon the proscriptive tenets of know-nothingism with regard to foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew, a peddler of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, and greedily swallowing everything he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to be made the most of. Looking the peddler in the eye, he exclaimed:

“Furriner, didn't *you* come to this country to escape from tyrannical, downtrodden, and oppressed Europe? Didn't *you* flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of suffrage is guaranteed to all? *Didn't you, furriner?*”

He paused for a reply; when the little peddler squeaked out—

“No, sur; I comes to dis countrie to sell sheap ready-made clothes.”

The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. The speech was finished, and the orator quit the rostrum, heartily cursing all “furriners” generally, and clothes peddlers in particular.

Hinges upon which Trade Swings.

A GRAVE discussion was once overheard, concerning shop-door steps, in which a young beginner was solemnly recommended not to adopt more than one step into his shop. People, it was said,—that is, commercial human nature,—wouldn't take the trouble to mount up two or three steps, when, by going a little farther on, a more easily accessible establishment might invite them in.

The same idea is involved in the widely-opened, easily-revolving door of our modern shops. Be the winter's frost ever so sharp, or the cold wind ever so keen, it is a standing rule with certain dealers, that the shop-entrance be never hindered by a closed door, or only upon the condition that a porter stand in continued readiness to bow in or bow out the purchasers.

There can be no doubt that, upon a hinge as slight even as this, many a man's fortune or ill-fortune has swung.

Expectations against Results.

A GOOD anecdote is told by an "old hand," illustrating the probability of business sales:

A young friend of ours called on us the other day in high glee; he was about concluding arrangements with two others to embark in the jobbing trade, and was quite sanguine in his expectation of brilliant results. As we did not express full faith in his anticipations, he rather chided us for our doubts, whereupon we questioned him a little as to his prospects. At our suggestion, he took pen and paper, and put down first of all his proposed expenses. We could see that he had not done this before, as he seemed quite startled to find that, even at the moderate estimates he had made, the total expenses for rent, clerk hire, and living of the several partners, amounted to the snug sum of \$8,200.

"Now for the amount of business!" said we.

"Oh, as to that," he replied, "we *hope* to sell \$300,000 worth of goods per annum."

"But what amount of trade do all of you at present influence?" we asked. "Make now a careful estimate of the business you can rely upon with some degree of certainty." He did so, and, to his surprise, it did not quite reach \$125,000.

"Now, what profit can you average upon this?" After some debate, this was set down at seven and one-half per cent. This gave the sum of \$9,375.

"Now, what shall we call the losses?"

The latter was settled at two and one half per cent. on sales, amounting to \$3,125, leaving the net income at \$6,250, or \$1,950 *less* than enough to pay his estimated expenses. He left us, proposing to show the estimate to his colleagues. He did so, and after figuring awhile without arriving at any more satisfactory result, they finally abandoned the undertaking. There is no doubt that, if all, when about to embark in trade, would thus boldly look at the figures, instead of closing their eyes and *hoping* for the best, there would be fewer failures among business men, and there would be less complaint that "trade is overdone."

Getting the Hang of Mercantile Transactions.

AN amusing account of the manner in which Vincent Nolte got "posted" in certain mercantile transactions, while holding a certain relation to the great banker Labouchère, is thus given by himself: This canvassing for consignments from the United States, and the kind of uneasiness which Mr. Labouchère betrayed, whenever his neighbors, Messrs. Hottinguers & Co., a branch of the Paris banking house, received important consignments from the United States—frequently whole fleets at a time—were to me inexplicable; so I

asked my chief, what the real cause of this anxiety could be. His reply invariably was, "Large advances, probably!" My next question was: "And who makes these advances? how are they made?" His answer: "I am ignorant of that!" or, "I do not know." At length, however, I learned from one of the Hottinguer clerks, with whom I had struck up a friendship, that the house of Messrs. Baring accepted bills drawn as an advance, in the United States, took out the insurance, and after sale took charge of the remittances for the merchandise. From this information, I for the first time got a key to this whole system, so universally understood at the present day.

Sabbath Experiences of a Shipmaster.

I WAS in command of a vessel, says Capt. G., of W—, Mass., engaged in the hide trade, between N— and a port in Brazil.

The custom of the Brazilian port, was to load vessels on the Sabbath. This labor was performed by gangs of negroes, under the direction of stevedores. These stevedores were few in number, and, in times of great hurry of business, in order to an equitable division of their services, the vessels were accustomed to take their turns in the order in which they were reported as ready to receive cargo. If, when the time came round for a particular vessel to load, she was not ready, her name was transferred to the bottom of the list. It was my lot to experience some of the effects of this custom.

My turn came to load. The work commenced and continued till Saturday night, when I ordered the hatches closed, and forbid any work being done on board till Monday morning. The stevedore and his gang, muttering curses, left the vessel, threatening to do no more work on board.

Monday came. I made application to the commission merchant, and was

informed that I had lost my turn in loading, and must wait until it came round again, and that the stevedore and his gang had gone on board another vessel.

To aggravate my disappointment, I found that a hostile feeling had sprung up against me, and was participated in by all around. The merchant was studiously polite and respectful as before, but no longer familiar. Masters of vessels avoided my society. Evil disposed persons busied themselves in secretly doing me injuries, such as cutting my rigging in the night time, and the like. And thus things went on, until our turn came round again, when, there being no other vessel ready to load, we were left to do our own work in our own way. The loss of time, occasioned by the refusal to load on the Sabbath, amounted to several weeks. Whether it was actually a loss, or not, the result will show.

It was now Saturday night again, the loading of the ship was completed, and we were ready for sea. With the Sabbath came a fresh and fair wind; but instead of sailing, the Bethel flag was hoisted, as an invitation for all the shipmates to come on board and observe the day in the good old way.

Monday morning, early, we were under sail for the lower harbor, several miles distant. On our way, we passed two brigs aground, with lighters alongside discharging their hides, in order to lighten them and get them off. They left the harbor on the Sabbath, and here they were. On reaching the lower harbor we found, to our surprise, lying at anchor, upward of forty sail of shipping waiting for a wind. Among them were all the vessels that had cleared for the last month or more, including every vessel that had obtained an advantage over us in respect to loading.

We had now to obtain a pilot and get to sea, when the wind came fair and before it had spent itself. These were by no means matters easy to be

accomplished. Pilots were few, and vessels many, and here, too, the principle of rotation was rigidly enforced. The winds, meanwhile, when fair, were shortlived and feeble, and the bar at the entrance of the harbor was too dangerous to pass without a pilot. A pilot who had been on a long visit to the interior, returned to the seaboard and resumed his duties on the very day when we reached the outer harbor, and presenting himself on board, offered to pilot us to sea.

Tuesday morning found us, with a fair wind, a pilot on board, and under way at daylight. We were the second vessel over the bar, and among the first to arrive in the United States. The getting out of cargo, its exposure and sale, were matters of no little interest. Our own cargo, owing to the delay in getting it on board, received unusual attention at our hands and was in perfect shipping order when stowed away, and came out in the same good condition. The cargoes of the other vessels came out very differently, with a loss in some cases of twenty, thirty, and even fifty per cent. This loss was occasioned in part by hurrying the hides on board in the first instance without their being thoroughly dried, in order to greater despatch, and in part to the unusual detention of the vessels at the port of loading. From these two causes combined, and the activity of the vermin that took possession of the hides, and riddled them through and through, several of those voyages turned out disastrous failures.

Celebrated Question of Conscience in Commerce put by Cicero.

ONE of the most celebrated points as affecting the obligations of one person or party toward another, in trade, is that put by Cicero, as follows: A corn merchant of Alexandria, he says, arrived at Rhodes in a time of great scarcity, with a cargo of grain, and with knowledge that a number of other

vessels laden with corn, had already sailed from Alexandria for Rhodes, and which he had passed on the passage—was he bound in conscience to inform the buyers of that fact? Cicero decides that he was. Other writers on the morals of trade decide in the negative.

Arab Honesty in Business Transactions.

WHEN Mr. Layard, the traveller, was at some brackish springs called Belaise, he was awakened by the alarm that two of his horses were stolen. Sabuman, under whose escort he was travelling, felt his honor so much concerned, that he wandered till daybreak in search of the thieves. Finally, having tracked them, and pronounced with unerring sagacity of what tribe they were, he made an oath that the missing property should be returned. After six weeks' search and extensive journeyings, he fulfilled his vow and brought back the animals, without asking—apparently without permitting, any reward.

Suthun, another companion of Mr. Layard, was often sent across the desert, with perhaps three thousand dollars in money, and always with perfect confidence—his only reward being an occasional silk dress, or a few camel-loads of corn for his family.

In commercial or business transactions the same holds true. Of late years, the wool of the Bedouin sheep has been in demand in the European market, and a large trade is even now going on in the region of the explorations. Money is generally advanced by the English representative, mostly before sheep-shearing, without any written or other guaranty, to tribes of whom nothing is heard after the payment until the receipt of the produce, amounting sometimes to thousands of dollars in value. And on the part of the Arabs such scrupulous honesty is observed, that one Bedouin made the

whole journey from Bagdad to Mosul, solely to pay the balance of an old wool account not amounting to so much as one dollar.

Business versus Disease.

A TRADESMAN who had acquired a large fortune in London, retired from business, and went to reside in Worcester. His mind, without its usual occupation, and having nothing else to supply its place, preyed upon itself, so that existence became a torment to him. At last he was seized with the stone; and a friend, who found him in one of its severest attacks, having expressed his condolence—"No, no, sir," said he, "do not pity me; for I assure you what I now suffer is ease compared with the torment of mind from which it relieves me."

Retiring from Business—Engaging to Blow the Bellows.

THE misery of having "nothing to do" is oftentimes greater than that which comes from having "nothing to wear"—poetry to the contrary notwithstanding. A London tradesman, who had risen to wealth from the humble ranks of life, resolved to retire to the country to enjoy, undisturbed, the remaining years of his life. For this purpose, he purchased an estate and mansion in a sequestered corner in the country, and took possession of it. While the alterations and improvements which he directed to be made were going on, the noise of hammers, saws, chisels, etc., around him, kept him in good spirits. But when his improvements were finished, and his workmen discharged, the stillness everywhere disconcerted him, and he felt quite miserable. He was obliged to have recourse to a smith upon his estate, for relief to his mind, and he actually engaged to blow the bellows for a certain number of hours in the day. In a short

time, however, even this ceased to afford him the relief he desired; he returned to London, and acted as a gratuitous assistant to his own clerk, to whom he had given up his business.

Too Close Application to Business.

MR. RIPPON, late chief cashier of the Bank of England, furnishes an extraordinary instance of the manner in which the mind becomes warped by continual and close application to business. He always declared he felt himself nowhere so happy as in his business, and, though for upward of fifty years in the bank, he never solicited but one holiday, and that was on the recommendation of his medical adviser, on account of ill health. The permission for leave was instantly granted, and he left London with the intention of being absent a fortnight; but the *ennui* of an idle life and the want of his usual occupation so preyed upon his spirits, that he actually returned to his post at the expiration of three days, stating as a reason, that green fields and country scenery had no charms for him. Mr. R. was always remarkable for his sound judgment, preciseness, and extreme punctuality; and his long services and habits of economy enabled him to leave behind him a very large fortune.

Lending a Helping Hand: Abbott Lawrence.

THE genial nature and courteous manners of Abbott Lawrence were carried with him in the marts of trade. His unselfishness exhibited itself in his readiness to share with his contemporaries in trade the benefits of honorable enterprise. An anecdote in point will illustrate this, though only one of scores of the same kind that might be told of that noble and elegant merchant. A trader called at his counting room one day, and remarked to him that flannels were selling low, very low. "Buy, then," said Mr. Lawrence.

"I am afraid to; besides, I have not the money," said the other. "*Go buy them!* I will back you and share with you in the speculation"—was the ready and accommodating reply.

Agreement for a Loan.

A MAN in the town of D., years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H., who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his father, which had descended to him by right of inheritance; that this, his only property, was mortgaged for one thousand dollars to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

Merchant: I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Applicant: No; I would make every exertion—I think I could clear it.

Merchant: Well, if you will obey my directions, I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good endorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the endorser, for his security. You must pay in one hundred dollars every sixty days. Can you do it?

Applicant: I can get Mr. ——— for endorser, and I can raise the one hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Merchant: Then borrow one hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank; you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind, in order to get along, you must spend nothing, buy nothing; make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

The applicant departed. The note was discounted, and the payment punctually made. In something more than

two years, he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "I am a free man—I don't owe any man ten dollars—but look at me!" He was indeed embrowned with labor; and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife looks worse than I do." "So you have cleared your farm," said the merchant. "Yes," answered the other, "and *now I know how to get another one.*"

Late at a Dinner Party—George Hudson.

ON a certain occasion, George Hudson was engaged to preside at a dinner of fellow railway magnates; the guests were assembled, but Mr. Hudson was wanting—and, as he was always the most important person wherever he went, great was the concern felt lest he should not come at all. The explanation was simple, and much to the credit of his business qualities. It appears that as the railway chief drove to his appointment, his route lay by a new line, at the various posts of which the employés were ordered to be present. Unhappily, one of these was away; and, incensed at this neglect, Mr. Hudson ordered his instant dismissal. As he proceeded, it occurred to him that the punishment was harsh, that the man was a poor man, that he had a large family, and he determined to annul the sentence at some future period. He proceeded along yet further; and when he thought of the distress which the man would bear to his house, he drove back many miles to revoke his order—and he did revoke it, though he kept his courtiers waiting at the magnificent feast given in honor of himself.

Girard Trying to Raise Five Dollars.

AT the age of about thirty years, Girard's occupation is supposed to have alternated between that of captain and merchant, occasionally making a voy-

age to New Orleans or St. Domingo, and then remaining at home to dispose of his cargo and adjust his accounts for a second voyage. It was while prosecuting one of these adventures, that he was met at the capes of Delaware, by Capt. James King, of Philadelphia, and who has given the following curious and remarkable account of Girard's condition at that time:

On the first day of May, 1776 (says Capt. King), I was chased by a British man-of-war. I ran my vessel ashore, all sails standing, about eight miles southwest of Cape Henlopen. Whilst waiting at Lewistown for an opportunity to come up, the men-of-war were coming in and out every day, so as to prevent us from sailing. One morning I saw a sloop at anchor, within the cape, with a white flag flying. I applied to Major Fisher, who was then commandant, to send a pilot aboard of her. "No, no, King," said he, "that is only a British decoy to get a pilot; I shall not trust them." I then went over the cape, opposite to where the sloop lay at anchor. I hailed her, waved my hat, and did everything that I could, in order to attract their attention; they answered me in the same manner, but the surf made such a noise as to prevent us from understanding each other, from which I concluded to turn back, but, as I was returning, discovered a boat rowing toward me with a flag on a staff. I waited till they came up, when they told me that they had orders from Major Fisher, that if I would risk myself with them, to go alongside of the sloop, they would convey me; and if not, to return. I immediately stepped into their boat, and we proceeded to the sloop. On inquiring where she was from, they informed me (in French) that they were from New Orleans and bound to St. Pierres, but that they had lost themselves. I explained to the captain, whose name was Girard, the dangerous situation they were in, and that if he

attempted to go out he certainly would be captured, as the men-of-war were in and out every day.

"My God, what shall I do?" said Girard.

"You have no chance but to push right up to Philadelphia," I replied.

"How shall I do to get there? I have no pilot and don't know the way."

"These men are all pilots," I answered.

"Oh, my good friend," said he, "can't you get one of them to take charge of me?"

I said that I would try, and accordingly spoke to them. They were willing, but insisted *they must have five dollars* to give to the men for rowing them off.

"Oh, my good friend," exclaimed Girard, "what shall I do? *I have not got five dollars aboard.*"

"Darn the Frenchman," was the reply, "we don't believe him, he hasn't come to sea without being able to muster five dollars."

I informed him what the men had said, and he replied—

"*It is really the case—it is out of my power to muster it—and what shall I do?*"

"Well," said I, "I cannot stay with you any longer, for I am going up to Philadelphia myself, and I see one of my shallops coming out of the Lewistown creek at this moment."

"Oh, you are going up to Philadelphia yourself, are you?" observed Girard; "can you not stand security to these men for the five dollars, and I will pay you as soon as I get up to the city?"

I told him that I would, and one of the pilots then took charge of his sloop, and commenced heaving the anchor immediately. I jumped into the boat and parted with them. The boat put me on board of the shallop that was coming out of Lewistown with my goods, and both sloop and shallop proceeded up.

Before we had got out of sight of the spot where the sloop had cast anchor, we saw a British man-of-war coming in, and had we not started at the time, in less than an hour Stephen Girard would have been a prisoner to the British. We both arrived safe in Philadelphia.

The foregoing account certainly shows Girard's knowledge of navigation to have been very limited, and his circumstances far from being prosperous. For, although even a rich merchant might have been without five dollars in *cash*, under certain circumstances, yet the general description of the little sloop and her commander bespeak a considerable depreciation from his former condition. But the story of his actually having lost himself may very reasonably be supposed to have been some trick, or manœuvre, in Girard, to obtain a pilot, knowing, as he must have done, the extreme peril of his situation, owing to the constant visits of the British sloops of war; and this supposition is strengthened, when taking into account the close observation and uncommon sagacity of this singular man—who thus readily invented a specious fiction, in order to accomplish his purpose.

Confidence in Mercantile Success.

BUDGETT, the successful English merchant, not long before his death, heard some one saying he wished for more money: "Do you?" said he, "then I do not; I have got quite enough. But if I did wish for more, I should *get* it." He would often say that, place him in what position you might, he would work his way on—ay, leave him without a shilling, still he could rise. His faith in the power of *perseverance* was unbounded. In speaking to some of the poorest young men in his neighborhood, and urging them to self-improvement, he declared that there was no reason why they *might* not—though the reason was manifest why they *would*

not—every one of them be worth ten thousand pounds. He placed his confidence simply in "enduring powers and extraordinary application."

Astor's Early Prediction.

WHILE yet almost a stranger in New York, and in very narrow circumstances, Mr. Astor was one day passing by a row of houses which had just been erected in Broadway, and which, from the superior style of their architecture were the talk and the boast of the city. "I'll build, one day or other, a greater house than any of these, in this very street," said he to himself;—a prediction which all will acknowledge has been most amply fulfilled in the stately and magnificent "Astor House"—one of the most impressive structures on this continent, and exceeded by only a few in Europe, of its class.

Erastus B. Bigelow's Boyhood Bargain.

THE name of Erastus B. Bigelow is a notable one among the many sons of New England who have risen from the smallest beginnings to the highest pinnacle of business success and renown.

In Erastus's youth, good John Temple was his neighbor—a substantial farmer. The latter had noticed the lad's capacity, and sometimes jokingly asked him to come and live with him, and learn *his* occupation. Erastus regarded this proposition as a business matter. With him, an offer was an offer. Accordingly, one Monday morning, in early spring, this boy of ten years presented himself at Mr. T.'s door, and demanded employment. It was given him, with no expectation that he would continue through the day. He worked on, however, and at the end of the week suggested to Mr. T. that it would be proper to come to some understanding in regard to wages. On being asked his terms, he offered to work six months, on condition of re-

ceiving at the close, a cosset lamb called "Dolly," to which he had taken a strong liking. The moderate demand was of course acceded to. But scarcely had a month elapsed, ere a difficulty arose. Dolly could not live without eating, and how was he to provide for her? His fellow laborers discovered the cause of his anxiety, and teasingly aggravated it. At length he proposed and effected an alteration in the contract. He relinquished his claim to Dolly, and Mr. T. agreed to furnish, instead, a pair of cowhide boots, and sheep's gray cloth sufficient for a suit of clothes. The agreement was fully carried out on both sides. At the close of the period, an offer of four dollars a month for the ensuing summer was offered and accepted. The kind-hearted man, at parting, gave the young farmer and future capitalist, a silver dollar.

General Jackson's Interview with Samuel Slater.

WHEN making his Northern tour, President Jackson visited the town of Pawtucket. After he and his suite had been duly conducted through the town, and were expressing themselves as delighted with its appearance—its numerous and well regulated establishments of business, its ample and commodious churches, and especially its intelligent and well-ordered citizens—they repaired to the house of Mr. Slater, then confined by a rheumatic disorder, to pay their respects to a man whose business enterprise had thus produced such great results.

With the affability and complaisance so peculiar to General Jackson, he addressed Mr. Slater as the father of American manufactures, as the man who had erected the first valuable machinery, and who spun yarn to make the first *cotton cloth* in America; and who had, by his superintendence and direction, as well as by intense labor, erected the first cotton mill in Rhode

Island, which was the first in the land of the Pilgrims.

General Jackson, who had been informed of the particulars referred to, entered into familiar conversation on the subject. "I understand," said the President, "you taught us how to spin, so as to rival Great Britain in her manufactures; you set all these thousands of spindles at work, which I have been delighted in viewing, and which have made so many happy by a lucrative employment." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Slater, "I suppose that I gave out the Psalm, and they have been singing to the tune ever since." "We are glad to hear also that you have realized something for yourself and family," said the Vice-President. "So am I glad to know it," said Mr. Slater, "for I should not like to be a pauper in this country, where they are put up at auction to the lowest bidder."

A. T. Stewart's Success.

"IRELAND," says that genial writer, Walter Barrett, "has been the birth-place of many remarkable men, but never has she sent from her shore a more sagacious one than A. T. Stewart. Our land has fostered the Frenchman Girard, of Philadelphia, and the German Astor, and they died worth millions; but they never, even at a great age, reached the wealth of the merchant Stewart. He is yet in the gristle of his success, and not hardened into the bone of mammoth, overgrown wealth. Stewart is this day worth fourteen to twenty millions of dollars. He owns more real estate than Astor, and if he lives ten years longer, Mr. Stewart will probably be worth from twenty to thirty millions of dollars. In 1848, he moved to his present marble palace. He had bought Washington Hall of young John Coster for sixty thousand dollars, and for a few thousand dollars more two additional buildings and lots on Broadway, corner of

Chambers street. Upon this magnificent site he erected the present store. The whole cost of the ground and the palace erected did not reach three hundred thousand dollars. To-day it would sell at auction for from eight hundred thousand to one million dollars. He paid patroon Van Rensselaer five hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the Metropolitan Hotel and outbuildings. It is now worth and pays an interest of ten per cent. on one million dollars, and would bring at auction eight hundred thousand dollars. He owns more real estate than any other man in New York."

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What John McDonogh said to a Lawyer.

THE following reminiscence of a familiar personal interview between the great millionaire of New Orleans and a lawyer of that city—as narrated by the latter, is one of the rarest things of the kind to be found in mercantile annals:

I said to Mr. McDonogh, "You are a very rich man, and I know that you intend to leave all your property to be expended in charitable purposes. I have been thinking over your singular life, and I want you to give me some advice in regard to the success which has attended you, for I, too, would like to become very rich, having a family, so as to leave my heirs wealthy." "Well," said he, "get up, sir;" and as I rose from my arm-chair, he took my seat, and, turning to me, as if he was the proprietor and I his clerk, said,—pointing to a common chair in which he had been sitting,—"*sit down, sir, and I will tell you how I became a rich man, and how, by following three rules, you can become as rich as myself:*

"I first came to Louisiana," continued Mr. McDonogh, "when it was a Spanish colony, as the agent for a house in Baltimore and a house in Boston, to dispose of certain cargoes of goods. After I had settled up their

accounts and finished their agency, I set up to do business for myself. I had become acquainted with the Spanish governor, who had taken a fancy to me, although I had never so much as flattered him, and through his influence I obtained a contract for the army, by which I made ten thousand dollars. After this, I gave a splendid dinner to the principal officers of the army and the governor, and by it obtained another contract, by which I made thirty thousand dollars.

"This is what the French and the Creoles do not understand. I mean the spending of money judiciously. They are afraid of spending money. A man who wishes to make a fortune must first make a show of liberality, and spend money in order to obtain it. By that dinner which I gave to the Spanish authorities, I obtained their good will and esteem, and by this I was enabled to make a large sum of money. To succeed in life, then, you must obtain the favor and influence of the opulent, and the authorities of the country in which you live. This is the *first* rule.

"The natural span of a man's life," observed Mr. McDonogh, "is too short, if he is abandoned to his own resources, to acquire great wealth, and, therefore, in order to realize a fortune, you must exercise your influence and power over those who, in point of wealth, are inferior to you, and, by availing yourself of their talents, knowledge and information, turn them to your own advantage. This is the *second* rule."

Here Mr. McDonogh made a long pause, as if lost in thought; and seeing him remain silent, I asked, "Is that all?" "No," said he, "there is a *third* and *last* rule, which it is all essential for you to observe, in order that success may attend your efforts." "And what is that?" I inquired. "Why, sir," said he, "it is *prayer*. You must pray to the Almighty with fervor and zeal, and you will be sustained in all your doings, for I

never prayed sincerely to God, in all my life, without having my prayers answered satisfactorily." He stopped; and I said, "Is this all?" He answered, "Yes, sir; follow my advice, and you will become a rich man." And he arose and left.

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Day and Martin, the Millionnaires of "High Holborn."

THE lucky incident which made millionnaires of Day and Martin, of "High Holborn," by the sale of their famous blacking, is as follows: Day was a hair-dresser in a humble way, and was beneficent and charitable in the extreme. One day, a soldier entered his shop, and stated that he had a long march before him to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue, and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, at which exhibition of kindness the grateful soldier exclaimed, "God bless you, sir,—how can I ever repay you this? I have nothing in the world except"—pulling a dirty piece of paper from his pocket—"a receipt for blacking; it is the best ever was seen; many a half guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold—may you be able to get something for it, to repay this you have given to a poor soldier; your kindness I never can repay or forget."

Mr. Day, who was a shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the story, tried the blacking, and finding it good, commenced the manufacture and sale of it—with what results, the magnificent fortunes of the partners amply attest.

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Jacob Barker's Success when a Youth.

DURING Mr. Barker's minority the whaling business of Nantucket became very much depressed, insomuch that many merchants wished to sell their

vessels. This being made known by him to Robert Mott, a gentleman of great merit, he proposed to his friends, Messrs. Robinson and Hartshorn, to join him in the purchase of a ship at Nantucket, and to employ young Barker for the purpose. They offered to be concerned in such a speculation, but refused to intrust a *boy* with the mission, saying that their Mr. Robinson would go. Mr. Mott declined unless young Barker was employed. They finally compromised by agreeing that both should go. Application was made to Hicks (young Barker's employer) for permission, to which he consented on condition that *he* be paid a full commission of two and one half per cent., if a purchase was made.

They both went, Barker not appearing to have anything to do with the purchase. Robinson offered nine thousand dollars for the ship Portland; ten thousand was demanded. After several days' unsuccessful negotiation, he determined to offer five hundred dollars more; had a meeting with the owners, of whom an inquiry was made if they were disposed to divide the difference. They replied that "not a dollar less than ten thousand would be accepted." They separated, Robinson deliberating how far it would be best to yield to the demand of ten thousand dollars, when young Barker prevailed on him to repair to New Bedford for a few days, leaving him to make the purchase. He did so, and Barker succeeded—purchased the ship for nine thousand dollars, and this, too, in season to notify Robinson by the first mail, when he returned to Nantucket to attend to her dispatch. On arrival at New York, she was sold to George M. Woolsey, for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars, and young Barker employed to return immediately to Nantucket to purchase a ship for James Lyon, of New York, and John James, of Philadelphia, and another for Jacob Valentine, Samuel Hicks, and Samuel Robinson. He did

so; the ship *Rose* for the former gentlemen, and the ship *Beaver* for the latter, for which service Mr. Hicks also received a full commission of two and one half per cent. on the amount of purchase.

In relation to the *Rose*: when that vessel was ready for sea the vendors refused to let her go without an indorser on the bills of exchange to be given in payment, amounting to ten thousand dollars, although it had not been before mentioned; this was very inconvenient. Barker, not having the means on the island to give a satisfactory indorser, had to proceed to New Bedford therefor. As there were not any steamboats running, and the mail-packet had been detained some days by a north-west wind, a change seemed probable, and in the afternoon it came round to west south-west—too scant, however, for the captain of the mail-packet to be induced to leave. Barker, impatient at the delay, took passage on a lumber-loaded vessel that had put in for a harbor, bound to the neighborhood of New Bedford, which he discovered making sail to leave, late in the afternoon. She proceeded twenty-five miles, when the wind turned back to north-west, which obliged the vessel to come to anchor at eight o'clock in the evening. At daylight the next morning a signal was set for a pilot; a boat soon appeared from the Vineyard, and was chartered to proceed to New Bedford.

On reaching Wood's Hole, the current was found running east too swift for the boat to encounter that passage with an unfavorable wind; she therefore beat up the Vineyard sound and passed through Quicksi's Hole, and arrived at New Bedford as the bells, according to the custom of the place, were ringing for twelve o'clock. The indorsement of William Rotch, jr., was procured.

"Walter Barrett's" Cotton Mission.

THE following well-told story belongs, of course, to a period when electric telegraphs did not, like a cobweb, cover our land: Goodhue & Co. (the great New York firm then and now) had many rivals to their line of packets, but none were successful. Robert Kermit once started a line of "Saint" ships. He owned the ship *St. George*, and he persuaded Stephen Whitney and old Nat Prime to become owners in a new ship called the *St. Andrew*. The line never succeeded, although the latter once made a very short passage in the year 1834, and brought the intelligence of an advance in the price of cotton in Liverpool. She came in late, one Christmas eve. Old Mr. Prime lived at that time at the corner of Broadway and Marketfield street (now Battery Place). Mr. Whitney lived only a few steps' distance on the corner of State street and Bowling Green Row, where he lived until he died very recently. These *old* heads and two or three younger ones had the exclusive news, and they intended to make the most of it. It was certain not to be made public until the day after Christmas. Letters of credit were prepared in the front parlor of No. 1 Broadway for one million of dollars. Walter Barrett was selected to leave next morning for New Orleans, by way of Wheeling, hoping that he would outstrip the great Southern mail, leaving two days ahead, carrying these credits in favor of Thomas Barrett and John Hagan, of New Orleans, both eminent merchants in those days. The letters ordered cotton to be bought so long as there was a bale in *first hands* in New Orleans. Mr. Barrett, the bearer of credits and orders, was told to spare no expense in order to beat the mail. It was now eleven o'clock, Christmas eve. No one had thought about money for the expense of the messenger to New Orleans. Banks were all shut—brokers too. Mr.

Prime seized a blank check, and went up with it to the City Hotel.

"Willard, for what amount can you cash my check to-night?"

"How much do you wish, Mr. Prime?"

"One thousand dollars."

Mr. Willard had the money, and gave it to Mr. Prime. It was in the pocket of Mr. Walter Barrett, the next morning, when he embarked at six o'clock in the boat for Amboy, commanded then by the since famous Capt. Alexander Schultz.

The messenger, by bribing stage drivers, paying Mississippi boat captains \$50 or \$75—not to stop and receive freight, reached New Orleans in eleven days. It was daylight when he got into the old City Hotel, in New Orleans, kept then by Mr. Bishop. Two hours after, John Hagan and Thomas Barrett had the letters of credit and orders to purchase cotton. The Southern mail did not arrive for three days. Before night, over fifty thousand bales of cotton had been purchased at eleven to twelve cents, or about sixty dollars per bale. That cotton was sold at seventeen and eighteen cents when cotton went up a few days after. Some was sent to Liverpool. The profit was on some lots over thirty dollars a bale, and was divided up among the New Orleans houses of Barrett & Co., John Hagan & Co., and the New York operators. The messenger had the profits of two hundred bales awarded him, and his expenses paid. This operation was a lucky one for some of the owners of the St. Andrew, but it did not aid Captain Robert Kermit particularly, and the "Saint" line went down.

We venture to say that that same Walter Barrett can "do" a good job now!

Privateering Exploit of a Salem Merchant.

JOSEPH PEABODY, the merchant-sovereign of Salem, left that place in

1781-'2, in the letter-of-marque Ranger, he being second officer. Proceeding to Richmond, they disposed of their cargo of salt, and then went to Alexandria, where they loaded with flour for Havana, and arrived safe. The Ranger returned to Alexandria, and after receiving on board another cargo of flour, on the 5th of July, 1782, dropped down the Potomac to near its mouth, where encountering head winds, she was obliged to anchor, and, after making the ordinary arrangements for the night, the officers and crew retired to their berths.

About eleven o'clock the watch ran aft for a speaking-trumpet, and announced to the officers the unwelcome news that boats were making for the ship. The captain, Simmons, directed Mr. Peabody not to let them come alongside; but they both rushed up the companion-way, and as they reached the deck, received a discharge of musketry, by which Capt. Simmons fell, badly wounded, and entirely disabled from further action. Mr. Peabody, having no time to dress himself, ran forward in his night-clothes, calling on the crew to seize the boarding-pikes, and grasping one himself, accompanied by a man named Kent, armed in the like manner, sprang to the bows, where they had a fierce encounter with several of the enemy already on the gunwale. The crew having armed themselves, a desperate conflict ensued, in the midst of which another boat came alongside and began a heavy fire on the other quarter.

The first officer being employed at the magazine in procuring ammunition for those who were armed with muskets, the command of the deck devolved on Mr. Peabody, who, wearing a shirt, was a conspicuous mark, even in a dark night. He now ordered cold shot to be thrown into the boats, and it was done with such effect that one of them gave way; both had been grappled to the Ranger before receiving any damage.

Perceiving the advantage thus obtained, he applied his entire force to the other boat, and cheering his men with the cry of "we have sunk one, my boys, now let us sink the other," the responding cheers of the crew so alarmed the assailants, that they dropped astern, and both were soon lost in the darkness of the night.

When the confusion was over, one of the crew only was found to be dead, and three wounded. Mr. Peabody was not aware, during the action, that he had received any wounds, but afterward found his arms stiff, and a ball lodged in his left wrist, that the bone of his right elbow was laid bare, and a ball had grazed his left shoulder. The Ranger was armed with seven guns, and had a crew of twenty, while the barges of the enemy contained sixty men. The assailants, a band of Tories headed by two desperate characters, lost fifteen killed, and had thirty-eight wounded.

Patriotism and Prowess of French Merchants.

ONE of the chief merchants of Marseilles, M. de Corse, carried his patriotic zeal to such an extent, that in 1760 he published a manifesto, declaring war in his own private name against the king of England, and put to sea no less than twenty frigates, to cruise against British commerce!

This merchant, however, had a rival in M. Gredis, a famous Jewish merchant at Bordeaux. He fitted out, in 1761, the *Prothée*, of sixty-four guns, which captured the merchant ship *Ajax*, an Indiaman, worth about a million and a half dollars. He had also several frigates of thirty-six guns cruising at the same time, on his own account.

In both these cases, it may perhaps be doubted if, with a strong patriotic feeling, there was not *some* motive of commercial gain; for it *has* occurred in England, as well as in France, and our own country, that vessels thus fitted out by merchants have done much in-

jury to the enemy, and no small service to their owners.

Thomas H. Perkins's Deliberate Habits.

THOMAS H. PERKINS's self-possession and tranquillity seldom forsook him in any of his multifarious business or private cares. At one time, when he had decided to leave Boston in order to take a long journey of several thousand miles to the South and West, application had been made to him to give his guaranty for a considerable sum, to enable one whose welfare he wished to promote to engage in a commercial connection that seemed to offer great advantages.

As the magnitude of the affair required caution, it was expected, of course, that when he had considered the subject, explanations on various points would be necessary before he could decide to give it; and it was intended to take some favorable opportunity, when he might be entirely at leisure, to explain everything fully. Suddenly, however, he found it best to commence the journey a week or two sooner than had been mentioned, and engagements of various kinds, previously made, so occupied him in the short interval left, that there seemed to be no time for offering such explanation without danger of intruding, and the hope of obtaining his aid at that time, in an affair that required prompt action, was given up. The applicant called at his house half an hour before he was to go, merely to take leave, knowing that the haste of departure in such cases usually precludes attention to any matter requiring deliberation. On entering the room, however, he found there was no appearance of haste. All preparations for the journey had been entirely completed in such good season that the last half-hour seemed to be one entirely of leisure for anything that might occur.

After a little chat, Col. Perkins introduced the subject himself, and made

pertinent inquiries; which, being answered satisfactorily, he gave the guaranty and very kindly added a further facility by allowing, until his return, the use of a considerable sum of money which he was leaving in the bank. The arrangements were, in consequence, completed the next day; they proved in the result to be eminently successful, all pledges were redeemed, his guaranty was cancelled in due course, without the slightest cost or inconvenience to him; and the person whom he wished to oblige received very large profits, which happily influenced the remainder of his life, but which, perhaps, he might never have enjoyed, if that last half-hour before the journey had been hurried.

Rothschild and Astor Compared.

THE elder Rothschild was perhaps a richer man than Mr. Astor, but in other respects his inferior. Rothschild was a good arithmetician and a good banker. He wrought out, skilfully and successfully, the materials offered to his hand by the social condition of his time; but his was not an original, an inventive, a creative mind. That of Mr. Astor, on the contrary, was strongly marked by such characteristics. All his bold and grand operations were in scenes before untried; carrying out combinations before unthought of; opening up mines of hitherto undiscovered wealth; and all tending not more to his own advantage than to the prosperity of the country, in its material and commercial interests. Surely, the stock operations of Rothschild never partook of these characteristics.

Labouchere and Vincent Nolte.

VINCENT NOLTE became the American agent of the renowned Amsterdam house of Hope & Co., under the following curious circumstances, as narrated by himself: One day, after the close of the Bourse, Mr. L. placed his arm confiden-

tially in mine and said, "Let us take a walk; we will be able to converse undisturbed, and to better purpose, than in the counting room. I have very often been pressed, by my brother, to give him permission to send an agent to the United States, but would never listen to his request, until he made mention of you and your wishes. I think that I have a perfect knowledge of you, and understand you, from your correspondence, and that you may be useful to him, to yourself, and to us all."

The "us all" sounded very pleasantly in my ears, for under the word *us* I was given to understand a mission for the important house of Messrs. Hope itself. I instantly said, "How is that? Us all?"

"I will tell you," he continued: "To make your first appearance as agent for the house of my brother is a very good preliminary introduction to the United States, and you can, according to the directions and hints I will give you, carefully look about you a couple of months, until we shall have some further additional need of your services. Even were you not to make one single bargain, I should still be well enough satisfied; but I have something better in store for you. You will be intrusted with a mission that will make you catch your breath to hear of it. You will feel the ground heaving under your feet."

And here he began to sketch for me the outline of a really colossal undertaking he was then planning in his own mind. He then pointed out the position he had in view, and the heavy responsibility that would rest upon my shoulders. He was right. I did catch my breath at the magnificence of his project. Ere I had put a hand to it, I at once declared to Mr. L. that I was too young and inexperienced to assume such a responsibility, and that I should only in a moderate degree equal his expectations. His answer was:

"That is my business, and not yours.

I have but one thing to recommend to you: never commit any action which may one day cause you to blush before me, or in the presence of your own conscience!"

I was now placed upon the right ground. He had correctly judged me, and I had understood him perfectly. At length we touched upon the question, how much salary I was to receive for all this: He replied:

"Nothing! Your expenses will be liberally paid! That is all. If you cannot foresee what a position such a mission may secure for you in the commercial world, and the facilities which it cannot fail to open for you in the future, you had better stay at home."

My reply was, that his extreme confidence honored me, and that I would unconditionally agree to all that he saw fit to point out to me.

"In order to progress," he added, "you must renounce all impatience to succeed."

The business, of which Mr. Labouchere thus communicated only a rough outline, and which Mr. Nolte got to understand and form an opinion of, in its whole extent, only several months later, in the autumn of 1805, originated in one of the many conceptions and combinations of Ouvrard, the once celebrated French banker.

**Scene in a Merchant's Counting Room,
after the Peace in 1815.**

THE promptness and energy of American merchants is established as characteristic of them wherever American commerce is known. Here is an illustration—the like of which it would be no difficult labor to find in every city and town in the country.

At the time of peace, in the winter of 1815, Mr. A., a New York merchant, proceeded to his office. The clerks, four in number, were already at their posts, and met their employer with a smile each. "Well, boys," said he, "this is good news—now *we* must be

up and doing." He seldom used the first person, I, but spoke to his clerks, and of them, as being part and parcel with himself. "We shall have our hands full now," he continued, "but we can do as much as anybody."

Mr. A. was the owner and part owner of several ships, which during the war had been hauled ashore three miles up the river, and dismantled, and they were now inclosed by a bay of solid ice, for the whole distance, from one to two feet thick, while the weather was so cold that, when broken up, the pieces would unite and congeal again in an hour or two; but this proved no discouragement in the present case. It would be a month before the ice would yield to the season, and that would give time for merchants in other places, where the harbors were open, to be in the markets abroad, before him. The decision was therefore made on the instant.

"Reuben," said Mr. A. to one of the clerks, as soon as the "peace" greeting was past, and he had told them his intentions, "go out, and collect as many laborers as possible to go up the river; Charles, do you go and find Mr. —, the rigger, and Mr. —, the sail maker, and tell them I want to see them immediately; John, go and engage half a dozen truckmen for to-day and to-morrow; Stephen, hunt up as many caulkers and gravers as you can find, and engage them to work;" and Mr. A. then sallied out himself to provide the implements for ice breaking, and before twelve o'clock, more than one hundred men were three miles up the river, clearing away the ships and cutting ice, which they sawed out in large squares, and then shoved them under the main body, to open the channel. The roofing over the ships was torn off, and the clatter of caulkers' mallets was like the rattling of a hail storm—loads of rigging were passing up on the ice—riggers had buckled on their belt and knife—sail makers were plying their needles, and

the whole was such a busy scene as had not been witnessed there for years. *Before night the ships were afloat*, and moved some distance in the channel, and by the time they had reached the wharf, which was eight or ten days, their rigging and spars were aloft, their upper works caulked, and everything in a great state of forwardness for sea.

It would not be safe to doubt that energy like this met with its reward.

**Strong Point in Mercantile Success—
Girard's Silence.**

A POINT in the character of Girard, the Napoleon of commerce, gives a strong insight into the cause of his business success. No man ever heard him boast of *what he could do*. He remained quiet and silent until the time came for action, and then he struck the blow with an unerring aim which insured him success. He was studious to learn all he could from others, and as careful to impart nothing in return.

Tudor, the Original Ice Merchant.

To Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, is due the very creditable honor of originating the ice trade of our country, now so extensive and important. This gentleman, having previously sent agents to the West Indies to procure information, determined to make his first experiment in that region. Finding no one willing to receive so strange an article on shipboard, he was compelled to purchase a vessel, the brig *Favorite*, of about one hundred and thirty tons, which he loaded with ice from a pond in Saugus, Massachusetts, belonging to his father, and sent to St. Pierre, Martinique. This first enterprise resulted in a loss of about \$4,500, but was, nevertheless, followed up until the embargo and war put an end to the foreign trade, up to which period it had yielded no profit to its projector. Its operations had been confined to Martinique and Jamaica.

After the close of the war with England, in 1815, Mr. Tudor recommenced his operations by shipments to Havana, under a contract with the Government of Cuba, which enabled him to pursue his undertaking without loss, and extend it in a short time to Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., and New Orleans. In the mean time it had been tried again, by other parties, at Martinique and St. Thomas, and failed, and by Mr. Tudor at St. Jago de Cuba, where it also failed, after a trial of some three years. In 1833, the first shipment of ice was made to the East Indies by Mr. Tudor, in the ship *Tuscany*, for Calcutta, and shipments were subsequently made to Madras and Bombay. Up to this time the ice business was of a very complicated nature, and shipowners objected to receive it on freight, fearing its effect on the durability of their vessels and the safety of their voyages. It is now, however, one of the most conveniently conducted, extensive, and profitable kinds of mercantile business, and many parties are engaged in it.

First Greek Adventure to America.

THE first Greek ship that ever touched at an American port, arrived there in 1811. She was called the *Jerusalem*, and had a cargo of wines; but in entering the port of Boston, she ran aground, and sustained so much damage, that it took some months to repair her. The captain, having in vain endeavored to sell his cargo, proceeded to Havana, where he was not more successful. He then returned to Boston, and having become involved in lawsuits, his ship was seized, his cargo sold at great sacrifice, and himself reduced to such distress, that he was obliged to beg for subsistence, until a subscription was opened to defray the expenses of his return to his own country. All his crew died in prison.

Roman Idea of Merchants.

AMONG the Romans, the deity who presided over commerce and banking was Mercury, who, by a strange association, was also the god of thieves and of orators. The Romans, who looked upon merchants with contempt, fancied there was a resemblance between theft and merchandise, and they easily found a figurative connection between theft and eloquence; hence, thieves, merchants, and orators, were placed under the superintendence of the same deity. On the seventeenth of May, in each year, the merchants held a public festival, and walked in procession to the temple of Mercury, for the purpose, as the satirists said, of begging pardon of that deity for all the lying and cheating they had found it convenient to practise, in the way of business, during the preceding year.

“Monsieur Smith,” Girard’s Man.

It is known that Girard admired industry as much as he despised sloth, and there was never, it is related, an instance where he did not furnish employment or money to an industrious and worthy man in distress.

Early one morning, while Mr. Girard was walking around the square where the millionaire’s well-known houses now stand, John Smith, who had worked on his buildings in the humble capacity of a laborer, and whom Mr. G. had noted for his unusual activity, applied to him for assistance, when something like the following dialogue took place:

“Assistance—work—ha? You want to work?”

“Yes, sir; it’s a long time since I’ve had anything to do.”

“Very well, I shall give you some. You see dem stone yondare?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well, you shall fetch and put them in this place. You see?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And when you done, come to me at my bank.”

Smith diligently performed his task, which he accomplished about one o’clock, when he repaired to Mr. Girard, and informed him that it was finished, at the same time asking if he would not give him some more work.

“Ah, ha! oui. You want more work? Very well; you shall go place dem stone where you got him. Understandez? You take him back.”

“Yes, sir.”

Away went Smith to his work, which having got through with about sunset, he waited on Mr. Girard for his pay.

“Ah, ha! you all finish?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well, how much money shall I give you?”

“One dollar, sir.”

“Dat is honest. You take no advantage. Dare is your dollar.”

“Can I do anything else for you?”

“Oui. Come here when you get up to-morrow. You shall have some work.”

Next morning, on calling, Smith was not a little astonished when told that he must “take dem stone back again,” nor was his astonishment diminished when the order was repeated for the fourth and last time. However, he was one of that happy kind of persons who mind their own business, and he went on with his job, with all the indifference imaginable. When he called on Mr. Girard, in the evening, and informed him that the stones “were as they were,” he was saluted thus in the most cordial manner:

“Ah, *Monsieur Smith*, you shall be *my man*; you mind your own business; you do what is told you; you ask no questions; you no interfere. You got one wife?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Ah, dat is bad. Von wife is bad. Any de little chicks?”

“Yes, sir; five living.”

"Five? dat is good; I like five; I like you, Monsieur Smith; you like to work; you mind your business. Now I do something for your five little chicks. There, take these five pieces of paper for your five little chicks; you shall work for them; you shall mind your business, and your little chicks shall never want five more. Good bye."

The feelings of the grateful man being too much overcome to allow him to reply, he departed in silence; and by minding his own business, he became one of the wealthiest of his name in Philadelphia.

Thomas P. Cope's Integrity.

A PERSON highly recommended approached Mr. Cope, the Philadelphia merchant, one day, and invited him to embark in a certain joint-stock enterprise. In a careful exposition of the matter, he made it appear that the scheme was likely to succeed, and that the stock would instantly run up to a liberal premium, on being put into the market. "Well," said Mr. Cope, "I am satisfied on that point; I believe it would be as thou sayest. But what will be the *real* value of the stock?" "Why, as to that," answered the speculator, "I cannot say (implying by his manner what he *thought*); but that is of no account, for all *we* have to do is to sell out, and make our thirty or forty per cent. profit." "I'll have nothing to do with it—I'll have nothing to do with it," was the prompt and indignant reply. "And from that day," he used to say, in relating the occurrence, "I *marked* that man, and shunned all transactions with him."

Second Thought on a Trade.

A MAN had bought a pair of shoes from a dealer in that article, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. He went with his money on the

day appointed, but found that the dealer had in the interval departed this life. Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew from the place, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to remain at ease under such an act of injustice; so, taking the money, he returned to the shop, and casting in the money, said, "Go thy ways, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me."

Three Merchant Voyages, and their Results.

A NEW YORK paper makes the following statement: Several years ago, there lived in one of our seaports, three merchants, whom we will designate as A, B, and C, and all of whom were owners of freight ships. Each of these men loaded a ship at the same time, which were to go first to Egypt, and to the Baltic, to one of the Russian ports. All being loaded, they waited for a favorable wind. The harbor was so situated, that there was no egress for ships unless the wind blew in a particular direction. One Sabbath morning, the wind was fair. The masters of the vessels went to their respective owners for sailing orders. A and B immediately had their ships put to sea; but C told the master that he must remain in port until the next day. Before Monday morning, however, the wind had changed, and remained contrary until the next Sunday, when it again came round fair. The master of the vessel again repaired to the house of C, to procure the ship's papers and orders. But, to his astonishment, C remarked that his ship must not leave the port on the Sabbath. The captain attempted to reason the point with him, but all in vain. He said if his ship *never* sailed, it should not put to sea on that day of the week; and he was willing

to run all the risks of maintaining his principle.

Some time during the following week, the ship sailed with a fair breeze, and arrived in Egypt just as the ships of A and B were about to sail for the Baltic. In the mean time, information had circulated through the country, that American vessels were in port, wishing to sell their cargoes, and purchase a certain kind of their produce, namely, rice. The desired article was brought in such abundance that the market was glutted by the time C's ship arrived. In consequence of this, his cargo was sold at an advanced price, and his ship loaded at a much better rate than the others. C's vessel proceeded then on her voyage up the Baltic. The ships were to dispose of their rice in the Russian ports, and load for home with iron. C's ship arrived in the Baltic after those of A and B had purchased their freight and nearly loaded; and good success continued to attend the former, as it did in the Mediterranean. Abundance of iron was brought to the market, and there were enough purchasers for the rice. All these ships reached America about the same time, that of C having actually earned as much by the voyage as both the others.

Sharing in a Good Operation.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring, money-seeking man, Mr. Fordyce, the celebrated English banker, had many generous qualities. A young, intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking house, one morning making a small deposit, he happened to say in the office, that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which in all probability would turn out fortunate. This was said carelessly, without Fordyce appearing to notice it.

A few months afterward, when the same merchant was settling his book

with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of £500 placed to his credit, more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's handwriting, said he must have paid it to him. The merchant knew he had not, and begged to see Mr. Fordyce—who, on appearing, said, "It is all right enough, for as I made £5,000 by the hint you carelessly threw out, I think you fairly entitled to £500." Mr. Fordyce did not stop here; for when, some years afterward, the merchant became embarrassed, he found a liberal friend in his previous benefactor.

Secrecy in Business Transactions Practised by Rothschild.

ONE cause of Rothschild's great advantage in his business transactions was the secrecy with which he shrouded them, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually follow the movements of others sold with him. The news soon passed through the monetary circle that Rothschild was "bearing" the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully at one another; a general panic spread; bad news was looked for; and these united agencies sunk the price two or three per cent. This was the result expected; and other brokers, not usually employed by him, bought all that they could at the reduced rates. By the time this was accomplished, the good news had arrived; the pressure ceased; the funds rose instantly; and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward. There were, however, periods when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He lost half a million in one English operation; when the French

entered Spain in 1823, he was also in the utmost jeopardy; but perhaps the most perilous position in which he was placed was with the famous Polignac loan, although his vast intelligence saved him, and placed the burden on the shoulders of others. With this, nevertheless, he suffered greatly, as the price fell thirty per cent.

Ladder of Commercial Success.

JAMES HALFORD rose step by step up the ladder of fortune until he stood securely at the summit, with fame, wealth, and honors surrounding him. Some twenty years back, this same James Halford was at the very foot of the ladder, pondering how he should rise. The ladder was very curious to contemplate, and still more curious was it to hear what the world said about it.

"It is all luck, sir," cried one, "nothing but luck; why, sir, I have managed at times to get up a step or two, but have always fallen down ere long, and now I have given up striving, for luck is against me."

"No, sir," cried another, "it is not so much luck as scheming; the selfish schemer gets up, while more honest folks remain at the foot."

"Patronage does it all," said a third; "you must have somebody to take you by the hand and help you up, or you have no chance."

James Halford heard all these varied opinions of the world, but still persisted in looking upward, for he had faith in *himself*.

"The cry of 'luck's all,'—what does it amount to in reality," thought he, "but that some people are surrounded by better circumstances than others? They must still, however, take advantage of these circumstances permanently to succeed; and I, having very indifferent circumstances around me, have the more need to use great exertion in order to better them; and when reverses come, I will not despair, as some

do, but persevere on to fortune. I want no friend to take me by the hand and do that for me which every healthy man can do better for himself. No, I will rise by myself alone."

The resolution was earnestly made, and faithfully carried out. From the humblest capacity in a store, to the post of highest trust, James Halford rose in a few years. He became a trader for himself, and amassed a heavy fortune.

Six days for Business and One for Rest.

A DISTINGUISHED capitalist and financier, charged with an immense amount of property during the great pecuniary pressure of 1836 and 1837, said: I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning to night, to a degree that no hired day-laborer would submit to, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, as if I *must* have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all from my mind, and kept the Sabbath in the "good old way." On Monday it was all bright sunshine. I could see through—and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave.

Boston Merchant's Opinion of Business Men's Honesty.

It is said of Mr. Samuel Appleton, a "merchant prince" of Boston, that he was himself so thoroughly upright, that it was hard for him to doubt the honesty of other men—and, as is often the case, men were really to him what he expected them to be. On a certain occasion he was asked—and the answer threw light alike on his own character and on the character of merchants generally—"You have been long engaged in business, under a great variety of cir-

cumstances, and in different countries: what is your opinion in regard to the honesty of mankind?" "Very favorable," he replied; "very generally, I think, they mean to be honest. I have never in my life met with more than three or four cases in which I thought a man intended to be dishonest in dealing with me."

Philadelphia Young Merchant who was not Afraid of Girard.

A MAN who had just set up in the hardware business, and who had been a clerk where Girard had traded, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, and when he brought in the bill, found fault and marked *down* the prices. "Cask of nails," said he, "which I was offered for so and so, you have charged so and so, and you must take it off." "I cannot do it," said the young merchant. "You *must* do it," said Girard. "I cannot and will not," said the merchant. Girard bolted out of the door, apparently in a rage, but soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself: "Perhaps he *was* offered them at that price. But it is all over now; I am sorry I did not reduce the bill, and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me." By-and-by, Girard came again and gave him another job. The young man was very courteous, and said, "I was almost sorry I did not reduce your former bill." "*Reduce a bill!*" said Girard, "had you done it, I would never trade with you again. I meant to see if you had cheated me."

Hiding the Dollar with a Dime.

BUCKLEY, in one of his lectures, made use of an illustration that will bear repeating: Holding a dime close to his eyes with one hand, and a half dollar at some distance with the other, said he: "Now, I cannot see the half dollar with

this eye, for the dime is so near it, it obscures my vision. So it is with men of business; in their eagerness to save a dollar, they often lose sight of the fifty within their reach."

Mercantile Defalcation made good after Sixty Years.

IN the month of January, 1821, a man of respectable appearance entered the Corn Exchange, in Mark Lane, London, and advancing to one of the principal factors, asked him if he was the legal descendant of the head of a very ancient firm in that line, long since extinct? Being answered in the affirmative, he made some further inquiries, confirmatory of the first question, and departed. On the same day in the following week, he again made his appearance with a bag, which he presented to the factor, and containing three hundred and seventy sovereigns. The factor, of course, surprised at the transaction, began to make some inquiries; but the person refused to answer any questions, observing, that the property was now returned to its rightful owner—that he wanted no receipt, and that it was a matter of no consequence who he was. On referring to some very old business accounts, it appeared that in the year 1762, the firm alluded to had a very extensive business contract, in the course of which a defalcation to nearly that amount occurred.

Mysterious Benefactor—Incident of the South Sea Bubble.

ONE day, late in the evening, in 1720—a year celebrated for the bursting of the South Sea Bubble—a gentleman called at the banking house of Messrs. Hankey & Co., one of the heaviest in the British kingdom. He was in a coach, but refused to get out, and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him; into the hands of this banker, when he appeared, he put a parcel, very carefully sealed up, and desired that it might be taken care of till

he should return again, which would be in the course of a few days. A few days passed away, a few weeks, a few months; but the stranger never returned. At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel, when they found it to contain the large sum of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, with a letter, stating that it had been obtained by the South Sea speculation; and directing that it should be put in the hands of three trustees, whose names were mentioned, and the interest to be appropriated to the relief of the poor.

Touro's Great Gift to a Beggar.

A poor widow once called upon Mr. Touro, the benevolent Hebrew merchant of New Orleans, and opened to him a very moving budget of griefs—she had several children, her rent was due, and her landlord threatened to eject her, nor had she a cent with which to buy food or clothes. Long before she had concluded her affecting jeremiad, Mr. Touro had filled up a check and begged her to go and draw it at once. The poor woman proceeded accordingly to the bank, and eagerly presented the check at the counter. The teller carefully examined the check, and then surveying the poor, scantily dressed, woe-begone looking woman, shook his head, and informed her that the check could not be paid. With a heavy heart, and a sense of mingled shame and indignation, that she should have been thus “cruelly trifled with,” she returned to Mr. Touro's store, and handing him the check, remarked that it ill became a rich man to subject a poor widow to insult and mockery. “My dear madam,” exclaimed the astonished and philanthropic merchant, “it is all I can give you to-day; it is, I know, a small sum, but it is all I can spare now.” “But the bank officer refuses to give me anything for it,” replied the distressed widow. “Oh, yes! I see it all

—he requires proof of your identity. Here,” turning to his clerk, “go down to the bank with this lady, and tell them to pay that check.” No wonder that the teller refused to pay a *check for fifteen hundred dollars* to so poor and forlorn looking a holder!

Generosity of Chickering, the Pianoforte Maker.

MANY years since, a boy, who thought and dreamed of nothing but music, wandered into a certain large establishment in Boston, where his favorite instruments were manufactured. Passing into the extensive saloons where these instruments were displayed, he sought out a quiet corner, and seating himself at one of those magnificent pianos, he first looked around, to be sure that no one was listening, and then began to play some of those beautiful waltzes of Beethoven, which, at that time, so suited his capacity, and suited his heart. Borne away in a delicious musical reverie, he did not for some time observe that a figure had stolen up to him and was listening as he played. A benevolent face was over him, and a kind voice addressed words of commendation and praise, which, being the first the boy had received, sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. The proprietor of the establishment, for it was he, then asked the boy if he would like to come and live among those pianos, discarding just such music to purchasers—thus forming, in a word, a connection with his establishment. But books and college were before the boy; and wondering at the proposition, he timidly thanked the proprietor and declined.

Years passed away. School and college were done with, and the books thrown aside. The boy had reached manhood; but still the spirit of music haunted him, and again he found himself in those spacious saloons. He had just ceased playing upon one of those magnificent instruments again, and stood looking dreamily out of the win-

dow, and down upon the crowded "Washington street" below. Again a quiet figure stole up to him, and a most musical and pleasant voice began to speak. The person before him was of small stature, had the manners and garb of a gentleman, was dressed in black, with a single magnificent diamond pin in his bosom; the only contrast in his appearance was the clean white apron of a workman, which he wore. It was the proprietor of the establishment again; who, wealthy as he was, had his own little working cabinet, with an exquisite set of tools, and there put the finishing touch to each of his beautiful instruments—a touch he intrusted to no one else. The proprietor inquired kindly of the young man as to his plans for life. These, alas! were undetermined. The voice of music was more fascinating than ever; but a learned profession of some kind seemed to be the wish and expectation of his friends. Music, however, was his first and strongest love, and he had sometimes thought, if he could but go abroad to study, he would decide for that. His father had given him his college education and his blessing, as capital for life. A harsh struggle with the world was before him; music, therefore, was hardly to be thought of.

In the quietest tone of that low, pleasant voice, the proprietor, as though making an ordinary remark, rejoined, "Well, but then, if the sum of five hundred dollars a year for a period of four years would suit your purpose, I could easily supply you with that."

The world grew dim before him, and the young man almost staggered with surprise; but when he recovered himself, there was the same quiet gentleman standing beside him, and looking pleasantly out of the window. Two months afterward the young man sailed for Europe, where he passed the allotted time and longer, from means with

which his own compositions in the mean time furnished him. And whatever of knowledge, and whatever of artistic culture, and whatever of success in life, as connected with art, have since been his,—and he has long been one of the most distinguished among American musical composers,—he ascribes entirely to that most generous and noble-hearted Macanas of art, Jonas Chickering.

Whale Fishery Enterprise by Americans.

THE first attempts at the whale fishery, in Massachusetts, were made from the south shore and the island of Nantucket, by persons who went out in small boats, killed their whale, and returned the same day. But the whales were in this way soon driven from the coast, the population increased, and the demand for the product of the fisheries proportionably augmented. It became necessary to apply larger capitals to the business. Whaleships were now fitted out at considerable expense, which pursued the adventurous occupation from Greenland to Brazil. The enterprise thus manifested, awoke the admiration of Europe, and is immortalized in the well-known description by Burke. But the business has grown, until the ancient fishing grounds have become the first stations on a modern whaling voyage; and capitals are now required sufficient to fit out a vessel for an absence of forty months, and a voyage of circumnavigation. Fifty thousand dollars are invested in a single vessel; she doubles Cape Horn, ranges from New South Shetland to the coasts of Japan, cruises in unexplored latitudes, stops for refreshments at islands before undiscovered, and on the basis, perhaps, of an individual house, in New Bedford or Nantucket, performs an exploit which, eighty or ninety years ago, was thought a great object to be effected by the resources of the British government. The "overgrown capitalist" employed

in this business may be said to be an "overgrown lamplighter."

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**Enterprise of Yankees and Russians
'Cutely Illustrated.**

A GOOD anecdote is told, illustrating the *rather* superior enterprise of the Yankees over the Russians. The squadrons sent out by the Russians to explore the South Seas, had attained a degree of latitude which it was supposed had never before been reached, when land was descried. The commander was congratulating himself upon a discovery which was thus to immortalize his name, when, standing out from the land, a simple schooner was observed, which proved to be a sealing vessel of thirty tons. Hoisting the stars and stripes, the captain of the Yankee craft, for such she proved, ran alongside of the commodore, and politely offered to pilot him in! The Russian was astonished "some," to find such a rig and such a crew at a spot which, in Europe, was not known to exist—though, indeed, it would be really more astonishing to find a place where Yankee trading enterprise had *not* penetrated. Working a gold mine on the top of Himmaleh, or speculating in dead horse flesh among the Usbecs—heading a caravan across the Siberia, or trapping bears at the North Pole—bartering yellow buttons for goats' hair in the capital of the Grand Lama, or exchanging fez-caps and coral for Soudan ingots, in the stalls of Timbuctoo—in any and all of these places and employments, the Yankee might be expected to be found.

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Tempting Business Paragraph.

"WE are well acquainted," says the editor of a city journal, "with a young and very handsome girl, who has the principal management of a large mercantile establishment in a flourishing country town, who visits different cities alone, stops at hotels, purchases supplies of dry goods, dimity, hardware,

china, groceries, shoes, nick-nacks, and all the multifarious saleables which make up 'a stock' in a miscellaneous store. She gives notes, makes contracts, and attends to all such business as belongs to her; and we have never yet learned that she has sacrificed one iota of the dignity, admiration and respect, which are her just due as a young, amiable, and very pretty woman. *There!*"

—

Bone and Offal Millionnaire.

SOME years ago, a poor French woman, residing at Buenos Ayres, being exceedingly perplexed with regard to the "ways and means," set her inventive genius to work, and hit upon the following expedient:

Observing a vast quantity of bones and animal offal thrown away from the slaughter houses with which Buenos Ayres abounds, a thought struck her that she might turn this waste to a profitable account. Having procured a large iron pot, and collected a quantity of bones, etc., she commenced operations by boiling them, and skimming off the fat, which she then sold at the stores. Finding the proceeds of her industry amply rewarded her labor, she persevered, advancing from a pot to a boiler, and from a boiler to a steaming vat, until she possessed a magnificent apparatus, capable of reducing a hundred head of cattle to tallow, at one steaming. In course of time she sold her manufactory, and retired from business with a large fortune, rolling through the streets in one of the most sumptuous carriages in Buenos Ayres. There is now scarcely a respectable merchant in that place, or in Montevideo, who is not in some way connected with cattle-steaming.

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"Five Years of Privation and a Fortune."

UNDER the arcades near the markets, in Havana, may be seen a number of shops, not ten feet square, with a show-

case in front, before which a restless being is constantly walking; reminding one of a caged wild animal that chafes for a wider range. At night, the showcase is carried into his little cabin, which serves him for a shop, dormitory, and kitchen,—and where he may be often seen preparing his frugal meal over a chafing dish of live charcoal. “*Five years of privation and a fortune,*” is his motto; and not a few of the wealthiest Spanish residents in Cuba are said to date the commencement of their prosperity from so humble a source. These are the Catalans—an industrious, shrewd, economical class, who have received the *sobriquet* of Spanish Jews. A large portion of the commerce of the island is in their hands, as well as a very great part of its wealth. In the interior of the island they appear to monopolize every branch of trading, from the pack of the humblest peddler to the country *tienda* with its varied contents; and, in the maritime towns, many a commercial house, whose ships cover the sea, is theirs.

McDonogh's Greatest Victory.

ONE of John McDonogh's favorite plans of operation, to increase his fortune, was to purchase the back lands of plantations on the river, the value of which would be increased enormously by the improvements in front of them. So he eagerly pounced upon all the lands in the neighborhood of the towns and villages in the State. One of the most brilliant of his feats in this sphere was the completion of his lines of circumvallation around the city of New Orleans. For many years he pursued this object with the greatest ardor and intensity. Commencing at the upper end of the city, he stole gradually around through the swamps, purchasing large belts of land, until at last, a few years before his death, meeting one of his old friends in the street, he

slapped him on the shoulder, and with his face full of enthusiasm and joy, exclaimed, “Congratulate me, my friend; I have achieved the *greatest victory of my life*. I have drawn my lines around the city, and now entirely embrace it in my arms—all for the glory of God and the good of my race.”

James G. King's Treatment of Resentments.

AN incident in the life of James Gore King affords a pleasing illustration of the tenderness of heart which not unfrequently accompanies high mercantile character. A misunderstanding had for some years existed, and comparative estrangement between him and one who had been early connected with him by family ties. This state of things grieved him, for having no resentment or unkindness in his own heart, he was uneasy even under the appearance of cherishing any. A casual and most improbable meeting in a city omnibus, only four days before his death, with the person thus estranged, the inhabitant of another State, afforded him the opportunity of reconciliation. After exchanging friendly salutations in the omnibus, when the person alighted he too got out, and when alone together said, extending his hand, “If, without asking or giving any explanation, you are willing that we should be friends, let it be so;” adding, with that thoughtful prescience which sometimes goes before the event, “I want, before I die, to be at peace with all.” The extended hand was taken; and the particulars of this interview comprised one of the last subjects upon which Mr. King conversed, and with much happiness, just before his death.

Noble Mercantile Trait of Jonathan Goodhue.

THE late Mr. Jonathan Goodhue was noted for the ready-flowing sympathy and fellow feeling which marked his character. It was especially manifested

toward those in dependent situations and in the more humble walks of life. No laboring man, however low his condition, could be engaged in his service without perceiving that he had a considerate regard for his feelings and for his rights. No domestic ever lived in his family without being impressed by his condescension and kindness. This feeling made him reluctant to part with those who had faithfully served him, and few men have ever made so few changes in those who have held subordinate situations under them. The cartman who, on his first arrival in New York, took his baggage to his lodgings, was employed by him until old age obliged him to retire from active life. A principal book-keeper, well worthy of his confidence and esteem, remained with him for fifteen years, and then withdrew because of a change in his mode of life. A confidential counting-room porter, after being in his service for twenty-five years, still holds his place in the house of Goodhue & Co. These incidents show a trait of character indicating true nobility.

Redeeming Lost Time.

THE diligence and application displayed by Gideon Lee were remarkable; he usually worked sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. An anecdote which he used to relate of himself in this connection, is worthy of being told, as illustrating two traits in his character, which adhered to him through life—his great industry and his resolution. He had “made a bargain with himself,” as he expressed it, to “labor each day a certain number of hours, and nothing but sickness or inability should make him break the contract. It was known to my young friends in the neighborhood, and on some convivial occasion, a quilting frolic, I believe, they came to my shop and compelled me to leave my work and go with them; there

being girls also in the deputation, my gallantry could not resist. I lost my night's rest in consequence, for the morning sun found me at work, *redeeming the lost time.*” After gratifying his friends by spending the evening in their society, he returned to the shop to gratify *himself*, by not violating his faith.

Restitution by a Shopkeeper.

A GENTLEMAN, passing through the streets of Newcastle, was called in by a well known and extensive shopkeeper, who acknowledged himself indebted to him to the amount of a guinea. The gentleman, much astonished, inquired how this was, as he had no recollection of the circumstance. The shopkeeper replied, that about twenty years before, as the gentleman's wife was crossing the river Tyne in a boat which he was in, she accidentally dropped half a guinea, as she took out her money to pay the fare. The now well-off shopkeeper, who had then a family at home literally starving, snatched up the half guinea. He had since been prosperous in his business, and now seized the first opportunity since his good fortune, of paying the money, with interest.

Spanish Mercantile Dealing.

THE Spanish galleons destined to supply Terra Firma, and the kingdoms of Peru and Chili, with almost every article of necessary consumption, used to touch first at Cartagena, and then at Porto Bello. In the latter place a fair was opened; the wealth of America was exchanged for the manufactures of Europe; and during its prescribed term of forty days the richest traffic on the face of the earth was begun and finished with unbounded confidence and the utmost simplicity of transaction. No bale of goods was ever opened, no chest of treasure examined; both were received on the credit of the persons to

whom they belonged—only one instance of fraud being recorded, during the long period in which trade was carried on with this liberal and unsuspecting confidence. It seems that all the coined silver which was brought from Peru to Porto Bello, in the year 1654, was found to be adulterated, and to be mingled with a fifth part of base metal. The Spanish merchants, with their usual integrity, sustained the whole loss, and indemnified the foreigners by whom they were employed. The fraud was detected, and the treasurer of the revenue in Peru, the author of it, was publicly burnt.

Not Disposed to Lie.

WHEN that model merchant, Abbott Lawrence, was at the height of his mercantile prosperity, he was offered the post of ambassador to the English Court—an elegant compliment to himself personally, and to the honorable and influential class of whom he might almost be said to be the head. Before accepting, he asked Mr. Everett, who had already occupied the post, “whether there was really any foundation in truth for the ancient epigrammatic jest, that an ambassador is a person sent to a foreign government to tell lies for his own,” adding that, “if such was the case, his mind was made up; he had never yet told a lie, and was not going to begin at the age of fifty-six.” Mr. Everett told him he could answer for himself as a foreign minister, that he had never said a word or written a line which, as far as his own character or that of his government was concerned, he should have been unwilling to see in the newspaper the next day. This explanation, the upright merchant replied, removed one of his scruples.

Polly Kenton's Lard Speculation.

WHEN Miss Kenton first came into Girard's employ, as his housekeeper or

attendant, which was nearly four score years ago, he was making large shipments to the West Indies, and he ordered her to procure some fifty kegs of lard from her father, who was a farmer, and ship them upon her own account. She did so; and the product, from some unusual state of the market at that time was immense. This product remained on her hands until her death, and was afterward recovered from his executors.

Handful of Wool and a Bank of Money.

A MARSEILLES merchant had a daughter named Eugenie, who early married a Catalan officer, in the service of Don Carlos. He fell in battle, and after burying him in a grave dug with her own hands, this widow with her two children, wretched, and utterly penniless, fled to the solitude of the Spanish mountains, taking refuge in a ruined convent. There, by various little services to the shepherds and peasants, she obtained a scanty crust and milk for her infants. Becoming thus more and more acquainted with the women who visited the mountains to carry food to their husbands, she invited them to bring with them their wheels and spin together in her place of abode, as more convenient and less lonely than for each to labor by herself. This they did in great numbers, and at the end of every week the grateful peasants presented her a handful of spun wool each. Out of this handful of wool she in due time made a bank of money and a vast estate.

Descending occasionally to the nearest town, she sold these little wool gatherings, and had in a few months accumulated, through this means, sufficient money to purchase the shepherds' raw wool, and to beg for an hour's labor, instead of the handful of material from her guests. Before the summer season was over, and its occupations, she collected, by management and industry, enough funds to pay

them for their work; and, at the next sheep-shearing, she became the purchaser of more than half the wool.

Encouraged by the rewards of her business skill thus far, she proceeded, the second spring following, under the escort of some of her shepherd friends, to the frontier, where she contracted with one of the greatest wool-buyers in the country, for the produce of the next winter's spinning. In the space of three years the old convent was converted into a spinning factory; became renowned throughout the north of Spain for the fineness of its produce; and proved both a source of social comfort and pecuniary prosperity to the poor peasants who had once, out of their humble means, exercised charity toward its then desolate and necessitous inmate.

Madame L——'s web of good fortune waxed after this agreeable fashion every year, until she became an exceedingly wealthy capitalist, with literally a bank of money, and credit unlimited. She has four factories in Spain, and seven in France, besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium. And all this great fortune has been extracted or irradiated from that handful of wool!

Johnson's Prejudice against Merchants.

DR. JOHNSON was bitterly prejudiced against the mercantile classes, whether of humble or high degree. At breakfast, says his entertaining jackal, Boswell, I asked:

"What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?"

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "the reason is, though I do not undertake to prove there is a reason, we see no qualities in trade that should entitle such a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from battle, having lost one hand, with the other

full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow sitting all day at a desk is entitled to get above us."

"But," responded Boswell, "may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the Spectator describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?"

"Why, sir," quoth Johnson, "we may suppose any fictitious character. We may suppose a philosophical day laborer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labor, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and the support of his fellow creatures; but we find no such philosophical day laborer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind, but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."

Johnson's opinion—he who could say that Americans ought to be thankful for anything "short of hanging,"—will not have much weight at the present day.

Business Habits of A. T. Stewart.

It is said of A. T. Stewart, that so accurate is his comprehension of all the departments of his great establishment, that his clerks have sometimes imagined that he has an invisible telegraph girdling the whole building. They also have a saying, that if any one of them is absent he is the one to be first called for.

But few of the thousands who trade at Stewart's ever get sight of the proprietor. He is only to be found at his office, which is situated on the second story, on the side of the house looking into Chambers street. Here he sits at his desk, absorbed by his responsibilities, directing the various energies of the great body of which he is the head. None, except a man of the highest executive ability, could endure the constant care, the earnest effort. He is the hardest worker in the concern. It is

not generally known that during these hours of application, and while engrossed in the management of his immense operations, no one is allowed to address him personally until his errand or business shall have been first laid before a subordinate. If it is of such a character that that gentleman can attend to it, it goes no farther, and hence it rests with him to communicate it to his principal. In illustration of this system, the following incident is related: One day a person entered the wholesale department, with an air of great importance, and demanded to see the proprietor. That proprietor could be very easily seen, as he was sitting in his office, but the stranger was courteously met by the assistant, with the usual inquiry as to the nature of his business. The stranger, who was a Government man, bristled up and exclaimed, indignantly, "Sir, I come from Mr. L——, and shall tell my business to no one but Mr. Stewart." "Sir," replied the inevitable Mr. Brown, "if Mr. L—— himself, were to come here, he would not see Mr. Stewart until he should have first told me his business."

Thorburn's Flowery Path to Fortune.

ONE of the pleasantest stories of the casual manner in which a business was commenced which led on to fortune, is that given by Grant Thorburn, formerly the keeper of a small grocery, afterward the leading and most wealthy American seedsman and florist, his business relations extending to almost all parts. Here it is, in the easy and simple style of that remarkable man:

On the east corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, New York, there lived the venerable old gentleman, Mr. Isaac Van Hook, so well known as the sexton of the New Dutch church opposite his house, for nearly fifty years. In course of time, J. L. and W. S., both cabinet makers, and carrying on a respectable

business, having in their employment ten or twelve journeymen and apprentices, took a mad resolution, gave up their business, sold their stock, hired the corner house over the head of poor old Van Hook, turning him and his tobacco pipes out of doors, and commenced the grocery business. Theirs being a corner, took away the most of my customers; insomuch that I was obliged to look round for some other mode to support my family. This, you may be sure, I considered a great misfortune; but, in the sequel, prepared the way to put me into a more agreeable and profitable business.

About this time the ladies in New York were beginning to show their taste for flowers, and it was customary to sell the empty flower pots in the grocery stores; these articles also composed part of my stock.

In the fall of the year, when the plants wanted shifting, preparatory to their being placed in the parlor, I was often asked for pots of a handsomer quality, or better made. As stated above, I was looking round for some other means to support my family. All at once it came into my mind to take and paint some of my common flower pots with green varnish paint, thinking it would better suit the taste of the ladies than the common brickbat-colored ones. I painted two pair, and exposed them in front of my window; they soon drew attention, and were sold. I painted six pair; they soon went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage. This was in the fall of 1802. One day, in the month of April following, I observed a man, for the first time, selling flower plants in the Fly market, which then stood at the foot of Maiden lane. As I carelessly passed along, I took a leaf, and rubbing it between my finger and thumb, asked him what was the name of it. He answered, a geranium. This, as far as I can recollect, was the first time I ever heard that the flower in

question was a geranium; as, before this, I had no taste for, nor paid any attention to plants. I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and that it would look well if removed into one of my green flower pots, to stand on my counter and thus draw attention.

Observe, I did not purchase this plant with the intention of selling it again, but merely to draw attention to my green pots, and let the people see how well the pots looked when the plant was in them. Next day, some one fancied and purchased both plant and pot. The day following, I went when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river, as he lived at Brooklyn—and in those days there were neither steam nor horse boats. Accordingly, I purchased two plants, and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done in this way; and so I continued to go, at the close of the market, and always bargained for the unsold plants. The man, finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and show me how to shift the plants out of his pots and put them into the green pots, if any customers wished it. I soon found, by his tongue, that he was a Scotchman, and being countrymen, we wrought into one another's hands, and thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty. The thing being a novelty, began to draw attention; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits the strangers would express a wish to have some of these plants, but, having so far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no seed of such plants; then, again, others would ask for cabbage, turnip, or radish seed, etc. These frequent inquiries at length set me to thinking that, if I could get seeds, I would be able to sell them;

but here lay the difficulty. As no one sold seed in New York, none of the farmers or gardeners saved more than what they wanted for their own use, there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma, I told my situation to G. I., the man from whom I had always bought the plants in the Fly market. He said he was now raising seeds, with the intention of selling them next spring along with his plants in the market; but added, that if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me to sell. A bargain was immediately struck; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to fifteen dollars, and thus commenced a business, on the 17th of September, 1805, that became the most extensive establishment of the kind in the western world.

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**Bruised, but not Crushed—the Messrs.
Brown, of Liverpool.**

THE transactions of the eminent firm of the Browns, in Liverpool, are said to have amounted, in the year 1836, to fifty millions of dollars. In 1837, the American banks all over the country went down one after the other, and many together, almost with a universal crash. They fell, and their fall involved the Messrs. Brown. The latter, though bruised, were not crushed. American commerce was at that time a towering pile in course of erection—bank credit was the scaffolding. It fell; and the Browns were not far from being smothered in the rubbish. Had they possessed less than the strength of giants, they could not have extricated themselves—and, giants though they were, they would have struggled in vain, had not a powerful hand assisted them. The British government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggles of this colossal mercantile house. From Inverness to Penzance, there was not a single town but would have felt its fall. In Sheffield and Birmingham, and the towns sur-

rounding them, and in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of the merchants and employers—and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed—were more or less involved in the fate of this establishment. The government of that day saw the imminent peril, and so did the directors of the Bank of England. The latter met, and passed a resolution to give assistance to the extent of some two million pounds to Mr. Brown; the exact sum which he was authorized to draw—a loan of money, to a single individual, unparalleled in the history of the world, unless it be the case of George Peabody—was one million and nine hundred and fifty-nine thousand pounds, or nearly ten million dollars. Of this loan, Mr. Brown took advantage to the extent of between eight and nine hundred thousand pounds, which he afterward repaid, besides clearing up all other embarrassments, and ultimately possessing one of the greatest personal fortunes ever accumulated in the world. The solid romance of this page in the history of so world-renowned a firm is rarely surpassed in interest.

Wealthy Men of Cincinnati.

THERE is a man doing business on Main street, Cincinnati, who was refused credit in 1850 for a stove worth twelve dollars. He is now a director in one of the banks, and is worth \$150,000, every cent of which has been made in Cincinnati during that period. There is another business man on the same street, who was refused credit in 1850, by a firm in the drug line for the amount of five dollars; eight years after, the same firm lent that very man five thousand dollars upon his endorsed note. An extensive dealer in Cincinnati, now worth \$100,000, and who, it is said, can command more money on short notice for sixty, ninety, or one hundred and twenty days, than almost

any man in Cincinnati, went to a grocery store in 1850 to purchase a hog-head of sugar; it was sold to him with many misgivings as to getting the pay when it became due. A man whose credit in 1850 was such that when trusted by a clerk for a keg of saltpetre, the employer remarked that it might as well have been rolled into the Ohio, was worth, in 1857, \$100,000, again a bankrupt in 1860, and now worth \$20,000. A man, now good for \$300,000, was ten years ago exhibiting a monkey in the streets of the city, for a living. Another heavy business man, a bank director, sold apples in a basket when a boy, through the streets. One of the first merchants in the place, in 1845, and who could at that time have bought entire blocks of houses on credit, and who was a bank director, subsequently died intemperate and insolvent. Another, who in 1837 was rated at half a million of dollars, has since died, leaving his estate insolvent.

Reverses of Mercantile Fortune.

THE array of agents, brokers, bookkeepers, and decayed gentlemen, who were but lately numbered among the merchants, bankers, and ship owners of New York, is quite a moving spectacle. Thus A. B—, for thirty years connected with trade, during most of which period he was a leading member of the great cloth house of —, has been worth \$200,000, but is now a bookkeeper for a concern in John street. J. S. has been forty years in trade, and was considered successful beyond all liability to future risk, being for many years ranked among the rich men of the street, failed, and is now poor. B— and M., princes in the dry goods line, built two palatial stores in Broadway, and have been immensely rich, but after battling honorably with adverse fortune, failed. J. R—, a retired merchant, estimated at \$500,000, holding at one time \$50,000 in Dela-

ware and Hudson Canal stock, subsequently got involved and lost all. Instances like these might be multiplied to any extent.

William Roscoe, the Poet Banker.

AFTER Mr. Roscoe had retired to private life, he was earnestly solicited to enter a banking house, the officers of which desired the attention of a person possessed of a great business capacity and talent. He had already acted as the confidential adviser of the house when in difficulty, and had rendered it valuable assistance. Yielding to the earnest request of his friends, he became a partner in said house, and for a time devoted himself exclusively to its concerns. Some seven years after, owing to the demands of the time and the scarcity of specie, the house was forced to suspend. At his solicitation, the creditors of the firm allowed them six years in which to discharge their debts. During all this period Mr. Roscoe's labors were unremitted. To meet their obligations, however, the private property of the members of the firm had to be sold, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. It was during this season of trial, that Mr. Roscoe wrote the celebrated and immortal sonnet, so well known to all who read the English language, and so evincive of his resignation during trials so severe.

Chinese Merchant's Gratitude.

A MERCHANT resided many years, highly respected, at Canton and Macao, when a sudden reserve of fortune reduced him from a state of affluence to the greatest necessity.

A Chinese merchant, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of ten thousand dollars, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount; this the Chinese immediately threw into the fire, saying, "When you,

my friend, first came to China, I was a poor man. You took me by the hand, and, assisting my honest endeavors, made me rich. Our circumstances are now reversed—I see you poor, while I have affluence."

The bystanders had snatched the bond from the flames; and the merchant, sensibly affected by such generosity, pressed his Chinese friend to take the security, which he did, and then effectually destroyed it.

But the disciple of Confucius, observing the renewed distress this act occasioned the merchant, said he would accept the latter's watch, or any little valuable as a memorial of their friendship. The merchant immediately presented his watch, and the Chinese, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying: "Take this seal—it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value; but as you are going to India, to look after your outstanding concerns, should misfortune further attend you, draw upon me for any sum of money you may stand in need of, seal it with this signet, sign it with your own hand, and I will pay the money."

Father Taylor and the Banker's Exhortation.

AN eminent banker from the West End, Boston, once visited Father Taylor's church during a warm revival, and somewhat varied the usual character of the prayer meeting, by an address setting forth the beneficence of the merchant princes, the goodness of the Port Society, and above all the duty of seamen to show their *gratitude to the merchants*. He was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor arose, at the close of this rather presumptuous exhortation, and simply inquired, "Is there any other old sinner from up-town that would like to say a word?"

"An Error in Shipping the Goods."

TOWARD the close of the Revolutionary war, the owners of the North Church in New Haven, Ct., sent to a Boston merchant for some nails, to make repairs with, when one of the kegs sent in return for the order was found to contain Spanish silver dollars. The deacons wrote to the merchant in Boston, that there was "an error in shipping the goods;" but he answered that the goods were sold as he bought them of a privateersman, and "he couldn't rectify mistakes." So the silver was melted up into a service of plate for the church, which is in use at the present day. Had the deacons been less shrewd, and stated the nature of the "error" to the merchant, that service of plate would never have turned up. As it was, they realized the full benefit of what is so much esteemed in business correspondence—brevity.

Persevering Traders.

AN old bachelor who resided in Brixton, in order to prevent itinerant traders annoying him by knocking at his door to dispose of their wares, affixed to his knocker a label to this effect: "The inhabitant of this house never buys anything at the door—Hawkers, beware!" He was dreadfully annoyed shortly after by a loud knock at the parlor window, from which he saw two fellows with clothes-lines, mats, and pegs to sell. Throwing up the sash in a pretty considerable rage, he accosted them thus: "Can you read?" "Yes, master," answered the hawker. "Then don't you see a notice affixed to my knocker, that I never buy anything at the door?" "To be sure we do; so we thought we would make bold and try to do a little something at the parlor window." The fellow's wit pacified the old bachelor, who straightway (he had a good vein in him, after all) made a purchase. Immediately afterward,

however, he sent for a painter, and had the following addition made to his announcement: "Nor at the window either."

Aptness and Nicety in Business Illustrated

ON a certain Saturday night, the clerks of the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that little establishment—not the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it necessitates a world of scrutiny. An error in the balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each department at work, sometimes, through the whole night. A hue and cry, therefore, was made after this one hundred pounds, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the *Gazette*, as an insolvent, for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—in the middle of the sermon, perhaps, if the truth were known,—felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier, on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam, and steam with eight and forty hours the start given. Instantly the wires asked, "whether such a vessel had left the harbor?" "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one, the delinquent, was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," says the mysterious telegraph. The West-India folks were debited with just one hundred pounds more, and the error was

corrected without even looking into the boxes, or delaying the voyage an hour.

European and American Modes of Doing Business.

THE loose and careless manner in which business is done in this country—at least in these latter days of hurry and venture—as compared with the practice among European merchants—was a subject frequently commented upon by the late John Bromfield, well known as one of the “prince merchants” of Boston. In his familiar style, Mr. Bromfield used to say, “Here, if a purchaser is about to buy a cargo of box sugars, he will bore into one box, look at a second, kick a third—and take the lot; but in Europe, they thrust an iron searcher through and through every box, and carefully examine every layer.”

Minding One's Own Business.

“DURING my long commercial experience,” says Girard, “I have noticed that no advantage results from telling one's business to others, except to create jealousy or competitors when we are fortunate, and to gratify our enemies when otherwise.” He was never known to disregard this theory in all his protracted career as one of the greatest and most successful of merchants.

Hon. Peter C. Brooks, of Boston, who left one of the largest fortunes ever amassed in this country, on being asked what rule he would recommend to a young man as most likely to ensure success, answered: “Let him mind his own business;” and to a similar inquiry, it has been said that Robert Lenox, of New York, well remembered as one of the most distinguished merchants ever known in that great city, and for his wide hospitality, once answered: “Let him be beforehand with his business.” One answer seems to include the other, as no man can be be-

forehand with his business, unless he *minds* it unremittingly, instead of spending his time and wits in looking after others.

John Jacob Astor's “Highway to Fortune.”

“IT'S what thee'll spend, my son,” said a sage old Quaker, “not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not,”—Franklin's advice, only in another shape, “Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.”

John Jacob Astor used to say, that a man who wishes to be rich and has saved ten thousand dollars, has won half the battle—is on the highway to fortune. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that in making and saving such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. The habitual small expenses, which are designated as “only a trifle,” amount, in the aggregate, like the sands of the shore, to something pretty serious. Ten cents a day, even, is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest on a capital of six hundred dollars; so that the man who saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a property worth six hundred dollars.

Gideon Lee carrying the Lapstone.

In the year 1834, the memorable panic year, a report was put in circulation among the New York business men, that the house of Gideon Lee, long so eminent and stable, had failed. In allusion to the report, Mr. Lee remarked: “I commenced business, when poor, on credit; I thrived by credit; and I hold it to be my duty to sacrifice my property down to twenty shillings in the pound, before that credit shall be dishonored. *I have carried the lapstone*, and I can do it again; but I will

never suffer a promise of mine to be broken, while I have a shilling left that I can call my own."

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Usurious Interest on Money—Peter C. Brooks's Rule.

ONE of the undeviating principles upon which Peter C. Brooks conducted his great business was that of never, either directly or indirectly, taking more than legal interest. Had he been willing to violate this rule, and that in modes not condemned by the letter of the law, nor by public opinion, he might easily have doubled his fortune. But many considerations led him to adopt and adhere to his rule on this subject. It was contrary to law to take more than legal interest, and he held it to be eminently dangerous to tamper with the duty of a good citizen, and break the law, because he might think the thing forbidden not morally wrong. This consideration was entirely irrespective of the fact, that at one period, by the law of Massachusetts, the contract was wholly violated by the demand of usurious interest, and the creditor placed in the debtor's power. But after the mitigation of the law in this respect, Mr. Brooks's practice remained unaltered. He believed and often said, that, *in the long run*, six per cent. is as much as the bare use of money is worth in this country; that to demand more was for the capitalist to claim the benefit of the borrower's skill in some particular business, or of his courage and energy; or else it was to take advantage of his neighbor's need. He frequently said that he would never put it in the power of any one, in a reverse of fortune, to ascribe his ruin to the payment of usurious interest to him. On more than one occasion, when some beneficial public object was to be promoted, he lent large sums at an interest below the legal and current rate.

Benevolence of Shai-king-qua, a Chinese Merchant.

AN interesting instance of generosity is given of a Chinese merchant, of the name of Shai-king-qua, who had long known a Mr. Anderson, an English trader, and had large business transactions with him. It appears that Mr. Anderson met with heavy losses, became insolvent, and at the time of his failure owed his Chinese friend upward of eighty thousand dollars. Mr. A. wished to go to England, in the hope of being able to retrieve his affairs; he called on the Hong merchant, and in the utmost distress, explained his situation, his wishes, and his plans. The Chinese listened with anxious attention, and having heard his story, thus addressed him:

"My friend Anderson, you have been very unfortunate; you lose all—I very sorry; you go to England; if you more fortunate there, you come back and pay; but that you no forget Chinaman friend, you take this, and when you look on this, you will remember Shai-king-qua." In saying these words, he pulled out a valuable gold watch, and gave it to Anderson.

Mr. Anderson took leave of his friend, but he did not live to retrieve his affairs, or to return to China. When the account of his death, and of the distress in which he had left his family, reached Canton, the Hong merchant called on one of the merchants of the factory who was about to return to Europe, and addressed him in the following manner: "Poor Mr. Anderson dead! I very sorry; he good man; he friend, and he leave two child; they poor—they have nothing—they child of my friend; you take this for them; tell them Chinaman friend send it!" And he put into the returning merchant's hands several thousand dollars for Mr. A.'s children.

Money-getting Tact of Jews.

THAT the Jews are more successful in money-getting than any other people is a generally admitted fact. "As rich as a Jew," is a proverb. How to account for it—to what cause to ascribe it—has long been a puzzle. If the following be matter-of-fact, instead of romancing, it may be considered a partial solution of the puzzle: "The politest people in the world are not the French, the English, the American, the Italian, nor the German, but the Jewish. For the Jews are maltreated, and reviled, and despoiled of their civil privileges, and their social rights; yet are they everywhere polite, affable, insinuating, and condescending. They are remarkable for their industry and perseverance; indulge in few or no recriminations; are faithful to old associations; more respectful of the prejudices of others than those are of theirs; not more worldly-minded and money-loving than people generally are; and, everything considered, they surpass all nations in courtesy, affability, and forbearance. Few persons excel in address a bright and polished Jew. There is no rusticity among that people." Whether this representation be correct or not, we scarcely know, as the majority of the reputed Jews in this country, especially those in the clothing trade, are a mongrel race. But it is certain that much of business success depends on courtesy.

Sole Qualification of a Bill Broker.

AN ancient writer on money affairs compressed a good deal of shrewd truth in his brief description of what a bill broker should be: A bill broker ought to be a man of honor, and know his business; he should avoid babbling, and be prudent in his office, which consists in one sole point—to *hear all and say nothing*; so that he ought never to speak of the negotiations transacted by means of his intervention.

Peculiar Feature in Rothschild's Business Character.

ROTHSCHILD'S management of the business of exchanges was one of the most remarkable features in his character. He *never hesitated for a moment* in fixing a rate either as a drawer or purchaser of a foreign bill of exchange on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive, that, notwithstanding the multifarious and immense transactions into which he entered on every foreign post-day on the Exchange, he never took a memorandum of them, but, on his return to his office, could dictate to his clerks the whole of the bargains he had made, with the various rates of exchange, and the names of the several parties with whom he had dealt, with the most perfect exactness.

Commercial Fortune of a Peer.

ONE of the most popular members of the British House of Lords is said to have purchased his peerage with a million of dollars in gold. One of the methods by which that mercantile house, of which he was the leading member, amassed the large fortune which they now enjoy, was this: they saw that the stock of a certain article, necessary for culinary purposes, was becoming scarce, and that the supply would be limited; they forthwith sent orders and agents to buy up that particular article, and thus swept the market. The demand for the article increased—as is usual—in proportion to its scarcity, the rice went up, and the house cleared within one week, at the expense of tens of thousands of consumers in very humble circumstances, hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Half-a-Million Profit by One of Girard's Operations.

IN the year 1813, an interesting circumstance occurred in the business operations of Girard, through his bank, by which he accomplished an enter-

prise of great importance to the city of Philadelphia, by the increase of its trade, as well as to his own funds in its profits, besides the advantages which were furnished to the Government by the duties which accrued to the national treasury. It happened that his ship, the *Montesquieu*, was captured at the mouth of the Delaware river, as was alleged, by a British frigate, and as this vessel had an invoice cargo of two hundred thousand dollars—consisting of teas, nankeens and silks—from Canton, it was determined by the captors, in preference to the hazard of being recaptured by an American ship in any attempt to carry their prize to a British port, to send a flag of truce to Mr. Girard, in order to give him the offer of a ransom. Applying to his well-stored vaults, the banker drew from them the sum of ninety-three thousand dollars in doubloons, which was transmitted to the British commander, and his vessel was soon seen coming into port with her rich cargo,—and which, notwithstanding the price of the ransom, is supposed, by the advanced value of every article on board, to have added a half a million of dollars to his fortune.

American Merchants of the Olden Time —Joseph Peabody.

JOSEPH PEABODY, of Salem, Mass., a name known wherever American commercial enterprise has been heard of, built and owned *eighty-three ships*, which, in every instance, he freighted himself; and for the navigation of which he shipped, at different times, *upward of seven thousand seamen*. From the year 1811, he had advanced thirty-five to the rank of shipmaster, who entered his employ as boys. He had performed by these vessels the following voyages, viz.: to Calcutta, thirty-eight; Canton, seventeen; Sumatra, thirty-two; St. Petersburg, forty-seven; other ports in the north of Europe, ten; the Mediterranean, twenty, before

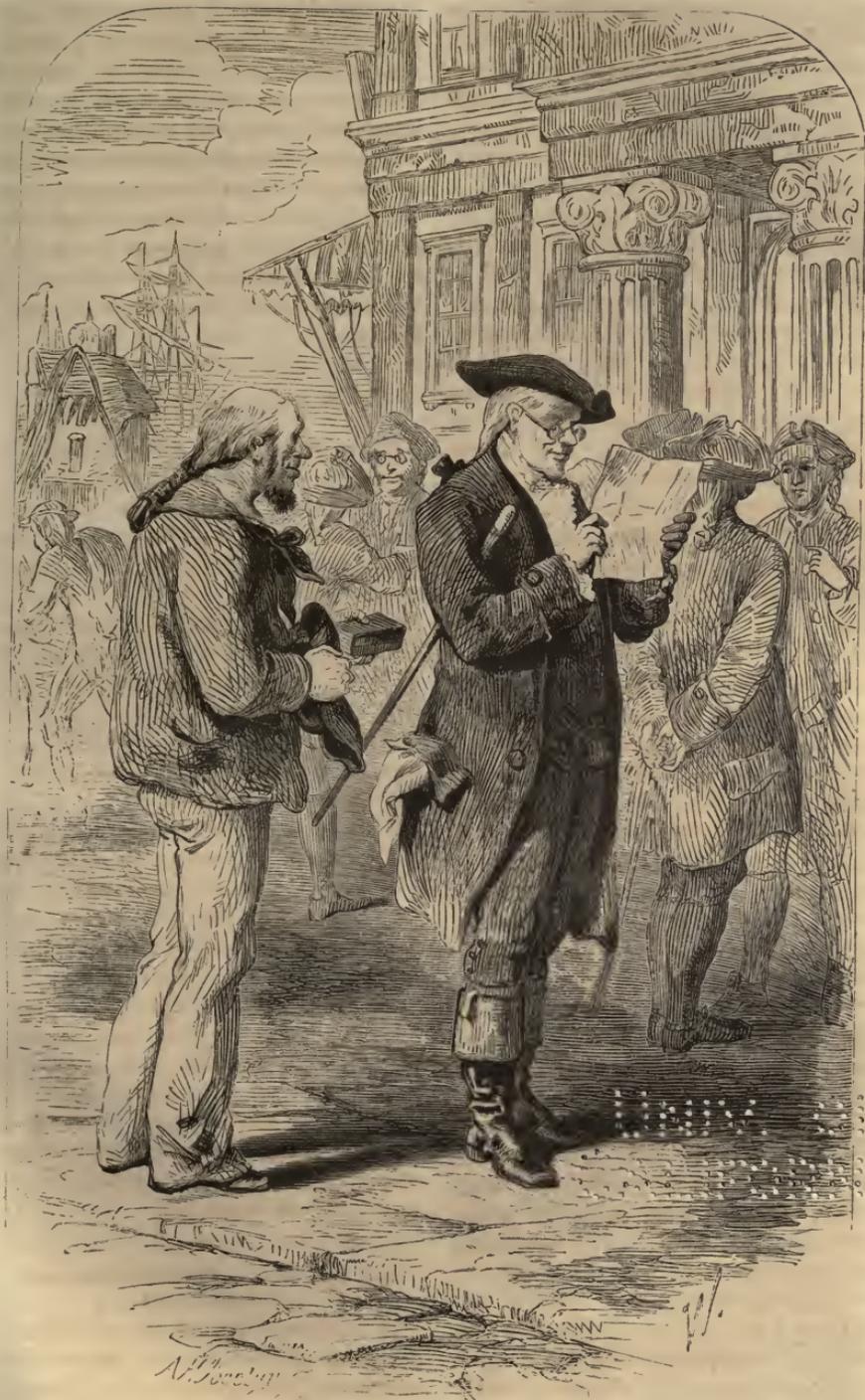
the war of 1812. The voyages performed by his vessels to the West Indies, Spanish Main, and along our wide extended coast, are unnumbered. The aggregate of his annual state, county, and city taxes paid into the treasury, amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars. A business of such vast magnitude and enterprise has rarely, for so long a period, been conducted by the energy and industry of an individual.

Gresham's Fortunate Letter.

THOMAS GRESHAM, as is recorded in history, was one of the first English merchants that traded to the East Indies; and, having fitted out several ships, he miscalculated the time at which they would return—a circumstance that caused him much embarrassment. He, however, soon recovered from this temporary disquietude. One day, while despondingly walking about the Bourse, or Exchange, which then had its location in Lombard street, a sailor came up and presented him with a letter from the captain of one of his ships, which contained the gratifying information that two of his ships had arrived safe from the East Indies; and that the box, which the bearer would deliver, contained some diamonds and pearls of great value, as a sample of the immense riches the ships had brought home. This peculiar and somewhat romantic incident is said to be an explanation of the statue of Gresham, in the old Royal Exchange of London, which represents him as holding an open letter in his hand.

Private Mercantile Finances and Royal Fleets.

A SINGLE merchant secured Queen Elizabeth against all the danger with which she was threatened by the *soi-disant* invincible armada of Spain. When the queen was apprised of the designs of Spain, she had no ships ca-



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S FORTUNATE LETTER.

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pable of being opposed to the Spanish fleet; as a part of those which were lying in the ports and docks could only be used after twelve months. Mr. Thomas Sutton, however, the distinguished merchant who founded the Charter House, being well acquainted with the state of the French finances, knew that the Spanish fleet could not set sail, but through the medium of bills which were to be drawn upon the Genoese Bank. He therefore conceived the idea of buying up all the paper or bills that could be met with in every commercial town in Europe, and to deposit them in the Bank of Genoa, that by his large remittances he might have that bank so in his power, as to incapacitate it, whenever he chose, from giving any aid to the Spaniards. Being well aware that it only required to let those remittances remain at Genoa, until the season should obstruct the sailing of the fleet, he calculated that these exchange operations would cost about forty thousand pounds sterling, and he proposed to the queen to extricate her at this price from the dilemma. The proposal was accepted, and carried into effect with so much secrecy, that Philip's hands were tied, and he could not send out the fleet until the following year.

Portuguese Pilgrim in the Streets of Venice.

ON a morning of summer, in the year 1498, a poor Portuguese pilgrim, clothed in rags, and who had wandered on foot from his native hills, appeared in the streets of Venice, and announced to its citizens that one of those daring navigators sent out by his king, had doubled the Cape of Storms, and discovered a new route to India. He was surrounded and eagerly questioned by a throng of princes, merchants, and artizans. His answers struck terror in every heart. They saw at once that the partition wall of their commercial monopoly was broken down; they saw the lucrative trade of

the east transferred from the Lagoon to Lisbon and the Tagus; they saw that the rich merchandise which they gathered and dispersed throughout Europe, was destined to pass through other hands; they saw their ships rotting in their docks, and their sailors wandering idly about the streets; they heard the last motion of those looms which had produced the choice silken and woollen fabrics in which the nobles of Europe clothed themselves; in a word, they rightly fancied they saw the destruction of that commerce whence came all their wealth, their luxury, and their pride; that commerce which had sent forth with the third army of the Crusaders, two hundred ships, and with the fourth, five hundred; that commerce whose mighty pulsations had been felt at the farthest extremities of the earth. Here was the remote, but the chief cause of the *Commercial Fall of Venice!*

Shopkeepers and Warriors.

WHEN Napoleon applied to England the contemptuous epithet of a "nation of shopkeepers," he paid her a higher compliment than he intended; it was an unintentional tribute to the power she had acquired by trade, an extorted homage to that commercial policy by which her merchants had become the arbiters of Europe—of those elements of strength which the shopkeepers of the Royal Exchange and Threadneedle street had furnished to her rulers, by which she alone was enabled to prescribe boundaries to the ambition of the great Captain, and say to the mighty wave of Gallic usurpation, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Military prowess was held in check by mercantile combinations, and the shopkeepers proved an overmatch for the warrior.

Murdered Merchant Watched by his Dog.

AN account, well attested, is related of two French merchants, who were travelling to a fair, and, while passing through a wood, one of them murdered the other, and robbed him of his money. After burying him, so as to prevent discovery, he proceeded on his journey. The dog of the person remained, however, by the grave of his master; and, by his long and continued howling, attracted the notice of several persons in the neighborhood, who, by this means, discovered the murder. The fair being ended, they watched the return of the merchant. The murderer no sooner appeared in view, than the dog sprung furiously upon him. He was apprehended, confessed the crime, and was executed. The kindness of the merchant had secured even the attachment of his dog to such a degree, that not even death could sunder the noble animal from the loved form of his master.

Aged Merchant Saved from Robbery by the Weather.

AN aged merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain began to fall with violence, and the good old man was soon wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and indulged in some pretty audible murmurings that the weather should prove so bad while he was journeying.

He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding, on one side of the road, a robber, with leveled gun, aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I, not to endure the rain patiently, as sent

by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve my property." It is almost needless to add, that thereafter the good merchant made the best of the weather, whichever way it turned up, indorsing with a good will the old adage, that it is an ill wind indeed that blows no good to some one.

English Merchant and Spanish Beggar.

It is related that an English merchant in the neighborhood of Madrid, having no money in his pocket, generously gave a handful of choice cigars to a beggar who approached him: the poorest Spaniard will be more gratified with a cigar than with money, so far as his personal feelings are concerned, as it is a compliment. Three years afterward, this merchant was seized near his country house by a band of robbers. While they were settling his ransom they were joined by an absent comrade, who instantly dismounted, and, approaching the Englishman, whom he had at once recognized, saluted him, and asked if he did not remember having given, at such a place and time, a handful of cigars to a beggar; then, turning to his comrades, he said, "This is my benefactor—whoever lays a hand on him lays it on me."

Good Word for Girard.

ONE of the most ingenious and plausible estimates of Mr. Girard's character as a business man—and the most favorable—which has ever appeared, is that uttered by Mr. Everett: He told me himself (says Mr. E.), that at the age of forty, his circumstances were so narrow, that he was employed as the commander of his own sloop, engaged in the coasting trade between New York

or Philadelphia and New Orleans; adding that on a certain occasion he was forty-five days in working his way up from the Balize to the city. Few persons enjoyed less personal popularity in the community in which he lived, and to which he bequeathed his princely fortune. If this proceeded from defects of personal character, it is a topic to be discussed only in its proper place. Of the effect upon the public welfare of the community of such a fortune in one's hands, freedom of speech may of course be indulged in. While I am far from saying that it might not have been abused by being made the instrument of a corrupt and dangerous influence in the community, I have never heard that it was so abused by Mr. Girard; and, on general principles, it may perhaps be safely said, that the class of men qualified to amass large fortunes by perseverance and exclusive dedication to business, by frugality and thrift, are not at all likely to apply this wealth to ambitious or corrupt designs. As to the effect in all other points of view, I confess I see nothing but public benefit in such capital, managed with unrelaxing economy; one-half judiciously employed by the proprietor himself in commerce—the other half loaned to the business community. What better use could have been made of it? Will it be said, divide it equally among the community; give each individual in the United States a share? It would have amounted to half a dollar each for man, woman, and child; and, of course, might as well have been sunk in the middle of the sea. Such a distribution would have been another name for annihilation. How many ships would have furled their sails, how many warehouses would have closed their shutters, how many wheels, heavily laden with the products of industry, would have stood still, how many families would have been reduced to want, and without any advantage resulting from distribution?

In a country like this, where the laws forbid hereditary transmission, and encourage equality of fortune, accumulations of capital, made by industry, enterprise, and prudence, and employed in active investments, without ministering to extravagance and luxury, are beneficial to the public. Their possessor becomes, whether he wills it or not, the steward of others; not merely, as in Mr. Girard's case, because he may destine a colossal fortune after his decease for public objects, but because, while he lives, every dollar of it must be employed in giving life to industry and employment to labor.

Had Mr. Girard lived in a fashionable part of the city, in a magnificent house; had he dazzled the passer-by with his splendid equipages, and spread a sumptuous table for his "dear five hundred friends," he would no doubt have been a more popular man. But in my apprehension he appears to far greater advantage, as a citizen and a patriot, in his modest dwelling and plain garb; appropriating to his personal wants the smallest pittance from his princely income; living to the last in the dark and narrow street in which he made his fortune, and, when he died, bequeathing it for the education of orphan children. For the public, I do not know that he could have done better: of all men in the world, he probably derived the least enjoyment from his property himself.

The Banker's Seven-Shilling Piece.

It was during one of the great national panics, that a gentleman—who may be called Mr. Thompson—was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerks pay away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit—there existed, perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment like the

one referred to, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to. A general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearing that the next instant would be too late—forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others most likely to insure the ruin that was sought to be avoided. The wealthy citizen named sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not altogether suppress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him:

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question, but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it—true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline to reply to your most extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you,"—and the banker rose, as a hint to the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money dealer started.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' talk with you. One Christmas morning, my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them ought not to forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The great banker had become interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, as I considered myself in duty bound—I wished you 'a happy Christmas.' 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so,' and you threw me a *seven-shilling piece*. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy at receiving it, nor your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider that I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I gathered all my capital, and brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here

it is—" and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson; "in a few days I will call again." Snatching up his hat, and throwing down his card, he walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll—it contained thirty thousand pounds! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed; he could not help it. This house is still one of the first in London.

The thirty thousand pounds of the turnpike boy has now grown into some two hundred thousand pounds. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

Commencing with Three Tobacco Boxes—Jacob Barker.

JACOB BARKER'S disposition for commercial pursuits manifested itself at a very early period—his first essay in this line being with three tobacco boxes. The history of the tobacco boxes was this: Mr. Barker was, as a relaxation from the fatigues of attending store and other matters for his brother James, permitted to go as cabin boy in his packet to New York and Boston two or three times a year. On one occasion, the passengers presented him with thirty-one cents. This he invested in Boston in three iron tobacco boxes, and took them to Nantucket, where he sold two of them for a penny apiece profit; the other got a little rusty, and was sold at first cost. When at Nantucket, forty years after this, he met a poor old man hobbling along with the aid of a staff, who abruptly observed, "Jacob, will you take a piece of tobacco?" at the same time presenting the box. Jacob replied, "No, I thank you, I do not use tobacco in that way,"—when the old man said, "Do you know that box?" This brought its sale to the recollection of Jacob, who seizing his hand, said, "Is this you, Mr. Ellis?

How do you do? I am glad to see you looking so well after so long a period."

Washington as a Business Man.

At the age of thirteen, Washington studied the intricate forms of business with great ardor. He copied out bills of exchange, notes of hand, bills of sale, receipts, and all the varieties of that class—all being remarkable for the precision and elegance with which they were executed. His manuscripts, even then, were of the utmost neatness and uniformity, the diagrams always beautiful, the columns and tables of figures exact; and all in unstained and unblotted order. His business papers, ledgers, and daybooks, in which no one wrote but himself, were models of exactness. Every fact had its place, and was recorded in a plain, clear handwriting, and there was neither interlineation, blot, or blemish. One of his rules, at this immature age, was, "Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive."

From 1759 to 1764, Washington was, in some measure, an active merchant; for, in that calmest period of his eventful life, he regularly exported to London the product of his large estate on the Potomac. The shipments were made in his own name, and to his correspondents in Bristol and Liverpool, to which places his tobacco was consigned. In return for the articles exported, it was his custom, twice in each year, to import from London the goods which he desired to use; and as an instance of the accurateness with which he conducted his commercial transactions as an importer, it is stated that he required his agent to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics, from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in these concerns, that he recorded, with his own hand, in books

prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders, and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business; ascertained the prices; could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him—of which, if he discovered any, he did not fail to remind his correspondents.

Present Prosperity of the Rothschilds.

HE who does not delay for casualties, and has knowledge enough to perceive that in all great affairs the success not only depends on the choice and use of the most favorable moment, but *especially on the pursuit of an acknowledged fundamental maxim*, has the two principles which are never neglected by this banking house, and to which—besides to a prudent performance of its business and to advantageous conjunctures—it owes the greatest part of its present wealth and renown.

The first of these principles was that which caused the five brothers to carry on their business in a perpetual and uninterrupted communion. This was the golden rule bequeathed to them by their dying father. Since his death, every proposition, let it come from whom it may, is the object of their common deliberations. Every important undertaking was carried on by a combined effort, after a plan agreed upon, and all had an equal share in the result. Though for several years their customary residences, being in the great capitals of Europe, were very remote, this circumstance could never interrupt their harmony; it rather gave them this advantage, that they were always perfectly well instructed as to the condition of things in every metropolis, and thus each of them, on his part, could the better prepare and initiate the affairs to be undertaken by

the firm. The second principle in perpetual view of this house is, not to seek an excessive profit in any undertaking; to assign certain limits—though, of course, proportioned to their vast means—to every enterprise; and, as much as human caution and prudence will permit, to make themselves independent of the play of accidents.

Mr. Everett and the Hindoo Merchant.

THE far-reaching influence which American commercial enterprise has abroad, is illustrated by the following anecdote told by Mr. Everett: "When I had the honor to represent the country at London," says Mr. E., "I was a little struck one day, at the royal drawingroom, to see the President of the Board of Control (the board charged with the supervision of the Government of India) approaching me with a stranger, at that time much talked of in London—the Babu Dwarkanath Tagore. This person, who is now living, was a Hindoo of great wealth, liberality, and intelligence. He was dressed with oriental magnificence—he had on his head, by way of turban, a rich Cashmere shawl, held together by a large diamond brooch; another Cashmere around his body; his countenance and manners were those of a highly intelligent and remarkable person, as he was. After the ceremony of introduction was over, he said he wished to make his acknowledgments to me, as the American minister, for the benefits which my countrymen had conferred upon his countrymen. I did not at first know what he referred to; I thought he might have in view the mission schools, knowing, as I did, that he himself had done a great deal for education. He immediately said that he referred to the *cargoes of ice* sent from America to India, conducting not only to comfort but health. He asked me if I knew from what part of America it came. It gave me great

pleasure to tell him that I lived, when at home, within a short distance of the spot from which it was brought."

Earliest American Whaleship in England.

THE following interesting scrap is from Barnerd's History of England: "1783. On the third of February, the ship Bedford, Capt. Moores, belonging to Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs, passed Gravesend on the 4th, and was reported at the custom house on the 6th. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the commissioners of the custom house and the lords of the council, on account of the many acts of parliament yet in force against the rebels of America. She was loaded with five hundred and eighty-seven butts of whale oil, manned wholly with American seamen, and belonged to the island of Nantucket, Mass. The vessel lay at the Horsley Down, a little below the river, and was the first which displayed the stars and stripes in any British port."

Explaining his Business.

THERE is an ancient volume of "Saxon Dialogues," preserved in the British Museum, in which the merchant, as one of the characters introduced, gives the why and wherefore of his occupation:

"I say that I am useful to the king, and to aldermen, and to the rich, and to all people. I ascend my ship with my merchandise, and sail over the sea-like places, and sell my things, and buy dear things which are not produced in this land, and I bring them to you here, with great danger over the sea; and sometimes I suffer shipwreck, with the loss of all my things, scarcely escaping myself." He is then asked, "What do you bring to us?" to which he answers, "Skins, silks, costly gems, and gold; various garments, pigment, wine,

oil, ivory; brass, copper and tin, silver, glass, and such like."

The principle of all commercial dealings is distinctly enough stated in the answer to the next question: "Will you sell your things here as you bought them there?" "I will not; because what would my labor benefit me? I will sell them here dearer than I bought them there, that I may get some profit to feed me, my wife, and children."

Aztec Merchants.

THE Aztec merchant was a sort of itinerant trader, who made his journeys to the remotest borders of Anahuac, and to the countries beyond, carrying with him merchandise of rich stuffs, jewelry, slaves, and other valuable commodities.

With this rich freight the merchant visited the different provinces, always bearing some present of value from his own sovereign to their chiefs, and usually receiving others in return, with a permission to trade. Should this be denied him, or should he meet with indignity or violence, he had the means of resistance in his power. He performed his journeys with a number of companions of his own rank, and a large body of inferior attendants, who were employed to transport the goods. The whole caravan went armed, and so well provided against sudden hostilities, that they could make good their defence, if necessary, till reinforced from home.

It was not unusual for government to allow the merchants to raise levies themselves, for warlike purposes, and which were placed under their command. It was, moreover, very common for the prince to employ the merchants as a sort of spies, to furnish him information of the state of the country through which they passed, and the disposition of the inhabitants toward himself.

Thus their sphere of action was much

enlarged beyond that of a humble trader, and they acquired a high consideration in the body politic. They were allowed to assume insignia and devices of their own. Some of their number composed what is called by the Spanish writers a council of finance. They were much consulted by the monarch, who had some of them constantly near his person, addressing them by the title of "uncle."

Sources of Wealth of the Medici Merchants.

THE two brothers, Lorenzo and Cosmo de Medici, were in conjunction in their great mercantile affairs, until the death of the former, when his proportion of the riches they obtained, amounting to hundreds of thousands of florins, was inherited by his son Pier Francesco de Medici, for whose use it was retained by Cosmo until the year 1451, when a distribution took place among the two families. From that time it was agreed that the traffic of the family should be carried on for the joint benefit of Pier Francesco, and of Piero and Giovanni, the sons of Cosmo, who were to divide the profits in equal shares of one third to each—and immense riches were by them thus acquired.

Of the particular branch of traffic by which the Medici family acquired their enormous wealth, there is little doubt but that a considerable portion of it arose from the trade which the Florentines, in the early part of the fifteenth century, began to carry on to Alexandria for the productions of the East, in which they attempted to rival the states of Genoa and Venice. To this they were induced by the representations of Taddeo di Cenni, who having resided at Venice, and being apprised of the advantages which that city derived from the traffic in spices and other Eastern merchandise, prevailed upon his countrymen to aim at a participation in the new trade. The initiative was consequently made, and, in 1422,

the Florentines entered on their new commerce with the most imposing public pageant.

But perhaps the principal sources of the riches of this family arose from the commercial banks which they had established in almost all the trading cities of Europe, and which were conducted by agents in whom they placed great confidence. At a time when the rate of interest principally depended on the necessities of the borrower, and was in most cases very exorbitant, an inconceivable profit must have been derived from those establishments, especially as they were at times resorted to for pecuniary assistance by the most powerful sovereigns of Europe.

Remarkable Case of Conscience in a Business Man.

AN old Dutchman, named S—, who lived in one of the wretched hovels that stand in the rear of Sheriff street, and whose apparent poverty and sufferings from a *dreadful case of hernia* had long excited the sympathy of his humane neighbors, died of asthma and a combination of other diseases. He was well known to be of a very obstinate and eccentric disposition; and, although he had been confined to his bed for some weeks, he not only rejected all medical aid, but persisted to the last in sleeping in the whole of his wardrobe, which consisted chiefly in a pair of breeches that at some remote era had been constructed of blue velvet, and a sailor's jacket, and a frieze overcoat, all of which exhibited accumulated proofs of the old man's attachment. He sent for Mr. Van D., a respectable countryman of his, residing in the neighborhood, who had given him charitable relief, and privately requested him to make his will! To this gentleman's great surprise, he bequeathed various sums of money, amounting altogether to several thousand dollars, to children and grandchildren residing at Newark and Al-

bany, and confidentially informed him where his property was deposited. He then narrated to Mr. V. D. the following remarkable facts in his history :

He stated that about twenty-five years ago, he was a porter to a mercantile house in Hamburg, and having been long in its employ, was frequently intrusted with considerable sums of money for conveyance to other establishments. In an hour of evil influence he was induced to violate his trust, and abscond to this country. Having arrived, he invested the greater part of it in the purchase of two houses, which adjoined each other, and which, before he had effected an insurance upon them, were burned to the ground. Considering this a judgment of heaven upon his dishonesty, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to a severe course of industry and parsimony, with the single object in view of making full restitution to the persons whom he had injured, or to their descendants.

He adopted another name, and, with the means he had left, commenced business as a tobacconist, and, although his trade was a retail one, and he had again suffered a heavy loss from fire, he had succeeded, five years since, in acquiring sufficient property to accomplish his just and elevated purpose. He then, accordingly, sold his stock in trade, and was preparing to transmit the necessary amount to Hamburg, where the mercantile firm he had defrauded still continues, when he ascertained that it had a branch establishment or agency counting house in Philadelphia. Thither he went, and paid the sum of *fourteen thousand dollars*, being equivalent to the original sum he had embezzled, with a certain rate of interest. The latter, however, was generously returned to him by a son of one of the partners, and this, together with some surplus money, he bequeathed as above stated. This money was found by his executor, principally in doubloons, and curiously concealed in a certain private

department of the tenacious breeches before specified; and it was thus ascertained, at last, that the old man's *dreadful case of hernia*, on account of which he had received so much sympathy, was a 'case' of something far less objectionable, and hardly coming within the category of those dreaded "ills to which human *flesh* is heir."

Mr. Grinnell's Liberality.

THE name of Henry Grinnell will have an enduring place in American mercantile history, as that of the author, advocate, and patron of the United States' expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his gallant party. With that enterprise and liberality so characteristic of his profession—and of Mr. Grinnell in particular—he promptly came forward at a time when that much talked of undertaking was in special need of influential countenance as well as of pecuniary aid. The various expeditions which Great Britain had sent out in search of the illustrious pioneer party, though well devised, seemed to suffer from various and peculiar drawbacks, so that, before the beginning of 1850, all further attempts were abandoned—almost without attaining the first threshold of inquiry. Their failure aroused everywhere the generous sympathies of men. Science felt for its votaries, humanity mourned its fellows, and an impulse, holier and more energetic than either, invoked a crusade of rescue. That admirable woman, the wife of Sir John Franklin, not content with stimulating the renewed efforts of her own countrymen, claimed the coöperation of the world. In letters to the President of the United States, full of the eloquence of feeling, she called on us, as a "kindred people, to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigators from a dreary grave." The delays incident to much of our national legislation menaced the defeat of her appeal.

The bill making appropriations for the outfit of an expedition lingered on its passage, and the season for commencing operations had nearly gone by. At this juncture, that noble-spirited merchant of New York, Henry Grinnell, fitted out two of his own vessels, and proffered them gratuitously to the Government. Prompted by such munificent private liberality, Congress hastened to take the expedition under its charge, and authorized the necessary proceedings to that end.—Moses H. Grinnell, a brother of Henry, is also distinguished for his merchant-like love of “doing a good thing.”

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A Good Beginning—Old Moses Rothschild.

AN account is given, on another page of this work, of the circumstances under which the Prince of Hesse Cassel, in his flight from the French republican army, passed through the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and paid a hasty visit to one Moses Rothschild, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute, both for integrity and ability in the management of his business. As is well known, the Prince's purpose in visiting Moses was to request him to take charge of a large sum in money and jewels, amounting in value to several millions of dollars. The Jew at first point blank refused so dangerous a charge; but, upon being earnestly pressed to take it, at the prince's own sole risk—nay, that even a receipt should not be required—he at length consented. The money and jewels were speedily but privately conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and, just as the advanced corps of the French army had entered through the gates of Frankfort, Moses had succeeded in burying it in a corner of his garden. He, of course, received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following means of saving the treasure of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit

confidence in his honor. He therefore did not attempt to conceal any of his own property (the value of his cash and stock consisting of only forty thousand thalers, or about \$30,000), but, after the necessary remonstrances and grumbling with his unwelcome visitors, and a threat or two that he should report them to the general-in-chief—from whom he had no doubt of obtaining redress—he suffered them to carry it all off.

As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rothschild resumed his business as banker and money changer; at first, indeed, in an humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the aid of the Prince of Hesse Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short space of time, he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

In the year 1802, the prince returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call on his Jewish banker; apprehending that if the French had left anything, the honesty of Moses had not been proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled from dire necessity to put in his way. On being introduced into Rothschild's *sanc-tum*, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said:

“I have called on you, Moses, as a matter of course; but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?”

“*Not a thaler*,” replied the Jew, gravely.

“What say you?” returned his highness. “Not a thaler! Why, I was informed that the *sans-culottes* had emptied all your coffers, and made you a beggar. I even read so in the *gazettes*.”

“Why, so they did, may it please your serene highness,” replied Moses; “but I was too cunning for them. By letting them take my own little stock, I saved your great one. I knew that as I was reputed wealthy, although

by no means so, if I should remove any of my own gold and silver from their appropriate bags or coffers, the robbers would be sure to search for it, and, in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden. It is wonderful what a keen sense these fellows have got! they actually poured buckets of water over some of my neighbors' kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up! Well, as I was saying, I buried your treasure in the garden; and it remained untouched until the robbers left Frankfort, to go in search of plunder elsewhere. Now, then, to the point: as the *sans-culottes* left me not a kreutzer to carry on my business; as several good opportunities offered of making a very handsome profit; and as I thought it a pity that so much good money should lie idle, while the merchants were both ready and willing to give large interest; the temptation of converting your highness's florins to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up the treasure, and deposited your jewels in a strong box, from which they have never since been moved; I employed your gold and silver in my business; my speculations were profitable; and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care."

"I thank you heartily, my good friend," said his highness, "for the great care you have taken and the sacrifice you have made. As to the interest of five per cent., let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you may have made. As a reward for your singular honesty, I shall still leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at a low rate of two per cent. interest per annum, the same being more as an acknowledg-

ment of the deposit in case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you. I trust that this will enable you to use my florins with advantage in any way which may appear most beneficial to your own interests."

Perseverance Badly Rewarded.

MANY years ago, when Texas was first admitted into the Union, George Ford, a well-known hardware merchant in Boston, visited that State on business. He had occasion to travel in distant and thinly-settled parts of the State on horseback, where sometimes he would not see a habitation for thirty or forty miles. He was told that on reaching the Brazos River, a quarter of a mile wide at a certain point in Washington County, he would find a bridge; but, on reaching the river, there were no signs of a bridge. The persevering merchant dismounted, undressed, and tying his clothes in his handkerchief, he fastened the bundle to the headstall of the horse, and drove him into the river, Ford swimming after him. Both arrived safely on the other side; and after dressing, he was very much perplexed to find three forks to the road or trail, and the question was now which one to take to reach his destination—a town some fifty miles distant. While pondering on the probabilities, he cast his eyes back over the river, and saw a signboard nailed to a tree. He resolved to swim back and read it. Undressing again, in he went, and reached the other side, and read these words: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk." It appeared the bridge had been carried away during a great freshet, some months previous, the only vestige remaining being the sign above on the tree. George said it was the only time he ever was "sold" in Texas.

Correct Appreciation of Mercantile Character by Mr. Astor.

WHILE in Liverpool, England, Mr. James G. King was brought into relations of business and much personal intimacy with Mr. John Jacob Astor, who was on a brief sojourn in Europe; and such was the impression made upon that sagacious observer and almost unerring judge of character, by the business tact and promptness of Mr. King, and his general character, that, upon his return to the United States, Mr. Astor invited him to come to New York and take the chief direction of the American Fur Company, with a very liberal salary. The offer was a tempting one, and made at a time when, owing to the mercantile disasters which had been battled with, the prospects of Mr. King's house in Liverpool were not very promising. But the business to which he was invited was wholly new to him; and, moreover, it was in his character to prefer an independent position—though it might be less lucrative—to any, however advantageous, of which the tenure was at the pleasure of others. Mr. King, therefore, declined, but with such expression of his sense of the liberal kindness of Mr. Astor as was both natural and fitting; and Mr. Astor continued his fast friend always, and had another occasion of proving his friendship about the close of 1823. Consulted by Mr. Prime, then at the head of the house of Prime, Ward, Sands & Co., as to his knowledge of some fitting person upon whom Mr. Prime might safely devolve a portion of the business of his prosperous house, Mr. Astor at once suggested the name of James G. King, and accompanied it with such eulogies as to determine Mr. Prime, who, it seems, from some business intercourse between their houses, had himself thought of Mr. King, to invite him to become a partner in his house; and this arrangement was in due time consum-

mated. The brilliant commercial results of this copartnership, and the whole subsequent career of Mr. King, showed that Mr. Astor was not mistaken in his appreciation of the man.

Search for a New Route to China.

SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY'S famous commercial exploring expedition in the fifteenth century—to discover a near route to China—met with a sad fate. By the sudden approach of winter he was compelled to seek refuge within an obscure harbor in Russian Lapland, where, with the crew of two of his vessels, he was frozen to death; and when the Laplanders, in pursuance of their annual custom, sought the seacoast in summer, for the sake of its fishery, they found the remains of the unhappy adventurer, who, meditating a great discovery, had met with an obscure death. It is a touching picture to contemplate him as he was found, sitting with his diary and papers before him as in life, and to think how little his aspiring but noble ambition meditated so melancholy a fate. The expedition, however, was not without its benefit, as one vessel escaped. Richard Chancellor, its commander, landed near Archangel, and inclined the Czar, Ivan Bazilowitz, then engaged in the Livonian war, to grant considerable commercial privileges to the English.

Extension and Profits of Mr. Astor's Fur Business.

IF there was anything left undone by Mr. Astor to extend and give success to his early and favorite trade in furs, then it was something which mortal shrewdness could not compass. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of that trade, coming in contact with the agents, and obtaining a complete knowledge of the methods and profits of the traffic. His great enterprise induced him to reach, for

ward to what others would have shrunk from.

When the revolutionary war closed, Oswego, Detroit, Niagara, and other posts, were in the hands of the British; and as these were the entrepôts of the western and northern countries, the fur trade had languished after their capture and during their detention. The traders had been either driven away or drafted into the armies; the trappers had ranged themselves on either side of the political contention; and the Indians obtained more fire-water and calico for the use of their mercenary rifles and tomahawks from Great Britain, in this her domestic quarrel with the colonies, than if they had employed them on beavers and squirrels. After much negotiation and surveying, and the advancement and consideration of claims, these posts were conceded to the United States, and Canada was opened to the fur trade. Shortly afterward the British retired from the west side of St. Clair, opening up to the enterprising merchants of America the great fur trade of the West.

Mr. Astor saw that the posts thus made free would soon be thronged by Indians eager to dispose of the accumulated produce of several years' hunting, and that the time had now come when he was certain to amass a large fortune by the traffic. He immediately established agencies, over which he exercised a sort of personal superintendence, visiting the stations sometimes, but chiefly devoting himself to the New York business. The results verified the sagacious predictions of Mr. Astor, for in a few years his gains from this source were very large.

The British fur companies had, however, built their block forts at almost every eligible site on the rivers of the northern and southwestern parts of the American continent, and were soon likely to acquire a monopoly of the whole of the fur trade, unless some bold measures

were adopted to rescue it from them. This Astor attempted in 1803, by establishing the American Fur Company. The hardy adventurers who entered into this project, boldly pushed their outposts far into the hitherto unknown prairie, and raised their forts upon the banks of yet unexplored rivers. Tribes unused to see the white man, and who only knew him through vague tradition, or by a passing tale from some visitor of another tribe, now saw and knew him, and brought their abundance of beaver, otter, and buffalo skins, and laid them at his feet for muskets, powder, and fire-water.

No sooner was the American Fur Company established and in operation than Mr. Astor cast his shrewd eyes toward the region stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean. He proposed to the United States' Government the establishment of a line of forts along the shores of the Pacific Ocean and on the Columbia River, in order to take from the hands of the British all facilities for establishing a trade west of the Rocky Mountains. The project was agreed to; and in 1810 sixty men, under the command of a hardy and adventurous leader, established the first post at the mouth of the Columbia, which took its designation of Astoria from the projector of the scheme. This became the germ of the budding State of Oregon. Then commenced a series of operations on a scale altogether beyond anything hitherto attempted by individual enterprise. The history is full of wildest romance. The whole scheme was the offspring of a capacious mind; and had the plans of Mr. Astor been faithfully carried out by his associates, it would, no doubt, have been eminently successful. But the enterprise soon failed. During the war a British armed sloop captured Astoria, and the British fur traders entered upon the rich field which Mr. Astor had planted, and reaped the golden harvest.

**Honorable Distinction attained by
Mr. Perit.**

PELATIAH PERIT had at an early age marked out for himself a professional life, intending to devote himself to the ministry, and possessing a fine collegiate education and an unspotted religious character as the basis of such a career. But a partial failure of his health, and especially of his voice, required a reconsideration of his purpose. Compelled thus to relinquish the profession to which he was led by religious sympathies and aspirations, he chose the mercantile profession as better for him than any other secular employment.

He was in his nineteenth year when he began as a clerk in one of the large importing houses at Philadelphia, which had not then ceased to be the foremost of our American cities. Nor was he long in demonstrating that all his talents and attainments might be made serviceable to him in his chosen employment. After remaining about five years in connection with the house which he had entered as a clerk, and for which he had made several voyages to the West Indies and to South America, he returned to New York in 1809,

just when all the commercial interests of our country were imperilled, and were coming to the brink of annihilation, by that series of measures which terminated in the war of 1812. When, however, peace was restored, and the business of the country had revived, and its foreign commerce once more began to traverse freely every ocean, he became a partner in the house of Goodhue & Co., and, through all the changes which time and death made in the partnership, he remained a member of that firm more than forty years. All commercial men know the character and standing of that house, and how much of it was the character and standing of Pelatiah Perit.

His place among his fellow merchants of the great metropolis was recognized by his election, eleven years ago, to the Presidency of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The rules of that body provide that no president shall be reelected for more than three years in succession without a unanimous vote. Yet for ten successive years he held that place of honor, being nine times reelected by the unanimous vote of his distinguished associates—a rare and honorable distinction.

PART FOURTH.



ANECDOTES OF TRADE AND BUSINESS IMMORALITIES.

PART FOURTH.

Anecdotes of Trade and Business Immoralities.

THE RAREST INSTANCES OF INGENIOUS FRAUD, FORGERY, COUNTERFEITING, AND SMUGGLING; USURY, ARTIFICE, TRICKS, AND MALPRACTICE; WITH EXAMPLES, EXTRAORDINARY AND AMUSING, OF AVARICE, COVETOUSNESS, PARSIMONY, EXTORTION, PRIDE, RUDENESS, VIOLENCE, AND EXTRAVAGANCE OF BUSINESS MEN.

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.—YOUNG.

A knave is like a tooth drawer, that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men.—BUTLER.

Lands mortgaged may return, and more esteemed;
But honesty once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.—MIDDLETON.

— For a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.—BYRON'S "DON JUAN."

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—BRUTÈRE.

Selling Salt by a Chalk Line.

AT one period in the changeful commercial life of Girard, he sold salt by the bushel; and, conceiving one day that his measure, or half bushel, was too large, he determined to regulate or readjust it himself. For this purpose he took a half-gallon liquid measure, and repairing to the wharf, which was at that time constructed with steps, for the convenience of supplying citizens with water from the river, he deposited the requisite number of half gallons into his half bushel, and then drawing a *chalk line* round the water mark, he found it was too large by an inch or more; on discovering this to be the case, he forthwith went to a neighboring cooper's shop, and borrowing a saw for the purpose, reduced the measure of his half bushel accordingly, thus making it what he conceived it ought to be. This gave rise to the saying, "that Mr. Girard was a just man, but

it was according to his own *measure* of justice."

Rothschild and Lucas—Stratagem to learn the Former's Secrets.

When the great Hebrew financier lived on Stamford Hill, there resided opposite to him another very wealthy dealer in stock exchange, Lucas by name. The latter returned one night very late from a convivial party; he observed a carriage and four standing before Rothschild's gate, upon which he ordered his own carriage to go out of the way, and commanded his coachman to await his return.

Lucas now went stealthily and watched the movements at Rothschild's gate. He did not lie long in ambush, before he heard a party leaving the Hebrew millionaire's mansion, and going toward the carriage. He saw Rothschild, accompanied by two muffled figures, step into the carriage, and heard the word of command, "To

the city!" He followed Rothschild's carriage very closely. But when he reached the top of the street in which Rothschild's office was situated, Lucas ordered his carriage to stop, from which he stepped out, and proceeded, reeling to and fro through the street, feigning to be mortally drunk. He made his way in this same mood as far as Rothschild's office, and *sans cérémonie* opened the door, to the great consternation and terror of the housekeeper, uttering sundry ejaculations in the broken accents of Bacchus's votaries. Heedless of the affrighted housekeeper's remonstrances, he opened Rothschild's private office, in the same staggering attitude, and fell down flat on the floor. Rothschild and his friends became greatly alarmed. Efforts were at once made to restore and remove the would-be drunkard; but Lucas was too good an actor, and was, therefore, in such a state as to be unfit to be moved hither or thither. "Should a physician be sent for?" asked Rothschild. But the housekeeper threw some cold water into Lucas's face, and the patient began to breathe a little more naturally, and fell into a sound, snoring sleep. He was covered, and Rothschild and the strangers proceeded unsuspectingly to their business.

The strangers brought the good intelligence that the affairs in Spain were all right, respecting which the members of the exchange were, for a few days previous, very apprehensive, and the funds were consequently in a rapidly sinking condition. The good news, however, could not, in the common course of dispatch, be publicly known for another day. Rothschild, therefore, planned to order his brokers to buy up, cautiously, all the stock that should be in market, by twelve o'clock that following day. He sent for his principal broker thus early, in order to intrust him with the important instructions. The broker was rather tardier, however, than Rothschild's patience could brook; he therefore determined

to go himself. As soon as he was gone, Lucas began to recover, and by degrees was able to get up, being distracted, as he said, "with a violent headache," and insisted, in spite of the housekeeper's kind expostulations, upon going home. But Lucas also went to *his* broker, and instructed him to buy all the stock he could get by ten o'clock the following morning. About eleven o'clock, Lucas met Rothschild, and inquired, in a satirical manner, how he, Rothschild, was off for stock! Lucas won the day; and Rothschild is said never to have forgiven what he termed "that base, dishonest, and nefarious stratagem."

Financiering in Alabama.

IN the times of 1836, there dwelt in a pleasant town of Alabama, a smooth, oily-mannered gentleman, who diversified a common-place pursuit by some exciting episodes of finance—dealing occasionally in exchange brokerage, buying and selling uncurrent money, &c. His name may be supposed to be Thompson.

It happened that a Mr. Ripley, of North Carolina, was in T., having some \$1,200 in North Carolina money; and, desiring to return to the old North State with his funds, but not wishing to encounter the risk of robbery through the Creek country, in which there were rumors of hostilities between the whites and the Indians, he bethought him of buying exchange on Raleigh, as the safest mode of transmitting his money. On inquiry he was referred to Mr. Thompson, as the only person dealing in exchange in that place. He called on Mr. T., and made known his wishes. With his characteristic politeness, Mr. Thompson agreed to accommodate him with a sight bill on his correspondent in Raleigh, charging him the moderate premium of five per cent. for it. Mr. Thompson retired into his counting room, and in a few minutes

returned with the bill and a letter, which he delivered to Mr. Ripley, at the same time receiving the money from that gentleman, plus the "exchange." As the interlocutors were exchanging valedictory compliments, it "occurred" to Mr. Thompson that it would be a favor to him if Mr. Ripley would be so kind as to convey to Mr. T.'s correspondent a package of "documents" he was desirous of sending, which request Mr. Ripley assured Mr. T. it would afford him great pleasure to comply with. Mr. Thompson then handed Mr. Ripley a package, strongly enveloped and sealed, addressed to the Raleigh banker, after which the gentlemen parted with many polite expressions of regard and civility.

Arriving without any accident or hindrance at Raleigh, Mr. Ripley's first care was to call on the banker and present his documents. He found him at his office, presented the bill and the letter to him, and requested payment of the former. "That," said the banker, "will depend a good deal upon the contents of the package;" opening which, Mr. Ripley had the pleasure of seeing the identical banknotes, minus the premium he had paid Mr. T. for his bill, and which the banker now paid over to Mr. R. The latter was not a little surprised to find that the expert Mr. Thompson had thus charged him five per cent. for carrying his own money to Raleigh, to avoid the risk and trouble of which he had bought the exchange.

T. used to remark that *that* was the safest operation, all around, *he* ever knew. He had got his exchange—the buyer had got his bill and the money, too,—and the drawee was fully protected! There was profit without any outlay or risk.

Italian Picture Dealer Trapping an Experienced Connoisseur.

SIGNOR A—has long been known as one of the most facetious London

dealers in pictures and other objects of art,—not stopping at any clever ruse by which to make a good "sell." It is related, too, that one of his boldest tricks was successfully played off at the expense of an experienced purchaser and acknowledged connoisseur, the late Mr. C—. He persuaded the latter to look at a picture of high pretensions and of some merit in his house. While they were discussing it, the jingle of posting bells was heard in the street, and the prolonged crack of a courier's whip soon echoed in the doorway. A— started, rushed out, and beheld an express, booted, spurred, and splashed, who handed him a letter. Tearing it open, he appeared struck with confusion, and exclaimed :

"Well, here is a fine scrape I have got into!"

"What is the matter?"

"Why, I am talking about selling you this picture, and here is the courier sent back from Ancona to buy it, by a Russian gentleman, to whom I offered it last week, for such a sum."

The price was a large one, and Mr. C. would not have thought of giving it for the picture, which did not interest him much; but so ingeniously did Signor A. contrive to transfer to it the importance of this dramatic scene, that, in the excitement of the moment, a bargain was struck, and the Englishman went off chuckling at the idea of having so nicely "done" the Russian,—the latter being an imaginary personage, and his courier a Roman postboy, hired to gallop up in the nick of time!

James Bolland's Financial Career.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, one of the most constant stock dealers in London, although in a small way, was James Bolland; a man of low extraction, but of great mind, of immense impudence, and unrivalled crime. There was nothing at which he would hesitate to obtain money with

which to carry on his stock dealings; and, having once commenced, he soon found that the legitimate wants of his trade—that of a butcher—were not sufficient to support him. He formed, therefore, a wooden weight, which, resembling one of fifty pounds, weighed only seven, and thus, in his capacity of tradesman to one of the public institutions, practised his roguery with great success.

From butcher he turned sheriff's officer, revived every past iniquity, invented new frauds, and employed his money in buying lottery tickets, to which pursuit he was occasionally attached. He robbed the broker with whom he dealt, alike of his mistress and his money; and with the latter bought the place of city marshal. The citizens, however, discovered that his integrity was scarcely equal to his impudence, and refused to maintain their bargain.

Every moment he could spare was passed at the stock market, where his schemes were marked by a singularly bad fortune. Every speculation went against him; he never drew a prize in the lottery; and, finding there was a chance of his becoming penniless, he added forgery to his long list of crimes. The fraud was discovered, and he paid the penalty of his life.

Business Haggling in Scotland.

IN England, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear. But in Scotland, there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The purchaser objects to the price. He will not buy. The seller urges him, but does not offer to make any reduction. Says he, "You are over dear, sir; I can buy the same gudes ten per cent. lower; if ye like to tak' off ten per cent., I'll tak' some of these." The seller tells him that a reduction in price is quite out of the

question, and puts the sample of the article aside; but the Scotchman wants it.

"Weel, sir, it's a terrible price; but as I am out o' it at present, I'll just tak' a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye maun tak' off five per cent."

"But, sir," says the seller, "would you not think me an unconscionable knave, to ask ten per cent., or even five per cent., more than I intended to take?"

He laughs. "Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expect to get what ye ask? Gude Lord! an' I was able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye within two an' a half per cent. of your ain price, and gude faith, mon, ye'll be well paid."

He is told by the seller that he never makes any reduction from the price he first demanded, and that adherence to such a rule "saves much trouble to both parties."

"Weel, weel," says he, "since ye maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en tak' the article; but really I think ye are over-keen."

So much for buying and selling—the settlement is another affair still, at a future time, as will now be seen:

"How muckle discount do ye tak' aff, sir?"

"Discount! You cannot expect it. The account has been standing a twelve-month."

"Indeed, but I do expect discount—pay siller without discount! Na, na, sir, that's not the way here; ye maun deduct five per cent."

He is told that no discount at all is made. "Weel, sir, I'll gie ye nae money at a'."

Rather than go without a settlement, the seller at last agrees to take two and one half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted.

"I hae ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages."

"Indeed, these are heavy deduc-

tions; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that it must be allowed."

"Oh, aye, it's a' right; then, sir, eight shillings and four pence for pack-sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage."

"These last items are astonishing. What, sir," said the seller, "are we to pay all the charges in your business?"

But if these are not allowed, he will not pay his account; so the seller acquiesces, resolving within himself that, since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. He now congratulates himself on having concluded his business with such a customer; but is disappointed.

"Hae ye a stawmpe?" asks he.

"A stamp,—for what?"

"Just to draw ye a bill," he replies.

"A bill, my good sir! I took off two and one-half per cent., on the faith of being paid in cash." But he says it is the custom of his place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop.

"And what can I do with this?"

"Oh, ye may tak' it to Sir William's, and he'll discount it for you, on paying him three months' interest."

"And what can I do with his notes?"

"He'll gie ye a bill in London, at forty-five days."

"So, sir, after allowing you twelve months' credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half!"

"Weel, weel—and now, sir," says he, "if ye are going to your inn, I'll gang wi' ye, and tak' a glass of wine."

Dutchman Illustrating a Mercantile Principle.

AN anecdote is told of a German, who, after it was known that a certain

bank in Buffalo had closed its doors, went to one of the largest furniture establishments, and purchased articles amounting to \$2.75, for which he off-handedly proffered a five dollar bill of said bank in payment. The clerk refused to take it, and the Dutchman insisted that it was all right, saying:

"It ish goot; te pank will open; deres lots of beeples dere; de pank ish opening already."

Still the clerk persisted in his refusal to take the bill. The proprietor, hearing the discussion, put in his oar, and the Teuton went through with his former lingo. Knowing that the bills are well secured against loss to the holders, he finally accepted the bill, and offered as change a quarter of a dollar in specie, and a two dollar bill on the same bank. The German was taken aback for a moment, but finally said:

"Ich no take dat."

"But you must take this, or the one you gave me is also bad," said the dealer.

"I don't know as *de pank ish so goot as it vas*," said Diedrich.

"Well, you must take this bill, or trade it out in those small chairs," said the furniture dealer, pointing to some juvenile affairs with round holes in their seats, and at which the Dutchman was intently gazing (he had a brood of children).

"Vell, I dink I'll dake de shairs," and he took them.

This anecdote illustrates the fact of the dislike of no small portion of mankind to swallow their own arguments, and illustrates a mercantile principle that much is good to dispose of, which it were quite undesirable to obtain.

Deadhead Customer—a Clincher.

YEARS ago, there dwelt in a certain town a divine, notorious for his parsimoniousness, which would sometimes run to almost fabulous extremes.

One day, this doctor of divinity stepped into a hat store in New York,

and, after rummaging over the stock, selected an ordinary looking hat, put it on his reverend head, ogled himself in the glass, then asked the very lowest price of it, telling the vendor, that if he could get it cheap enough he thought he might buy it.

"But," said the hatter, "that hat is not good enough for *you* to wear—here is what you want," showing one of his best beavers.

"'Tis the best I can afford though," returned the theologian.

"Well, there, doctor, I'll make you a present of that best beaver, if you'll wear it, and tell whose store it came from; I'll warrant you'll send me customers enough to get my money back with interest; you are pretty extensively acquainted."

"Thank you—thank you!" said the doctor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a castor so cheaply; "how much, however, may this be worth?"

"We sell that kind of hat for eight dollars," replied the man of the *nap*.

"And the other?" continued the customer.

"Three."

The man of sermons put on the beaver, looked in the glass, then at the three dollar hat.

"I think, sir," said he, taking off the beaver, and holding it in one hand, as he donned the cheap 'tile,' "I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose full as well as the best."

"But you'd better take the best one, sir, it costs you no more."

"B-u-t—b-u-t," replied the parson, hesitatingly, "I didn't know—but—perhaps—you would as lief I would take the cheap one, and leave the other—and, perhaps, you would not mind giving me the difference in a *five dollar bill!*"

Determining the Character of an Article by its Age.

QUITE a good story is told—and will bear telling again—of old Bunce, who

prided himself upon never being mistaken in his judgment of a person's character from the phiz. He was in Washington market, New York, one day, to get a goose for dinner. In looking about, he saw a lot before a young woman who had a peculiarly fine, open countenance. "She's honest," said Bunce to himself; and at once asked her if she had a nice *young* goose. "Yes," said she; "here's as fine a one as you will get in the market,"—and she looked up in his face with that perfect sincerity that would at once have won his confidence, had he not already and at first sight made up his mind as to her character. "You're sure it's young?" "To be sure it is;" and Bunce took it home. All efforts to eat it were fruitless, it was so tough; and the next day he was at the market betimes, angry with himself, and more so with the honest-faced girl who had cheated him. "Didn't you tell me that goose was young, yesterday?" he exclaimed, stalking up to the girl wrathfully. "To be sure I did." "You cheated me," said Bunce as quickly; "it was a tough old gander." "You don't call *me* old, do you?" she asked. "No—I should think not," he replied. "No—I should think not, too. I am only twenty, and mother told me that goose was hatched just six months after I was born." Bunce had forgotten that a goose lives a hundred years.

"Genuine" Wines.

THE substitution of other wines for port was, it seems, practised in "great-grandfather's day" quite as extensively as at present. In an official investigation into the manufacture of wines by the English authorities a while ago, one witness, who had been engaged for many years in importing "Masdeu," a red wine from Roussillon, told the following curious story:

When I got to the port of shipment,

Port Veadres, I found very extensive warehouses constructed; and as it was in a very outlandish place, with not more than two hundred and fifty inhabitants in the port of shipment, such warehouses struck me as very remarkable. I inquired why these warehouses were built, and I was told that they had been put up by the proprietor's father—the age of the present proprietor was eighty-five. I inquired for what purpose the father had built them, and I was informed that he had built them in connection with a countryman of my own, a Mr. Ireland. "Had I ever heard of Mr. Ireland?" My answer was, no. But upon further inquiry, I was told that Mr. Ireland and his—Mr. Durand's—father had had large transactions in wine, and that Mr. I. stated that he wanted a wine for the supply of the troops and the navy, and I was told fine old wine. Upon my return to this country I went to the late Mr. George Hathorn, than whom a more respectable man never existed in any trade: being a very old man, I questioned him if he had ever heard of Mr. Ireland. He said, "Yes; he recollected Mr. Ireland had commenced life at Bristol in a very obscure position, and died one of the richest men in it."

"What course of trade did he follow?"

"He was an importer of red wines."

"Port wines?"

"Port wines."

"What reputation had his wines in the market?"

"*They were of the highest class.*"

Yet the old gentleman could not seem to tell why—it certainly was not from any want of funds—but, all at once, the house *suspended* its prosperous operations.

I supplied the wanting link; he could get no more Roussillon wines, as the first French revolution hindered him!

What it Means to be "Selling Off."

ONE of those generous, disinterested, sacrificing men, who had flaringly stuck upon every other pane of glass in his shop, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday," once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth a thousand dollars: he said, yes. "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you announce that you are 'Selling Off.'" "Yes—every shopkeeper's selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Yes; I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such 'offers.'" "But you say, 'must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

Espionage Practised by Girard.

GIRARD'S oversight of his hired hands was most arbitrary and exacting. He owned a farm a few miles from his residence in Philadelphia, which he kept under his own cultivation. It was superintended by a farmer who resided on the place, to which the owner often drove out to see how affairs were going on. He not unfrequently went in the morning—before breakfast. On one of those occasions, coming out perhaps somewhat earlier than usual, on arriving at a piece of stone fence which he was building along the roadside, he found his farmer absent. He immediately drove to the house, fastened his horse, and went in, searching the house for him, not overlooking those parts where he suspected the man might be found. Disappointed in his search, he mounted his chaise and returned to the fence—and, lo! the man was found very diligently at his work.

"Ah! how is this?" said the keen-eyed overseer; "you were too late at your work, this morning. I have driven

out of town already, and you were not here." "Oh, yes, Mr. Girard," says the man. "I had been here, but I had only stepped aside for a few moments, to get something that I wanted, when you passed by." "You do lie!" said the keen-eyed master. "*I did go and put my hand in your bed, and it was warm.*" The man had been informed by his wife, of Girard's coming, when he jumped up in a hurry, and ran to his work. But Girard was too cute for him.

Quaker Ship Owner Economizing the Time of his Men.

THERE was once a wealthy ship owner in New Bedford, a member of the Society of Friends, and now deceased, who was very remarkable for economizing the time of his hired men. He had one of his ships hove down to the wharf to repair and copper. It was a cold winter's day, and there was a plank extending from the wharf to the floating stages around the ship, on which the carpenters and caulkers were at work. Among the men was one by the name of John, a man-of-all-work, a man of color, and on free and easy terms with his master. John was carrying matters and things up and down a slippery plank to the workmen, when he slid of a sudden and shot, heels over head, into the water. The old Quaker saw him, and as John came up to blow, called out to him, "Don't make a noise, John, you'll stop the men in their work—keep quiet, and I'll help thee out."

As good or bad luck would have it, the same day, the kind Quaker was coming down the plank, and away he went, souse into the briny deep. But John was close by, and as his master rose to the surface, and looked the image of ghastliness and despair, the tantalizing negro put on a long face, and cried, "Master, don't make a noise, to call off the men. I'll help thee out." And so he did, while the "men" would look on, laughing at the fun.

"A Little More."

A NEW ENGLAND merchant, who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever, in adding vessel to vessel and store to store, though considerably advanced in life being asked by a neighbor, how much property would satisfy a human being?—after a short pause replied, "*A little more.*"

Royal Prize for Raising Money—Raid upon the Bankers.

AT one period of his reign, being very much distressed for money, and despairing of obtaining any from the House of Commons, King Charles the Second declared, in a private meeting with his ministers, that if any of them would invent a method by which to raise about one million and a half pounds, without a parliament, he should have the "White Staff," or, in other words, the lord treasurer's place. On the day following, Lord Ashley told Sir Thomas Clifford, *in confidence*, that there was a way to supply the king immediately with such a sum; but that it was hazardous to put it in practice, and might draw a train of ill consequences along with it, by inflaming both the parliament and the people.

Sir Thomas was impatient to know the secret, being bold and courageous, entirely in the French interest, and pleased with anything that might render the king unpopular with the parliament. Therefore, to discover the project, he plied his lordship with wine to excess, and then led the conversation to the subject of the king's wants. Lord Ashley unguardedly dropped the important secret.

The hint was immediately taken by Sir Thomas, who left his lordship, went directly to the king, and, falling on his knees, he demanded the white staff, according to promise. His majesty cried out:

"Odds fish! I'll be as good as my word, if you can find the money."

Sir Thomas then informed his royal master that *the bankers had a million and a half pounds in his majesty's exchequer*, which money he had an opportunity of seizing, by closing the exchequer, and refusing to pay the bankers. To this project the king readily assented; and at a privy council, his majesty being present, Sir Thomas proposed, "That, as the king must have money to carry on the war against Holland, in which his honor was staked, he knew of no other means at present than shutting up the exchequer. He desired none would speak against it without proposing some method more certain and expeditious." The king, after many apologies for this bold step, declared that "it should only be for the space of one whole year, and that then no new orders shall interfere to break the course of such property."

This conduct filled every one—especially the business classes—with consternation and dismay, and it was declared that the crown had published its own bankruptcy. The money thus forcibly seized did, in point of fact, belong to the trading community; and the failure of the bankers, which was the natural result, caused, for a time, a general suspension of all monetary transactions. Sir Thomas Clifford, for his services in the affair, was, according to the promise of the king, made lord high treasurer and a peer.

Ingenious Swindling of Pawnbrokers.

THE plundering of pawnbrokers has been reduced to quite a system in London by the "profession." The parties, it seems, are in the habit of sending to auction rooms, for sale, cases of very handsome medals and coins, finely finished, to represent gold. On the day of the sale, some of the party attend, bid a high price for the article, and, of course, become the purchasers. They

then request the auctioneer to give a guaranty that they are gold, and he, not having any suspicions, at once gives the necessary certificate. The next step of the swindler is to go to a pawnbroker's and pledge the articles for the price they could fetch if they were gold, at the same time producing the auctioneer's certificate, which completely throws the pawnbroker off his guard.

Jack's Bargain for Rope.

IN one of our stores there is a mischievous young fellow by the name of George, who now and then acts as salesman. If his numerous friends ever make game of his short legs, they at least never deny him the possession of a long head. There came into the store one day a roving son of the sea, inquiring for rope. George immediately offered his services, and led him back to where the rope, in snaky folds, lay coiled. The sailor soon found the right size, and asked the price. The selling price was *twelve* cents the pound; but George, with an eye to the principles of merchandising in general, and the custom of Israelites in particular, was willing to put it to him at *fifteen* cents. To this the tar made no objection, and said he would take sixty fathoms; but as it was pretty well buried beneath a lot of old and somewhat heavy "truck," he very naturally inquired, "How'll you get it out?" Just then a bright idea shot through the aforesaid long head of George, and sparkled for a moment in his eyes, while he drawled out most innocently, "Well, if you'll pull it all out yo-ur-self, you may have it at twelve cents." Whereat the sailor, economically inclined, commenced a half-hour's tugging and hauling at the buried rope; while George, more humorously inclined, enjoyed a good half-hour's quiet fun.

Determined not to be overreached.

THERE lives, not a thousand miles from "Gotham," a dealer in small wares, whose greatest fear is that of being overreached. He goes without milk in his coffee, in dread of buying a spoonful of Croton, and never pays a newspaper subscription, lest it should not be published to the end of the year. His little shop is without gas, for he has no faith in the meter; and he even dips his own candles, to insure that they are all tallow. In one thing he is liberal; he makes large purchases of counterfeit detectors, and buys an "extra" if there are any whisperings of a broken bank. A neighbor of his was imposed upon the other day with a bank note which had been ingeniously altered from one to five; and the dealer had been sharply on the watch ever since, for fear of a similar imposition. The other day, a young girl from the country stepped into his store and purchased a pair of stockings, offering a one dollar note in payment. The old man eyed the girl so penetratingly that her face became suffused with blushes, and this was, to him, acknowledgment of guilt.

"How *dare* you offer me this?" he asked, in an angry tone.

"I thought it was good," she answered timidly and with quivering lip.

"What is the matter with it?" asked a bystander, who had been attracted by the dispute; "it looks like a genuine note."

"Genuine enough," said the shopkeeper, his face crimson with passion; "but, don't you see—it's a *one altered from a twenty!*"

Jemmy Taylor, the Miser Banker, and the Earl of Northumberland.

ONE of the longest, though not best, remembered of the old English stock-brokers was Jemmy Taylor. So acute and cunning did he become in all the trickery pertaining to that kind of busi-

ness, that his profits were immense, and his wealth prodigious. He was as penurious as he was rich, and as wretched in his personal appearance and his mode of living as a pauper. A short time after the American war, it is said that the Earl of Northumberland, having occasion for about half a million dollars, applied to a broker, who accordingly appointed a certain day for the transfer. At the time and place for meeting, there was posted in waiting, old Jemmy Taylor, who, in appearance, resembled some itinerant vendor of matches. Upon the Duke's arrival, the broker brought Jemmy the banker forward to his grace, who, not knowing him, thought he was a beggar, and was about to bestow a trifle upon him, when he was informed that he was "a warm man." His grace immediately shook hands with the dirty usurer, and Jemmy accommodated him with £74,000 out of one stock, in the four per cents., and from whence, as it appeared by the books, he could have sold out as much more, and yet have had an abundance left. He used to say, that "if his successors had as much pleasure in spending his property, as he had in hoarding it up, they need not complain of their hard lot in the world." It does not appear that they were ever known to utter such a complaint *after* Jemmy's death.

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Accomplished Canine Shoplifter.

A GENTLEMAN in Edinburgh owned a handsome spaniel, which he had bought from a dealer in dogs. The animal had been educated to steal for the benefit of its protector; but it was some time ere his new master became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was not a little astonished and teased by its constantly bringing home articles of which it had feloniously obtained possession. Perceiving, at length, that the animal proceeded systematically in this sort of behavior, he used to amuse his friends, by causing

the spaniel to give proof of its sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting, of course, the shopkeepers, where he meant the dog should exercise this faculty, on their guard as to the issue.

The process was curious. As soon as the dog's master entered the shop, the animal seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connection with him, but lounged about in an indolent, disengaged, and indifferent sort of manner, as if having come of its own accord, into the shop. In the course of looking over some wares, the master indicated by a touch on the parcel and a look toward the spaniel, that which he desired the dog should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door or lie by the fire, watching the counter, until observing the attention of the people of the shop was withdrawn from the prize to be secured. Whenever he saw an opportunity of doing so, as he imagined, unobserved, he never failed to jump upon the counter with his fore feet, possess himself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to him, and escape from the shop to join his master.

"No Great Judge of de Hemp."

It was one of Girard's ideas of success in business, that there was no stage in the process of the exchange of equivalents in trading, that might not be made to him an opportunity of present profit.

On one of these occasions, a merchant who had purchased of Girard a large quantity of hemp, sent a black man to superintend the weighing and loading of it. Girard was busy himself in putting it upon the scales, but a great part of it being damaged, the negro man watched him closely, and whenever

Girard threw on a bad bundle, the negro would carefully throw it off. But this, Girard, of course, would not submit to, and would proceed to replace it, whilst the negro, in his turn, would as quickly fling it off—until, losing his patience, he commenced cursing the negro, and declared he should not touch the hemp, at the risk of chastisement. But Sambo, nothing intimidated by the threats of the rich merchant, continued to look after his master's interest, telling Girard that if he ventured to touch him, he would knock his other eye out. Girard became pacified, and seeing the determined purpose of the man not to suffer his employer to be wronged, he became reconciled to the negro, saying:

"Well, I believe you be one very honest fellow, but you no be one great judge of de hemp."

On another occasion of the same kind, the purchaser of his hemp *appeared* to be somewhat less inflexible than Sambo. Owing to some peculiar circumstances existing between the parties, the damaged hemp was taken by a ship chandler, Girard insisting that he would give no other; and very little, or none of the article being in the market, the buyer was obliged to submit to his eccentric humor, and take it as he gave it, or get none. It happened, however, that this ship chandler manufactured all Mr. Girard's cordage, and in order to mete out to him *measure for measure*, he ordered the *damaged hemp* to be selected and made up for Mr. Girard. This was done; and the retribution no doubt proved a more serious loss, than the profit on the unmerchantable hemp amounted to.

Raising the Price of Bread.

SOME years ago, the bread dealers in Lyons thought that they could prevail on M. Dugas, the provost of the merchants in that city, to befriend them at the expense of the public. They wait-

ed upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread, which could not be done without the sanction of that magistrate. M. Dugas told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an early answer. The bakers then retired, having first left upon the table a good fat purse of two hundred louis d'or, intended as private pocket money for the provost.

In a few days the bakers called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but that the money had very effectually pleaded their cause. "Gentlemen," said M. Dugas, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be unfounded; and as to the purse of money left with me, I am sure that I have made such a generous and noble use of it, as you yourself intended: I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our two hospitals. As you are opulent enough to make such large donations, I cannot possibly think you are incurring any losses in your business; and I shall, therefore, continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

Trickery in the Clothing Trade.

A GENTLEMAN from the country, who makes a visit to Gotham once a year, dropped into a fine looking clothing establishment in that city, to buy a coat. Seeing one which pleased him, he inquired the price, which the tailor stated to be thirty dollars. Not exactly approving of that price for the coat, the seller fell to twenty-five dollars, and finally to twenty, at which price the coat was knocked down to him, as a bargain. It was immediately "bundled up," and the money paid for it, the buyer stating it to be his intention to leave the city in a few hours. On ar-

iving at his hotel, he thought he would examine the bundle he received; when, lo! on unfolding the same, what a sight met his gaze! *two old tweed coats*, worth three or four dollars, looked up pitifully in unconscious guilt, into his astonished face. How he felt, one might imagine; and mentioning the circumstances to the clerk in attendance at the hotel in which he supped and lodged, he was informed that such a thing was of daily occurrence. In a moment more, the buyer was on his way, with his "bargain," to the self-styled fashionable clothing establishment, and, on entering, accosted the man who sold him a *fine black broadcloth coat*, with a "Well, how do you do, sir?" This pleasing *salut*, instead of receiving a salutation in return, equally as pleasant and agreeable, together with a desire to be happy to see a customer return again, was met with an indifference which showed to the customer that there was *no disposition or willingness manifested to know him!* Calmly, however, he proceeded to play *his* game upon the Peter Funk, or "clo' man," by informing that distinguished dealer in fine black broadcloth coats, that he had come back to his establishment to inform him of a mistake that he had committed a few hours before, in selling him two coats, when he had only bargained for and purchased one (here the clo' man became twitchy and somewhat uneasy)—that being a man who desired only what was right, his moral scruples would not permit him to go away without returning and satisfying (here the Peter Funk began to *smell* a Tartar!) the error that had been committed. "It cannot be a mistake; it is not possible; no, sir; it cannot be," were the expressions of the Funk at the close of the sentence above. "Now," said the customer, energetically, "you—you—had, no doubt, thought that you had in your power a verdant one (here Funk thought he was about to *catch* a Tartar), and that an opportunity was

given you to indulge in your swindling operations, expecting, of course, that I would leave the city, and not call again, after discovering your fraud upon my purse."

The Peter Funk, now finding that he had caught a Tartar, began making explanations—declaring that the two coats were made for another gentleman, and that he would not for ten dollars that they had been kept out of his hands. This attempt to "get off," by telling a downright falsehood, especially in face of the fact that at least a dozen of bundles were on the counter, all of which, doubtless, were intended to be "changed" for *real* purchases, as was the case with the gentleman in question, did not "take." Apologies not suiting that individual, he departed with nothing less than the fine coat he had purchased, and the money for which was even then warm in the seller's pocket.

Filibustering among Parisian Jewellers.

THE Parisian jewellers are now and then the victims of people in elevated stations—aristocratic, titled, possessed of everything to avert suspicion; and even of ladies in the highest social circles. These swindlers in high-born position find it convenient to take from jewellers what money bankers and usurers refuse to give them. They boldly enter the jewellers' shops, purchase and have delivered to them many bracelets and many diamonds, which they will return in a few days (so they say) if they find nothing to suit them.

The objects thus intrusted to them go from the shop, after delivery, to the pawnbrokers. Time passes away; at first, the jeweller hesitates to produce scandal, and he accepts notes for the goods which have been taken as good as by force from the shop. At last the notes fall due; they are protested. The next step of such "patrons" is to offer to return the goods! And this is

at the end of ten or twelve months, without interest or damages. So that the jewellers become the bankers of fashionable ladies and gentlemen pressed for money.

As an example of this kind of aristocratic filibustering, it is mentioned by a dealer, that M. de — took sixty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry from seven or eight jewelry shops in Paris. A twelvemonth passed away, and nothing was paid; all had been sent to the pawnbrokers. Finally, M. de — offered to return the jewels, but hooted at the idea of paying a single sou for merely "taking time to examine them and make up his mind." The dealers threatened to bring him before the police court; he laughed at them, and they abandoned it, fearing the loss of time and money. Another case was that of M'me de —, who took from a certain dealer an immense quantity of jewels to "show to her mother," as she said; but really to carry to her "aunt" (the slang phrase for the pawnbroker), and they could not be got back but by the aid of the police.

Window "Gazers" Employed by London Shopkeepers.

ONE of the most "exquisite" tactics of London shopkeepers is the hiring of regular *window gazers*. This leisurely employé, whose very existence is hardly known to one in a thousand (and of course is not intended to be), is a genteelly dressed, complacent-looking individual, having much the appearance and manners of an aristocratic "gentleman about town." It is but rarely that his services are monopolized by a single firm, unless they are the proprietors of several shops in different quarters of the city. It more frequently happens that he is the joint property of several individuals whose occupations and interests do not at all clash with each other.

These various traders manage to rig him out in fashionable trim by general

contribution; a hatter takes charge of his head; a tailor of his back; the proprietor of the "pantaloonicoon" contributes the trousers; the bootmaker induces him in a pair of the genteelest of boots; he supports a gold-headed cane or a handsome umbrella, supplied by the manufacturer of those articles; necktie and handkerchief of irreproachable style and pattern are bestowed by the haberdasher; while a jeweller finds him a gold watch, a showy ring, and a handsome double eyeglass.

Thus equipped, he "goeth forth to his labor," whenever the state of the weather is such as to support the probability of his genuineness. All he has to do is to walk leisurely from the shop of one of his patrons to that of another, stopping in front of the window, and scrutinizing with much apparent interest and complacency the various objects there displayed to public view. In so doing, he handles his gold eye-glass with aristocratic grace—taps his model boot with his splendid cane—drops a monosyllabic ejaculation of surprise or commendation, and when half a score of simpletons have gathered around to admire the astonishing cheapness and perfection of the goods, he pops into the shop, already commencing to give an order in a loud and pompous tone for a dozen of the article which the tradesman wants to push off—desires that they may be sent to May Fair before dark, and, naïvely leaving his card with the shopman, who bows him deferentially out, walks leisurely off to the next shop on his beat, there to repeat the same automatic ceremony. He contrives to arrive at the tailor's at the fashionable hour, when that functionary is engaged with customers, and there he spreads himself in giving his concise and liberal orders: "You have my measure—no immediate hurry—this day week will do—suppose you are driven as usual;" and he is off again on his way to the jeweller's.

He accomplishes his easy round in

the course of the day, and betakes himself to his scurvy lodging, doffing his "show-toys" before dark. His pay varies from half a crown to three shillings and sixpence a day, according to his figure and effrontery; and he considers it easily and pleasantly earned, inasmuch as he is (according to his own notions), to all intents and purposes a *gentleman*—during the hours of duty.

One Price, but not the Same Article.

A LADY went into a drygoods store to buy a silk dress, and after being shown several pieces, at length fixed on one, for which, however, she would only give a certain price, and that considerably lower than the one demanded. But in accordance with the "One price—no deduction" rule of the house, no abatement could be allowed to be made, so the offer could not be taken.

The customer was just going away, when the salesman dexterously put aside the piece of silk in question, and replaced it by another of an inferior quality and lower price, though similar in appearance to that for which she had been offering. "Come this way, ma'am, you may have it!" he cried, as she was going out at the door. The dress was cut off, the full price paid, and the customer departed, highly pleased at having got it all her own way.

Drygoods Drummer "Sold."

THE following description, by the hero of a native romance bearing his name, of the manner and tactics of New York drygoods drummers, is a picture which the presiding genius of Harper's "Drawer" justly pronounces to be one that Dickens himself has rarely excelled. The scene succeeds the history of the hero's first acquaintance with a "drummer"—who, mistaking him for a country "dealer," had given him his card on board of a steamboat, taken

him to his hotel, sent him his wine, given him tickets to the theatre, and requested him to call at his store in Hanover Square, where (though he didn't say so) it was his intention to turn these courtesies to profitable account. On a bright, pleasant morning, accordingly, our hero visits the store, where Mr. Lummocks, the drummer, receives him with open arms, and introduces him to his employer.

He shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was really delighted to see me. He asked me how the times were, and offered me a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offence, but which I threw away the very first opportunity I got.

"Buy for cash, or on time?" he asked.

I was a little startled at the question, it was so abrupt; but I replied:

"For cash."

"Would you like to look at some prints, major?" he inquired.

"I am much obliged to you," I answered; "I am very fond of seeing prints."

With that he commenced turning over one piece after another, with amazing rapidity.

"There, major—very desirable article—splendid style—only two-and-six; cheapest goods in the street."

Before I could make any reply, or even guess at his meaning, he was called away, and Mr. Lummocks stepped up and supplied his place.

"You had better buy 'em, colonel," said Mr. Lummocks; "they will sell like hot cakes. Did you say you bought for cash?"

"Of course," I replied, "if I buy at all."

He took a memorandum out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

"Let—me—see," said he, "Franco, Franco—what did you say your firm was? Something and Franco, or Franco and Somebody? The name has escaped me."

"I have no firm," I replied.

"Oh, you haven't, hain't ye? all alone, eh? But I don't see that I've got your first name down in my 'ticketer.'"

"My first name is Harry," said I.

"Right—yes—I remember," said Mr. Lummocks, making a memorandum, "and your references, colonel, who did you say were your references?"

"I have no reference," I replied; "indeed, I know of no one to whom I could refer, except my father."

"What—the old boy in the country, eh?"

"My father is in the country," I answered, seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called the "Old Boy."

"Then you have no city references, eh?"

"None at all; I have no friends here, except yourself."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks, apparently in great amazement. "Oh, ho! how much of a bill do you mean to make with us, captain?"

"Perhaps I may buy a vest pattern," I replied, "if you have got some genteel patterns."

"A vest pattern!" exclaimed Mr. Lummocks; "what! haven't you come down for the purpose of buying goods?"

"No, sir," I replied; "I came to New York to seek for employment, and, as you have shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad to assist me in finding a situation."

Mr. Lummocks's countenance underwent a very singular change when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

"Do you see any thing that looks green in there?" he asked, pulling down his eyelid with his forefinger.

"No, sir, I do not," I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

"Nor in there, either?" said he, pulling open his other eye.

"Nothing at all, sir," I replied, after a minute examination.

"I guess *not!*" said Mr. Lummocks; and without making any other answer, he turned smartly on his heel, and left me.

"Regularly sucked, eh, Jack?" asked a young man who had been listening to our conversation.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Lummocks; "the man is a fool."

Harry was about to demand an explanation of this strange conduct, when the proprietor came forward and told him that he was not a retailer, but a *jobber*, and advised him, "if he wanted a vest pattern, to go into Chatham street!" The drummer was "sold," instead of his goods.

Deaconing both Ends of the Barrel.

In preparing and packing fruit for the market, the practice of "deaconing," as it is called, is very extensively followed—that is, topping off a barrel of apples with the best specimens; the rather irreverent term "deaconing" having its origin, probably, from some one holding that office having been unfortunately distinguished for his frequent adoption of the plan, so as to put an inviting show on his fruit. A dealer down East, who happened to be "posted," sold a barrel of apples to a customer, at the same time recommending them as the choicest apples that had been raised in the town. In due time the barrel was opened, and found to contain a very inferior quality; whereupon the customer, feeling that he had been imposed upon, made complaint to the seller, who in turn very coolly made answer, that he guessed he must have opened the barrel at the wrong end! The only change this little episode was known to produce in the seller's practice was to make him careful afterward to "deacon" *both* ends.

Grocers' Raisin-Boxes and Nibbling Customers.

ALMOST every grocer, it may be safe to assume, is or has been infested with

a customer who is perpetually infringing on the eighth commandment. This class of pilferers are constantly tasting the cheese, or munching convenient lumps of sugar, dried apples, etc. They occasionally stick their dirty fingers into the molasses hogshead, and suck them with infinite gusto.

A grocer, "not a thousand miles" from South Danvers, was the victim of such a bore. Whenever Mr. A— came to the store, he would steer for the raisin-box, and deliberately abstract a handful; to the cheese, and take a generous slice; and, with a cracker and a glass of water, serve himself an excellent lunch. The grocer one day undid a box of nice Malaga raisins and placed it on his counter. Mr. A—, coming in, made direct tracks to them, and expressed his approbation of their quality by taking an unusually large handful. Our friend, the grocer, observing this, gave orders to his clerks not to sell or allow any one to touch the raisins in that box, except Mr. A. He called frequently. At the end of six months, the box of Malagas was gone; Mr. A— had eaten them all. His bill for that time amounted to about forty dollars, the profits on which were three dollars. The raisins (to say nothing of other nibblings) amounted, at cost price, to \$3.25. Thus the grocer, from that "customer," in that space of time, made twenty-five cents *out of pocket*. After that, he insisted upon having Mr. A— administer firm control over his fingers, or else withdraw his patronage.

Item—to whom it may concern: Don't imagine that when you purchase an ounce of pepper, the grocer can afford you the gratuitous privilege of his raisin box.

Artful Dodge.

AN ingenious rogue in Berlin, Prussia, lately practised one of the most artful dodges to be found in the records

of any business. A member of the company of players at Kallenbach's theatre was to have a benefit night; and the question was, how to get together a good audience, as the usual attendance at that place of amusement, even if doubled, would produce far too slender a sum to satisfy the expectations of a benefit night. Accordingly, some days before the memorable evening, there appeared in all the Berlin papers an advertisement to the following effect:

"A gentleman, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of fifteen thousand thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualification is no object. Apply to ——."

Hundreds and hundreds of letters poured in, in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day each person who had sent a reply received the following note: "The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Kallenbach's theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in Box No. 1."

Of course, the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best paying places in the house were filled early in the evening with a mostly male public, got up in a style seldom seen at the royal opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of "box No. 1," and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece, when she should appear in company with the uncle. But uncles are proverbially "wicked old men;" and in the present case neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre had not had such an audience for years, and, of course, the chief person concerned reaped a rich harvest by the trick.

Half-hour's Experience with London Brokers.

I TURNED to the right (says an honest visitor to the rendezvous of English brokers, to see how the money-springs were touched), and found myself in a spacious apartment, which was nearly filled with persons more respectable in appearance than the crew I had left at the door. Curious to see all that was to be seen, I began to scrutinize the place and the society into which I had intruded. But I was prevented from indulging the reflections which began to suggest themselves, by the conduct of those about me. A curly-haired Jew, with a face as yellow as a guinea, stepped plump before me, fixed his black, round, leering eyes full on me, and exclaimed without the slightest anxiety about my hearing him:

"So help me Got, Mo', who is he?"

Instead of replying in a straightforward way, "Mo" raised his voice as loud as he could, and shouted with might and main:

"Fourteen hundred new fives!"

A hundred voices repeated the mysterious exclamation, "Fourteen hundred new fives!"

"Where, where—fourteen hundred new fives—now for a look; where is he—Go it, go it!" were the cries raised on all sides by the crowd, which now rallied about my person like a swarm of bees. And then "Mo," by way of proceeding to business, repeating the war-cry, staggered sideways against me, so as almost to knock me down. My fall, however, was happily prevented by the kindness of a brawny Scotchman, who humorously calling out, "Let the man alone," was so good as to stay me in my course with his shoulder, and even to send me back toward "Mo," with such violence, that, had he not been supported by a string of his friends, he must have infallibly fallen before me. But being thus backed, he was enabled to withstand the shock, and to give me a new im-

pulse in the direction of the Scotchman, who, awaiting my return, treated me with another hoist as before, and I found those two worthies were likely to amuse themselves with me as with a shuttlecock, for the next quarter of an hour. I struggled violently to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and, by aiming a blow at the Jew, inspired Moses to pause and give up his next hit, and to allow me for a moment to regain my feet.

The rash step which I had taken was likely to produce very formidable consequences. All present were highly exasperated and panting for a clinch. The war became more hot and desperate than ever. Each individual seemed anxious to contribute to my destruction; and some of their number considerably called out, "Spare his life, but break his limbs." My alarm was extreme; and I looked nervously round for means of escape.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to use the gentleman in that sort of way," squeaked a small imp-like person, affecting sympathy, and then trying to renew the sport.

"How would you like it yourself," cried another, "if you were a stranger?" shaking his sandy locks with a knowing look, and knocking off my hat as he spoke.

I made a desperate blow at this offender. It did not take effect, from the expedition with which he retreated, and I had prudence enough to reflect that it would be better to recover my hat than to pursue the enemy. Turning round, I saw my unfortunate beaver, or "canister," as it was called by the gentry who had it in their custody, bandying it backward and forward, between the Caledonian and his clan, and the Jew and his tribe.

Covered with perspiration, foaming with rage, and almost expiring from heat and exhaustion, I at last succeeded in recovering my once glossy and respectable hat. I did not dare to rein-

state it, but was forced to grasp it with both hands, in order to save what remained of it. I baffled several desperate snatches, one of which carried away the lining in shreds, and was now trying to keep the enemy at bay, afraid again to attack the host opposed to me; but not knowing how to retreat, when a person, who had not previously made himself conspicuous, approached and interfered, by saying, "Perhaps you had better go out;" at the same time pointing to a door which I had been too much in a hurry to have seen before.

One of the Operations in 'Change Alley.

WHILE the war in which the British nation was involved, in 1761, was going on, Mr. Dunbar, the eminent West India merchant in London, finding his affairs much less prosperous than usual, sought "the Alley," as the money street of London was then termed, to retrieve his failing fortunes—with what success, the sequel will show. From some private information of which he had come into possession, he believed that he had good grounds for supposing that a peace would soon be effected, and a rise in the funds at once ensue. He therefore ordered his broker to buy one hundred thousand pounds in stock for his account, telling him privately the opinion he had formed, with the intelligence on which it was based,—and the broker, in violation of his oath, jobbed extensively on his own account as well as for his client. February passed away without the expected peace, and Mr. Dunbar paid the difference. Confident, however, in his views, he continued the operation; but each account day proved that the price had been against him, and with great difficulty did he find money to pay the amounts due. In July, unable to pay cash, he gave notes of hand to the broker, who agreed to receive them. No objection being made, the account was continued on for

August. In that month the prospect of peace revived, the funds rose handsomely, and Mr. Dunbar, seeing a chance of paying a greater part of his losses, went with all speed to his broker. His distress may be imagined, when he was coolly told, that, since he had *given notes of hand*, no account had been opened, and no advantage could be reaped from the rise in price. Any appeal to law was useless; but, as Mr. Dunbar became a bankrupt, the members of the stock exchange subscribed to pay the amount claimed, in order that so flagrant a case might not become public.

His Ruling Passion.

A Mr. L., a master in chancery, was on his deathbed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it became necessary to make an affidavit; and the attorney, failing of one or two other masters whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. L. *himself* would possibly be able to receive the deposition. The proposal actually seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in his bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk, "Wallace?" "Sir?" "Your ear—lower—lower. *Have you got the half crown?*" He was dead before the morning.

Trick for "the Spashy."

WHEN the banks "shut down" on their specie, some people hold on to what coin they get a feel at, to the annoyance of the retail traders, who are importuned every hour to change a bill for some small purpose. An illustration of this fact is that of a Celtic woman who entered a grocery and called for "a cint's 'orth o' sand." The article was measured out, and put into

the customer's pail, who tendered a one dollar bill to have the pay taken out of it. "I can't change that for so small an amount," exclaimed the grocer; "you may take the sand, and be welcome to it." "Indade, sir, and shure it isn't the sand that I'm wanting at all at all; but it's the sulver—the *spashy* that ye'll be giving me back."

Game of the Money Packages.

NORTH, the noted insurance agent, banker, stock gambler, and speculator, who flourished upon such an extensive scale until the hour of his collapse—when he was found to be hundreds of thousands of dollars worse than nothing—was a most inveterate and persistent borrower of other people's money.

He went to New York frequently, and took with him large packages of bank bills. Usually arriving in New York after business hours, it was his custom, on such occasions, to deposit the money packages, nicely sealed, with the clerk of the hotel he might decide to stop at. L. E. W., who had occasion also to go frequently to New York, and who often chanced to fall into North's company, had noticed that these deposits of money packages generally secured to North nice rooms and much attention at the hotels. He accordingly prepared two handsome packages, sealed them up with heavy seals, marked upon each, in bold characters, "\$3,000," placed them in his carpet sack, and in two or three days after, on his way to Gotham, got into the company of North. They went together to the Astor. North booked his name, pulled a key from his pocket, unlocked his carpet sack, took out a sealed package marked "\$2,000," and handed it to the clerk with a pompous request that it be taken care of till called for. L. E. W. then booked his name, and opening his carpet bag, drew out the two packages marked "\$3,000," and handed them to the clerk with the same re-

quest. North looked on with evident satisfaction and surprise, but made no remark. The next day, after breakfast, he called L. E. W. aside mysteriously, spoke to him about having a bank note to pay, said he was "short," and ending by requesting a loan of one of the packages of three thousand dollars, which he had seen him deposit the evening before. The temptation was too great; and besides it was "All-Fool's Day." "You can have it for three days, if that can be of any accommodation to you," said W., looking wisely. Of course it would be an accommodation; so North wrote a note for three thousand dollars, payable one day after date, and the package was graciously passed to him. An hour later, and North went into a well-known bank in Wall street, with his usual bluster, bustle, and hurry. "I have a note here due to-day, I believe," said he to a teller. The note was produced. It was for five thousand dollars. A \$2,000 and a \$3,000 package were handed over in payment. The first was broken, and found to be correct; the second was then opened, and found to contain nought but blank tissue paper! The clerk looked inquiringly; poor North looked deeply mortified. He made a hurried apology, gathered up his two thousand dollars, and took his departure. North never afterward asked L. E. W. for a loan of a "money package."

King Charles in the Pawnbrokers' Clutches.

In a curious pamphlet, published in 1676, an account is given of the outrageous advantage taken of the necessities of King Charles by the pawnbrokers; showing that the monarch who lives beyond his revenue, must pay the same penalty as the subject who outruns his income. He found himself at the mercy of the rich pawnbroker, who made the royal debtor pay ten, twenty, and thirty per cent. for ac-

commodation, while he allowed only six per cent. for the money which went to alleviate the difficulties of the "merry monarch." A business so profitable induced the pawnbrokers more and more to become lenders to the king, to anticipate all the revenue, to take every grant of Parliament into pawn as soon as it was given; also to outvie each other in buying and taking to pawn bills, orders, and tallies, so that, in effect, all the revenue passed through their hands.

Duplicity Practised by Furnese, the King's Banker.

THE name of Sir Henry Furnese figures largely among the bygone bankers who gave renown to the financiers of that period. Throughout Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany, he maintained a complete and perfect train of business intelligence. The news of the many battles fought was thus received first by him, and the fall of Namur added to his profits, owing to his early receipt of the news. On another occasion he was presented by King William with a diamond ring of immense value, as a reward for some important information, and as a testimony of that monarch's esteem. He was the king's friend and banker.

But the temptation to deceive was too great, even for this eminent and honored banker. He fabricated news; he insinuated false intelligence; he was the originator of some of those plans which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. Thus, if Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time sell. His movements were closely watched—the contagion would spread; the speculators become alarmed; prices be lowered four or five per cent.,—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown,—and Sir Henry would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to pur-

chase as much as possible at the reduced price. Large profits were thus made, but a demoralizing spirit was spread abroad; and bankrupts and beggars sought the same pleasure in which the millionaire indulged, and often with similar success.

Talleyrand and the Stock Jobber.

AN extensive dealer in stocks, anxious about the rise and fall of the public funds, and eager to overreach those similarly situated, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumor that George the Third had suddenly died, when the statesman replied in a confidential tone, "I shall be delighted if the information I have to give you, be of any use to you." The banker was enchanted with the prospect of obtaining authentic information from so high a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air, continued: "Some say that the king of England is dead, others that he is not dead, but for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other; I tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me."

Buying Cheap.

SOME persons have a *penchant* for buying things cheap—a weakness, indeed, with which many are troubled, and it is oftentimes a most offensive one. Clapp tells a "good un" of a wandering Jew peddler, who stepped into the counting room of a Boston merchant, on a certain winter's morning, and after warming his hands, turned to the gentleman occupying the seat of authority, and politely inquired:

"Would you like to examine a vest pattern?"

"No, no, don't bother me. Very busy just now."

"It is the best article and the neatest pattern that you ever saw."

"Don't *want* any vest patterns!"

"But just look, sir,"—and the peddler had a piece of vesting unfolded, which was really quite neat, and the cogitator, unable to unravel the political web—he was conning the election returns as given by the rival journals—determined to unravel the web of the fabric.

"All silk, sir; warranted, and sufficient for two double-breasted vests, or three with rolling collars."

"What do you ask for it?"

"Twelve dollars. I bought it in Liverpool, and brought it over with me, and if you want it, you shall have it for just what it cost me—twelve dollars."

"It is too much, shan't give any such price—but will give you six dollars."

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed the peddler, as if astonished at such an offer, "I can't think of it." Off he walked. In ten minutes the door was opened, and the peddler thrust in his head: "You may have it for ten dollars."

"No," was all the reply he got.

"I will say eight, as the very lowest."

"No, *sir*," and away went the peddler the second time.

The gentleman was about relapsing into his reverie upon the contradictory election returns, as given by the different political papers, when the peddler reëntered boldly, and laid the vesting upon the desk, exclaiming:

"Well, give us six dollars, and it is yours."

The money was paid, and the peddler was about leaving the door, when he turned round and took from his pocket another roll, and, undoing it, exposed to view a piece of vesting as far preferable to the other as possible.

The gentleman at once made a proposal to exchange. The peddler couldn't think of such a thing—he didn't mean to sell it on any account; he intended to keep it until he was able to have it made up for himself; but, after considerable trading and talking, he gave it up, received his first piece and two

dollars, and walked off—making eight dollars for his piece of vesting. The gentleman, quite satisfied with the exchange, walked up to his tailor's, at noon, threw down the piece, ordering him to cut off sufficient for one vest.

"How many vests do you expect it will make?" inquired the tailor.

"Three, of course," was the reply.

The yardstick went down, and looking up, he informed the purchaser that it would make two, by piecing out the collar with black silk. The idea of measuring the article had not occurred to him before, but at this piece of news he felt a kind of film spread over his eyes, a lightness of pocket troubling his ribs, while the letters s-o-l-d, by a delusion of his optical nerves, appeared to be written on the outer walls of all the adjacent buildings. He then inquired the probable worth, and was informed that such vesting could be purchased at about two dollars and a quarter per yard! This was sufficient.

Business Suckers.

BUSINESS suckers, as they are appropriately termed, are no small class in modern times. They are most numerous out West, and ply their tactics after a style that leaves nothing wanting. An individual of this ilk, possessed of a moderate amount of money, commences business in some thriving town. He goes to one of the wholesale markets, and with one or two commendatory letters, but particularly with his money, he soon becomes acquainted—at first but limited—but he has only to manage his trumps (money) with a little professional tact, and his acquaintance will very soon extend. At first he purchases cautiously, and meets his obligations promptly, always managing to have his goods carefully packed and marked scientifically, and placed exposed on the street several days before he removes them.

"Like books and money
Laid in show
As nest eggs
To make clients lay."

And he succeeds. He soon becomes known as a man of promptness and capital, and doing a dashing business; and such a business he *does* do, for the motto at home is to sell low for cash—never mind profits. His acquaintance is courted; he is be-drammed, be-dinnered and be-suppered. Everything goes on swimmingly, and finally he buys largely, goes in deeply, makes one grand manœuvre—a most prodigious swell, and then judiciously and *profitably* (to himself) explodes.

Fortune Making in Havana.

It is a well-known fact, that nearly all the merchants and shopkeepers of Havana are native Spaniards. A large proportion of this class come to Cuba as adventurers—seekers of luck and fortune, and not particular as to the ways and means, though generally beginning their mercantile career as clerks, on small salaries. After accumulating, or getting, five hundred dollars, they will purchase a share in a joint-stock slave-trading company, and, in the course of a year or two, receive a profit in the shape of a dividend, amounting to ten thousand dollars, which sum, reinvested in the same business, soon makes them millionnaires. These nabobs then generally return to Spain to spend their ill-gotten fortunes, leaving a plentiful crop of clerks to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

Cheating the Oculist.

SIR WILLIAM SMYTH, of Bedfordshire, was an immensely rich money dealer, but most parsimonious and grinding in his dealings. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight—unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. In this condition he was persuaded by Taylor, the

celebrated oculist, to be couched—who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored the banker to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the banker began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these representations, and agreed to compound the bargain, accepting twenty guineas instead of sixty. At the time Taylor attended him he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and tens of thousands in gold at his house.

Mr. Jones's Experience with Peter Funk.

A GREENHORN, named Mr. Jones, from Hartford, is stopped while careering down Broadway, by the sound of a stentorian voice from within, crying "Going." He hears the whack of the auctioneer's hammer, and sees six gentlemen standing round a table. "Things are selling mighty cheap in there," he says to himself, and goes in. Peter Funk holds a piece of linen in his hands, and is just on the point of knocking it down at six cents a yard—"fifty-five and one half yards, going, at six cents! an awful sacrifice." "Seven," hastily shouts Jones. "Eight," says Stool Pigeon. "Nine," says Jones. Whack goes the mallet. "Sold," says Peter. "Mr. Jones, fifty-five and one half yards of linen, at fifty-nine cents,"—touching lightly on the 'fifty.' The attentive clerk beckons to Jones, who steps back behind a mysterious desk with a screen in front. Clerk begins to make out the bill, while Jones lays



down a five-dollar bank note to pay for the linen; the money goes to the drawer. Clerk hands Jones the bill, which may read thus:—

Mr. Jones, bought of Peter Funk, 55½ yards Irish linen, at 59 c. per yd.,—\$32.74.

Jones opens his eyes; clerk points to the sum, and holds out his right hand, with the remark, "Balance, \$27.74." Jones opens his mouth, and essays to speak, but is dumbfounded; he has *hearn* of those pesky mock auctions, but never dreamed he should ever blunder into one in so *respectable* a place as Broadway. Mr. Jones ruminates and pinches himself to see if he is dreaming; he is awake—he is in New York, Broadway.

But Mr. Jones, though green, has Yankee presence of mind; he forks over the balance demanded, takes his linen under his arm and gapes at the auctioneer, until that functionary gets nervous, and announces that the sale is adjourned for the day. Mr. Jones, accordingly, to prevent being housed with the precious scamps, steps out and travels toward the Tombs, where he finds a policeman, and tells his tale of woe. In a few moments the swindling shop and the inmates, which meantime have got under full headway again, is

taken all aback with an apparition—it is Mr. Jones with that linen under his arm, and a person with a brass shield on the lappel of his coat. The man with the shield takes the clerk by the nape of his neck, and starts him toward the Tombs; clerk remonstrates—explains—exclaims, and so on, but keeps custodially moving up Broadway and through Chambers street, when all of a sudden he concludes to disgorge the \$32.74; which Jones takes, thanks the officer, and vanishes.

Connection between Small Bank Notes and Crime.

THE fact appears to be abundantly attested that the circulation of one-pound bank notes in England proved, at first, conducive to a melancholy waste of human life. Considering the advances made in the mechanical arts, at the time of their issue, they were rough and even rude in their execution. Easily imitated, they were also easily circulated; and from 1797, the executions for forgery augmented to an extent which bore no proportion to any other class of crime. During six years prior to their issue, there was but one capital conviction; during the four following years, eighty-five occurred. To prevent their imitation, most stringent penalties were ordained, and, in 1801, it was enacted that, to prevent forgeries, all the one and two pound notes should "be printed on a peculiar and purposely constructed paper, having waved or curved lines." But all these endeavors to repress crime fell sadly short of the necessity, and the connection between the issue of small notes and the effusion of blood because of their easy imitation was apparent enough. Thus, before 1797, the Bank of England could issue no notes under five pounds. In 1802, the average number of notes under that value was about three millions and a half. In the former period there were no capital executions; in the latter, one hundred and sixteen occurred

in four years. In 1817, there were thirty thousand forged notes of the one and two pounds class stopped at the bank, nine hundred of five pounds, fifty of ten pounds, and two of twenty. The crime is, therefore, imputed to the small notes; and the forgery of larger ones to the habits of criminality originating in the temptation of small notes.

Jacob Barker on "Thewdness" in Stock Dealing.

AMONG the new generation of Wall street, Jacob Barker, notwithstanding his present extensive business character, is comparatively unknown; but there was a time when Jacob made his mark upon the stock brokers and money changers of that monetary locality. He has long lived and thrived in the Crescent City. Jacob is as active and buoyant as most men at thirty-five; he cannot be said, however, to enjoy a green old age, unless it may be discovered in the suppleness he displays, so peculiar to youth. One of the many amusing stories told of him is where a gentleman called at his office and denounced, in the most unmeasured manner, certain persons who had swindled him—the gentleman (not Jacob, by any means)—in some stock transactions. Barker listened to the whole matter with professional zest, and finding that everything had been done "right," urged the indignant victim not to go on so, but to forget the thing entirely; "for," said Jacob, consolingly, "if you thwade in stock, you must call thealing *thewdness*, or you will constantly be out of themper!"

Stock Exchange Conspiracy.

A STOCK-JOBING operation, which was undertaken in England, in 1814, and which has been celebrated in monetary annals because of its gigantic extent, will perhaps afford refreshing reading to that not small class who ply so dexterously similar expedients at the present day. The tale is most unique.



JACOB BARZER



F. C. BROOKS



JAMES G. KING



PETER COOPER



W. M. F. HARDEN



NICHOLAS HIDDLE



T. W. PERKINS

Engraved for D. Appleton & Co.
by
W. G. Jackman, New York.

to visit
MONTANA

On the 21st of February, 1815, about one o'clock in the morning, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the Ship Inn, at Dover. On being opened, the intruder announced himself as Lieutenant-colonel Du Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart. His dress supported the assertion. The richly embroidered scarlet uniform, the star on the breast, the silver medal suspended from his neck, the dark fur cap, with its broad band of gold lace, gave the wearer a military appearance. His clothes appeared wet with the sea spray, and he stated that he had been brought over by a French vessel, the seamen of which were afraid of landing at Dover, and had placed him in a boat about two miles from the shore. His news was important. Bonaparte had been slain in battle. The allied armies were in Paris. A great victory had been gained, and peace was certain.

He immediately ordered a post chaise and four horses to be prepared, and, after writing a letter in great haste to Admiral Foley, which was despatched by special messenger to Deal, he at once departed for London. Wherever he changed horses the news was spread, and the postboys rewarded with napoleons. In due time information reached the stock exchange; and it was not long before that resort was filled with rumors of general officers, despatches for Government, victories, and post chaises and four. Expresses from the various places where Du Bourg had changed horses poured into the principal speculators. The funds rose on the news. Application was made to the lord mayor, but, as his lordship had received no intelligence, they declined.

On the morning of the same day, about an hour before daylight, two, men, in the habiliments of foreigners, landed in a six-oared galley, called on a Mr. Sandon, at Northfleet, and handed him a letter, purporting to be written by one whom he formerly knew,

begging him to take the bearers to London, as they had great public news to communicate. The request was energetically complied with. Between twelve and one o'clock of that day, three persons, two of whom were dressed as French officers, proceeded in a post chaise and four, the horses of which were bedecked with laurel, over the then narrow and crowded thoroughfare of London bridge. While the carriage proceeded with an almost ostentatious slowness, small billets were scattered among the anxious gazers, announcing that Bonaparte was dead, and the allies in Paris. Through busy Cheapside and crowded Fleet street, the occupants of the carriage paraded their intelligence. They passed over the fine bridge of Blackfriars, drove rapidly to the Marsh Gate, got out, took off their military, put on round hats, and speedily disappeared. The news again spread far and wide. The neighborhood of the stock exchange was once more full of exaggerated reports. The funds rose. What could resist such accumulated evidence? The aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart, at Dover; the foreigners at Northfleet with despatches; private expresses from various places, all tended to convince the members that there must be some foundation for the reports. Application was made to the ministry, but they knew nothing. Large bargains were made.

Altogether, the scene at the stock exchange at this time is spoken of by those who witnessed it as baffling all description. Yet still there was some doubt, so long as Government remained ignorant of the important intelligence. And as hour after hour of anxious doubt passed by, it would be difficult to imagine the feelings of many who began painfully to suspect that they were victims of a delusion. To the scene of unbounded joy and of greedy expectation of gain, there succeeded, in a few hours, that of disappointment, shame at having been gulled, the

clenching of fists, the grinding of teeth, the tearing of hair—all the outward and visible signs of those inward commotions—disappointed avarice in some, consciousness of ruin in others, and, in all, boiling revenge. A committee was appointed by the stock exchange, and various circumstances tending to prove a huge conspiracy were discovered. On the Saturday preceding the Monday on which the deception was undertaken, consols and omnium, to the extent of eight hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds, were purchased for various individuals, many of whom were seriously implicated, and some of them suffered the penalties of fine and imprisonment.

Blinders for Stockholders.

EVEN railways have their reckonings, and the time of year comes when they are perforce made to show and disgorge their gains. Meetings are reluctantly summoned by the directors, and crowds of hungry shareholders are squeezed together for hours at a time. If this thing is not professionally understood in America, it certainly is in England.

The chairman pronounces a report, which is second only to a "speech from the throne," in vagueness, generality, and mystification. Anon comes the "clerk of the corporation," redolent of new shares, and he thickens the mist by a jumble of accounts, an incomprehensible hotchpotch of loans, debentures, calls, and balances, and generally winds up his abstruse financial puzzles by a prophetic announcement that the traffic next year is sure to be unprecedented and immense—at which every countenance is wreathed with the genial smiles inspired by hope.

All the details, however, are Greek to the poor shareholders, who really understand but one word in the whole railroad vocabulary—the welcome sound of "dividend;" but the fear

of being thought a business nincompoop compels each one to be perfectly up to snuff, and wondrously sage. It is amusing, moreover, to observe how the directors manage (notwithstanding the "impertinent" interruptions of some inconveniently acute shareholder, whose sayings are recorded as those of "A voice"), somehow or other so to mix up this word dividend with other complicated details, as to leave the unhappy shareholders unable at the end to say whether they have to receive money or to pay it—the difference being the sum.

How refreshing, then, to find that the reports of one's own pet line are untainted by the faults alluded to! The public have a right to know this; and, as a pattern and incentive to other companies, the following extracts are made from the last report of the "Hum and Diddlesex Railway," England:

The chairman would now refer to their finance statement (*Hear!*). He felt bound to say it would be found most satisfactory. £7,000 had been mortgaged on annuities at par, and their debentures were now wholly independent of their stock of engines (*Cheers, and cries of Bravo!*). The permanent way was now in trust for the increased debits on the gradients (*Hear! hear!*). From this it was clear that there was £4,000 balance per contra on the new half shares. (A voice, "What's the receipts?") The chairman could not be expected to go into such details. They had lately opened six miles of the "Navvey and Stoker Extension branch," which he had no doubt would pay well when a town had arisen at each end, and traffic was induced between them. (A voice, "What's the expenditure?") The chairman begged not to be interrupted in the midst of his statement. The meeting would observe one little item of £56,000 for law expenses. It was enough to say, they had triumphed over their opponents. True, they had

incurred some trifling expense; but were they, he would ask, to be insulted by the "Grand Gumption?" (*No!*)—or by any other line? (*No, no!* and *cheers*). Then as to the dividend—"Hear, hear, hear!" from all parts)—the clerk had recommended a net dividend of 10 per cent. (*Loud cheers*)—on the deficit, and this, after paying the surplus and the directors' salaries (which, in justice to those faithful servants, he was glad to say had been raised £500 each per annum), left the 4 per cent. incidental expenses as money in hand, which would simply render it necessary for the shareholders at once to pay up the late £20 calls. (Sensation. A voice, "What is the dividend to be?") The chairman put it to the meeting, whether the gentleman's question had not already been distinctly answered, and after some little confusion he vacated the chair, and the meeting—like the dividend—was dissolved.

Virginia Usurer Foiled.

PREVIOUSLY to the Revolutionary War, it was provided by an act of the Assembly of Virginia, that if any bill of exchange be drawn for the payment of any sum of money, and such bill is protested for non-acceptance or non-payment, it shall bear interest from the date, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, until it shall be paid. The following curious circumstance, in connection with said law, took place at Williamsburg, Va., about the year 1760.

A usurious broker, not satisfied with five per cent. legal interest, refused to advance a sum of money to a gentleman, unless, by way of security, he would give a bill of exchange that should be returned protested, by which he would be entitled to ten per cent. The gentleman, who had immediate occasion for the money, sat down, drew a bill upon a merchant banker in London, with whom he had never

had any transactions, or carried on the least correspondence. The merchant, on receipt of the bill, observing the name of the drawer, very readily honored it, knowing the gentleman to be a person of large property, and concluding that he meant to enter into a correspondence with his house.

The broker, by this turn in the affair, became entitled to only five per cent. He was, therefore, exceedingly enraged at being, as he supposed, thus tricked, and complained very earnestly to his customer for having giving him a *good* bill instead of a *bad* one.

Kentucky Hams and Yankee Nutmegs.

SOME time since, the Kentucky nation commenced a rivalry with the Yankee land, in the manufacture of wooden eatables. A merchant in Port Gibson, Miss., desirous of procuring a lot of choice bacon hams, requested his agent at the Gulf to make the purchase for him, from the boats passing down the Mississippi. After many fruitless inquiries of the passing craft, he met with a Kentucky Jonathan, whose loading was composed of the nicest and choicest hams, all canvased, and that which was shown as a sample looked so well, and tasted so delightfully, that the confiding agent made the purchase on the spot.

The new Jonathan had such an innocent, unsuspected and unsuspecting countenance, too—giving forth no scintillations of vivacity, nor evincing the owner to possess brains more acute than a lobster, on any other subject than that of curing bacon—the art of which appeared to have become impressed on his cranium, as drippings wear the rock, or as the knowledge of law and physic reveals itself in the physiognomy of some members of those professions. Who would suspect *him* of perpetrating a Yankee or original art? Straws show which way

the wind blows; but, alas! the human countenance may present an unsolvable enigma, even to the most penetrating. Was it so in this case?

Jonathan's hams, when opened, proved to be wood, neatly turned in the shape of a hog's hind leg, and excellent for oven fuel—a recommendation, by the way, which, with characteristic modesty, he had not even alluded to. The Kentuckian showed that he was 'up to a trick or two,' and no one will deny that he threw down the glove, once and forever, to all Yankeedom.

Latest "Sell" of the Day.

THE latest 'sell' of the day originated in the fertile brain of a Baltimore clothes dealer. He placed in the pocket of a ready-made coat an old portemonnaie, and quietly awaited the advent of a fitting customer. Presently enters an individual desiring to be summer coated. After essaying several coats, the dealer says:

"Here is a coat made for a gentleman; he wore it one day and sent it back—it was too small for him—try it on. Ah! it fits first rate, like as if it was made for you. It is well made; buttons sewed on strong; with strong pockets."

The customer puts his hands into the pockets to try them, when his fingers come in contact with the pocket book. His imagination is kindled with the idea of appropriating the supposed treasure.

"How much did you say the coat was?" he eagerly asks.

The dealer names a good round sum.

The money is paid, and the self-duped customer walks off hurriedly with his supposed prize—not stopping to hear the suppressed chuckle of the dealer as he looks after him out of the corner of his eye.

Tompkins's Horse Trade.

TOMPKINS bought a fine horse—paid three hundred dollars for him. The horse, after a few months, proved to be lame in the right shoulder. Tompkins was distressed about it. Tried all sorts of remedies—embrocations, liniments, Mustang included, under the advice of the very best veterinarians, till the lameness was obstinate and grew rather worse. He became desperate, and hit upon this device to sell the horse. He drove an ugly tenpenny nail plump into the right fore-foot, and left it there for ten days; when he led the tortured animal limping to a neighboring blacksmith, to be shod. The blacksmith was a dealer in horses, and quite a jockey in his way. After a while, Tompkins called at the shop for his horse. "That's a splendid gelding of yours, Mr. Tompkins—pity he's so lame," says the smith. "He is, indeed," replied Tompkins; "but he is very lame, and I'm afraid he can't be cured." "Perhaps not, and may be he can," says Vulcan; "how much would you be willing to take for him, just as he stands, Mr. Tompkins, money down?" "Ah, well, I don't know what to say about that. If he is cured, he is worth all I paid for him, and even much more, as prices go now; but if his lameness should continue, you see he is worth nothing—not a dollar." The blacksmith began to chaffer. First he offered fifty dollars, then one hundred, and at last two hundred, for the animal. Tompkins was persuaded, and accepted the last offer. The money was paid, and the horse delivered on the spot. "Now," says the blacksmith, "as the bargain is finished, I will be frank with you, Mr. Tompkins. I suppose I can tell you just exactly what ailed that horse." "Can you?" says Tompkins, "well, I shall be glad to hear it. I *thought* you must know all about it, or you would not have paid me so much money for him."

The blacksmith produced the nail, and assured Tompkins, with great apparent satisfaction, that while paring down the horse's hoofs he had found that long piece of iron, and drawn it out of the frog of the near forefoot." "Is that *all* you know about it?" Tompkins asked, very quietly. "All!" replied the blacksmith—"all! isn't that enough, for conscience's sake?" "Well," replied Tompkins, "I don't know as it is. I will be equally frank with you, since the bargain is finished. I drove the nail into the *foot*, but the lameness is in the *shoulder*."

"Old Vinter's" Bank Bills.

AWAY down East—that convenient but much abused locality for pointing a story—a wealthy old merchant, who was especially fond of a glass of good brandy, had established a bank, and, liking his own face better than any one's else, showed his frankness by placing it on both ends of his bank bills. One evening, a bill of this description was offered at the village hotel, and was thought to be a counterfeit. "Put a glass of brandy to the picture," proposed a wag, "and if his mouth opens, you may be sure it is one of old Vinter's."

Transactions in Worsteds.

A MAN some six feet three inches in height, and of herculean build, went into a Worcester shopkeeper's establishment, and asked if they had got any "whirlers"—by which he meant, stockings without feet, supposing, of course, that they were to be obtained of any "worsted" merchant.

"No," said the shopkeeper, "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's ha'e a look at 'em," said the man.

The counter was immediately covered

with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair—of mammoth size—and said:

"What's the price of them?"

"Four shillings and ninepence," was the reply.

"Can you cut the feet off of them?" was the next query.

"Oh, certainly," rejoined the shopkeeper.

"Then just cut them off," was the laconic direction.

No sooner said than done. The long shop shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price of 'em *now*?" asked the customer, with all the composure imaginable.

"Price of them *now*!" exclaimed the 'worsted' merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; "why, four shillings and ninepence, to be sure!"

"Four shillings and ninepence!" exclaimed the customer; "I never gave but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of 'whirlers' in my life"—and he laid down that amount upon the counter.

"Well," replied the tradesman, chop-fallen and fairly outwitted, throwing the mutilations at him, "take them and be off with you! You've 'whirled' me *this* time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again, as long as I live."

This case is similar to that of the cute Yankee auctioneer, who, after disposing of a violin, after a hard bidding, to a close-fisted buyer, went on—"Now, gentlemen, how much m' offered for the *bow*?—how much?—how much?—how much m' offered for the *bow*?" Expostulation was useless. The fiddle and the bow, he said, were in separate 'classes;' so that the former proved not so *very* cheap after all.

Bargains in "Cochin-Chinas."

In the humorous account given by Burnham, of his experience in the fowl

trade, which a few years ago went to such preposterous lengths, he thus sketches one of the "bargains" of that day:

A splendid open carriage halted before my door, one day, and there alighted from it a fine, portly-looking man, whom I had never seen before, and whose name I did not then learn; who, leaving an elegant dressed lady behind in the vehicle, called for me. I saw and recognized the carriage, however, as one of Niles's, and I was satisfied that it came from the Tremont House, Boston. As soon as the gentleman spoke, I was also satisfied from his manner of speech, that he was a Southerner. He was polite and frank, apparently; I invited him in, and he went to look at my fowls, that being the object, he said, of his visit. He examined them all, and said quietly:

"I'd like to get a half dozen of these, if they didn't come too high; but I understand you fanciers have got the price up. I used to buy these chickens for a dollar apiece. *Now*, they say, you're asking five dollars each for them."

I showed him my stock—the "pure-bred" ones,—and informed him at once that I had not sold any of *my* chickens, latterly, at less than forty dollars a pair. He was astounded. He didn't want any—much; that is, he wasn't particular. Shouldn't pay that, nohow; he could buy them for five dollars, wanted them for his boy; would come again and see about it, &c., &c. A five-year-old stag mounted the low fence at this moment, and sent forth an electrifying crow, such as would (at that period) have taken a novice "right out of his boots;" and a beautiful eight-pound pullet showed herself beside him at the same time. The stranger turned round, and said:

"There! What is your price for such a pair as that, for instance?"

"Not for sale, sir."

"But you *will* sell them, I s'pose?"

"No, sir, I have younger ones to dispose of; but *that* pair are my models. I can't sell *them*." The gentleman's eye was exactly filled with this pair of chickens.

"What will you *take* for those two fowls?"

"One hundred dollars, sir," I replied.

"I guess you will—when you can get it," he added. "Name your lowest price, now, for those? I want good ones, if any."

"I prefer to keep them, rather than to part with them at *any* price," I insisted. "If, however, a gentleman like yourself, who evidently knows what good fowls are, desires to procure the choicest specimens in the country, why, I confess to you that those are the persons into whose hands I prefer that my best stock should fall. But I will show you some at a lower figure," I continued, driving this pair from the fence.

"Don't you! Don't drive 'em away!" said the gentleman;—"let's see. That's the cock?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this is the hen?"

"Yes."

"One hundred dollars! You don't *mean* this, of course," he persisted.

"No, I mean that I would rather keep them, sir."

"Well—I'll—*take them*," said the stranger: "It's cruel. But, I'll take them;" and he paid me five twenty-dollar gold pieces down on the spot, for two ten-months-old chickens, from my "splendid" Royal Cochinchina fowls.

Messrs. Moan & Groan of Cypress Row.

THE "mourning" shopkeepers have a peculiarly benevolent eye to the griefs and necessities of those families into which death enters. This is condolingly manifested by their sending to such a family a remarkably neat envelope, with a handsomely embossed

border, bearing the words, 'On especial service,' under the address, and winged with an appropriate stamp. The enclosure is a specimen of fine printing on smooth, thin vellum, in the form of a quarto catalogue, with a deep, black-bordered title page, emanating from the dreary establishment of Messrs. Moan & Groan, of Cypress Row.

Here commerce condescends to sympathy, and measures forth to bereaved and afflicted humanity the *outward* and *visible* symbols of their hidden griefs. Here, when you enter his gloomy penetralia, and invoke his services, the sable-clad and cadaverous-featured shopman asks you, in a sepulchral voice and with quivering lip, whether you are to be suited for inextinguishable sorrow, or for mere passing grief; and if you are at all in doubt on the subject, he can solve the problem for you, if you lend him your confidence for the occasion. He knows, from long and melancholy observation, the agonizing intensity of woe expressed by bombazine, crape, and Paramatta; can tell to a sigh the precise amount of regret that resides in a black bonnet; and can match any degree of internal anguish with its corresponding shade of color, from the utter desolation and inconsolable wretchedness of dead and dismal black, to the transient sentiment of sorrowful remembrance so appropriately symbolized by the faintest shade of lavender or French gray.

Messrs. Moan & Groan also know well enough, that when the heart is burdened with sorrow, considerations of *economy* are likely to be banished from the mind as quite out of place, and disrespectful to the memory of the departed; and, therefore, they do not insult the lacerated sensibilities of their sorrowing patrons with the sublunary details of dollars and cents. They speed on the wings of the post to the house of mourning, with the benevolent purpose of comforting the

afflicted household. They are the first, after the stroke of calamity has fallen, to mingle the business of life with its *regrets*, and to seek to cover the woes of the past with the allowable vanities of the present.

It is their painful calling to lead their melancholy patrons, step by step, along the cypress margin of their flowing pages—from the very borders of the tomb, through all the intermediate changes by which sorrow publishes to the world its gradual subsidence, and land them at last on the sixteenth page, restored to themselves and to society, in the front box of the Opera, glittering in 'splendid head dresses in pearl,' in 'fashionably elegant turbans,' and in 'dresses trimmed with blonde and Brussels lace.'

Strong in their modest sense of merit, Messrs. Moan & Groan make no sordid array of *prices*—oh, no! They offer you all that in mourning you can possibly want; they scorn to do you the disgrace of imagining that you would drive a *bargain* on the very brink of the grave; and you are of course obliged to them for the delicacy of their reserve on so mercenary and plebeian a point—paying their bill in decorous disregard of the amount. It is true that certain envious rivals have compared them to birds of prey, scenting mortality from afar, and hovering like vultures on the trail of death in order to profit by his dart; but such 'caparisons,' as Mrs. Malaprop says, 'are odorous,' and we will have nothing to do with them.

Cræsus and his Avaricious Guest.

It is related of this well-to-do *bullionnaire*, that his messengers, having on one occasion been kindly treated by a family at Athens, he in return invited one of that family to visit him, and on his arrival made to him the offer of as much gold as he could personally carry. The visitor, with avaricious

eagerness to enhance the value of the gift, provided himself with a large cloak, in which were many folds, and, with the most capacious boots that he could procure, followed Cræsus into the treasury, where, rolling among the gold, he first stuffed his boots or buskins as full as he could, and then filled all the folds of his robes, his hair, and even his mouth with gold dust. This done, with great difficulty he staggered from the place—from his swelling mouth and projections all around him, resembling anything rather than a man. Cræsus, who, probably from politeness, had left him alone to help himself, when he saw him come out, burst into laughter, and not only suffered him to carry away all he had got, but added other presents equally valuable.

Saving the Pieces. Girard and his Brother.

It is known that Girard entertained a perfect horror of parting with even the most trivial object in his possession, without receiving, in every case, a proper equivalent therefor. It seems that on one occasion, his brother, Captain John Girard, when fitting out a schooner for Cape Francois, had use for some pieces of glass for his cabin window, and observing the fragments of several boxes of that article in his brother Stephen's store, and knowing that the pieces were of little or no use to the owner, he so far presumed on the privileges of consanguinity, as to go and appropriate a few of the fragments for the purpose in question—when, while he was in the very act, Stephen suddenly pounced upon him, loudly deprecating the intended abstraction of his broken property, as if ruin would ensue from the loss of a few fractured panes of glass for which he had no earthly use. He continued to vent a torrent of ribaldry and invective upon his brother John—the very atmosphere was blue with his indignation. The temperament of John was of a milder and more conciliating

character than that of Stephen, so that he always retreated from the arbitrary and boisterous ebullitions of his brother.

"Merchant of Venice"—Shylock's Commercial Character Vindicated.

A NEW version of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" has recently been given by a Jewish writer, which exhibits the commercial transactions of that renowned personage in quite a different aspect than heretofore. According to this authority, the play is *founded on fact*, with this important distinction, that it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he had lost the wager. The circumstance transpired, not at Venice, but in Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth. The Jew lost; the other party demanded the pound of flesh; the Jew demurred and offered money, which was refused. Sixtus, to whom the matter was at last submitted, decided against the Jew, and that exactly one pound of flesh should be cut from him—not one grain more or less, on pain of the cutter being hanged; the latter very naturally declined the risk, and the pope fined both parties in heavy sums for engaging in such a transaction. Thus old Shylock's commercial character is vindicated at last—though the old version of the story will probably continue to be the popular one.

"P. D."

ENGLISH grocers have never enjoyed an immaculate reputation in the matter of adulterating goods. Not a few of their most costly wares are temptingly capable of easy and generally harmless mixture. Conscience is generally trained to the posture or practice habitual to the trade. Of course, the grocer has exceedingly good reasons for his apprentices, why they should adulterate. Yet if he went to the drygoods dealer,

and found that for linen he had bought a mixture of cotton and flax, he would call that dealer a cheat. Or if he found that the silversmith had sold him plated spoons for silver spoons—zounds! It happens that only in his own line of business, such strong reasons exist for “doctoring” and “deaconing.”

It happened that in the early business days of Mr. A., a grocer, pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade, universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody *expected* pepper to be mixed. Well, in the shop of said grocer stood a cask labelled “P. D.,” containing something very like pepper dust, wherewith it was used to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were doing the right thing—by themselves.

Now this P. D. began to give the clerk no little discomfort. Considering all that might be said, pro and con, he came to the downright conclusion that it was wrong. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night; but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it to a neighboring quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods and slag and stones.

But this P. D. is not wholly confined to grocers’ traffic. The shipowner has a ship which has become too old to carry *sugar* from the West Indies, without damaging it by leakage; so he fits her out as a *passenger* ship, and advertizes her for Sidney, as “the well-known, favorite, fast-sailing ship”—and that is P. D. The corn merchant has a cargo damaged in a gale at sea; but as the underwriters will not pay unless the captain can swear that the vessel struck, the merchant, who was snug in his bed when the gale blew, tries to show the captain very conclu-

sively that, just off Flambeau Head, the keel did actually touch the ground, and that therefore he may safely take the requisite oath—and that is P. D. The director of some joint-stock company, who sees that the concern is hollow and all *dis-jointed*, sells out his own shares, but retains his place until the period during which he is liable is past, that no one else may take fright;—P. D. The jobber is standing by a parcel of goods which have been on his hands for a considerable time; a customer enters, and is received with smiles: “Are these new?” “The latest things we have—just out, in fact. I almost thought you would look in today, and have this moment had the parcel opened for you;”—P. D. Well, there is more or less P. D. under every trader’s roof. But it is bad. Stave the cask in pieces.

Bad Business.

KOHL, in his *Travels in Russia*, observes, that while at Moscow, he happened to take a stroll through one of the markets of that city. He saw there a man who was employed to sell frozen fish by the pound. “Friend,” said he to him, “how do you come on in your business?” “Thank God,” replied the man, “very badly.”

Commercial Milk.

A SUGGESTION has recently been made for the supply of London with pure country milk, in lieu of that wishy-washy triumph of art over nature, which flows, morning and afternoon, into jugs and mugs, from a thousand *milk* cans—so called.

Such an announcement has shaken, as if with a panic, all the metropolitan pans; and those purveyors who have dealt in new milk from the pump and chalk pit, without ever having been in possession of a single pair of horns, have been cowed all of a sudden by the

very thought of the introduction of the bovine article. And yet, so unaccustomed are the Londoners to anything else but the well-known chalk mixture, that the probability is that the pure article will—like the genuine squeak of the pig in the fable—be pronounced far inferior to the imitation with which use or abuse has rendered us so familiar.

London, in fact, knows nothing of real milk, which differs as thoroughly as chalk is unlike cheese, from the spurious stuff which now finds its way into the coffee and tea cup. Commercial milk is a compound which any conscientious cow would indignantly repudiate. As has already been hinted, the Londoner literally knows nothing of milk; for of the stuff he has been taught to accept as "milk," he knows it would be idle to attempt even to skim the surface. It is understood that the chalk market immediately began to show symptoms of weakness at the bare rumor of real milk being introduced into the metropolis, especially when coupled with the current apprehension of a short supply of water in the city and suburbs.

Dangers of Legitimate Business Transactions.

THE dangers attending unlawful business transactions are sometimes fully matched by those which accompany dealings that are entirely legitimate. On one occasion, a merchant in London, having requested his broker to purchase a certain amount of stock, and having concluded his business, was surprised in the evening to hear his broker announced as a visitor. Some remark being made, the latter stated that a dispute had arisen with the jobber about the price which was in the receipt, and he should be glad to take it with him as an evidence of his correctness. Knowing that a stock receipt is in itself of no value, the buyer readily complied. His visitor thanked him, and

from that moment was never heard of. The receipt was false, the names were forged; and, secure in the possession of all evidence against him, the broker sought a foreign land in which to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

Hardening Tendency of Business.

REMARKING on the state of trade in one of the large cities, a commercial editor states that "the hardening tendency of prices still continues." It is a pity that something cannot be done to counteract the hardening effect of business generally on the population of some of our mercantile and manufacturing cities.

Tragical Result of Losing Bank Notes.

ONE of the most tragical events in the business world took place a while ago in St. Petersburg. The agent of a banker, who had been to the bank to receive the value of fifteen thousand silver roubles, lost the package of bank notes on his return. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the funds at once to the owner, followed the agent to his destination, and in this way ascertained his name. The clerk then returned home, hesitating in his own mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel took place between him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following day, went to the house of the owner to deliver the money, but the banker would not receive it, saying his agent had committed suicide in the night, on account of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself, from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body, and hung himself with the same rope.

Morocco Pocket Book Men.

THE "Morocco men," so called from the red morocco pocket books which they carried, were a remarkable feature in the London money dealings of half a century ago. They began their lives as pigeons; they closed them as rooks. They had lost their own fortunes in their youth; they lost those of others in their age. Generally educated, and of bland manners, a mixture of the gentleman and the debauchee, they easily penetrated into the society they sought to destroy. They were seen in the deepest alleys of Saint Giles's, and were met in the fairest circles as well. In the old hall of the country gentleman, in the mansion of the city merchant, in the butlery of the rural squire, in the homestead of the farmer, among the reapers as they worked on the hillside, with the peasant as he rested from his daily toil—addressing all with specious promises, and telling lies like truth—was the morocco man found, treading alike the finest and the foulest scenes of society. They whispered beguiling temptation to the innocent; they hinted at easy fraud to the novice. They lured the youthful; they excited the aged; and no place was so pure, and no spot so degraded, but, for love of seven and one-half per cent., did the morocco man mark it with his pestilential presence. No valley was so lonely, but what it found some victim; no hill so remote, but what it offered some chance; and so enticing were their manners, that their presence was sought, and their appearance welcomed, with all the eagerness of avarice.

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East India Company and the Missing Witness.

A century ago was the hanging century; and a great fraud was committed toward its close upon the East India Company—one of the most peculiar in the annals of crime, as related to busi-

ness. The leading witness—the only man who could prove the guilt of the accused—was accustomed to visit a house in the neighborhood of the Bank, to be dressed and powdered, according to the fashion of the day. Shortly before the trial came on, a note was placed in his hands, informing him that the attorney for the prosecution was desirous of seeing him, at a certain hour, at his private residence, in or near Portland Place.

At the time appointed, the witness proceeded to the house; the door was opened, and the footman, without asking his name, ushered the visitor into a large room, where, discussing some wine upon the table, sat a group of gentlemen in earnest conversation. "There is a mistake," exclaimed the new comer, thinking he had been shown into the wrong room. "No mistake, sir," interrupted one, in a determined tone, while the remainder sat quietly but sternly by. Unable to comprehend the scene, and in some alarm, the visitor prepared to leave the room. "There is no mistake," repeated the same person, unostentatiously stepping before the door; "I am," he continued, "brother to that gentleman who is to be tried for forgery, and against whom you are the chief witness; the honor of a noble house is at stake; and your first attempt to escape will lead to a violent death. There is nothing to fear, if you remain quiet; but all whom you see are sworn to detain you until the trial be over, or," he added, after a pause, "to slay you." The witness was a sensible man; he saw the determined looks of those around; and thought it best quietly to acquiesce.

In the mean time, great surprise was excited in the city. That the missing man had been inveigled away was universally believed; and every endeavor was made to track him. Whether the calmness with which he bore his confinement deceived his jailers, is not known; but it is certain that he effect-

ed his escape from the house, although not so securely but that his captors were after him before he could get out of sight. A mob collected; his pursuers declared that he was an insane nobleman, and that they were his keepers. The mob shouted with delight at the idea of a mad lord; and the unfortunate man was on the point of being again confined, when a carriage drove up. The inmate, a lady, desired the coachman to stop, and she listened to the counter statements of the pursued and his pursuers. Remembering the current story of a missing witness, she opened the carriage, he sprang in, the door was closed, and the lady, to whom he told his story, ordered the coachman to drive with all speed to the Old Bailey. It was the last day; the case, which had been postponed, was being tried; and the missing witness was just in time to place the rope around the neck of the unhappy forger.

Smugglers' Honor.

ON the line between Prussia and Russia, smuggling is carried on by desperate bands of men, in a most desperately professional manner. These bands are also addicted to robbery. One of them, headed by a man named Krotinus, is very notorious; it has plundered the house of several of the richer Russian landowners on the frontier, returning across the line into Prussia to spend the proceeds. A party of this band once passed the day at a village wine-house, and were called out toward evening by a man who proved to be the captain himself, "for duty:" he was most particular in inquiring whether his men had behaved respectfully and paid for everything!

Characteristic Smuggling Ingenuity of Parisians.

SOME of the curious expedients resorted to by Parisian smugglers are given in the following account by a

personal witness:—I saw, through one of the windows in the mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whom disappointed love, or perhaps an improvised people's tribunal, had disposed of thus suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was only a large doll as large as life. What to think of this, I did not know, so I asked the doorkeeper the meaning of it.

"This is the 'Contraband Museum,'" was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to see it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.

In a large dirty room are scattered over the floor, along the walls and on the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which had been confiscated from time to time by these guardians of the law, the revenue officers; a complete arsenal of the devices of smuggling, all in complete confusion.

As examples, there is a hogshead dressed up for a nurse, with a child that holds two and one half quarts. On the other side are logs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond it a pile of coal curiously perforated with spools of cotton.

The colored gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances: He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck, or Ethiopian chasseur, on the footboard of a carriage, fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country.

One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of

yells and oaths, the vocal part being performed by the cartmen and drivers, and the instrumental by the well-applied whips. The negro, however, never spoke a single word. His good behavior, through all this wild and unheard-of misusage, delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at that black fellow," they cried, "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!" He showed a perfect indifference to their friendly applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the footboard, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are very much obliged to you." What surprise! *the shoulder rattled.* The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and found he was made of metal, and as full as his skin could hold of the very best contraband liquor, drawn out of his foot. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph. The first night the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

Terrible Career of Sadleir, the Speculator.

THE name of John Sadleir is still fresh in the annals of criminal speculation and its oftentimes tragical end. He was a provincial attorney in Ireland, in very moderate business; but being a man of talent and firmness of character, he was instrumental in establishing a bank in the county, and became a person of some consequence. He at length felt his field to be too small, and in an evil hour went to London, where his connection with the bank introduced him at once to the speculators and capitalists of that city; and this led to a large business as a parliamentary agent, and to his becoming chairman of a great joint-stock bank in London.

The road of ambition was now fairly

opened. He got into Parliament, made himself the leader in the Irish Brigade, then deserted his party, and became a lord of the treasury. In the mean time, he was very busy with the Encumbered Estates Bill; and having procured from the commissioners under it almost unlimited authority, he organized an association in England for purchasing, and afterward selling at enormous advantage, properties sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He now became chairman of the Swedish railway, arranged a new insurance company, established a newspaper of his own in Dublin, and plunged deep into English, Italian, Spanish, and American railways.

Such is a very brief outline of Sadleir's great business career; but when and where the pressure first began—when this originally obscure and moneyless man found that he could not pursue such schemes without funds—and what were the precise circumstances that originated his crimes, and led him on, step by step, to infamy, is not precisely known. It is known, however, that he obtained money on the security of forged titles, as, from the Encumbered Estate Court. He fabricated shares of the Swedish railway to the amount of over a million dollars; and besides the assignments of numerous deeds he held in trust, he forged on private individuals to the amount of at least half a million dollars.

It appears that for some time he must have contemplated his violent release from the fever of mind in which he had lived so long. But at length the occasion came; the forgery of one of the Encumbered Estates deeds was on the eve of discovery; and the wretched man went forth from his own house in the dead of night, with the instruments of death in his pocket—a midnight suicide!

Duplicity of French Speculators.

ONE of the most singular illustrations of the methods sometimes resorted to

by speculators to accomplish their ends, is found in the history of the present ruler of the French. While Louis Philippe was king, a number of speculators in French stocks in London, desired, for a particular purpose, to depress said stocks for a few days. To this end they hired several ships, manned them, and gave them ammunition, bulletins, &c., and placed Louis Napoleon in secret command, in order to make a feint of invading France—using him as the unconcious tool for executing their own schemes.

Strange as it may seem, that reckless youth was under the delusion that the prestige of his name was sufficient, under the unpopularity of the then reigning monarch, to cause a general rising of the nation in his own favor. It was, however, a *plan gotten up by some cunning brokers*, who used him merely as an instrument, knowing his susceptibility to self-delusion; but they accomplished their end, and cleared large sums by their adroitly conceived mode of operating.

Two Playing at the Same Game.

DECIO was an extensive London merchant, who had large commissions for sugar from several foreign dealers. On a certain occasion, he treated about a considerable quantity of that article with Alcander, an eminent merchant in the West India trade; both understood the market very well, but could not agree. Decio was a man of substance, and thought nobody ought to be better able to buy than himself on favorable terms. Alcander was the same, and, not wanting money, stood for his price.

While thus engaged in attempts to bargain, at a tavern near the Exchange, Alcander's man brought his master a letter from the West Indies, which informed him of a much greater quantity of sugar coming for England than was expected. Alcander now wished for

nothing more than to sell at Decio's price, before the news was public; but, being a cunning fox, and that he might not seem too eager, nor yet lose his customer, he drops the discourse they were upon, and, putting on a jovial humor, commends the agreeableness of the weather—from whence, descanting upon the delight he took in his gardens, he invites Decio to go along with him to his country seat, about twelve miles out.

It was in the month of May, and as it happened to be Saturday afternoon, Decio, who was a single man, and would have no pressing business in town before Tuesday, accepted of the other's civility, and away they go in Alcander's coach. Decio was splendidly entertained that night and the day following. On Monday morning, to get himself an appetite, he goes to take the air upon an easy-paced horse of Alcander's, and coming back, meets with a gentleman of his acquaintance, who tells him news had come, the night before, that the Barbadoes fleet was destroyed by a storm, and adds, that before he came out, the news had been confirmed at Lloyd's coffee house, where it was thought sugars would rise twenty-five per cent. by 'Change time.

Decio returns to his friend, and immediately resumes the conversation about a sugar trade. Alcander, who, thinking himself sure of his chap, did not design to broach the matter until after dinner, was very glad to find his intention thus anticipated; but however desirous he was to sell, the other was yet more anxious to buy. Yet both of them, afraid of one another, for a considerable time affected all the indifference imaginable, till at last Decio, fired with what he had heard, thought delays might prove dangerous, and throwing a guinea upon the table, struck the bargain at Alcander's price. The next day they went to London; the news proved true, and Decio made his "pile" by the sugars. Alcander,

while he had striven to overreach the other, was foiled in his mercantile tactics, and paid in his own coin.

Mysteries of Tea Smuggling.

ON account of the high tax imposed upon tea by the Russian Government, the smuggling of that article is carried on as briskly as the wits of man can devise ways and means. The Government pays in cash the extraordinary premium of fifty cents per pound for all that is seized, a reward which is especially attractive to the officers on the frontier, for the reason that it is there paid down without any discount. Formerly, the confiscated tea was sold at public auction, on condition that the buyer should carry it over the frontier. Russian officers were appointed to take charge of it, and deliver it in some Prussian frontier town, in order to be sure of its being carried out of the country. The consequence was, that the tea was regularly carried back into Poland the following night, most frequently by the Russian officers themselves.

In order to apply a radical cure to this evil, destruction by fire was decreed as the fate of all tea that should be seized thereafter. Thus it is that from twenty thousand to forty thousand pounds are yearly destroyed in the chief city of the province. About this, the official story is, that it is tea smuggled from Prussia, while the truth is, that it is usually nothing but brown paper or damaged tea that is consumed by the fire. In the first place, the Russian officials are too rational to burn up good tea, when by chance a real confiscation of that article has taken place;—in such a case, the gentlemen take the tea, and put upon the burning pile an equal weight of *brown paper*, or *rags*, done up to resemble genuine packages of the “celestial leaf.” In the second place, it is mostly damaged or useless tea that is seized.

The premium for seizures being so high, the custom-house officers themselves cause Polish Jews—regular commercial rats—to buy up quantities of worthless stuff and bring it over the lines for the express purpose of being seized! The time and place for smuggling it are agreed upon. The officer lies in wait with a third person whom he takes with him. The Jew comes with the goods, is hailed by the officer, and takes to flight. The officer pursues the fugitive, but cannot reach him! and fires his musket after him. Hereupon the Jew drops his package, which the officer takes and carries to the office, where he gets his reward. The witness whom he has with him—by accident, of course—testifies to the zeal of his exertions, fruitless though they were, for the seizure of the “unknown” smuggler. The latter afterward receives from the officer the stipulated portion of the reward. This arch trick is constantly practised along the frontier, and, to meet the demand, the Prussian dealers patriotically keep stocks of good-for-nothing tea, which they sell generally at the rate of twelve and a half cents per pound.

Spanish Contraband Trade.

ALTHOUGH the Spaniards have a dislike—so the idea prevails—to foreigners and foreign productions, yet the latter necessarily find their way into Spain, because she has no productions of her own, and must have them. But they hate custom houses and custom-house officers as much as they do foreigners, and they also prefer a smuggled article, even if it is a foreign production; hence it is that there is no scene in Spanish life without a smuggler—at least, so say the English. The peasant smuggles through necessity, the rich man through avarice, or the pleasure of cheating the revenue. Even the queen, it is told, robs her own exchequer, by wearing contraband finery.

The whole southern coast, from Barcelona to Cadiz, is said to be perpetually transformed, at night, into a strand for the loading of contraband goods. It is estimated that there are not less than four hundred thousand smugglers hovering continually about the mountains near the seacoast, who descend at night to hold communion with proscribed foreign smugglers, and receive from them the materials for rendering millions of the Spanish population comfortable, free of duty.

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Prayers Requested for a New Business Undertaking.

THE ministers of the English Government made great use of lotteries in the eighteenth century, as an engine to draw money from the pockets of the people, and at a price alike disgraceful to the Government and demoralizing to all. The extent to which this evil had reached may be inferred from the fact that money was lent on these as on any other marketable securities; that in 1751, upward of thirty thousand tickets were pawned to the metropolitan bankers; and this when, to have an even chance for any prize, a purchaser must have held seven tickets—and it was ninety-nine to one that even if a prize were drawn, it did not exceed £50. Suicide, through lotteries, became common. All arts were resorted to. Lucky numbers were foretold by cunning women, who, when their art failed, shrouded themselves in their mysticism, or, if fortune chanced to favor them, paraded their prophecies to the public. Insurance of prizes—an art upon which hundreds grew rich, and thousands grew poor—was commenced with terrible success. Those who were unable to buy tickets, paid a certain sum to receive a certain amount, if a particular number came up a prize. The many iniquities, the household desolation, the public fraud, and the private mischief which resulted from this system, are beyond the power of recital.

Wives committed domestic treachery; sons and daughters ran through their portions; merchants risked the gains of honorable trade. "My whole house," wrote one, "was infected with the mania, from the head of it down to my kitchen maid and postboy, who have both pawned some of their rags, that they might put themselves in fortune's way." The passions and prejudices of the sex were appealed to. Lovers were to strew their paths with roses; husbands were plentifully promised, and beautiful children were to adorn their homes, through this kind of dealing. The melancholy history was occasionally enlivened by episodes, which sometimes arose from the humor, and sometimes from the sufferings of the populace. Religion itself was ingeniously used as a scapegoat in these transactions. Thus, it is recorded as a fact, that to promote the aid of the blind deity, a woman to whom a ticket had been presented, caused a petition to be put up in a church, in the following words:

"The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new business undertaking."

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"He's a Country Merchant—Stick Him."

In a certain city, Mr. A. established himself in business. Among the frequent visitors at his store was Mr. B., whose officiousness was never agreeable to the proprietor, and on one occasion at least his advice was both insulting and disastrous. It happened in this wise: A gentleman came into the store and inquired for sundry articles as to prices, &c. In the midst of the interview, Mr. B. asked Mr. A. to the door, and, taking him by the button, whispered confidentially, regarding the inquirer, "He's a country merchant—stick him!" Mr. A. turned away in disgust, and resumed his conversation with the new comer. But the whispered counsel had reached the

ear of the latter, and he left the premises without purchasing a single article.

Spaniard and Chinaman at a Trade.

HERE is an old "trick at trade," and it still puzzles some people to get the right of it.

A Spaniard called at the store of a Chinese merchant shoemaker and bought a pair of boots at the price of ten dollars, and handed Jinnqua, the seller of the boots, an ounce, valued at seventeen dollars. As Jinnqua had no change, he stepped over the way to the Palo Gordo and got it changed; returned, and gave the boots and seven dollars to the Spaniard, who took them and his departure. Shortly after this, the proprietor of Palo Gordo called on the shoemaker with the ounce, which proved to be a bad one, and the shoemaker was obliged to pay him seventeen good dollars for the good-for-nothing metal. Now the question is, how much and what did the shoemaker lose by the operation? Some say he lost twenty-four dollars, and others twenty-seven dollars; but it is very plain that he lost just seven dollars and a pair of new boots. Whether they were worth ten dollars or not, is another question—one for China-tail and his customer to decide.

Buying Wine by Sample.

THE penetration and management of one of our old commodores in a Spanish port, some years ago, proved too much for the skill of a certain wine merchant, as the following will show.

He bought a cask of wine—he liked the flavor of it—in one of those enormous cellars, where the Spanish merchants store their immense stock, and where they, if the truth must be revealed, also mix, brew, and manufacture them.

"To what place shall I send the pipe?" inquired the merchant.

"Nowhere," said the blunt sailor, "I will take it with me;" and then appeared a competent number of sailors with a vehicle all ready for the purpose.

The merchant hesitated, demurred, and objected to delivering it for one reason or other, and finally offered a handsome sum if he would take another cask next to it, just as good, in its room, as this particular one had been disposed of. This made the commodore still more earnest and resolved; so he insisted on paying the Spanish trader his bill, and took away his prize without asking "by your leave."

It was worth double the sum he gave for it, as it was a sample cask of the pure article, which he and all who went to that cellar to purchase were to taste, as a criterion of the whole. When the article was sold and delivered, after the bargain, another was always put in its place. This time, however, the unlucky merchant was deprived of his decoy till he could prepare a new one, at considerable cost. It was a poor bargain that he made with the American commodore, who used to tell his friends at Washington, when he treated them to it, that it was the best battle he ever fought, and he had seen sharp service in 1813.

Smuggling on the Lace-Merchant's Dog.

WHO would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus rolled up for his master upward of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet a "big thing" like this happened some years ago.

One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of merchandize which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to

Flanders, he there bought a piece of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner :

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him first to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hair and the same shape. He then rolled the lace around the body of the dog, and put over this the garment of the other animal so adroitly that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace being thus arranged in his canine band-box, he would say to his obedient messenger, "Forward, my friend!" At these words, the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the very face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. Then they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant deposited his parcels in places of security, renewing his ventures as necessity required.

Such was the success of the smuggler, that in five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune, and kept his coach. But—envy pursues the prosperous; a mischievous neighbor betrayed the lace merchant, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the latter to disguise his dog, he was tracked, watched, and detected. The game was up.

How far does the cunning of such an animal extend! Did the spies of the custom house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went toward the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall, at others passed secretly behind a carriage, or, running slyly between the legs of travellers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him

five thousand crowns' worth of lace—the loss of which did not afflict the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful "clerk."

High-heeled Boots with Watches in them.

IN the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London, who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow tradesmen declared ruinous. He understood the trade, and obtained troops of customers. "These boots must be stolen," said his rivals, but there was no evidence that they were; certainly they were not smuggled boots—for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterward his secret was accidentally discovered—although he had paid for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough to hold a watch. The great profit obtained by the trade in smuggled watches made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while again, because, of course, by the extension of his boot trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty free.

Philanthropy and Forty Per Cent.

UNDER the name of the Equitable Loan Company, there was many years ago started, in England, a mining scheme for taking money out of the pockets of the many, and putting it in the pockets of the few. In paragraphs, calculated to excite the sympathy of the public, the directors piously denounced the profits of the pawnbroker, arraigned his evil practices, and deli-

cately concluded by hinting that a company formed upon the most philanthropic principles, and paying forty per cent., would soon be formed, and thus the public be saved from any further imposition. The philanthropy element in the scheme might have been proclaimed unavailingly for centuries, but *forty per cent.* was irresistible. The Duke of York good-naturedly lent his name; members of Parliament were bribed with shares; and when it was honestly said by one that "the bill would never pass the House," the ready reply of the philanthropic schemers was, "Oh! we have so many on the ministerial, and so many on the opposition side, and we are of course *sure of the saints!*" The shares, however, tumbled down to a discount; both opposition and ministerial members gave the nefarious scheme the go-by, and the philanthropy of the saints faded with the fading vision of "forty per cent."

Fate of a Clerical Dealer in "Fancies."

SOME time since an account appeared in the London journals of a practical joke—which, however, for one of the parties concerned, was no joke at all—having been played off upon a parson on the Stock Exchange. It appears that the said reverend gentleman in holy orders had been giving a series of most unholy orders to a variety of stockbrokers, who had thus been "let in" to a serious amount by said speculating clergyman. Having been persuaded to visit the "sanctum" of the stock exchange, the parson was forthwith surrounded, and an unceremonious punishment was improvised, without the slightest "benefit of clergy" being allowed to him. His coat was covered with flour thrown from bags, without the remotest respect for his cloth, and he was showered with eggs, of which there was an ample supply in readiness to make—as was remarked by an unhappy punster on the spot—a terrible egg-sample of the defaulting

dominie. The reverend financier's white choker was so besmeared with the batter thus hurriedly compounded, that he was obliged to rush from the stock exchange to exchange his stock at the nearest hosier's. The affair, happening as it did on or about "Shrove Tuesday," caused some who saw the parson covered with eggs and flour to suppose—naturally enough—that, while on some parochial call, he had unfortunately fallen into a mass of batter prepared for the manufacture of pancakes.

French Nicety in Trade Frauds.

ALL is false in wines; the color, the strength, the flavor, the age, even the name under which they are sold. There are wines which do not contain a drop of grape juice. Even science is impotent, in many cases, to distinguish the true from the false, so complete is the imitation, but it nevertheless greatly aids in the detection. This was developed in a memorable case which came before the French courts. The chemist, after reporting all the ingredients of which the wine was composed, observed that if *one* of them were in less quantity, he would have been unable to distinguish it from the natural wine. The prosecuted wine merchant, who was present, listened attentively to the chemist's report, and at last asked him *which* ingredient it was. The chemist very unguardedly told him, and the accused immediately answered, "I am very much obliged, sir, and I don't regret now my forty hogsheads of wine which will be destroyed, because now I am certain of my business."

Disposing of an Old Stock.

ONE Mr. P. G., a gentleman well known to many citizens of New Hampshire as a successful merchant of C., owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human nature, of which

he always endeavored to take advantage. At one time, he opened, with another person, a "branch store" in a town in the north part of the State, and which they mostly filled with the unsalable goods from their principal store in C. These goods were "as good as new" among the rustics, and sold quite as well, with the exception of a large lot of that unique article of gentlemen's wear denominated hogskin caps.

G. generally kept himself at his house in C., though often visiting his country store, staying sometimes a week or more, and attending the country church—as a matter of course being looked at with astonishment by the goto-meeting young men of the town. Indeed, he was honored by their imitation in almost all their acts, dress, &c. What Mr. G. wore to church of a Sunday, gentleman as he was, was the prevailing fashion there until he introduced a new style at some subsequent visit.

On one of these occasions, G. asked his partner about the business prospects and other matters in which he was interested, and received the reply that things went pretty quick at good prices.

"Keep those old caps yet. I didn't make a great bargain in buying them," said G., espying a large box filled with said caps. "Can't you get rid of them at any price?"

"Haven't sold one yet; people don't like them, and I have had a great notion of throwing them out of the back window, and getting rid of the trouble of them. They won't go here, I think."

G. looked at them a moment, and exclaimed, "I have it! You have kept them out of sight, I see! Next Monday, you get them out and brush them up, and I'll send you a score of customers before the week is out."

The following Sunday, G. appeared in church with one of these identical caps tipped gracefully on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch-

chain dangling from his vest pocket. He was, as usual, the observed of all observers; and it is needless to say that, a fortnight after, when in his own store in C., he received an order for two dozen more of his "imperial" caps.

Bargaining for a Jar.

PASSING by the shop of a dealer in curiosities at Paris, a Neapolitan prince observed a superb Japan jar, five and one half feet high, and very large. He commenced bargaining for it, but the tradesman insisted on having four thousand francs for the article, while the prince was only willing to give three thousand francs; "but," said he, "if you had the fellow to it, its value would be infinitely greater to me." "No doubt, Excellenza; the value of the pair would be fifteen thousand francs."

A few days elapsed, and the Neapolitan received a summons to return to his own country, and he went once more to try to obtain the jar. "I again offer three thousand francs," said he. "I will not take less than four thousand," said the tradesman. "I leave to-morrow." "No matter; I will keep my jar."

The next day, as the prince was superintending the packing up of his effects, a waiter of the hotel said, "Your excellency would no doubt be glad to find the fellow of the Japan jar? Well, there is one in the faubourg St. Germain." "Is it possible?" "It is quite certain." "Beppo, my carriage!" Arrived in the faubourg, the prince saw that the jar was precisely the same as the one he had bargained for. "Where did you get it?" he asked the tradesman who showed it. "At the sale of the Duchess de Montebello. There was a pair of them, but I was outbid for the other." "Ah, yes, I understand. And what do you ask?" "Four thousand francs." "He does not know," thought the Neapolitan,

"that the other jar is offered for sale in another part of Paris! If I give him four thousand for this, I can buy the other at the same price, and so have for eight thousand francs what is worth fifteen thousand."

He bought the jar at once, paid for it, and had it conveyed to his hotel. He then went to the other tradesman and asked for the jar. He was told that the tradesman was out, and that the jar had been taken away. He returned the next day, but could not see the dealer; but he learned subsequently that the jar which he had purchased for four thousand francs was the very one he had offered three thousand for, and that the waiter at the hotel had received ten francs to inform the prince of the existence of the jar in the faubourg St. Germain—a cool thousand being, by this trick, put into the pocket of the tradesman.

Three Millionaires Quarrelling about One Farthing.

ELWES, the millionaire banker and miser, notwithstanding his dislike of society, was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village, and to which also belonged two other wealthy and miserly baronets, besides himself, viz., Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. With these three, though all so rich, the reckoning was always a subject of minute investigation before they separated. One day, when they were at loggerheads in settling some trifling item, a wag, who was likewise a member of the club, called out to a friend that was passing, "For heaven's sake, step up stairs, and assist the poor! Here are three millionaire baronets chafing and quarrelling about one farthing!"

Price of Extortion and Revenge.

IN one of our cities there occurred, some years ago, the following illustration of what sometimes comes from ex-

tortion. Mr. A., a wealthy merchant, built a very expensive warehouse on his lot, and after it was completed, B., his next neighbor, discovered that it was a couple or three inches on his lot. A surveyor was sent for, and A. discovered his mistake, and freely offered B. a large sum if he would permit it to remain. B. knew that he had his wealthy neighbor in his power, therefore he seemed unwilling to sell the narrow gore for twenty times the value of the land. He only *waited for a larger sum* to be offered, believing that before A. would pull down his warehouse, he would pay half its value. But A., finding that B. was determined to be satisfied with nothing but extortion, began to pull down his noble building. *Then* A. might have settled on his own terms, but he had no offer to make. The last foundation stone was removed.

But in order to revenge himself, A. ordered his builder to run up the new edifice a couple of inches *within* his own line, and it was done: and the noble building was again completed. A short time afterward, B. commenced the erection of *his* splendid warehouse, directly against his neighbor's, and, of course, two inches over on the lot of A. The trap laid had succeeded as was expected; and after B.'s building was completed, and his friends were congratulating him on his splendid warehouse, A. steps up and informs B. that his structure encroaches on his land! B. laughs at the thought, for amid the rubbish and deep foundations, a couple of inches cannot be detected by the naked eye. A surveyor was sent for, and conceive the blank astonishment that filled the mind of B., when he found himself at the mercy of one whom he had so deeply wronged. This was the moment for A. to show to the sordid B. what a magnanimous heart could do. But, no! A. was determined upon revenge, and that neighbor can name no sum at which he would even look. He offered him

half the cost of his magnificent warehouse, if he would suffer him to let it stand. No, he must pull it down; and down it came to the very foundations. Such cases are rare indeed among merchants.

Knowing his Customer.

WHEN George the Second was returning from his German dominions, in his way between the Brill and Helvoetsluis, he was obliged to stay at an obscure public house on the road, while some of his servants went forward to obtain another carriage, that in which he had travelled having broken down. The king ordered refreshment, but all he could get was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of gin made into punch, for his footmen; however, when the bill was called for, the conscientious Dutchman, knowing his customer, presented it as follows:

"To refreshments for his Sacred Majesty, King George the Second, and his household, £9."

Lord Delawar was so provoked at this imposition, that the king overheard his altercation with the landlord, and demanded the cause of it. His lordship immediately told him; when his majesty good-humoredly replied: "My lord, the fellow is a great knave, but pay him. Kings seldom pass this way."

A similar anecdote is related of another monarch, who, passing through a town in Holland, was charged at the rate of thirty dollars for two eggs. On this, he said, "that eggs were surely scarce in that town." "No, your majesty," replied the landlord, "but kings are."

"Old Guy" Putting Out the Light; or, Millionaire Misers Rating each other's Frugality.

GUY, the broker and miser, was one evening seated in his little back room,

meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove; a farthing candle was on the table at his side, but it was not lit, and the fire afforded no light to dissipate the gloom. He sat there alone, planning some new speculation—congratulating himself on saving a pennyworth of fuel, or else perchance cogitating as to how he could bestow some thousand guineas in charity.

His thoughts, whether on subjects small or great, were interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—a shabby, meagre, miserable-looking man; but compliments were exchanged and the guest was invited to take a seat. Guy immediately lighted his farthing candle and desired to know the object of the gentleman's call. The visitor was no other than the celebrated Hopkins, whose fortune was about a million and a half, and who, on account of his avarice and rapacity, was known as Vulture Hopkins.

"I have been told," said Hopkins, as he entered the presence of Guy, "that you are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living. I now wait upon you simply for a lesson in frugality, an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you that you are greatly my superior."

"If that is all you are come about," said Guy, "why then we can talk the matter over in the dark;" so saying, he with great deliberation put the extinguisher on his newly lighted farthing candle. Struck with this most ready instance of practical economy, Hopkins—having no need of any mere verbal lessons—at once acknowledged the superior ability of his host, and thoughtfully took his leave, imbued with profound respect for such an adept in the art of saving.

Discounting a Legacy.

TAYLOR, at one time one of the most eminent stock jobbers in London, and who died worth half a million dollars in cash, was so penurious that he scarcely allowed himself the common necessities of this life; and this spirit he carried out as well in his financial and business dealings. A few days before his decease, the officers of the parish in which he resided, waited upon him at his request; they found the old man on a wretched bed in a garret, making his dinner on a thin slice of bacon and a potato, of which he asked them to partake. One of them accepted the offer; upon this, the miser desired his cook to broil him another—but, finding the larder was totally empty, Taylor harshly rebuked her for not having it well supplied with a *quarter of a pound*, to cut out in slices whenever it was wanted for company. He then informed the overseers of the poor, that he had left by his will, one thousand pounds sterling for their relief, and eagerly inquired if they would not allow him *discount* for *prompt payment*: this being assented to, apparently much delighted, he immediately gave them a check for nine hundred and fifty pounds, and soon after breathed his last.

M. Beutte and the Official Smuggler.

It is difficult to imagine a collection more rich in those thousand wonders which tempt the female heart, than is seen at Beutte's, who stands at the head of the fashionable jewellers in Geneva; it is almost enough to drive a Parisian mad, or to make Cleopatra palpitate with longing in her grave.

This jewelry is liable to a duty on entering France; but, for a premium of five per cent., M. Beutte undertakes to smuggle it. The bargain between the buyer and seller is publicly made on this condition, as if there were no custom-house officers in the

world—M. Beutte possessing wonderful address in setting them at fault, and thus securing a vast amount of profitable trade.

When the Count de Saint Crieg was director-general of the customs, he heard of this skill, by which the vigilance of his officers was thwarted, and, so frequently was it mentioned, that he resolved to assure himself whether all was true that was said of it. He subsequently went to Geneva, presented himself in person at M. Beutte's shop, and purchased thirty thousand francs' worth of jewelry, on condition that it should be delivered, without paying the import duty, at his residence in Paris. M. Beutte agreed to the condition like a man accustomed to bargains of the kind, and merely presented to the purchaser a sort of promissory note, by which he undertook to pay the usual five per cent., besides the thirty thousand francs purchase money. The latter smiled; took up a pen, signed "De Saint Crieg, director-general of the French customs," and handed back the paper to Beutte, who looked at the signature, and contented himself with quietly answering, with a bend of the head, "*M. le directeur*, the article which you have done me the honor of buying, will arrive at Paris as soon as yourself."

M. de Saint Crieg, whose interest was now excited to the highest pitch, scarcely gave himself time to dine, sent to the post for horses, and set out an hour after the bargain had been concluded. M. de Saint Crieg made himself known to the officers who came to examine his carriage, told the principal one what had happened him, enjoined the most active surveillance on the whole line, and promised a reward of fifty louis to the officer who should succeed in seizing the prohibited jewelry.

Not a custom-house officer slept during three days. In the mean while, M. de Saint Crieg arrived at Paris, alight-

ed at his residence, kissed his wife and children, and went to his room to take off his travelling costume. The first thing he perceived on the chimney piece was an elegant box, with the shape of which he was acquainted. He approached it, and read on the silver plate which ornamented the top, "The Count de Saint Crieg, Director-General of the Customs." He opened it, and found the jewelry he had purchased at Geneva!

Beautte had made an arrangement with one of the waiters at the inn, who, while assisting M. de Saint Crieg's servants to pack their master's luggage, had slipped the prohibited box among it. On his arriving at Paris, his valet, noticing the elegance of the case, and the inscription engraved upon it, had hastened to place it upon his master's chimney piece. Thus the director-general of the customs was the first smuggler in the kingdom.

Mode of Protecting the Money Drawer.

A YOUNG apprentice lad was very ingeniously detected in stealing money from the drawer of Mr. Throop's store. He had for some months made it a practice to call at the store when there was no one in excepting the owner or one of his clerks. He would generally then call for wine, or some trifling article kept in the store cellar, and, in their absence to procure it, it was suspected that he made somewhat too free with the money drawer. One day, Mr. Throop fastened a strong cord to the back of the drawer, and let one end pass through a small hole into the cellar. It was but a short time before the boy came in, and observing no one but the proprietor about the store, called for some wine. On entering the cellar, the owner perceived the cord to move, caught hold of it, and, with a sudden and violent jerk, made it fast. He then ran up stairs, and found the young rogue with his hand fast in the

drawer, and he was taken, as Prince Hal says, "in the manner."

"Done for" Twice.

A FAT, burly English landlord was sitting one afternoon at the door of his inn, when a person entered the house, and after complimenting its cleanliness and snug appearance, ordered a good dinner and a bottle of wine. The dinner, when cooked, was laid in an upper apartment, looking out upon a pleasant garden; and after it had been thoroughly 'discussed,' and the wine sipped toothsome to the bottom of the bottle, the satisfied guest sent for his host, and, when he had entered the room, thus addressed him: "You have a fine inn here, landlord—a *very* fine inn; everything is particularly nice—in fact, what *I* call comfortable." The landlord expressed his gratification.

"I shall have great pleasure," continued the guest, without noticing the interruption, "in recommending your house to my friends in town. Ahem! There remains only *one* thing more to mention, landlord; and as the subject is one which I have reason to think will be as unpleasant to you as to myself, I will express it in a few words: I have not, at this moment, any money; but I will be here again in—" "*No money!*" exclaimed the landlord, in a voice husky with anger—"NO MONEY!! Then why did you come to the 'Hen and Chickens,' and run up a bill that you can't pay? Get out of my house this instant! Go!"

"I expected this," replied the guest, rising; "I anticipated this treatment; nor can I much blame you, landlord, to tell the truth, for you don't *know* me. Because you sometimes meet with deception, you think *I* am deceiving you; but I pledge you my honor that a fortnight from to-day I will be with you again, and you will confess yourself ashamed of your suspicions." "Bah! you're a swindler!"

ejaculated Boniface; "this will be the last of you—take *that?*" and with a vigorous *coup de pied*, was "sped the parting guest." "You will live to regret this, landlord, I am sure; but I do not blame you, for you are ignorant of my character," was the meek reply to this gross indignity.

Just two weeks from that day, this same ill-used gentleman (with a travelling friend) was, with many apologies and protestations, shown into the best room of the celebrated "Hen and Chickens" inn. The landlord's profuse apologies were accepted; he was forgiven; and even invited to dine with the two friends upon the best dinner, flanked by the very choicest wines which his house afforded. When all was finished, and while the landlord, who had become exceedingly mellow, was protesting that he should never be so suspicious of a "real gentleman" again (referring, of course, to the little scene at the previous visit), he was interrupted by his first guest with—"But, landlord, there is *one* thing which we ought, in simple justice to you, to mention. I do not happen to have, at this moment, a single penny; and, I grieve to say, that my companion, who is a *good* man, but, in a mere worldly point of view, very poor, is not a whit better off. Under these unpleasant circumstances, it becomes, as it were, a necessity, to bid you a very good evening." It would be difficult to say whether the phiz of the amazed landlord was black or blue at this point. But, ejaculating, "Done twice! the Hen and Chickens done twice!—and both times exactly alike," he went down to set the swindle to the account of "Profit and Loss."

Looking Glass for Wall Street.

THE aptness of Mr. Kimball's description of a certain class of nervous, anxious people, who have to raise money from day to day, and whose business locality is Wall street, will be

appreciated by all who have seen a certain proverbial animal or his tusks. He says: It seems miraculous how this class can endure such a never-ending state of bondage. Some of these are fashionable, their connections are of the first distinction, their associations most desirable. They keep up handsome establishments; they earn by their pursuits \$4,000 a year, and spend \$5,000. They always anticipate what is due them, and are always harassed for ready money. They are honorable fellows, and would not plead usury under circumstances the most aggravating. They make notes, and get a broker to sell them. This broker, understanding their antecedents, and whom they are most intimate with, goes probably to some rich friend of the particular "party" wanting a loan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the "case," and who knows that the notes will be paid when due, although at the sacrifice of putting a new one on the market, and getting it shaved somewhere. So he cashes it at a fearful rate, puts the broker under an oath of secrecy not to reveal where he got the money, which oath it is for the broker's interest to keep, and our fashionable acquaintance is relieved. He hurries home in time for the opera or a dinner out, and, meeting several duns in the hall, he pays them off, and sets about his evening's enjoyment.

There are others who, having an excellent Government contract, either "General," "State," or "Corporation," need funds to help them through with it. They can afford to pay well, and they do pay well for cash accommodations. In fact, the street is full of persons *about* to realize, who want money in advance of the period, and who are ready to pay a large bonus for it. The result is, they do all the work, and the money lender gets nearly all the profits. Sometimes this latter personage mistakes his investment and makes a loss. But he can well afford

it. And he never quarrels with the man who has been so unfortunate as to "let him in."

Hanging a Broker, One Hundred Years Ago.

JUST one hundred years ago, namely, in 1762, a London broker, named John Rice, was hung for malpractice in business. A female customer of Rice, and for whom Rice was in the habit of receiving stock dividends, was, under false representations, induced to grant a power to sell, as well as to receive the interest. The broker sold all his patron's stock, employed the proceeds to meet his losses, and kept up the deception by sending her the proceeds as usual. The lady, moved by doubt, or by some other impulse, in course of time intimated to Rice her intention of visiting the city. Unable to restore the principal, Rice took the alarm, and fled, leaving with his wife five thousand pounds of the misappropriated property. Ignorant of his deeds, and anxious to join her husband, she also embarked for Holland. The weather was rough; the vessel was driven back; and the person sent in search of the husband apprehended the wife, who yielded the money in her possession, leaving herself entirely destitute. The search continued for Rice, and being at last found, he was made to suffer the stringent penalty of the law.

Quaker Broker and the Stolen Dobloons.

THE Quakers were once, more than at present, a power in the commercial world in New York. They were an honest, industrious, and extremely shrewd race of merchants, not devoid of humor and sarcasm, and, though religious non-combatants, not in the least disposed to allow themselves to be the victims of roguery.

One of this fraternity—a dealer in specie and exchange, and a large purchaser of gold coin—one day left his

counting house in haste, and crossed the street to accost a friend. He had just purchased a quantity of doubloons, which he had omitted to lock up in his safe. The office was empty. When the old Quaker returned, the room was in the same condition—no one was in it—but one of the bags of doubloons was missing. The Quaker now locked up the others, and opened not his mouth on the subject of the loss. Days passed, and weeks, but no reward was offered, no policemen were set on the track of the thief—the old Quaker stood his loss like a statue. Two or three months afterward, his neighbor, a small mercantile man, happened to be in his counting room, conversing on the topics of the day. Suddenly turning to the Quaker, he inquired:

"By the way, Mr. —, did you ever hear anything of the bag of doubloons you lost?"

Up started the old Quaker in an instant.

"*Thee's* the thief, John! thee're the thief—I never told any one I lost the bag!"

Needless to say, the doubloons were restored, and the clumsy rogue pardoned, with a caution to go and sin no more.

Louis the Fifteenth's Opinion of his Own Paper.

THE fact of Louis the Fifteenth's being a stock jobber was a somewhat unfortunate one for those who fell into his financial clutches. He operated principally, in his exchange and loan transactions, through M. Bertin, his banker. The latter did his master's stock jobbing very profitably, too, by buying, on the spot, good paper at six and seven per cent., according to the scarcity of money. One day the banker proposed to Louis the Fifteenth an operation of several millions.

"Sire," said M. Bertin to the royal stock jobber, "the royal bills lose a great

deal in the place; their discount is now considerable; it is the very moment to buy several millions. I am certain they will rise, and that there must follow a considerable profit to *some one* in a short time."

"That paper," replied the "prudent" monarch, "is not to be depended upon; the *risk is too great!*"

It was *his own paper* of which he was talking!

Consequence of a Simple Mercantile Speculation.

ACCORDING to a French authority, the war between England and France in 1777 was *the consequence of a simple mercantile speculation*. Several of our ministers (says a writer in high position at that period) have made among themselves an act of copartnership, in the commerce of America. The first expeditions proved very profitable; but as they have a *considerable outstanding fund*, they will not dissolve their partnership before they are reimbursed for their advances and receive the profits which are to arise, according to the calculations they have made. *Peace* would overturn all their speculations, and ruin the lenders of the various funds. The expenses, etc., of the "establishment" amount to an enormous sum. First of all must be paid their directors; their bookkeepers; their under clerks;—then follow the mistresses of the ministers, their sons or daughters, brothers, cousins, and even their grandchildren;—then those who lend their name to this speculation; courtiers and protectors. When this world of dependants is paid, ministers are to personally gain, notwithstanding all, cent. per cent. Then calculate the inferior profits which must be made before the net balance. Several of the ministers' *protégés*, who were known to have had at first only a salary of six thousand livres, afterward enjoyed, by these commercial operations priced with blood, an income of one hundred thousand, and became lords of

two or three manors. One of the chief clerks of a French mercantile house was heard to remark, in November, 1777: If peace took place at this moment, my principal would be ruined, and I too. We have all our fortune in America, and we wait for it with impatience. This is the reason for which the king has not yet declared for the Americans; he will only do this *when the ships we expect are safely arrived*.

City Merchant Securing a Customer.

AN eager merchant in New York, having heard of the arrival of a country trader who was known to be a large purchaser and of unquestionable credit, was resolved to get him to visit his establishment—and, once there, he felt sure that he could secure him as a customer. He accordingly sent out one of his drummers, of whom he had a large number, adapted to every taste and disposition. The one sent, however, returned without success. Number two was despatched, and with no better result; and again, number three, and so on, until all had gone and come back without their man. The merchant now determined to go himself; and, finding that brandy and water and free tickets to the theatre were of no avail, for the country trader did not take the one nor go to the other, and would not be persuaded by any such inducements, he was reduced to the necessity of a *ruse*. It was simple enough, but it proved effectual. On the merchant taking his leave, after a pleasant interview, he took care to commit the "mistake" of taking the trader's hat instead of his own. Next morning, as was expected, the merchant received a prompt visit at his store, from the country trader, who came to look up the hat which had thus, as he supposed, been hurriedly exchanged. This was, of course, all that was wanted. The visit was secured, and a good bill was the result.

Tradesmen's Ticketing System.

THE tendency of tradesmen to speak "by the card" is made manifest by the enormous extent to which goods are now-a-days ticketed. At one establishment articles are being "given away," while at the next door the proprietors are undergoing the daily torment of an "alarming sacrifice." One would imagine that self-immolation was a popular pastime with the tradesmen in our cities. Innumerable windows announce the determination of the proprietor "to sell considerably under cost;" from which it would seem that keeping a shop is a piece of disinterestedness, by which one man determines to victimize himself—and occasionally a few creditors—for the benefit of the public in general. These sacrifices, however, do not seem to be wholly without their reward, for, strange to say, the tradesmen who resort to them very frequently prosper, in spite of their recklessness of their own private interests. Thus, while the tickets in the windows bespeak a "ruinous reduction," the premises themselves display, from day to day, "a splendid enlargement," and when "sacrifices" are to be performed, the temples are often decorated in a style of gorgeous magnificence. That sacrifices *are* made, there can be no doubt, but it is another question who are the victims. In some houses it is in contemplation to keep a bankrupt permanently on the premises, to professionally preside at a counter set apart for giving things away and going to ruin.

Economical Hardware Merchant.

A FEW years since, a snug hardware merchant, who had made his fortune in the city of New York, determined to sell off his stock and retire. His goods were soon disposed of, and the shop empty. In sweeping out the store one day, however, he found in the crevices

and corners a few stray shot—about twenty—of all sizes. These he gathered up in the hollow of his hand, and stood for some seconds gazing at them; at length, seizing his hat, he went into an adjoining liquor store, where they also sold shot, and thus addressed the proprietor: "In cleaning my store, I found a few shot—they are of no use to me, but to you they are worth something; I don't value them very highly, but perhaps (here he niggardly lowered his voice) you would give me *half a glass of beer* for them."

Unparalleled Parsimony and Benevolence of a Millionaire.

WHEN, on a certain occasion, a public hospital was to be built in London, many benevolent individuals volunteered to solicit contributions by calling upon the inhabitants. Two or three gentlemen went to a small house in an impoverished neighborhood—for the pence of the poor were solicited as well as the pounds of the rich. The door was partially open, and as they drew nigh, they overheard an old man giving a female servant a thorough scolding for having thrown away a match, only one end of which had been used. Although so trivial a matter, the master appeared to be greatly enraged, and the collectors remained some time outside the door, before the old man had finished his angry lecture, and could hear a knock from the outside. When the tones of his voice were somewhat subdued, they entered, and, presenting themselves to this strict observer of frugality and saving, explained the object of their application; but they did not anticipate much success.

The millionaire miser, however, for such he was reputed in the neighborhood, no sooner understood their object, than he opened a closet, and bringing forth a well-filled bag, counted therefrom four hundred guineas, which he presented to the astonished applicants. They expressed their sur-

prise and thankfulness, and could not refrain from telling the old gentleman that they had overheard his difficulty with his domestic, and how little they expected, in consequence, to have met with such munificence from him.

"Gentlemen," replied the old man, "your surprise is occasioned by my care of a thing of such little consequence; but I keep my house and save my money in my own way; my parsimony enables me to bestow more liberally on charity. With regard to benevolent donations, you may always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts, and who pay attention to trifles."

Colloquy between a Storekeeper and his Customer.

STOREKEEPER: "That's a bad fifty-cent piece. I can't take it. It is only lead silvered over."

"Well," replies the customer, "admitting such to be the fact, I should say that the ingenuity displayed in the deception might well induce you to accept it. Admire, sir, the devotion of the artist to the divine idea of LIBERTY, the idol of us all! He, having wrought her effigy in humble lead, in order to make it worthier of that glorious impression, resorts to the harmless expedient of silvering it over! And shall we harshly repudiate his patriotic instincts—deny his work the paltry value of fifty cents? Oh, no, sir! you'll take it; I know you will!"

"Enough said:" he *did* take it, like a man!

Jew Losing a Bargain.

It is not often that a Jew, bent on a nice little trade, is outwitted, or comes off second best. That such a contingency, however, is among the rare possibilities in business affairs, the following will show:

Some children were once playing in the Kent road, near Blackheath, England, amusing themselves with making

grottos of oyster shells; and, in order to give effect, one of the children went home and begged of his mother to let him have two old pictures that were lying about the house and considered but as useless lumber, to adorn their grotto. This was readily granted, and the old pictures were placed one on each side of the grotto.

In a short time a Jew dealer came by, and after looking at the pictures for some time, he offered to give the children sixpence for them; the children refused, and said that they belonged to their parents. The Jew, at last, offered five shillings, but was still refused, and, at last, went to the parents, and offered ten shillings; but the extreme eagerness of the Jew excited some suspicion that the old pictures were of more value than had been supposed, and this was confirmed when the Jew offered five pounds and five shillings for them, which was also refused. The next day, the father of the children took the pictures to a connoisseur, to inquire if they were of any value, and that gentleman gave him a letter of recommendation to a person in London, who purchased them for fourteen hundred pounds, and they were afterward sold for much more.

Attention to Trivial Things by Girard.

EVEN after his head was white with the frosts of nearly fourscore years, Girard gave the minutest attention to the most trivial thing that could affect his fortune. "Take that lot of fowls away; the roosters are too many, they will keep the hens poor," said the old merchant to a farmer who had brought them for one of Girard's ships—"take them away—I will not buy them."

Jewish Opinion of Rothschild.

It is very well known that, whatever may have been the redeeming traits in Baron Rothschild's character, the syna-

gogue generally did not entertain the same respect for him as the German Jews do for the Rothschilds of Frankfurt. Some thought he might have done more for his brethren than he did; and that if he had only used the influence which he possessed with Government and the many friends which he had at court, all the civil disabilities with which the British Jews were stigmatized would have been abolished, when the proposition was first mooted. "But Rothschild," as was said of him by an eminent English Jew, "was too great a slave to his money, and all other slavery was counted liberty in his sight."

Avarice of Osterwald, the French Banker.

OSTERWALD, the wealthy French banker, was a man remarkable for his penuriousness. So strong was this habit in its hold upon him, that, even within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat, for the purpose of making a little soup, in order to nourish him. "'Tis true," he remarked, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat itself; what, then, will become of that, if I cannot eat it?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied around his neck a silken bag which contained eight hundred assignats of one thousand livres each. At his outset in life he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night, at a house much frequented, and from which he carried home all the bottle corks he could come at; of these latter, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for twelve louis d'ors—a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success in stock jobbing. He died possessed of the snug sum of one hundred

and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

Estimate of his Own Life by a Miser.

AN old bachelor, whose trading skill, combined with the most grinding close-fistedness, had enabled him to amass a clever fortune of some fifty thousand dollars, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue him very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it. "About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident, I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail upon an unconscious dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having twenty-five cents, for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the last gasp; and I determined to die rather than submit to his extortion."

Stephen Whitney's Charities.

NOTWITHSTANDING he stood in the front rank of New York merchants in point of immense wealth, Mr. Whitney's charities were extremely stinted. When the congregation of which he was a member were building a mission house, he was applied to to head the subscription, which he did with a trifling sum. The gift was refused, and a larger one was demanded, as in better keeping with his position. "Sir," was his reply, "if you go on in this way, there will not be a rich man left in the city of New York." It is also said that on a certain occasion he was called on to aid a political movement with his subscription. "Sir," was his reply, "I have no money to spare; but I'll come and sit up all night to fold ballots for you."

Skinflint Philosophy.

WHEN that respectable skinflint, Elwes, who left such an enormous fortune in gold to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his characteristic answer was: "Putting things into people's heads is taking money out of their pocket."

Raising his Customer.

THE perseverance of trade hunters in some of our large cities will not lose anything in comparison with the tenacity of that griping little animal called the leech. One of this hunting or drumming class in Boston, seeing the name of a Western trader registered at one of the hotels, who he knew would be a desirable customer, and anxious to secure him first, put himself upon the said trader's trail in this wise: He sat down in the office of the hotel to watch the *key* of the Western man's bedroom till he should come in to claim it; but something kept the stranger out very late, and the drummer fell asleep. When he awoke, he found that his customer had escaped him by coming in and going to bed. He was obliged to give it up, therefore, for that night, but early on the next morning, he repaired to the door of the gentleman's bedroom, and seeing, as he expected to, his *boots* outside, he, with a lead pencil, marked them across again and again, until they could not be mistaken, and once more took up his position in the office, where he could examine at a glance, the boots of all who came down. Finally he discovered the ones with the well-known marks upon them, when, with much suavity, he cordially addressed the wearer by name, as if he had known him for years, and, with some other appropriate *finesse*, which it would be quite impossible to describe, "raised his customer."

Purloining Speculator in the French Funds.

X— was a speculator upon the Bourse of Paris—sometimes successful and sometimes the contrary. He had wasted some years in this uncertain way of livelihood, when a sudden shifting of the funds made him utterly penniless. He wandered in a melancholy way about the Exchange for a week after, wishing very vainly for a few thousands, to make a new venture on; when one day he chanced to see a wealthy banker of the town put into his pocket a well-filled portemonnaie, containing some fifty thousand francs. He knew the old banker well—knew his habits—knew his absent habit of thought, and he seemed to him a good subject for an amateur bit of roguery. He therefore pushed after him in the throng which belongs to the closing hour of the Bourse, and, brushing with feigned carelessness against him, managed to transfer his bank bills to his own pocket.

The banker did not miss his purse until he was by his own office fire. It was too late to attempt to find it again in the hall of the Exchange. Indeed, all his inquiries proved vain. On the fourth day after his loss, he received a pleasant letter, informing him that his money was in good hands, and if affairs at the Bourse turned well—as the writer hoped might be the case—he would in time refund the money.

After a time, the banker, who had nearly forgotten the money and the note, received an enclosure of thirty thousand francs, on account of the fifty thousand missing four years before; and the writer condescended at the same time to inform him that his speculations were looking favorably, and, if there was no heavy fall within a month, he hoped to refund him the balance with interest.

The banker was grateful for the enclosure; but, on attentive examination of the handwriting, fancied he perceiv-

ed some resemblance to letters addressed him by a certain broker of his acquaintance.

An "expert" was called, who pronounced unhesitatingly the different letters to be written by one and the same person. Upon this, the eager banker, just now in need of the additional twenty thousand, entered a prosecution against the broker, insisting upon immediate payment of the balance.

X—very naturally defended himself against a charge of robbery, which rested on so unsubstantial proof, and defied evidence of his misdeeds; with what result is best known to the parties.

In view of the uncertainty of the decision, it is a question if the banker would not have pursued the safer policy in receiving quietly the disgorge-ment of a rogue who had proved so prompt in his instalments.

Knavery of British and Chinese Traders Compared.

ACCORDING to a well-known mercantile writer, "A grocer is a man who buys and sells sugar, and plums, and spices, for gain."

Happy, says a London writer, is the English grocer, who can lay his hand upon his commercial heart, and, making answer to the text, can say—"I am the man." For of the men who take over unto their shop doors the name of grocer, how many are there who buy and sell sugar, and sugar only; who turn the penny upon spices in their purity; vend nought but the true mace—the undoctored clove?

Great is the villany of the Chinese; but it is written in certain books of the prying chemist, that the roguery of the Englishman—bent, it may be, upon the means of social respectability—doth outblush the pale face of the Tartar tricksters.

The Chinaman glazes his tea with Prussian blue; he paints his Congou,

and adds a perfume to his Twankay; but he—the pig-tailed heathen—does not recognize in a Britisher a man and a brother, and, in his limited sympathies, fails to acknowledge, in any British maiden, of any fabulous age soever, a woman and a sister. The China teaman is a benighted barbarian; the British grocer is an effulgent Christian. The Chinaman's religion is the gust of revenge; the Briton's creed is the creed of common love. (Oh!)

It is possible, if the effort be made, to drop a tear over the ignorance of the Chinaman who dusts his faded tea leaves over with chromate of lead; but shall not one's eyes flash fire at the enlightened British tea dealer, who to the withered leaf imparts the mortal glow of plumbago? Nevertheless, there are grocers, in the commercial form of men, who treat the stomachs of their customers as customers treat their stoves—namely, they bestow upon their internals the questionable polish of black lead, innocently swallowed in cups of liquid, worse and blacker than the Lacedemonian black broth. How many an innocent tea-loving spinster, proud of the jetty loveliness of her fireplace, would vent a spasm of horror did she know that the polish of her own stove and the bloom of her own black tea, fragrant and smoking at her lips, were of one and the same black lead—of lead that, in due sufficiency, is akin to coffin lead! And the English grocer, intent upon deceit, outvies—say the chemists—the teaman of the flowery kingdom. There is not a toss-up between the two; and if there be, though China beats by a tail, England fails not to win by a head.

Of coffee (a word still found in some of the dictionaries) it is hardly necessary to speak—the acres of chicory, wherein the pious grocer as well as his customers may "walk forth to muse at eventide," have a language and a lesson of their own. It may be added, however, that perhaps there is not a

more touching, a more instructive, and withal a more pathetic picture than either man or woman complacently employed in drinking what the drinker, in more than primitive innocence, believes to be coffee—grocer's coffee, at one shilling per pound!

"Cornering" among Brokers.

THE operation of "cornering," as the term is, is played by brokers in the following manner: Four, five, six, or ten (as the case may be) brokers enter into an arrangement with each other to buy and get control of the entire stock of some company. They commence by depressing the stock as much as possible. To do this, they must all appear to be sellers, and cry down the price, representing it to be worthless, and themselves heartily sick of everything pertaining to it. While they are publicly selling lots of one hundred or two hundred shares, their agents or tools are buying all that they can get hold of. As soon as they can buy all the cash stock they find in this way, they turn suddenly around and begin to buy on time. Parties not in the secret, of course, are willing to sell on thirty, sixty, or ninety days—even though they do not possess the stock—thinking that before the expiration of that time they will be able to buy it at a less price than they sold it at. In this way, thousands of shares are sold, to be delivered at a future day, to the very men who own every share of the stock that has ever been issued. When the time arrives for delivery, the sellers discover that there is no stock to be had but of the men to whom they have sold it. Of course they must pay whatever the owners choose to demand. If the game is well played, the cornerers will make as much in selling as they did in buying in. Should every one of the party prove true to his comrades, they will so manage as to get rid of the whole stock to outsiders at a high price. It will be

readily seen that this is a very dangerous game unless well played; for should any of the parties interested "let fly" without letting the others know it, the game is up, and although he may make a fortune, it will be at the sacrifice of all the others.

Stock "Washing."

WHAT is known as the game of "washing" among stock brokers, is when John makes a sale in public to Joe, with a previous understanding that Joe is not to take the stock. For instance, John holds a large amount of "Harlem," which he is anxious to get rid of. If he throws it into the market at once, he is pretty sure to knock the price down. His safety depends upon a stiff market; and he goes to Joe and makes an arrangement with him to take five hundred shares at full price or one eighth above. They both go into the board, and when Harlem is called, John offers one hundred shares at fifty-eight and one fourth, cash. No one takes them, but several bid fifty-seven, and fifty-seven and one fourth to one half. John comes down one eighth, and Joe "takes 'em;"—"a hundred more," "take 'em;"—"a hundred more," "take 'em;"—"a hundred more," "take 'em." John now "holds up," and Joe offers to take one hundred more. If some old stager sees through the game, he "sticks" Joe with a hundred, and the game is up; if not, why, John may be said to have succeeded, and the market for Harlem is firm. "Washing" will hardly go down at the board; the game is too old, and there is too much danger in playing it when there are none but old brokers present; but in the street it is very common, and many a "green" one is taken in by a "wash sale." The truth is, a man who does not understand the business had better go to California than speculate in stocks.

Commercial Croakers.

THE commercial croaker is a character with which every commercial city and neighborhood is infested. Does a friend embark in a mercantile speculation of any sort, he is the first to inform him that he has undertaken impossibilities, and that the chances of his failure are ten to one. Is a new movement proposed in the city, the croaker spreads his palms and rolls up his eyes with horror at the audacity, or turns up his nose with a sneer at your plans. If you speak of the growth of his native city, or its increased facility for business, he informs you oracularly that "all is not gold that glitters." He knows of at least one hundred houses which are for sale or rent, but which cannot find any tenants upon any terms. He informs you of some nameless friend who has sold real estate and stocks at an alarmingly low rate, in order to raise money to provide himself with a new location; and he lachrymously expresses the belief that in less than five years the grass will be growing in the main streets of the city. If A fails for a couple of thousand dollars, the croaker goes snivelling round the streets, predicting that nine tenths of the merchants in the city will be in the same condition within the year. Does the severity of the winter suspend navigation, the croaker is sure that the spring business is ruined for that year, and that by midsummer half the names in town will be gazetted for bankruptcy. When political excitement runs high, the croaker is at the height of his enjoyment. Of course, he predicts the reduction of property, the want of money, and the prospect of an overwhelming commercial crisis.

Slavers Raising a Capital.

ONCE on a time, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica, with the intention of commencing a mercantile

business. They were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with a few hundred dollars they might be able to realize a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious trick: One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. This ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who was so pleased with the appearance of the young fellow, that he advanced four hundred dollars currency upon the bill of sale to the "slavers;" and prided himself much on the purchase, supposing him the finest negro upon the island. The same evening, this manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were then in vain offered in handbills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers, with the money thus obtained, commenced commercial business, and finally left the island with a large fortune. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the trader from whom they had received the money, and, recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him the principal and interest with thanks.

Turtles and Gold Snuff-Boxes.

So strict is meant to be the searching at Russian custom houses, in order to prevent smuggling, that the ship captain, who is bound to give an inventory of every article on board, may fall into unheard-of trouble if he forget so much as his own private Canary bird.

There was an English captain once at Cronstadt who by accident forgot to enter a fine turtle upon his list. He told the leading custom-house official, plainly and honestly, of his unfortunate

omission, and the functionary, who was a good-natured man, saw no plain way out of the difficulty.

He recommended that the matter should be glossed over by assuming that the turtle was intended for the emperor. The captain did, therefore, formally declare that, if he had not entered the turtle, it was because it had been brought expressly as an Englishman's gift to the czar, and to the czar the turtle was despatched accordingly. Soon after there arrived a Government messenger, inquiring for this most courteous of captains, who brought the gracious thanks of the czar Nicholas, together with the gift of a gold snuff-box, embellished with the autocratic cipher set in diamonds.

Instead of fine and persecution, there were royal gifts and honors for this lucky sailor. But when, afterward, some other trading captains, acting, as they imagined, cunningly upon the hint, brought turtle to exchange for gold snuff-boxes, his astute majesty quietly made the turtles into soup, but declined, by any act of exchange, to add snuff boxes to the articles of Russian trade shipped at the port of Cronstadt.

Tobacco in Loaves.

SYREEN, a custom-house officer at Liverpool, apprehended a woman who had come as passenger on board an American vessel to that port, on suspicion of having some smuggled tobacco in her possession. Upon examining her dress, seventeen pounds of tobacco were found concealed under it; but the most remarkable of the expedients which had been resorted to for the purpose of deceiving the lynx-eyed deputies of the customs, was that of giving to the contraband leaf the resemblance of a loaf. A quantity of cut tobacco had been pressed into a tin, over which a thin layer of dough was spread, and this, being baked, had the appearance to the

eye of a veritable and edible loaf. The quantity of tobacco which the woman had contrived to secrete in this and other modes, amounted to no less than seventy pounds.

Custom-House Swearing.

SOME time ago, says a lively writer, I had charge of a department in one of the Eastern custom houses. Holmes was an officer in the same room with me. On the monthly pay day it was necessary for him to make oath to two pay rolls—one, the account of the officer himself, and the other of the sum due to his assistant. One day, Holmes signed his pay roll, received his money after making oath to its correctness, and walked out, without signing that of his assistant. When the omission was discovered, I went for him, and he bustled in with a "What do you want of me?" "To sign the pay rolls." "But I have already." "You signed and swore to one, but not to the other." "Well," said Holmes, "I knew I swore to something—I didn't know exactly what." Such swearing is said to be quite custom-ary in the custom house.

Cool Assurance of a Doomed Financier.

THE cool assurance of Sadleir, the greatest of modern swindlers, when the fearful guilt of his transactions had already become known in more than one quarter, is hardly paralleled in any similar case. This was particularly manifested in a conversation that passed in the office of one of the city newspaper writers at the time referred to. Even steeped as he was to his eyes in crime, he preserved admirable calmness, and betrayed not the least apprehension.

Scene: Lombard street, London, hour about 1 p. m.

John Sadleir (pale, cadaverous, but gentlemanly—introduced by a friend and brother director of a bank): "Oh,

there has been some slight mistake respecting the announcement of the drafts of the Tipperary Bank having been refused over the way; it is all set straight; the remittances have been delayed passing through Hull, when they should have come direct to London. Just please mention it, so that the fact may be known."

Party addressed: "You are sure it is all right; because it will be awkward if there is any further difficulty."

Sadleir and his friend: "It is all made straight; you can ask over the way."

Party addressed: "You are sure there will be no *fresh hitch*?"

Sadleir (plainly, but with great emphasis): "I am sure there will be no *further hitch*."

The inquiry was made "over the way;" it was stated the drafts had been provided for, and the explanation as requested was afforded. But the party entertained his suspicions, and meeting the friend of Sadleir late in the day, he asked him if there was not something "doubtful" in the business. The reply was, "No, there cannot be; the bank has just declared a dividend and bonus, and the report is most favorable." Two or three days afterward the explosion took place, with all its tale of Sadleir's infamy.

Terrible Sequel to Parsimony: M. Foscue's Case.

M. FOSCUE, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and disreputable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold. With great care and secrecy he dug a cave in his cellar. To this receptacle for his treasure, he descended by a trap door, to which he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By and by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds dragged; but no Foscue

could they find. Some time passed on. The house where he lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold, and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. The worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave, to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

Attempt to Overthrow Rothschild's Power in the Money Market.

REPEATED efforts, but always without success, and generally to the ruin of the party making the same, have been made to overthrow the power of Rothschild in the money market. It was clear that the only way in which this could be done, if it was to be done at all, would be by the party attempting it engaging in transactions of corresponding magnitude.

By far the boldest of these attempts was that once made by a young gentleman, a Mr. James H—. He made a number of most extensive purchases, and sold out again to a very large amount, all in a very short period of time; and so far from imitating the character of the rival whose empire he sought to subvert, in the secrecy of his transactions, he deemed it essential to the success of his schemes that his operations should be performed as speedily as possible.

Mr. H. was the son of a wealthy banker in the country, and held, at the time of his introduction, money stock in his own name, though it actually was his father's, to the extent of £50,000. The reputation of being so rich invested him at once with great importance as a banker. The £50,000, after

Mr. H. had been some time a member of the house, was privately retransferred to his father, the real owner of it. For some time, and until he became perfectly master of the rules and usages of the house, he acted with great prudence and caution, confining his transactions to small amounts; but he eventually began to astonish "the natives"—for so the members of the stock exchange are often called—by the boldness of his manœuvres. In a very short time he became the dread of all parties—the bulls and bears were anxious to follow him; but, like Rothschild, he evinced a disposition to act independently of every person and every party.

About this time consols were as high as 96 or 97. In a few months afterward symptoms of a coming panic began to manifest themselves; and a well-known writer on money matters, having at the time, for reasons best known to himself, begun to deal out his fulminations against the Bank of England, in an influential paper, the unhealthy state of the money market was greatly aggravated, though high prices were still maintained. Mr. H. watched the state of things with great penetration; and being satisfied in his own mind that a leader was only wanting to commence and carry on a successful war against Rothschild, he determined himself to become that leader—and it must be admitted that he acquitted himself as an able general. Going into the house one afternoon, he accosted one of the most respectable jobbers thus:

"What are consols?"

"96 and 98," was the answer.

"In £100,000?" continued he.

"Yes," said the jobber. "You have them; £100,000 more?"

"I'll take £100,000 more."

"They are yours."

"Another £100,000?"

"No, I don't want any more."

On this transaction being finished, the adventurous young gentleman im-

mediately turned round and announced aloud that "£200,000 had been done at 96, and more offered." Then walking backward and forward, "like a tiger in a den," he followed up the bold tactics he had commenced by offering any part of £1,000,000 at 94. For a great part of this amount he at once found purchasers. But he was not yet content with the extent of his transactions, great as they were; nor would he wait for buyers at 94. He offered them, viz., consols, at 93, at 92, and eventually as low as 90, at which price they left off that day. Next day he renewed his exertions to depress the market, and he succeeded to the utmost of his wishes; for consols did not stop in their descent till they reached 74. As was to be expected, contemporaneous with this sudden and extraordinary fall in the price of consols, there was a run on the Bank of England, which almost exhausted it of its specie. He then purchased to so large an extent that, when a reaction took place, he found that his gains exceeded £100,000.

The rivalry of Mr. H. was, however, of short duration, ending in this wise: In about two years after the above extensive "operations," he attempted another, on a scale of corresponding magnitude. But in this case, Rothschild, anticipating the tactics H. would adopt, laid a trap for him, into which he fell, and became a ruined man. He was declared a defaulter, and his name stuck upon the blackboard. It was only now that the discovery was made that the £50,000 money stock, supposed to be his own, was in reality his father's, and that it had been retransferred in his name. A deputation from the committee waited upon Mr. H. immediately after his failure, at his own house, in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, when one of the most rapacious of the number suggested a sale of his furniture and a mortgage of the annuity settled on his wife. He received the suggestion with the utmost indignation, and ring-

ing the bell for his servant, desired him to show the deputation down stairs, adding that he would be — (it need not be said what) before he would pay a sixpence after the treatment he had met with from them. "As for you, you vagabond, 'My son Jack' (one of the brokers who went by that name), who have had the audacity to make such a proposal to me—as for you, sir, if you don't make haste out of the room, I'll pitch you out of the window!" It is scarcely necessary to say, that "My son Jack" was the first who reached the bottom of the stairs.

Sharing in Rothschild's Fortune.

DURING the stormy days of 1848, two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."

Extravagant Business Rhetoric.

DEFOE, who wrote of the morals of mercantile trade in England, in former times, mentions among other manoeuvres of retailers, the false light which they introduced into their shops for the purpose of giving a delusive appearance to their goods. He comments upon the "shop rhetoric," the "flux of falsehoods," which tradesmen habitually uttered to their customers; and quotes their defence as being that they could not live without lying. Add to which, he says, that there was scarce a shopkeeper who had not a bag of spurious or debased coins, from which he gave change whenever he could.

The giving and taking presents, as a

means of obtaining custom, has become a great practice. An extensive dealer once remarked: "Every one of the buyers with whom I deal, expects an occasional bonus in some form or other. From time to time I have to make a handsome present—perhaps a dozen of choice port, or else to give a round sum as discount. Some require the bribe to be wrapped up, and some take it without disguise."

Getting wide glimpses through small holes, any one may easily get an idea of how trade is carried on, even by the sights and sounds of the street. Hearing the fruiterer cry all his fruit and vegetables as "fine," and the itinerant fish-vendor invariably describe his supplies as "fresh" and "alive," one might infer the generality of misrepresentation; and he would find this inference strengthened when, on turning to the advertising columns of the daily newspapers, he found *all* the ships and packets characterized as "splendid," "first class," "very fast sailing," "beautiful," "celebrated," "magnificent;"—when he read of the horses that they were all either "finest grown," or "first rate," or "invaluable," or "the handsomest in town," or "one of the grandest steppers," and in *every* case "sold for no fault;"—or when he saw that all the properties for sale were "exceedingly valuable," "extremely well fitted up," "most eligible," "delightful site," "admirably adapted," etc.;—or when he discovered that all the lodgings were "unsurpassed for comfort," all the medicines "infallible," all the references "unexceptionable."

Casting the eye over shop signs and door plates, and meeting with such titles as "mechanical operative dentist"—implying that other dentists are *not* mechanical and operative; or "practical bootmaker," tacitly referring, as it seems, to some class of mere theoretical bootmakers—one gets further impressions that the screw which is loose is a very large one. Add to these the

words "patent and registered," applied to commonplace objects, implying improvements where there are none; together with the glaring announcements of "great reduction," "selling off," "bankrupt stock," "tremendous sacrifices," "twenty per cent. below other houses"—and there can be no doubt that "bait" is used as plentifully on the land as in the sea.

Customs of the Store in Church.

In a certain town, not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth one Sabbath in his usual drowsy manner, one of the deacons, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. In connection with the train of thought characterizing his sermon, the preacher happened to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" The money-getting deacon (he kept a small store, and had a lively eye to the main chance), half consciously, thinking the inquiry was respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, "Seven and sixpence a dozen."

Hoarding and Amassing—Noted Instances.

THERE died at Paris, in the year 1799, literally of want, the noted banker Osterwald. He deprived himself of almost every personal comfort and convenience, alike in sickness and in health, for fear of encroaching on his hoarded treasures. He died worth £125,000.

Another desperate case of this kind was that of the millionaire Elwes, whose diet and dress were of the most revolting kind, and his penuriousness almost passing belief. His property was estimated at £800,000.

Daniel Dancers's miserly propensities were indulged to such a degree, that, among his eccentricities, was that of performing his ablutions at a neighbor-

ing pond, and drying himself in the sun, in order to save himself the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet the yearly income of this poor mendicant was reckoned by thousands of dollars.

The well-known Nat Beatty, *alias* "Dirty Dick," of London, was the victim not only of a craving for gold, but even for old iron.

Another deplorable case was that of Tom Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is related that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his remarkable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left behind him a rich hoard in public funds.

Thomas Cook afforded a precious example of this kind. On his physician intimating to him the possibility of his not existing more than five or six days, he protested against the useless expense of sending him medicine, and charged the doctor never to show his face to him again. His property was rated at £130,000.

Jewish Money-Makers in the Holy City.

SOME of the Jews residing in the Holy City, though they are ready enough to accept alms from their European brethren, amass money, and are no more above a little sharp practice than are their kindred in Holywell street. "Dog ought not to eat dog," is a proverb, but here is a veritable anecdote, told by a close observer of the Israelites in Jerusalem, which shows some of their traits.

Sir Moses Montefiore brought with him in wooden barrels a large quantity of dollars in specie, and resolved, with his usual kindness of disposition, to give with his own hand a dollar to every poor person. It took many hours before his task was done and the miserable exhibition of poverty concluded. It so happened that the noble distributor, forgetful of himself, gave away the sum which he required to pay his trav-

elling expenses home. He was obliged to borrow money. A man was soon found, who expressed his readiness to oblige him—for a consideration—and supplied him with the necessary sum, the amount of which was considerable, in specie. And yet this man, the previous day, seemed to be the neediest of the needy, and had received a silver dollar from the hand of the benefactor of Palestine! Sharp practice that.

Even among the leading Jews of Jerusalem, the ruling passion seems to be to pervert everything—even charity—to their pecuniary gain. Thus, an institution for advancing money as loans was founded by Mr. Cohen, and endowed by the Rothschild family with one hundred thousand piasters. M. Alteras, one of the Sephardim, and an Austrian subject, being intrusted with the management of it, lent forty thousand piasters to the presidents of the Sephardim. All of them regarded the money, not as a means of benefiting others by advancing loans without interest, but as a means of benefiting themselves by lending it out on usury. One half of the money thus advanced with the best intentions was lost, notwithstanding the efforts made to recover it.

Presents to Bank Officers—Curious Cases.

IN his admirable exposition of banking in New York, Mr. Gibbons gives a few racy incidents in regard to the artifice of present making to bank officers, and what comes of such "favors:"

A cashier asked a director of the same bank if he could advise him where to purchase a certain description of tea. The latter engaged to find the article. On the same evening, a "quarter chest" was left at the cashier's house without a bill, and the matter was not again alluded to. The director was subsequently indebted to the officer for some "favors," which, however, did not keep him solvent. A dealer in

fancy goods asked the same cashier for his address, without specifying any object. On going home, the latter found his parlor mantel furnished with some elegant ornaments.

A bank president inquired of a dealer in foreign porcelain, where he could best get an English dinner set at a cost of not over one hundred dollars. The latter answered that his acquaintance with the wholesale importers would enable him to purchase at a considerable discount, and he did so. The president never asked for a bill, but he discounted his friend's paper liberally "between the Boards."

Said a bank officer carelessly, to a jeweller, after serving him with a loan: "By the way—where is that gold-headed cane you promised me?" The jeweller smiled, but said nothing. In a week, the cane was sent; and when the donor called at the bank, subsequently, he was greeted with an expression of great surprise: "Why, Mr. D., you didn't suppose I was in earnest the other day, did you?"

Another officer called at the store of a drygoods merchant, after assisting the latter to a liberal discount of paper. While walking along the aisle, he was attracted by some ladies' kid gloves of superior quality. "Ah," said he, "you keep these articles, do you? They are really very soft and beautiful!" "Yes, sir," answered the proprietor, at the same time wrapping up a dozen in some fine tissue paper—"put those in your pocket. Yes, yes, do!" overcoming the apparent reluctance of his visitor, by unaffected earnestness. The same scene was acted over again on the next occasion, when the merchant had paper discounted. A third rehearsal taught him to add a dozen of the finest kid gloves to the legal rate of seven per cent. whenever he obtained accommodation at that bank.

A dealer, who was impatient to rectify his accounts, urged a bookkeeper to balance his bank book; after wait-

ing several days, the request was repeated, and the clerk promised that it should be done: "But," he added, "you haven't sent me that umbrella yet!" It was added to his wardrobe.

A clerk took lodgings at a hotel during the absence of his family in the country, which led to the landlord opening an account with the bank. In the "progress of human events," baskets of brown stout were left at the residence of one of the officers, and dining privileges were enjoyed without cost. The result in this case was a loan of twenty thousand dollars on inferior securities; and although it was finally paid, the process involved transactions of questionable propriety.

Mr. George Curtis, the first cashier of the New York Bank of Commerce, and late president of the Continental Bank, was occasionally the unwilling recipient of "a present." His well-known high sense of honor and propriety would have protected him against all suspicion of improper influence in the administration of his trust; but so sensitive and scrupulous was he on the subject, that he uniformly placed the article, whatever it was, in the directors' room, and related its history at the next meeting of the board of directors.

First Forged Note on a Bank—Execution for the Crime.

It is a memorable fact that the Bank of England had circulated its paper with freedom for sixty-four years, before any attempt at imitation was made. The name of the criminal was Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, and he was executed for his crime.

It appears that the records of Vaughan's life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited

them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. But from this period forged notes became common. And the fact is, that the faculty of imitation is so great, that when the expectation of profit is added, there is little hope of restraining the destitute or bad man from a career which adds the charm of novelty to the chance of gain.

The publicity given to this strange and easy fraud, the notoriety of the proceedings, and the execution of the forger, tended to excite that morbid sympathy which, up to the present day, is apt to be evinced for any extraordinary criminal; and it is therefore possible, that if Vaughan had not been induced by circumstances to startle London with his novel crime, the idea of forging notes might have been long delayed.

Fauntleroy, the Executed Banker.

THE sensation produced by the criminality of Fauntleroy, the great banker and forger, has never been exceeded by that attending any similar case, in Europe or America. In September, 1824, Plank, the Bow-street officer, might be seen proceeding in the direction of the banking house of Marsh, Stracey & Co. A person who accompanied him entered first, and, requesting an interview with Mr. Fauntleroy, was ushered into his private counting house. Within a minute he was followed by Plank. The interior of a bank is nearly sacred; but the officer pushed boldly by the clerk, who would have interrupted him, merely saying he wished to speak with Mr. Fauntleroy. On entering, he closed the bar, announced his name, and produced a warrant for the apprehension of Henry Fauntleroy on a

charge of forgery. A deadly pallor passed over the face of the latter; he was fearfully agitated, and hurriedly exclaimed, "Good God! cannot this business be settled?" Plank begged him to make no noise, but to walk out for a few minutes, and they could talk about it. Mr. Fauntleroy then signed a few blank checks for the business of the house with a hand so unsteady that it was difficult to recognize his signature; and said he should go out for a few minutes. He was then conducted to the private residence of Mr. Conant, the magistrate; and, after an interview of the prisoner with one of his clerks, Mr. Freshfield, accompanied by Plank, proceeded to the banking house to search the papers.

The search was successful. Documents unparalleled in the history of crime were discovered. In a private room, a box, bearing no name, was found. What must the surprise have been, on finding in it a list, in the prisoner's handwriting, of forgeries which he had committed on the Bank of England, amounting to one hundred and twelve thousand pounds, with the following extraordinary acknowledgment: "In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and have, thereupon, sold out all these sums, without the knowledge of any of my partners. I have given credit in the accounts for the interest when it became due. Henry Fauntleroy." These words followed: "The bank first began to refuse our acceptances, and thereby destroy the credit of our house. The bank shall smart for it." At the period of his apprehension he had a power of attorney by which he would have replaced the stock that produced the discovery.

In a conference the forger had with a partner, he expressed great anxiety to obtain possession of a "blue book." Mr. Graham searched, and brought one with a blue sheet for a cover. "No, no," he said, "this is not the

one I want. It is a bound book." Mr. Graham informed him that it had reached the hands of Mr. Freshfield. "Then," said Fauntleroy, "I'm a dead man. I could have set the bank at defiance." This book was said to contain an account of all his forgeries.

The crime of Mr. Fauntleroy excited intense and universal interest. Hardly anything else was talked about. The newspapers teemed with anecdotes. His past life was inquired into. His portrait was in the windows. His behavior was analyzed. His person was described. The very way in which he held his hat was represented. The magistrate apologized for an intrusion; and, when the forger heaved a sigh, the scribe was ready to draw the attention of the public to so memorable a fact. The loss sustained by these forgeries was three hundred and sixty thousand pounds; and the interest alone, which was regularly paid, must have been nine or ten thousand pounds a year. The care required by these accounts, and the constant anxiety weighing on the mind of Fauntleroy, from the knowledge of his perilous position, were, in themselves, a punishment. His exertions at the banking house were extraordinary. So energetic was he, that his services were noticed as being equal to those of three clerks. The last time he received from the bank the warrants due to the firm was the day on which Thurtell and Hunt were tried. During the payment, he entered into conversation on the crime with the clerk who paid him; imagining but little—perhaps—that within a year the same judge who had tried them would try him; that the very list of warrants he was receiving would be brought in evidence, and that the clerk with whom he was so familiarly conversing would be a witness against him. Before the debtors' door at Newgate, and amidst a vast concourse of spectators, the unhappy man expiated his crime.

Restitution of Bank Notes.

ON the 24th of November, 1844, Sunday, the "strong room" of the banking house of Messrs. Rogers, Towgood & Co., London, was opened, and property in bank notes, gold, and bills of exchange, taken therefrom, to the amount of nearly fifty thousand pounds. The notes, of various denominations—and of which there were thirty-six one-thousand-pound notes—amounted to about forty-four thousand pounds in all, and the gold to twelve hundred pounds; the rest consisted of bills of exchange.

On the day in question, one of the partners was in the house an invalid, and a clerk, whose duty it was to remain on the premises during the day, was also in attendance; yet the above property was abstracted, and never missed till the following morning, when the safe was opened.

A reward of three thousand pounds was immediately offered for the recovery of the property, and so ran the offer: "Her most gracious majesty's *pardon* will be granted to any one of the guilty parties who will give such evidence as will procure the conviction of the other offender or offenders;" and, although this offer, with a description of the notes stolen, which occupied three full pages in octavo, was published in almost every newspaper and periodical in the three kingdoms and on the continent, no clew could be obtained of the robbers, yet, after a considerable lapse of time, and when the circumstances had been almost forgotten by every one but the losers of the property, the bank notes were returned in a parcel, directed to the bankers in an unknown hand, and without any comment.

Tough Experience of a Business Drummer.

ONE cold January night, the hospitably huge fireplace of the best room of the best inn in ——— was surrounded

by a jovial company, composed of commercial travellers and their customers of the town. The air of solid comfort which pervaded the scene was heightened by its contrast with the cheerless aspect of the weather without; and the complacent manner with which each guest quaffed from his mug of flip, and gave a bland reflection to his neighbor's smile, told that the pleasantness of the situation was not unappreciated.

All were overflowing with jest and story, but the most amusing member of the party was a gentlemanly looking person, rather smaller than the common size of men, and frank and open in his address. He gave his name as Morris, and (from remarks thrown out, as if casually, by himself, and from that fact alone, for of those present not one had ever seen him previous to that time) he was supposed to be the agent of a new Liverpool house. There was a rich, racy humor, and a power of imitation and description, about the man, allied to a knowledge of the light and dark spots in human nature, which lent to the stories that he told a fascination winning entire attention. Identifying himself for the moment with the character whose deeds and words he was narrating, he would seem at times the artless Scotch lassie, the Yorkshire lout, the rude sailor, the querulous bel-dame, the blundering Irishman, changing from one to another with a chameleon-like facility.

But his *chef-d'œuvre*, in this kind of narration, was a story of a finished free-booter, who accomplished much in his line of business, by first insinuating himself into the confidence of his intended victims in the guise of a gentleman. His personation of the easy impudence of the gentleman of the road was characteristic and excellent. When he had concluded, however, his "free-booter" was criticized by Mr. D. (an agent for a large house in London, connected with the coffee trade), whose

flip had made him flippant. He insisted that Morris had made but "a tame bird" of his hero, instead of a "roystering, rough-handed, ribald rogue," as in nature, and swore with a laugh that he could enact the highwayman better himself. Morris rejoined, in the same good-natured way, that were it not so late, and the calls of Somnus less inviting, he would try a little competition of the kind with him, and let the company then present decide which was the better of the two. However, he professed to think that an opportunity might yet occur, as they *would probably meet again on the road at some time or another*. The company laughed heartily at the joke, and, drinking sundry parting toasts, each of which was denominated, as given, the *very* last and best, retired for the night. Mr. D. was fain to maintain his equilibrium by accepting the arm of Morris to his bedroom. Before he bade the latter a good night, he had, in drunken bravado, defied all the highwaymen in christendom, and in confidence pointed out to his new friend a secret pocket in his coat, containing a brace of small pistols loaded, and a considerable amount of money in gold.

In the morning, several of the "drummers" departed in their own vehicles. Mr. D. was to take a seat in a stage, but being invited by Morris to take a seat in his chaise, concluded to go with him, as their routes were alike. During the ride of the first few miles, D.'s good opinion of his companion suffered no diminution, but it immediately fell below *par*, when, in a lonesome part of the road, Morris presented a pistol in juxtaposition with his head, and begged leave to borrow the funds then in his possession. The altered mien and determined look of the man, as well as his own instinctive assurance that he was in earnest, left no doubt in the mind of the poor agent of the other's character. He determined, however, not

to comply with the rascal's request, without an effort to save his money for loans more *profitable*. With the pretence of producing the desired funds, he seized one of his pistols from his pocket, and snapped it at the head of the robber. It flashed, but it did not explode. The quondam Morris laughed, and mockingly remarked, as the other grasped at the remaining weapon, that he was obliged to him, but he was sufficiently helped, and that the contents of his *pocket* would be equally acceptable, and much more effective, than those of his pistols, inasmuch as the last were *empty*—which was not the case with the pocket, that being charged with gold. He explained the failure of the weapons to discharge, by saying that lest accident should befall the esteemed friend whom he had the pleasure of addressing, he had availed himself of the information given him on the evening previous, and *drawn* the *charges* from both of the pocket pistols. In effecting this friendly measure, he had noticed with great satisfaction, that his friend had the wherewithal to make him the loan, which he now desired receiving without delay. As his fingers, he said, were rather tremulous, and the *persuader*, into the muzzle of which his esteemed friend did him the honor to blink, had a hair trigger, he begged leave to suggest the expediency of a *speedy* delivery of all his funds. Mr. D. cursed the other's impudence, and with a pardonable ill grace gave up his money. He also handed his watch to the robber, but it was returned to him, with a pathetic request that he would keep it in remembrance of the "tame bird." The poor, plucked agent remembered his boasting of the previous evening, and ground his teeth with vexation.

After Mr. D. had alighted from the chaise, he was asked by his eccentric acquaintance whether or not he thought it would be necessary to find referees

to decide which was the better highwayman of the two! Before he could answer, the robber was driving at a rapid rate toward the London road, and he was left to pursue his journey on foot. Poor D. never again sought to rival a freebooter.

Government Contractors in Russia.

It would seem that American contractors for Government jobs are not alone in the *patriotic disinterestedness* of their mode of doing business; but that their equals in this respect may be found even among the rough and grizzly Russians. As for example:

A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, Government issues tenders for the required amount. A number of contractors submit their terms to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game, and perhaps the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood. His agents in the central provinces, accordingly, float a quantity of *green* pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bay to Nicholaeff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbor. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe *seasons* it, and the Government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the one-hundred-and-twenty gunship, of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years.

Muller, the Rich Merchant of Nuremberg—Fictitious Theft.

A PHILOSOPHER has said, "Take away interest and vanity from the heart of man, and humanity is perfect." A little story, apropos of this vanity of our age, concerning an eminent German merchant, will not be out of place in this volume.

Heinrich Heine, when very young, set out one fine morning, from Hamburg, and started for Germany. He arrived one evening at Manheim, enters the faubourg of the Golden Lion, and finds, in the dining hall, a man with white hair and a respectable appearance, digesting his dinner by reading a newspaper. From time to time he sighed heavily. Heinrich Heine moved—he was very young—and asked of the unknown the cause of his grief.

"Ah, monsieur!" he groaned, in reply, and ordered a bottle of Johannisberg. Our two Germans drank together; Heinrich Heine renewed his question, and the unknown, who was continually sighing, suddenly yielding to the desire of removing from his heart an enormous weight, said to him:

"Listen to me. My name is Muller; I am a very rich merchant of Nuremberg; I have two hundred thousand livres income, an adorable wife, and charming children; my health is excellent, and I am the—most unfortunate of men!"

"How is that?"

"Ah! (another sigh.) How to make you so terrible an avowal! I have committed a crime in my life. I have stolen!"

"Rich as you are, what hinders you from restoring the sum you have taken?"

"There does not pass a month that I do not give, in charities, in pious works, the double, the triple, the quadruple of what I have purloined; but the claw of the vulture does not leave me a moment of sweet repose."

"And how has a man like you been able to yield to the temptation of theft?"

"A vertigo. I had the honor of dining with the Duke of Nassau at his chateau at Biebrich; the prince, who has a very particular consideration for me, placed me on his right, and we talked during the dinner of one thing and another. "Monsieur Muller," said the Duke to me, "how is Madame Muller?" "Your highness is too good." "And the little Mullers?" "Very well. But your highness does me too much honor." The Duke de Nassau places me on the footing of a flattering familiarity.

"Suddenly I saw shining before my eyes a little gilt spoon. What passed in my brain I know not, but the moment when the Duke turned his head I stretched my hand slyly along the cloth, took the spoon and put it in my pocket. This, sir, is what I did at the house of the Duke de Nassau."

And Mr. Muller, who had just finished his third bottle, tumbled off to sleep, and, in spite of so much remorse, snored like a bass viol.

Some days after this conversation Heinrich Heine made inquiries in regard to this man. He was truly Mr. Muller, a merchant of Nuremberg, possessed of two hundred thousand francs income, he was surrounded by a large family, but—he had never dined at the house of the Duke de Nassau. He had only invented the fable of the spoon to persuade the people that he was the friend of the Duke; willing to gratify his vanity by imputing to himself an act of theft.

Bank Teller Filing His Gold Coin.

A NEW business crime was discovered in 1767. The notice of the clerks at the bank of England had been attracted by the habit of William Guest, a teller, picking new from old guineas, without assigning any reason. An indefinite

suspicion, increased by the knowledge that an ingot of gold had been seen in Guest's possession, was awakened; and although he stated that it came from Holland, it was remarked to be very unlike the regular bars of gold, and that it had a considerable quantity of copper on the back. Attention being thus drawn to the movements of Guest, he was observed to hand to one Richard Still some guineas which he took from a private drawer, and placed with others on the table. Still was instantly followed, and on the examination of his money, three of the guineas in his possession were deficient in weight. An inquiry was immediately instituted, and forty of the guineas in the charge of Guest looked fresher than the others upon the edges, and weighed much less than the legitimate amount. On searching his home, four pounds eleven ounces of gold filings were found, with instruments calculated to produce artificial edges. Proofs soon multiplied, and the prisoner was found guilty. The instrument with which he had effected his fraud, and of which one of the witnesses asserted it was the greatest improvement he had ever seen, is said to be yet in the Mint, a memento of the prisoner's capacity and crime.

Ingenious Plot against a Banker.

A LONDON banker was severely grieved by the contents of a letter which, on a certain occasion, he received from a correspondent at Hamburg, the postmark of which place it bore. From the statement it contained, it appeared that a person most minutely described had defrauded the writer, under extraordinary circumstances, of three thousand pounds. The letter continued to say information had been obtained that the defrauder—the dress and person of whom it described—was occasionally to be seen on the Dutch Walk of the Royal Exchange. The object of the writer was to induce his

correspondent to invite the party to dinner, and, by any moral force which could be used, compel him to return the money; adding that, if he should be found amenable to reason, and evince any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a friendly caution and five hundred pounds, as he was a near relation of the writer.

As the gentleman whose name this letter bore was a profitable correspondent, the London banker kept a keen watch on the Dutch Walk, and was at last successful in meeting and being introduced to the cheat. The invitation to dine was accepted; and the host, having previously given notice to his family to quit the table soon after dinner, acquainted his visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm and horror were depicted in the countenance of the young man, who, with tones apparently tremulous from emotion, begged his disgrace might not be made public. To this the banker consented, provided the three thousand pounds were returned. The visitor sighed deeply, but said that to return all was impossible, as he had unfortunately spent part of the amount. The remainder, however, he proposed to yield instantly, and the notes were handed to the banker, who, after dilating upon the goodness of the man he had robbed, concluded his moral lesson by handing him a check for five hundred pounds, as a proof of his beneficence. The following morning, the banker, on depositing the money he had received, was told, to his great surprise, that the notes were counterfeit. His next inquiries were concerning the check, but that had been cashed shortly after the opening of the bank. He immediately sent an express to his Hamburg correspondent, who replied that the letter was a forgery, and that no fraud had been committed on him. The whole affair had been plotted by a gang, some of whom

were on the continent, and some in England.

Exchanging a Cheese for a Pinch of Snuff.

JOHN TICE, a New Jersey grocer, came to Philadelphia a short time since, to replenish his stock. Completing his purchases, which in due time were deposited on the docks, to be shipped per river steamer, Mr. Tice thought proper to keep his eye upon his goods until they could be taken on board. Among them was a fine Bucks county cheese, weighing about sixty-five pounds, upon which, for want of better accommodations, the weary grocer seated himself as he watched the remainder of his property on the wharf. While thus seated, running over the events of the day, calculating the profits that he would realize on this purchase, and every now and then solacing his nasal organ from a "yaller" snuff-box, two nice young men approached, and entered into conversation.

"You take snuff, sir," asked young man No. 1. "Yes—couldn't do without it—took it for over eight years." "You use the maccoboy, I perceive" (No. 2). "Yes. That suits me the best for a steady snuff." "Let me recommend you mine," said the sharper, producing a silver-plated box, engraved with an American eagle and two harpoons; "I imported it from France. It is the identical snuff used by Marshal Pelissier and the officers of the French army." Mr. Tice said, "Certainly," and inserted his thumb and finger in the stranger's box. The moment he placed it to his nose, he was seized with sneezing. At every sneeze he lifted himself about a foot from the cheese upon which he sat. While he was doing this, sharper No. 2 was carrying out his share of the programme. As Mr. Tice gave the third sneeze, the rogue pushed the cheese from under him, and in its stead

placed a peck measure; and as he was sneezing for the eighth and last time, the sharpers and cheese had disappeared.

The grocer continued rubbing his nose for about five minutes more, wondering as to the style of nose possessed by Marshal Pelissier and the officers of the French army, who took such remarkable snuff. By this time, the deck hands of the boat commenced to load up Mr. Tice's goods. Mr. Tice rose from his seat and said, "Take this cheese, too." Deck hand said, "What cheese?" The grocer looked around, and found that instead of the cheese, he had been sitting upon a peck measure. When he understood the manner in which the exchange had been effected, he was the most excited man of the season. He offered fifty dollars to any one who would give him an opportunity to fight the thieves with one hand tied behind his back.

Wanting to Pay the Cash.

In an interior town in old Connecticut lives a shaky character, named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points, but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corners. Ben had a "score" there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. Bond was equal to, as yet. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheelbarrow, and said, "Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay cash for it." "Very well," replied Mr. Bond, "all right;" and so they both ascended the loft, and when the necessary operations were gone through with, they respectively returned. But by the time the trader had got down and looked around him, old Ben had got some distance from the door, and was rapidly making for home. "Halloo, halloo, Ben!" cried out the trader lustily; "you said you wanted to

pay cash for that corn." Old Ben deliberately sat down on one handle of his barrow, and cocking his head on one side, said, "That's all true, Mr. Bond. I *do* want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't!"

A Rustic Bargaining for a Hat.

A JOCKEY country merchant was trafficking one day with a rustic mountaineer, purchasing hay rakes in exchange for goods. Of course, the merchant's prices were what are called barter prices. Our rustic had need of a new hat, and inquired the price of one from a case just opened, from New York. "Only five dollars," said the merchant. "Isn't that rather dear?" said the customer. "I never sold one for less," said the sharp merchant.

The clerk in the store inclined his head to the ear of a bystander, who was listening to the interesting confabulation, and whispered: "He never sold one at all." The case was bought at auction in New York for one dollar a piece.

Results of a Career of Overreaching.

ONE who knew well the late Gideon Lee, remarks of him that no man more thoroughly despised trickery in trade than did Mr. L. He used to say that "no trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties—to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth; but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks." A person with whom he had some transactions once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and, upon another occasion, over another neighbor; "and to-day," said he, "I have obtained one over you."

"Well," said Mr. Lee, "that may be;

but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goatskins." The man made the promise, and took them.

Fifteen years afterward, he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant, on seeing him, Mr. L. exclaimed: "You have violated your promise; pay me for the goatskins!" "Oh!" said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," responded Mr. Lee, "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for overreaching others must ever keep you so."

Keen Ruse by a Yankee Peddler.

JUST before the Declaration of Independence, a Yankee peddler started down to New York, to sell a parcel of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Jonathan travelled over the city, asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one seemed disposed to buy wooden dishes. It happened, however, that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. So he got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook—for history doesn't tell where he got it—and, strutting up town one morning, in his assumed garb, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware; that the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet. The merchant replied that he had none on hand; but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he could supply him. "Very good," said our naval officer—and out he went, *and cut for home*. He had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who, observing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, now offered to take the whole, if he would deduct fifteen per cent.; but Jonathan said "he'd be hanged if he didn't take 'em home before he'd take a cent less than his first price." So the merchant paid him down in gold his price for the wooden

ware, which laid on his shelves for many a long day thereafter. If anything additional is necessary to be said in connection with this trade, it is not—that Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his ruse, while the merchant cursed British uniforms and officers ever after.

Trading in Imaginary Candlesticks.

IN 1808, Vincent Alessi, a native of one of the Italian States, went to Birmingham, England, to choose some manufactures likely to return a sufficient profit in Spain. Among others he sought a brass founder, who showed him that which he required, and then drew his attention to "another article," which he said he could sell cheaper than any other person in the trade. Mr. Alessi declined purchasing this, as it proved to be a forged bank note; upon which he was shown some dollars, as fitter for the Spanish market. These were also declined. It would seem, however, from what followed, that Mr. Alessi was not quite unprepared, as, in the evening, he was called on by one John Nicholls, and, after some conversation, he agreed to take a certain quantity of notes, of different value, which were to be paid for at the rate of six shillings in the pound.

Alessi thought this a very profitable business while it lasted, as he could always procure as many as he liked, by writing for so many dozen candlesticks, calling them Nos. 5, 2, or 1, according to the amount of the note required. The vigilance of the English police, however, was too much even for the subtlety of an Italian; he was taken by them, and allowed to turn king's evidence, it being thought very desirable to discover the manufactory whence the notes emanated.

In December, John Nicholls received a letter from Alessi, stating that he was going to America; that he wanted to see Nicholls in London; that he re-

quired twenty dozen candlesticks, No. 5, twenty-four dozen No. 1, and four dozen No. 2. Mr. Nicholls, unsuspecting of his correspondent's captivity, and consequent frailty, came forthwith to town to fulfil so important an order. Here an interview was planned within hearing of the public officers. Nicholls came with the forged notes. Alessi counted up the whole sum he was to pay, at six shillings in the pound, saying: "Mr. Nicholls, you will take all my money from me." "Never mind, sir," was the reply, "it will be all returned in the way of business." Alessi then remarked that it was cold, and put on his hat. This was the signal for the officers. To the dealer's surprise and indignation he found himself entrapped, with the counterfeit notes in his possession, to the precise amount in number and value that had been ordered in the letter. Thus Mr. Nicholls found his business suddenly brought to a close, and the brisk trade in imaginary candlesticks finished.

The Bank Detectives Foiled.

THE desire of the London banks to discover the makers of forged notes produced, on a certain occasion, a considerable amount of anxiety to one whose name is indelibly associated with the fine arts. George Morland—a name rarely mentioned but with feelings of admiration and regret—had, in his eagerness to avoid incarceration for debt, retired to an obscure hiding-place, in the suburbs of London. At one period he hid himself in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbors to believe him a maker of forged notes. The bank directors despatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search, and seize. The men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvallation round the painter's retreat. He was not, however, to be sur-

prised; mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front, fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion; and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in this retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report to the bank that the directors presented him with a couple of bank notes of twenty pounds each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him.

Sharp at a Trade—Sharper in Getting out of it.

THERE once flourished in one of our commercial cities a little French merchant, who was very well known in said locality, and who himself "knew a thing or two." During the last war, our little Frenchman was doing a very thriving business in the drygoods line, and was supposed to be a little sharper at a bargain than most, at least, of his fellow tradesmen. There also flourished at the same time, and in the same city, an importing merchant, of Yankee origin, who was noted as a long-headed, close-fisted dealer.

It is well known that during the war English goods were sold at enormous prices. The Yankee merchant was in that line of trade; and a few days before the arrival in this country of the news of peace, he received private advices from the continent, which led him to anticipate it. As he had a large supply of English goods on hand at the time, the prices of which would of course instantly fall, he set about disposing of them as soon as possible to his less informed and unsuspecting customers. The little Frenchman was one of his victims. After much haggling, and the offer of a long credit, the importer effected a bill of sale of goods to him, to the amount of something like twenty thousand dollars, taking

his notes on long time in payment. These he considered perfectly good, of course, as his customer's reputation in the money market was unsullied. The bargain being consummated, the two friends parted, each in a capital humor with himself; the Yankee to deposit the notes in his strong box, and the Frenchman to his store, where, receiving his newly purchased goods, he immediately commenced marking them one hundred per cent. above cost, thus making, before midnight, to use his own boast, a *profit* of twenty thousand dollars on his purchase!

Three days afterward the official news of peace came; English goods instantly fell one half, and our little Frenchman awoke in horror from his dream of cent. per cent. Nine persons out of every ten, under such circumstances, would have failed at once. But *nil desperandum* was the motto of our Frenchman. He saw that he had been *bit* by his commercial friend, and he immediately set his wits at work to turn the tables upon him. So, late in the evening of the next day, he repaired to the dwelling of the importer, and told a long and pitiful story of his embarrassments. He said his conscience already smote him for making so heavy a purchase while in failing circumstances, and that he had come to make the only reparation in his power—namely, to yield up the goods obtained of the importer, on the latter's cancelling the notes given therefor. The Yankee at first demurred; but on the Frenchman insisting that he was a bankrupt, and that he feared the moment he opened in the morning the sheriff would pounce upon him with a writ that would swallow up everything, he finally agreed to the proposition. "Half a loaf was better than no bread," he thought; so the notes and the bill of sale were accordingly cancelled.

By daylight in the morning, the Yankee was at the Frenchman's store, with his teams, as had been agreed

upon the night before, and every package of his goods was soon removed. The two merchants again parted, the Frenchman relieved of a heavy load, and the Yankee rather down in the mouth at the result of his trade.

Two or three days afterward, as the importer was passing the Frenchman's store, he observed his sign still up, and everything apparently as flourishing as ever. He stepped in to see what it all meant. "Hallo! Mr. S.," said he, "I thought you had *failed!*" "*Failed!*" repeated the little Frenchman, thrusting his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, and sliding his legs apart from counter to counter, till he resembled a small Colossus of Rhodes: "*Failed?* No, be gar! Firmer than ever, Mr. H.; but I *should* have failed, *almosht*, if I hadn't got rid of dem tamm'd English goods at cost!"

Coal Dealer's Prediction Fulfilled— Perhaps.

AN English coal dealer, who was notorious for his continual and unprovoked swearing, had occasion to proceed with a boat to a neighboring port, with a cargo of coals, and ordered one of his men to take charge of it. As the boat was leaving the wharf, an acquaintance civilly accosted the man, asking where he was going. "I am going to hell," he characteristically replied, with an oath. Strange to relate, he died suddenly before reaching the port of his destination. Perhaps his profane prediction was fulfilled; he knows best.

Deserved Reward of Blasphemy.

IN the strait between Johor and Rhio there is a small white rock, called the "White Stone," only slightly elevated above the water, and so exactly in the centre of the passage that many vessels, unacquainted with it, have there been wrecked.

A Portuguese merchant passing this

strait, in a vessel of his own, richly laden with gold and other valuable commodities, asked the pilot when this rock would be passed: but each moment appearing to him long until he was secure from the danger it involved, he repeated his question so often that the pilot impatiently told him "the rock was passed." The merchant, transported with joy at this announcement, rashly exclaimed, that "God himself could not now make him poor." But in a little while, the vessel *did* reach and struck on the White Stone, and all his wealth was in a moment engulfed in the deep sea. His life alone was spared, which he spent in misery and remorse.

Friend Hopper and the Due Bill.

UPON a certain occasion a man called upon Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker, with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been appointed to settle. Friend Hopper put it aside, saying he would attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing even to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced just then. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing on that demand till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date, and circumstances of the transaction, and stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored to the creditor when found. When, therefore, the man called again, Isaac said to him, in a quiet way:

"Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear,"

continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"Well, he was also dipped some time ago," rejoined friend Hopper, "but the neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy with him ever since. I'm afraid they didn't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he thus spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the pretended pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.

Bit of Yankee Financiering in Wall Street.

A LITTLE colloquy, after the following fashion, is reported in the *Knickerbocker*, as having occurred in the counting house of a mercantile firm: "A man kind o' picks up a good many idees abeöut. I larnt a few in Wall street." "In Wall street?" "Yes; 'see, I studied it eöut while I was stage drivin'. I got a little change together; didn't know where to place it; couldn't hire it eöut hum, 'cause I was pleadin' poverty all the time; that, 'see, wouldn't deu: so I goes deöwn and claps it in the Dry Dock Bank; got five per cent., tew. Had a brother thair who was teller. One day I 'gin a check for fifty dollars: all right. At last the bank got in trouble: I had some four or five thousand dollars; I goes to my brother and draws eöut my money—he pays me in Bank of — notes. Well, I took 'em hum, but they forgot to take eöut my check for fifty dollars. So I goes, and sez I, 'I owe you fifty that you haint charged me; will you take your own notes?' 'Sartin,' says they; so I pays 'em in notes that I bought at twenty-five off. 'That's a good spec,' says I; so I goes areöund, and buys up about tew hundred Dry Dock notes. When I got to the city, I couldn't pass 'em

off. I tried a good many banks—no go. At last they creōwded me off the pavement in Wall street, the creōwd was so big, and I stood in the middle of the street, and *calc'lated*. 'I've got the idee,' sez I; 'I'll come country over 'em.' So I walked into the Bank of —, took off my hat, and looked areōund as if didn't know what I was abeōut. I know'd the cashier; so he comes up: 'Sam!' sez he, 'what neōw? —how's the family?' 'All well,' sez I, 'but what's the matter with your banks? I don't know who to depend on. Here's your neighbor, the Dry Dock's, gone, and maybe *you'll* go next; and I've got abeōut five thousand dollars of your money, and I guess I'll come deōwn to draw the specie.' I expect I must a-looked as if I was frightened to death; for he said to once, 'Deōn't do that, Sam!' sez he; 'you'll frighten the hull country, and they'll come and run us.' 'Can't help it,' sez I; 'here's abeōut tew hundred dollars of the Dry Dock, and if I don't get the money *somewhere* before I go hum, I'll draw on you sēoon.' 'Heōw much?' sez he: 'Abeōut tew hundred.' 'We'll take it, Sam,' sez he, 'and you keep our paper.' 'Well,' sez I, 'on that condition I'll keep still.' I guess I made my twenty-five per cent. eōut of Wall street *that time*, 'if I am Dutch' —as the saying is!"

Taking him at his Word.

"WILL you give me a glass of ale, please?" asked a rather seedy-ish looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat, and a'most *too* shiny a hat. It was produced by the bartender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler. "Thanky'e," said the recipient as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said: "That is very fine ale—*very*. Whose *is* it?" "It is Harman's ale." "Ah! Harman's, eh? well, give us another glass of it." It was done, and

holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said: "'Pon my word, it is superb ale—*superb!* clear as madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a *mug* of it." The mug was furnished, but, before putting it to his lips, the imbiber said: "Whose ale did you say this was?" "Harman's," emphatically repeated the bartender. The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door: "Harman's ale, is it? I know Harman very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with him for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good mawning!"

Lodging a Banker in the Gutter.

THERE is a class of retail dealers in London who keep accounts with bankers, but who seldom, or perhaps never, have the privilege of the *entrée* to a banker's parlor or "sweating room." (A banker's parlor is called a "sweating room," a significant term, as all who have been under the necessity of asking for "accommodation" will readily allow.) This privilege is almost exclusively enjoyed by the merchants and wholesale dealers; and on this account the retail tradesman scarcely knows the person of the banker with whom he lodges his money, or the banker that of his customer. This ignorance gave rise to a ludicrous scene between a wealthy London banker and a baker, one of his customers.

It happened on a certain day that the baker had paid in to his account a large sum of money, and on his retiring from the bank he paused on the step of the door, and began to reflect which way he should steer his course. While in this position of innocent uncertainty, as ill luck would have it, the banker came up; and, as he could not pass the dusty baker without touching

him, and thus soiling his own clothes—for the baker was in his working gear—he very haughtily said: "Move away, fellow." This language, applied to a trader who had just paid five hundred pounds in to his account, which already had a large sum to his credit, was, to say the least of it, very irritating, and such as the baker thought, no doubt, he ought to resent, for he replied: "I shan't move for you nor any coxcomb like you; and, what's more, if you give me your lip again in that manner, I'll put your nose in the kennel."

The banker, not being, in his turn, used to such a mode of address, still authoritatively ordered the baker to move and let him pass, or he would let him know who he was. Words ran very high. At last the pugnacious baker, unable any longer to restrain his passion, with one blow—for he was a powerful man—*knocked the banker into the gutter*. The banker's fall shook Lombard street; but, unlike most bankers, who, when they fall, fall like Lucifer, never to rise again, he did rise, and, rushing into his banking shop, covered with mud, foaming with rage, and followed by the still bristling baker, eager for a clinch, he called loudly for the parties to fetch a constable to "take this fellow into custody."

The cashier, who but a few minutes before had attended upon the baker, to his utter amazement witnessed this extraordinary scene. He immediately ran to the banker, and whispered in his ear: "That is Mr. —, our customer." These few words acted upon the excitable feelings of the banker in the same manner as oil upon troubled water; for, without uttering another word, he retired to his room—which, on this occasion, might with peculiar propriety be called a "sweating room," and after a while requested the cashier to calm the belligerent baker, who, in a menacing attitude, was still chewing the

end of his resentment outside the room. This the cashier soon effected; and the customer was then, for the first time, formally introduced to him, when apologies were mutually interchanged, and the banker and baker were from that day well known to each other.

The Prince Regent's Wine and the Confidential Dealer.

AN anecdote is related in *Tait's Magazine* of the Prince Regent, which gives some insight into the mysteries of the wine trade. The incidents of the case relate to how the Prince Regent had, in a corner of his cellar, a small quantity of remarkably fine wine, of a peculiar quality and flavor; how, this wine remaining untouched for some time, the household thought their master had forgotten it, and to make up for this inexcusable lapse of memory, took upon themselves to drink it nearly out; how the prince, one day, expecting some illustrious connoisseurs to dinner, ordered this particular wine to be served, and thus threw "the household" into a state of consternation, and how one of them hastened thereupon to take *confidential counsel of a wine merchant* in the city, who quickly allayed his terrors. "Send me," said the ingenious dealer, "a bottle of what remains, and I will send you in return as much wine of that description as you want; only you must take care that what I send is drunk immediately." This advice was followed, the success was complete. The Prince Regent and his distinguished guests (so the story goes) were delighted with this rare old wine, whose peculiar merits had been so long overlooked. Three or four times afterward, the prince, whose taste in wine was exquisite, ordered some from the same batch; and on every occasion the confidential dealer had recourse to his private vineyard in his cellar, and "the mixture as before" was forthcoming. This process was continued until "the household," fear-

ing a discovery, thought it prudent to inform their royal master that the stock of this favorite beverage was exhausted.

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“Dummies,” or Counterfeit Show Windows.

It is stated that the demand for “dummies” has wonderfully increased in the large towns of England, as well as on the Continent, since the recent elevation and widening of shop windows. Though the shopkeeper may carry his magnificent crystal windows up to the first or second floor, as many of them do, it is out of his power to conveniently lift the heads of his customers to the same level; he consequently finds out, sooner or later, that it is a losing game to exhibit his perishable stock at a height of half a dozen feet or more above the heads of the public, and he has recourse to the maker of dummies, who can counterfeit any description of solid-looking goods, and save him from the deterioration which would befall genuine goods thus exposed to the glare and dust, damp, smoke, &c.

The dummies, therefore, go aloft, and economically fill in the ample background, and, for purposes of show, their attractive appearance enables them to be used about as advantageously as the real article. They are not, however, confined to the window solely; a young tradesman with a small capital may fill the major portion of his shelves with a “rich stock of goods,” by means of dummies, displacing them gradually by real wares, as success enables him to do so.

Pieces of linen, rolls of broadcloth or Brussels carpeting, splendid brocades, whole fathoms of backs of elegantly bound books, chests of tea, huge tuns of “Old Tom,” or real Jamaica rum, packets of patent medicines, and innumerable things besides, are counterfeited with such perfect effect as to reality and beauty, as to defy recogni-

tion by a stranger—nay, the tradesman himself will sometimes lay hands on the dummy, mistaking it for a genuine piece of goods.

—◆—
Smuggled Needles and the American Eagle.

SOMEBODY tells the following anecdote, capital of its kind: In the time of the last war, there were two hot-headed politicians, whose contempt for John Bull was so hearty, that, taking their own word for it, they would not so much as eat with a knife and fork of English manufacture, if they could avoid it. During the war, the English had possession of Castine, at the head of Penobscot Bay, and smuggling English goods from that place into the country was extensively practised. The temptation was too great for the cupidity of our two republicans, and finally overcame all their scruples. I lived at that time (says the narrator) in an eastern town, and one bitter cold night in February, I was called, at two o'clock, from my bed, by two men whom I never knew before, to go and receive several loads of smuggled goods, which, by direction of my employer, I took into the cellar, through a back way in the store where I was a clerk, and secreted them carefully.

One of the sleighs was loaded with hardware, and in crossing the ferry over the Kennebeck, they met with a sad accident. The only ferry boat was a large, flat gondola. When they arrived on the opposite side, intending to stop for some refreshment, they drove the sleighs out of the gondola, except the hindmost one, which, being loaded with the hardware, was very heavy, and tipped the boat very much. This was permitted to remain, and while they were regaling themselves, the tide rose, overflowed the sides of the boat, and sank it. The goods were, of course, wet. Among them was a package of sewing needles, and being accustomed to handling such goods, our republicans

employed me to open, dry, and repack them in emery, which I did very carefully, at the expense of several days' labor. Needles were many times as dear then as now, so that the case was valued at some hundreds of dollars, which, but for my care and industry, would have been spoiled entirely. And one day, when a custom-house officer came into the store to search for smuggled goods, I showed him every place in the store *except* where they were. The goods were delivered out again, and sent in small parcels to Boston and New York, for sale.

The pains I had taken, and the value of my services, led me to expect a generous reward, and I congratulated myself with the *anticipated profits of fidelity* to the trust reposed in me. When the last package of goods was removed, one of the smugglers came to me and said, "You are a capital little fellow; if I had you in my store you would be worth your weight in gold. Always be as faithful, and you will always be trusted."

Expectation was now on tiptoe; I would not have given a sixpence to insure a twenty-dollar bill in my hand the next moment, but, like most high worldly hopes, mine were doomed to disappointment. The republican smuggler put his hand in his pocket and *solemnly drew forth an American half dollar!* "That," said he, "is the real coin, the true *American eagle*; keep it, and be sure you always avoid an Englishman as you would an adder." He took his valise in his hand and walked toward the stage office; I looked after him till he was out of sight, and his gait, form, and figure, to the smallest outline, are as fresh in memory now as at that moment (I was then a boy), and the contempt I then felt for him has never been effaced. I have met him often in the streets of New York; he does not know me, but I never passed him without laughing, though I have kept his secret to this day.

Throwing Sawdust in the Eyes of Custom-House Officers.

AN ingenious *ruse* was played by a wag who, before the working of the saline springs of New York, made it a business to smuggle salt from Canada into the "States." One day, having got wind that he was suspected, he loaded his bags with sawdust, and drove past the tavern where the suspicious excisemen were waiting for him. He was ordered to stop, but he only increased his speed. At length he was overtaken, and his load inspected, with many imprecations from the eager officials, after which he was permitted to pass on. A day or two after he drove up again, with a full load of salt, and asked, banteringly, if they didn't want to search him again. "Go on! go on!" said the officials; "we've had enough of you!"

Snug Place for Bank Notes.

A GREAT number of false bank notes were at one time put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported; but although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and were being examined, when one of them fell out from a package, and the custom-house officer, picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the cases to the consignee. He kept the one loose pencil for his own use; and a few days afterward, because it needed a fresh point, cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. Another chip into the cedar brought him to a roll of paper nested in a hollow place. This paper was one of the false notes engraved in London, and

thus smuggled into the dominions of the Muscovite.

Parisian Female Smugglers.

THE smuggling of game and such taxable articles into Paris, under the petticoats of women, has become so frequent that a female has been attached to the bureau of the department, in order that she may search under the garments of suspected individuals of her sex. Recently a woman—known as the Hottentot Venus—presented herself at one of the gates. The agents, who are always jealous of stout people, requested the lady with the phenomenal contour to stop. She refused, and pushed by. One of the custom-house employés seized her, and commenced pressing his fingers on various parts of her fictitious body, as if he were feeling to see whether she was ripe. She screamed and fought, and in her struggles a partridge fell from under her skirts to the ground. Her contraband wares were probably strung like dried apples, and the escape of the partridge loosened the whole. Down came a quail, and then a snipe, and then another quail, and a woodcock, until the woman, whose *embonpoint* had now visibly diminished, was thrust into the office, where the female attendant of the establishment commenced a thorough investigation. When all was over, the victim was found to be a very spare person, not weighing over ninety-five pounds.

Smuggling by the Chinese.

ALTHOUGH the Chinese smugglers do not precisely fear the mandarin boats, they always endeavor to avoid them, unless they have come to some agreement. If, however, they cannot escape being overhauled, they endeavor to negotiate, and will offer the mandarin and his crew a *cumsha* (a present) in order to obtain permission to continue their voyage. They do not fight except at

the last extremity, or unless the demands of the mandarin are too exorbitant—or, what is still more rare, unless that functionary shows himself inaccessible to corruption, and will not traffic his duties.

Doing Things on Shares.

HERE is a case illustrating the working of the "peculiar institution of" doing things on shares. A happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor B had more milk than he could dispose of. One day, A brought two pigs over and deposited them in B's pen, saying that he wished B to keep them two months and have one of them as his share. B replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, as, of course, that would amount to the same thing! A left, saying that he supposed it was all right, but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

"Doing" and "Shaving" Customers.

"A FOOL and his money are soon parted"—a proverb not founded on fact, but a great favorite with merchant princes and cabmen on the occasion of their having, in their respective callings, succeeded in "doing" a liberal customer. With what gusto does the "gentleman" relate to his partner, over a bottle at his country seat, how easily the greenhorn took the bait! "An entire cargo—ten per cent. above the market price—said he supposed it was 'all right'—would take my word for it; ha! ha! ha!—a fool and his money are soon parted!" And listen to the humbler but not meaner chuckling of the hackdriver over his gin twist: "Charged him a dollar from Whitehall to the Astor—forked over the tin without a word! A fool and his money," etc. The fact is, an avaricious man sees no wit in liberality or open dealing. Shylock began it: "This

is the fool that lent out money gratis!" It's all wrong. A Wall-street broker of the best reputation once said that the hardest man to "shave"—as he technically expressed himself—is a fool. "Sir," said he, "you don't know where to have 'em; you can't stick soft cheese on a hook!"

Settling a Question of Taste and Trade.

MR. JONES was down to 'York once, and being very fond o' sassengers, he went into an eatin' shop to get some. While he was a-hearin' of 'em fry, hissin' and sputterin' away, a man was buyin' some of 'em raw at the counter, and while he was a-tyin' of 'em up, a chap came in with a fuz cap and a dirty drab sustout, and laid down a little bundle at fur eend o' the counter. He looked at the keeper, and see he was a little busy; so he said, lookin' sly at him as he went out, says he, "'Tan't no matter about the money now, but that makes eleven"—p'intin' toward the bundle. Jones looked at the bundle, and says he saw the *head of a cat* stickin' out at the eend, with long smellers onto it as long as his finger! He left *that* shop 'mazin' quick, and has had no relish for the article sence, tho' once so savory and toothsome to him.

"Newscloth."

A PUBLISHER in Greenock, Scotland, having been fined for printing news on unstamped sheets of paper—contrary to the law in such cases—retaliated by printing on *cloth*, which is not specified in the act—calling his journal the "Greenock *Newscloth*," in allusion to the material.

Expedient of a Russian Miser.

A RUSSIAN merchant, who was so immensely rich that on one occasion he lent the Empress Catharine the Second

a million of roubles, used to live in a small, obscure room in St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money, in cash, in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessaries of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died; when the master, either impelled by his sordidness from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one that he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his more excusable beast.

Burns and the Drowning Merchant.

BURNS was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a most wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation.

The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a—shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor—"for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

One Cent with Girard.

A GENTLEMAN from Europe purchased a bill of exchange on Girard, to defray the expenses of a tour to this country. It was duly honored on presentation; but in the course of their transactions, it so happened that *one cent* remained to be refunded on the part of the European; and, on the eve of his departure from this country, Girard dunned him for it. The gentleman apologized, and tendered him a six-and-a-quarter-cent piece, requesting the difference. Mr. Girard tendered him in change *five* cents, which the gentleman declined to accept, alleging that he was entitled to an additional quarter of a cent. In reply, Girard admitted the fact, but informed him that it was not in his power to comply, as the Government had neglected to provide the fractional coin in question, and returned the gentleman the six-cent piece, reminding him, however, in unmistakable language, that he must still consider him his debtor for the balance unpaid—the one cent.

Resolving to be Rich.

“I MEAN to be a rich man, cost what it may. A man is nothing in the world without wealth. With plenty of money he is everything. I mean to get rich, anyhow.”

This was the soliloquy of a young merchant, who, with a small capital, had recently established himself in business. He made a stern resolve to be rich, and having great perseverance, he went busily to work in the execution of his project.

Everything was made subordinate to the realization of his golden vision. Ease and pleasure were out of the question. Domestic enjoyments were of no account. The merchant's brow ached with incessant care; his heart chilled and warmed with the rise and fall of the markets; the changes of commerce

shaped his dreams; money was his superlative idea. He had time for nothing but business. In vain did his wife languish under the weight of her domestic cares. He had no time to unbend himself at home, and contribute to the bliss of his little world there. Neither could he bestow attention to the wants of the world, nor the miseries of his fellow creatures around him. All calls were vain, for our merchant had neither eyes nor ears for aught but mammon.

After many years of toil and care—after enduring anxieties and labors sufficient to wear out his over-taxed energies—he had reached the goal. The merchant *had grown rich*—so rich that he could forsake the counting room, and live with princely splendor in a palace-like home!

This was the fulfilled vision of his youth. He had sought gold, and his massive coffers did, indeed, sweat beneath the weight of their glittering load; and when men passed him, they said, “That is old —, the millionaire.”

Was the prize worth what it cost? Thirty years of sacrifice had been devoted to its pursuit! During that period, true enjoyment had been a stranger to his heart; how could it be otherwise? For thirty years he had not had *time* to be happy—he had surrendered all this for the expected advantage of future wealth! He had literally sold these for gold! He had his prize.

The merchant had not been many months out of the counting room before his mind, missing the stimulus of business, began to prey upon itself. For intellectual and philanthropic pursuits it had no sort of relish; they had been avoided so long for want of time, for the sake of the money god, that they would not now afford any satisfaction. Without occupation, the merchant's life became a blank. His mind sank into weakness, his memory failed, his energies dried up; first he sank into the imbecility of second childhood, and then into the stupidity of an idiot.

They carried him to the asylum of departed intellect, and there, ever talking of notes and ships, his soulless eyes gazing into vacancy, his fingers tracing figures in the air, the at last "successful" merchant ended his days with maniacs and fools, and the treasures which he had heaped up were gathered and enjoyed by others. This is no fancy sketch.

Hard Philosophy of an Annuity Monger.

AUDLEY, the old English banker, usurer, and what not, was equally ready to lend money to the gay gallants of the town on annuities, as he was to receive it from the thrifty poor who took, on "the security of the great Audley," the savings of their youth to secure an annuity for their age. But needy as the youngsters of that day might be, the usurer was as willing as they were needy. He lent them, however, with affected remonstrances on their extravagance, and took the cash they paid him with a well-feigned air of paternal regret. His money bred. He formed temporary partnerships with the stewards of country gentlemen, and having, by the aid of the former, gulled the latter, finished by smartly cheating the associates who had assisted him to his prey.

The annuity monger was also a philosopher. He never pressed for his debts when he knew they were safe. When one of his victims, mistakenly assuming Audley to possess a conscience, asked him where it was, he replied, "We moneyed people must balance accounts. If you don't pay me my annuity, you cheat me; if you do, I cheat you." He said his deeds were his children, which nourished best by sleeping.

His word was his bond, as many could testify to their sorrow; his hour was punctual, striking terror to the unprepared; his opinions were compressed and sound. In his time he was called "the great Audley," "old Audley," &c.;

and though the fathers of the church proclaimed the sin of usury to be the original sin, he smiled at their assertions, and went on his golden way rejoicing. As his wealth increased, he put himself in a position where his annuity jobbing increased—an office in the Court of Wards—the entire fortunes of the wards of Chancery being under his control.

When he quarrelled with one who disputed the payment of an annuity, and who, to prove his resisting power, showed and shook his money bags, Audley sarcastically asked "whether they had any bottom?" The exulting possessor answered in the affirmative. "In that case," replied Audley, "I care not, for in my office I have a constant spring." Here, indeed, he pounced upon encumbrances which lay upon estates; he prowled about to discover the cravings of their owners, and this he did to such purpose that, when asked what was the value of his office, he replied, "Some thousands of pounds to any one who wishes to get to heaven immediately; twice as much to him who does not mind being in purgatory; and nobody knows what to him who will adventure to go to hell." Charity forbids a guess as to which of these places Audley himself went.

Old-School Money Jobbers.

THE old English money brokers had arts peculiar to their day. They had a walk upon the Exchange devoted to the funds of the East India and other great corporations, and many of the terms now in vogue among the initiated arose from their dealings with that description of stock. Jobbing in the great chartered corporations was thoroughly understood—reports and rumors were as plentiful and well-managed as now. No sooner was it known that one of the fine vessels of the East India Company, laden with gold and jewels from the East, was on its way,

than every method was had recourse to. Men were employed to whisper of hurricanes which had sunk the well-stored ship; of quicksands which had swallowed her up; of war, which had commenced when peace was unbroken; or of peace being concluded when things were actually in the utmost danger.

Nor were the brains of the speculators less capable than now. If at the present day an English banker condescends to raise a railway or other kind of bubble fifty per cent., the broker or money jobber of that day understood his craft sufficiently to cause a variation in the price of East India stock of two hundred and sixty-three per cent! Everything which could inflate the hopes of the schemer, was brought into operation by the brokers. If shares were dull, they jobbed in the funds, or tried exchequer bills; and if these failed, rather than remain idle, they dealt in bank notes at forty per cent. discount.

Sober citizens were entangled as well as the more adventurous. Their first impulse was to laugh at the stories currently circulated of fortunes lost and won; but when they saw men who were yesterday threadbare pass them to-day in their carriages—when they saw wealth which it took their plodding industry years of patient labor to acquire, won by others in a few weeks—unable to resist the temptation, the greatest merchants deserted their regular vocations for these more glittering avenues to fortune.

These jobbers came from all classes of society, and those who won were at once on a par with the nobility. As an illustration of these ups and downs, it is related that a worthy Quaker, a watchmaker by trade, having successfully speculated in the shares and funds, was of sufficient importance to invite to the marriage feast of his daughter such guests as the Duchess of Marlborough and the Princess of Wales, who, with three hundred others

of "the quality," graced the wedding entertainment.

Making a Good Job of it.

A WORKMAN recently purchased, in a small provincial town of Germany, ten pounds of powdered sugar; but on examining it, he found that the grocer had generously mixed with it at least a pound of lime. On the succeeding day he advertised as follows in the public prints: "Should the grocer who sold me a pound of lime along with nine pounds of sugar, not bring to me the pound he cheated me of, I shall forthwith disclose his name in the papers." The next day the customer received nine pounds of sugar from several different grocers who had similar actions on their conscience, and feared publicity. The customer was so well satisfied, that at last accounts he was making a vigorous examination of his recent supplies of coffee, spices, etc., and the prospect was that he would soon be performing among the grocers what the bull enacted in the crockery shop.

French Usurers and Pigeons.

THE chronicles of the French money and credit system partake of that piquancy which might naturally be looked for among such a lively race. There are usurers, courtiers, pigeons, &c., &c., almost without number. But the usurer never sees the pigeon, or very rarely. He is banker, count, minister of state, director of theatres, lives in a grand hotel of his own, gives dinners to princes, dresses superbly *à la mode*, and is far above the acquaintance of a mere pigeon. This he leaves to the courtier, a genteel and knowing personage, who deals in everything. He tells the pigeon that if M. —, not being inclined to part with his ready money, can only give wine or furniture in exchange for the bill, he, the courtier, will undertake the sale, and this

he does, upon occasion. But in the majority of instances, wine, furniture, and all the rest of the old story, is a mere pretence.

The pigeon proposes a bill. The agent, or *faiseur*, goes to the banker and gets it done at fifty per cent. in ready money. He returns to the pigeon, says that the bill is discounted, but that the price is given in goods, which he will not undertake to sell. In two or three days he returns with the story that the goods are not to be sold. The pigeon is impatient. The *faiseur* then offers to take the goods at his own risk, at a discount. This the pigeon is only too glad to do, and gets one half of the money which was received by the *faiseur*—just one quarter of his bill. The *faiseur* gets the other half, without any risk whatever; and in half an hour is to be seen trotting down the Rue Vivienne, eager for the excitement of the new loan or the latest scheme.

Instances are known where the pigeon has taken a horse for a note of a thousand francs. The horse remains in the stable of the courtier, who in a few days sends in the bill for its keep—thirty francs. The pigeon orders the horse to be sold at auction. It fetches twenty-seven francs! All the pigeon gets by the transaction is the pleasure of paying three francs ready money, and the bill, when it becomes due. In another case, a young man is known to have signed a note of twenty-eight thousand francs; he was credited in return with sixty thousand blocks of marble, eleven thousand mouse traps, six thousand iron rods, and three thousand francs in money. The marble remained in the quarry; no one would buy it *in situ*, or advance the large sum necessary to remove it. The mouse traps and the rods sold for about one thousand francs, and the pigeon was finally credited four thousand francs, of which he received about half, the courtier pocketing the rest.

Imitating Signatures.

THE imitation of signatures with inconceivable accuracy was a quality possessed by John Mathison, an English mechanic, and probably never surpassed by any one in any country or age. Tempted by the hope of sudden wealth, he applied this faculty to the forging of bank notes, which, being discovered, a reward was offered, with a description of his person, and he escaped to Scotland. There, scorning to let his wonderful talent lie idle, he counterfeited the notes of the Royal Bank of Scotland, amused himself by negotiating them during a pleasure excursion through the country, and reached London, supported by his imitative talent. Here a fine sphere opened for his genius, which was so active, that in twelve days he had bought the copper, engraved it, fabricated notes, forged the watermark, printed, and negotiated several. When he had a sufficient number, he travelled from one end of the kingdom to the other, disposing of them. Having been in the habit of procuring notes from the bank—the more accurately to copy them—he chanced to be there when a clerk from the excise office paid in seven thousand guineas, one of which was scrupled. Mathison, from a distance, said it was a good one. "Then," said the bank clerk, on the trial, "I recollected him."

The frequent visits of Mathison, who was very incautious, together with other circumstances, created some suspicion that he might be connected with those notes, which, since his first appearance, had been presented at the bank. On another occasion, when Mathison was there, a forged note of his own was presented, and the teller, half in jest and half in earnest, charged Maxwell—the name by which he was known—with some knowledge of the forgeries. Further suspicion was excited, and directions were given to de-

tain him at some future period. The following day, the teller was informed that "his friend Maxwell," as he was styled ironically, was in Cornhill. The clerk instantly went, and under the pretence of having paid Mathison a guinea too much on a previous occasion, and of losing his situation if the mistake were not rectified by the books, induced him to return with him to the hall; from which place he was taken before the directors. To all the inquiries he replied, "He had a reason for declining to answer. He was a citizen of the world, and knew not how he had come into it, or how he should go out of it." Being detained during a consultation with the bank solicitor, he suddenly jumped out of the window. On being taken and asked his motive, if innocent, he said "it was his humor."

In the progress of the inquiry, the Darlington paper, containing his description, was read to him, when he turned pale, burst into tears, and saying he was a dead man, added, "now I will confess all." He was, indeed, found guilty only on his own acknowledgment, which stated he could accomplish the whole of a note in one day. It was asserted at the time, that, had it not been for this confession, he could not have been convicted. He offered to explain the secret of his discovery of the water-mark, provided the corporation would spare his life; but his proposal was rejected, and he paid the penalty of his crime.

Bad Bank Bill.

A CITY journal, describing a new counterfeit bank bill, says the vignette is "cattle and hogs, with a church far in the distance." A good illustration of the world!

Selling a Bad Article.

AT a business meeting of one of the Methodist churches in Philadelphia,

not long since, a rare incident occurred, as showing the relation which a man's business may sustain toward his standing as a church member. The question on the tapis, among the official members of said church, was to find a suitable man to fill a vacancy in the board of trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named by a member present as a very suitable man for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of his business he sold liquor. And appealing to Brother A., one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look, was called "the Bishop," he said, "What do you say, Brother A.?"

"Ah!" said Brother A., looking very grave, drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say, "that is not the worst of it" (solemn shake of the head); "that is not the worst of it!"

"Why, Brother A.," said the others, crowding around and looking for some astounding developments, "what else is there?"

"Why," said Brother A., bringing down his cane with a rap, "he don't keep a good article—I've tried it!"

Prejudice against Yankee Clock Peddlers, and how it was Overcome.

NEAR one of the rural villages in Ohio there dwelt, a few years since, an elderly gentleman, who went by the familiar name of "Uncle Jonathan." He was a rigid member of the Lutheran church, sober, exemplary, and withal, possessed of considerable wealth. Like many of his neighbors in that region of the country, he entertained a bitter prejudice toward "Yankees;" and, notwithstanding his piety, he had avowed his intention of kicking out of his door the first Yankee clock-peddler that should enter.

One sultry day in summer a covered wagon was drawn up to his gate; a keen-eyed, gaunt-looking individual alighted, and rapping softly at the door, requested, in subdued tones, a drink of water. After drinking, the traveller asked permission of the old gentleman to sit and rest for a few minutes, saying he was overcome by the heat. The stranger said but little, and the old gentleman eyed him suspiciously. Presently the old man's eye began to brighten.

"What papers have you got there?" said he, pointing to the stranger's pocket, which bore the appearance of a travelling post office.

"Oh," said the stranger, "those are a few copies of our *Lutheran Observer* that I carry to read along the road."

"Indeed! Then you belong to the Lutheran Church?"

"Yes, sir. Would you not like to look at a copy of the paper?"

The old man was delighted; asked stranger to stay for dinner. Of course he accepted. As they were putting up the team, the old gentleman remarked,

"You drive a queer-looking wagon."

"Yes," said the stranger; "I have been out West, and have suffered several months from chills and fever. Wishing to get home to my family, and having no means of defraying my expenses, I purchased a few clocks to sell along the way."

Stranger stayed, and fed himself and horses without money and without price. He did more. He sold Uncle Jonathan every clock on his wagon, and took his note, which he turned in to money within two hours.

"Well," said the landlord, "didn't I tell you that he would abuse you?"

"Very much mistaken," said Yankee; "the old man is a gentleman. Here, take these papers [*Observers*]; I have no further use for them."

Uncle Jonathan is silent on the subject of Yankee clock peddlers.

Risks of the Currency.

A ROCHESTER darkey named Pete got a five-dollar counterfeit bill, and taking some friends to a lager beer saloon, treated them to the extent of forty cents, passed the bill, and got the change. The Dutchman soon found the bill was bad, and overhauling Pete, charged him with passing counterfeit money. Pete expressed great surprise, said he knew where he got the bill, and would take it and get a good one for it. This was agreed to, but day after day passed, and Pete did not bring back the money. The Dutchman overhauled him again, and Pete said the man who gave it to him was now trying to get it back from the man *he* took it from. The Dutchman was furious, and threatened to have him taken up for passing counterfeit money. "Guess you couldn't do that," said Pete; "can't took up a man for passing counterfeit money, when *you hain't got de bill!*" This was a new idea to Mr. Lagerbeer and Pete comforted him by paying him a dollar and a half of the change, as he said, "goin' halves" with him in the loss of the V.

Making Change at Railroad Refreshment Stands.

YEARS ago Lewis Holt kept a railroad refreshment stand at the station at Attica, on the road running west. He had a way which men of his persuasion have—not altogether abandoned—of taking the money of passengers, sweeping it into his drawer, and fumbling after the change till the cars were *off*, when the passenger would have to run and leave his money. Charlie Dean stepped out of the cars there one day, took a "ginger pop," price six cents, laid down a quarter, which Holt dropped into his till, and went hunting to get the change. Away went the cars, and Charlie jumped on without his change; but he had time to read the name of

LEWIS HOLT over the door, and, making a note of it, rode on.

Postage was high in those days, and was not required in advance. From Buffalo he wrote a letter to Holt—"Sell foam at 25 cents a glass, will you?" Holt paid ten cents on this letter, and ten more on one from Detroit, and twenty-five on another from St. Louis, and for two or three years he kept getting letters from his unknown customer, and would have got more to this day, but for the law requiring postage to be paid in advance. He had to pay two or three dollars in postage before the letters ceased to come, and as they were always directed in a new handwriting, he hoped each one was of more importance than the ones before.

Weighing Short.

A WESTERN man, too smart by half for his own interest or the good of his soul, drove into town with a load of wheat in bags, to be sold by weight, so many pounds to the bushel. Finding a merchant ready to purchase, the seller demurred to the proposal to drive upon the buyer's scales, as he was afraid he might not be fairly dealt with. "Very well," said the merchant, "if you prefer it, drive on and be weighed out there," pointing to the next platform. On he went, keeping his seat on the load; the merchant opened a little door in the floor, asked the seller how many bags there were, and being told twenty, pronounced the load to be forty-two bushels. "All right!" said the seller, and then returned and deposited his wheat at the buyer's store and went off, never finding out that he had been weighed on the platform of a fire *cistern*, and that he had sold fifty bushels of wheat for forty-two!

Italian Knavery in Picture Selling.

If modern copies and paintings in Florence can be counted by myriads,

there seems to be equally a mine of old copies and originals as inexhaustible as the coal pits of England. For centuries Italy has been furnishing the rest of Europe with pictures, yet the supply still remains as plentiful as its beggars. Lumber rooms are stored with them; streets are lined with them; every tailor has his gallery; each Italian gentleman his heirlooms; in short, Florence is a vast picture shop. One would imagine that every man, woman, and child, for the last century, had been born with pencil in hand. There is no possibility of diminishing them. One dealer has sold *twelve thousand* in England alone—at least he says so—and yet his rooms are full to repletion, though he is diminishing his stock to give up business. Cargoes go annually to the United States—the matter being much after this wise:

A speculator arrives, and gives out that he is a purchaser of pictures by the wholesale. A flock of crows cannot light sooner upon an open cornbag, than do the sellers upon him. He is not after good pictures, but the trash that can be bought for the value of the wood in their frames. They are brought to him by wagon loads. He looks at the pile, and makes an offer according to its size. In this way he buys several thousand daubs at an average of a few dimes each, spends as much more in varnish, regilding, and a little retouching, sends them to America, where they are duly offered for sale as so many Titians, Vandykes, Murillos, or other lights of the European school. One lucky sale pays for the entire lot. No other art affords a wider scope for fraud. There are fair dealers, but Italian reputation in general, in this respect, is of a slippery character. A dealer will sometimes practise his trickery after this fashion: have a fine copy, in a frame, exposed as a sample, for which a buyer is found, at what appears a reasonable price, the bargain concluded, and the purchaser's name

marked by himself on the back of the picture. Upon receiving it at home, however, he could not believe his own senses, so inferior did it appear to the one he selected; but on the back there was the veritable evidence of his own handwriting. Upon investigation, it was proved that the seller had two pictures in the same frame, the outer one being good and the inner bad, and that he had withdrawn the former and sent the latter.

“To what Base Uses have we Come at Last!”

WHEN poor Law's "Mississippi scheme" had run itself out, to the terrible damage of those who had invested in it, the excitement knew no bounds, and there were thousands of ruined and frenzied men seeking to lay revengeful hands upon the author of their misery. Law took good care not to expose himself unguarded in the streets. Shut up in the apartments of the Regent, he was secure from all attack, and, whenever he ventured abroad, it was either *incognito*, or in one of the royal carriages, with a powerful escort. An amusing anecdote is recorded of the detestation in which he was held by the people, and the ill-treatment he would have met, had he fallen into their hands.

A merchant by the name of Boursel was passing in his carriage down the Rue St. Antoine, when his further progress was stayed by a hackney coach that had blocked up the road. M. Boursel's servant called impatiently to the hackney coachman to get out of the way, and, on his refusal, struck him a spirited smack on the face. A crowd was soon drawn together by the disturbance, and M. Boursel got out of the carriage to restore order. The hackney coachman, imagining now that he had another assailant, bethought him of an ingenious feint to rid himself of both, and called out as loudly as he was able:

“Help! help! murder! murder! Here are Law and his servant going to kill me! Help! help!”

At this cry, the people came out of their shops, armed with sticks and other weapons, while the mob gathered stones to inflict summary vengeance upon the supposed financier. Happily for M. Boursel and his servant, the door of a church near by stood wide open, and, seeing the fearful odds against them, the two rushed toward it with all speed. They reached the altar, still pursued by the people, and would have been ill-treated even there, if, finding the door open leading to the sacristy, they had not sprang through, and closed it after them. The mob were then persuaded to leave the church by the alarmed and indignant priests; and, finding M. Boursel's carriage still in the streets, they vented their ill-will against it, and did it considerable damage.

Little did the once powerful and pampered Law imagine that he would thus ever be made the convenient scapegoat of a hackney coachman!

Plan to Ruin the Ancient Firm of Child & Co. by the Bank of England.

It is well known that in the year 1745, on account of the domestic confusion which prevailed in some parts of England, bank notes were at a considerable discount. The notes, however, which were issued by Child's house, as well as those of Hoare & Co., still maintained their credit, and were circulated at par. The bank directors, alarmed at the depreciation of their paper, and attributing it to the high estimation in which the house of Messrs. Child still remained, attempted, by very unfair artifices, to ruin their reputation. This plan they endeavored to accomplish by collecting a very large quantity of their notes, and pouring them all in together for pay-

ment on the same day. Before the project was executed, her Grace, the Duchess of Marlborough, who had received some intimation of it, imparted the information to Mr. Child, and supplied him with a sum of money more than sufficient to answer the amplest demand that could be made upon them. In consequence of this scheme, the notes were sent by the bank, and were paid in their own paper—a circumstance which occasioned considerable loss to that corporation, their paper being circulated considerably below par. Perhaps this anecdote finds confirmation in the well-known circumstance of the hostility of her Grace to the administrators of that trust.

Bubble Prospectuses.

THE most laughable reading may be found by looking over the prospectuses of the joint-stock bubble companies which flourished in England in 1824. At that time mines were proposed in all parts of the world. One was issued at a premium avowedly for the benefit of the projector. Another was celebrated "for having a vein of tin ore in

its bottom, as pure and solid as a tin flagon." A third was pronounced by the directors as "no speculative undertaking—no problematic or visionary scheme—it was founded on a sure and permanent basis, adopted after months of mature deliberation, after inquiries, surveys, investigations, and reports;" and this was dissolved almost immediately. Another declared that "lumps of pure gold, weighing from two to fifty pounds, were totally neglected," and that its mines alone would yield "considerably more than the quantity necessary for the supply of the whole world." The romantic aspect of the land was described in a fifth; while a sixth, proposing to supply England with granite, lamented, in plausible and poetic strain, the "soft and perishable materials" of the buildings of "the mighty head of a mighty empire." Innumerable laborers and artisans were to be employed, "and," continued the prospectus, "perhaps by the efforts of this company the dingy brick fronts, the disgrace of the metropolis, may give way to more durable and magnificent elevations, worthy of the throne of the queen of the isles."

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PART FIFTH.



*ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS COMMERCIAL RESORTS AND
LOCALITIES.*

THE END

Printed and Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE
LAW OF
CALIFORNIA



NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD.

Died at Frankfort, O. M., July 28, 1836, Aged Sixty Years

New York, D. Appleton & C^o

PART FIFTH.

Anecdotes of Famous Commercial Resorts and Localities.

THE EXCHANGE, CUSTOM HOUSE, BOARDS OF TRADE, MARKETS, ETC.—THEIR ANNALS, USAGES, PECULIARITIES; WITH PERSONAL MISCELLANIES, APHORISMS, ODDITIES, WHIMS, AND CAPRICES OF THEIR HABITUÉS.

Business is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend.—ARION.

Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering, and knows, that when stocks are lowest, it is the time to buy.—TATLER.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of *bargain*—mark me!
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV."

And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.—MOORE.

Custom-House Official Dealing with a Princess.

THE Princess of Prussia having ordered some rich silks from Lyons, which paid a high duty at Stettin, the place of her residence, the custom-house officer rudely seized them, until the duties were paid. The princess, highly indignant at such an affront, desired the officer to bring the silks to her apartments. He did so, when the princess seized them, and giving the officer a few cuffs in the face, turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified man of excise, in a violent fit of resentment, presented a memorial to Frederic the Great, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonor put upon him in the execution of his office. The king, having read the memorial, returned the following answer: "Sir, the loss of the duties belongs to my account; the silks are to remain in the possession of the princess—the cuffs with him who received them. As to the supposed dishonor, I cancel it

at the request of the complainant; but it is itself null, for the lily hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonor the face of a custom-house officer. FREDERIC."

Rencontre between Rothschild and Rose the Broker, on 'Change.

There was no more constant attendant on 'Change, every Tuesday and Friday, than Rothschild, and, for years, he was in the habit of planting himself at a particular spot, with his back to the pillar known to every frequenter of that precinct as "Rothschild's pillar;" but, alas for human greatness! he was on one occasion doomed to the sad annoyance, that he had no especial right to that particular spot. A person of the name of Rose, possessed of great courage, one Tuesday afternoon purposely placed himself on the spot hitherto occupied by the world's financial dictator. On Mr. Rothschild's approach, he requested

the party to move. This was just what the other expected, and what he was prepared to dispute. He argued that this was the royal exchange, free to all; and he, as a British subject, had a right to stand there if he thought fit. This doctrine could not of course be disputed, but he was told that it was the spot that Mr. Rothschild invariably occupied, and, as such, ought to be yielded; but no! Mr. Rose, being a powerful man, defied Mr. Rothschild and all his tribe to remove him. For nearly three-quarters of an hour—the most valuable portion of the exchange time—did he keep deliberate possession of the autocrat's pillar; and not until the whole business of the exchange of the day was jeopardized did Mr. Rose, after having, as he said, established his right, retire, amidst the yells and howls of the friends of Rothschild there assembled.

Paying Government Fishing Bounties.

On the accession of a new auditor in one of our custom houses, several years ago, he found considerable looseness in the machinery by which the fishing bounties were paid at that establishment. He determined to correct the proceeding, and then return with joy to the original and honest state of things.

Be it known, that the oath required of an applicant for this bounty is a long, rude complication of solemnities, and had usually been sputtered over with indelicate and unseemly haste.

One day a blustering and confident-looking skipper came to the desk with his bundle of papers, looking as if he had robbed the circumlocution office, and wanted some bounty. The new auditor rose to a tall majesty, took the great book of oath in his hand, fixed his keen eye on Mr. Skipper, requested him to uncover his head, hold up his right hand, and repeat after him the oath as he read it. They had not trav-

elled more than half way through the serious business, when the hand of the skipper fell as quick as if his arm had been struck by a chain shot.

"You may stop there," he exclaimed; "I can't swear to any more of that. Give me back the papers."

He nervously grasped the package, hurried out of the office, and to this day his fate and reflections are unknown.

Photograph of Wall Street.

THE view given of this great thoroughfare by Mr. Kimball, in his "Undercurrents of Wall Street," is admirable in its descriptive power. He says:—Its advantages for a universal mart are incredible. It is Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, Old Broad Street, Wapping, the Docks, Thames Street, and the Inns of Court, combined. In it is the Custom House as well as the Exchange. It is a good dog market, cow market, and bird market. If you want a pair of horses, and any description of new or second-hand carriage, wait a little, and they will be paraded before you. You will find there the best fruit, and the finest flowers in their season. If you would have a donkey, a Shetland pony, or a Newfoundland dog, a good milch cow and calf, a Berkshire pig, a terrier, white mice, a monkey or parroquets they are to be had in Wall street. It is a strange spot. On Sunday or early in the morning during the week it is like the street of a deserted city. About ten o'clock it begins to show signs of extraordinary animation. Through the day the turmoil increases, people rush to and fro, and literally "stagger like drunken men." Toward three o'clock the street appears undergoing a series of desperate throes. Men rush madly past each other with bank books in their hands, uncurrent money, notes, drafts, checks, specie. Occasionally you may see an individual on the steps of a

building, evidently waiting for something, with an air of forced calmness. From time to time he turns his eyes anxiously to the great dial-plate which is displayed from the church, and then up and down the street. The minute-hand has marked five into the last quarter. In ten more minutes it will be three o'clock. Occasionally an acquaintance passes; the man attempts as he bows to smile pleasantly; he can't do it, he only makes a grimace. What is he waiting for? That individual has a note to pay, or a check to make good before three. He has worked hard, but the fates are against him. One friend is out of town, a second is short, a third can't use his paper: he has sent to the last possible place. Look! the young man is coming. Yes? No? He runs eagerly up, thrusts the welcome little slip, a check for the desired amount, into the hands of the now agitated principal; it is rapidly indorsed, and on flies the youth to the bank.

Our hero relieved—he has probably borrowed the money for a day only, and has to renew the attack next morning—now proposes to leave his affairs, he lights a cigar, invites the first friend he meets to take a drink with him, and strolls leisurely up Broadway as unconcerned as if he had not a care in the world. Perhaps he does not come off so luckily; perhaps his young man reports to him, while standing gloomily on the steps, that it is “no go;” then the fatal hand which points toward three, travels fast. He considers a moment; he sees it can't be done; he waits until he hears the chimes ring out the full hour, and then “his mind is easy.” Your shrewd money-lender understands this perfectly. He knows how unsafe it is to let his victim pass the point unrelieved; for, once having gone to protest, he becomes demoralized, and in consequence indifferent. So, just before the hour, the money is generally “found.”

Drinking the Health of Custom House Officers.

“WILL Watch,” the bold smuggler, as a once popular song has it, sleeps, or rather slept for a considerable time, at peace with the dead. That is a pity certainly on one account,—for if Mr. Watch were, conformably to his surname, alive and wide awake, he would have a capital story told him of a somewhat novel importation.

It appears that among the cargo of the *Dane* steamer, unloaded at the Southampton docks, Eng., from the Cape of Good Hope, were seven cases addressed to Dr. Schwarz, Germany. The contents being unknown, they were taken to the “sight floor” for examination by the customs' officers, when they were found to contain, according to the judgment of the officials in question, various specimens of natural history, illustrating the science of anatomy. One case was filled with “human bones,” and in another case were four tins, each containing the “head of a negro,” *preserved in brandy* in a jar closely secured in the tin. The whole were pronounced to be in a most perfect condition.

The fact, which Mr. Watch would hardly have required to be pointed out to *him*, evidently is, that a very neat trick was in this instance played on the custom house officers, resulting in their being most cleverly “sold.” The simple fact is that they, in their innocence, did not taste the brandy in which the heads of the blackamoors were preserved. If they had tried that formidable but, as it would have proved, safe experiment, they would have found the spirituous liquor none the worse for the preserves. By the art of the modeler and colorist, no doubt, heads, black or white, and of the right kind of material—as incapable of affecting as of being affected by brandy—may be manufactured in any required quantity; and it was not a very long time after the decision in question, that certain

gentlemen might have been seen, provided access could have been obtained to the scene of their good cheer, convivially and with a hearty gusto drinking *the health of the Southampton custom house officers*, in the fluid supposed to have served an antiseptic purpose in relation to the heads of the black men.

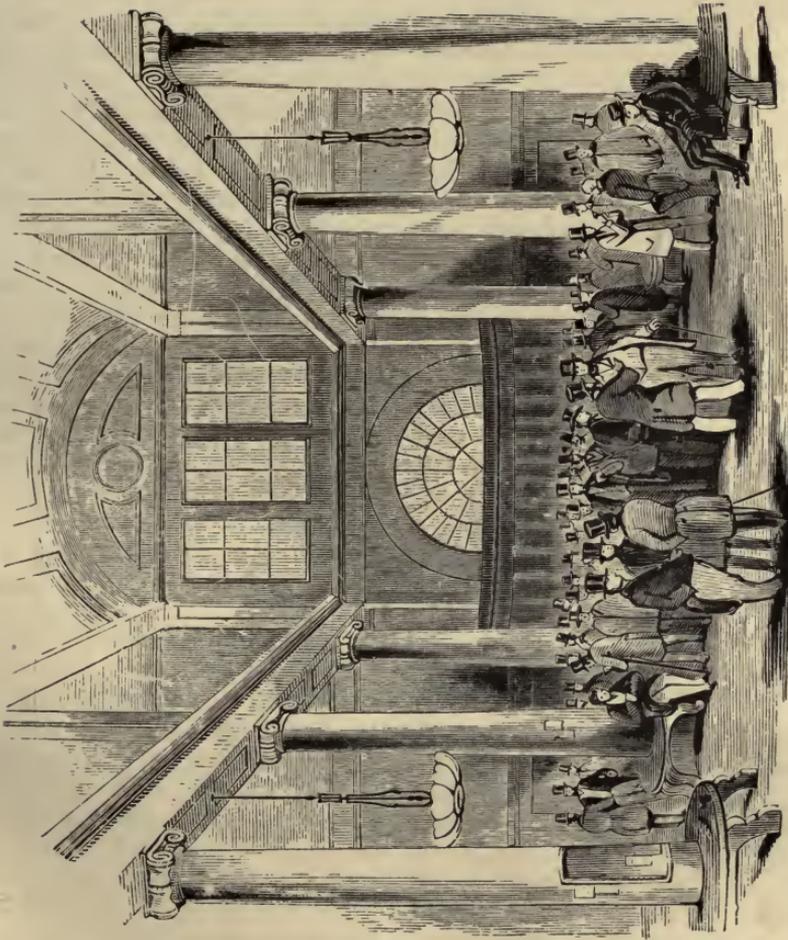
It is wonderful that such expert officers were so easily done. The address, "Dr. Schwarz," ought to have opened their eyes. What would they have said to "Mr. Smith," London? The case shows one more of the secrets of smuggling, which is an occupation much more romantic than reputable, for the smuggler inflicts a downright injury on the really fair trader—assuming that the latter character still exists. Such a case also causes the imposition of a very disagreeable duty on custom house officers—those usually bland and accommodating persons. They will henceforth have to assure themselves, beyond a doubt, that the brandy in which alleged anatomical preparations are imported, *really* contain those objects of medical science; and it is only to be hoped that they will find the means of determining this point by some other sense than that of taste.

Manners at the English Stock Exchange.

THE manners—no less than the morals—of the London Stock Exchange, are curious, to say the least. Some time since, the papers reported a limb broken "in sport;" occasional duels arise from the "fun" of the members; and the courtesies of life are wanting on the part of many of its *habitues*, if a stranger ventures among them. When such an "intruder" appears, instead of the bearing of gentlemen, the first discoverer of the visitor cries out, "Fourteen hundred fives!" and a hundred voices re-echo the cry. Youth or age is equally disregarded; and the following description of what occurred to an unconscious interloper,

and which is no rare instance, will show that there are financial as well as political "roughs."

Not long ago (according to an English journal), a rural gentleman, ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to "drop in," as he phrased it, to the Stock Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute, without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding that the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, called out at the full stretch of his voice the usual signal in such cases—"Fourteen hundred." Then a bevy of the "gentlemen" of the resort clamorously surrounded him. "Will you purchase any new navy five per cent.?" said one, eagerly and menacingly looking him in the face. "I am not—," the stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was unceremoniously prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's fist to its crown, not only forced over his eyes, but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the eclipse threw him, he was seized by the shoulders and whirled about as if he had been a revolving machine, accompanied by several smart cuffs which told, with stinging effect, in the region of his ears. He was then dragged about, from one person to another, each having a fraternal "turn" at him, as if he had only been the effigy of some human being, instead of a human being himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, abbreviating his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door, where,



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure—but in some other place and company than theirs.

Origin of Boards of Trade.

CROMWELL seems, according to the best accounts we have, to have given the first notions of a board of trade. In 1665, he appointed his son Richard, with many lords of his council, judges and gentlemen, and about twenty merchants of London, York, Newcastle, Yarmouth, Dover, etc., to meet and consider by what means the trade and navigation of the republic might be best promoted. Charles the Second, on his restoration, established a council of trade for keeping a control over the whole commerce of the nation; he afterwards instituted a board of trade and plantations, which was afterwards re-modelled by William the Third. This board of commercial superintention was abolished in 1772; and a new council for the affairs of trade, on its present plan, was appointed in 1786.

Attacks on the Stock Exchange.

THE character of the old stock exchange, of London, has been set forth in terms about as strong as language can express it. Even as far back as a century ago, a writer of that time says, "The centre of jobbing is the kingdom of 'Change Alley;" and what was true then is by many regarded as the same at the present day. The enormous profits made by the association, the malpractices of the greater part of its members, and the insolence of the richer ones, excited long since the alarm of those unaccustomed to such manœuvres, and the public writers began to attack their increasing power.

"The villany of stock-jobbing is called a mystery or machine of trade," says one of these writers. "This destructive hydra! this new corporation

of hell!" exclaims another; while one of them gives directions, in order to besiege and bring to surrender "that infamous place, 'Change Alley," "to storm it," etc.

Another writer declares that "the general cry against stock-jobbing has been so long, and it has been so justly complained of as a public nuisance, that these people are hardened in crime; all their art is a mere system of cheat and delusion; their characters are as dirty as their employments; and the best thing that can be said of them, perhaps, is that there *happen* to be two honest men among them." "Exchange Alley is, in fact, as dangerous to the public safety as a magazine of gunpowder to a populous city."

But all these invectives did not obstruct the progress of the establishment; on the contrary, it continued to become more powerful, and increased in proportion as the government was more extravagant and careless of the public money. It became, in short, an indispensable engine of the government itself; but the latter was finally compelled, by public opinion against the detested operations of the exchange, and in order to keep up appearances, to pass several acts against the very operations and the very gambling it was so deeply, though secretly, fomenting. Avarice, idleness, and the hope of becoming rich in a short time without industry, eluded and evaded all laws. The members of this corporation have not only become the exclusive masters of the British money market, but have acquired the immense power of secretly controlling and regulating the funds and money market of almost the whole world.

Custom Houses and Star Chambers.

A MERCHANT in London, of the name of Richard Chambers, having sustained some loss by a confiscation of part of his property by the custom-house offi-

cers, in a moment of indignation said, in the hearing of some of the privy council, "that the merchants in England were more wrung and screwed than in foreign parts." For the offence of this language he was forthwith brought before "the honorable court of Star Chamber," as it was termed, and fined two thousand pounds, for refusing to pay which he was ordered to be imprisoned six years, and even this punishment was by some members of the court considered too small. It was also part of Chambers' sentence to sign a very mean submission, which was accordingly prepared. But when this was brought to him he absolutely refused, and, with all the terrors of a prison in view, wrote under it that "he abhorred and detested it as unjust and false, and never until death would he acknowledge any part of it." In consequence of his determined opposition to the tyranny of the government, on this and other occasions, Chambers was utterly ruined, and died of poverty and brokenheartedness at an advanced age.

Quotations of the New Exchange.

THE commercial phrases peculiar to the new Matrimonial Exchange, London, are from time to time delineated by the stock reporters for *Punch*—a journal which appears to be the exclusive organ of the dealers and habitués of that important mart. Quotations are given as follows—though the variations are so rapid and anomalous as almost to defy the reporter's skill:

The demand for hands has been flat. Rings have been heavy, and so were not fingered. Acceptances were at a discount—offers fluctuating. "Yes's" were in plenty, but no takers. Kisses were liberally showered on new visitors. Hearts that were to be had for love went off unsteadily, and, in some cases, at considerable risk; those with high interest eagerly sought for, though, in many

cases, at a great risk, as permanent investments.

Banns might have been had without asking for; but licenses kept their prices—there were very few transactions in this stock. Smiles and squeezes were unchangeable at par, and one gentleman who speculated boldly in foot touches, met with favorable returns. Sighs latterly were heavy, but small-talk continued brisk to the close. Bright eyes looked up occasionally, but soon fell again. Though some business, as usual, was done in blushes, silly looks were not in demand; free-and-easies, however, rose to a high premium, and drove genuine modesty almost out of the market.

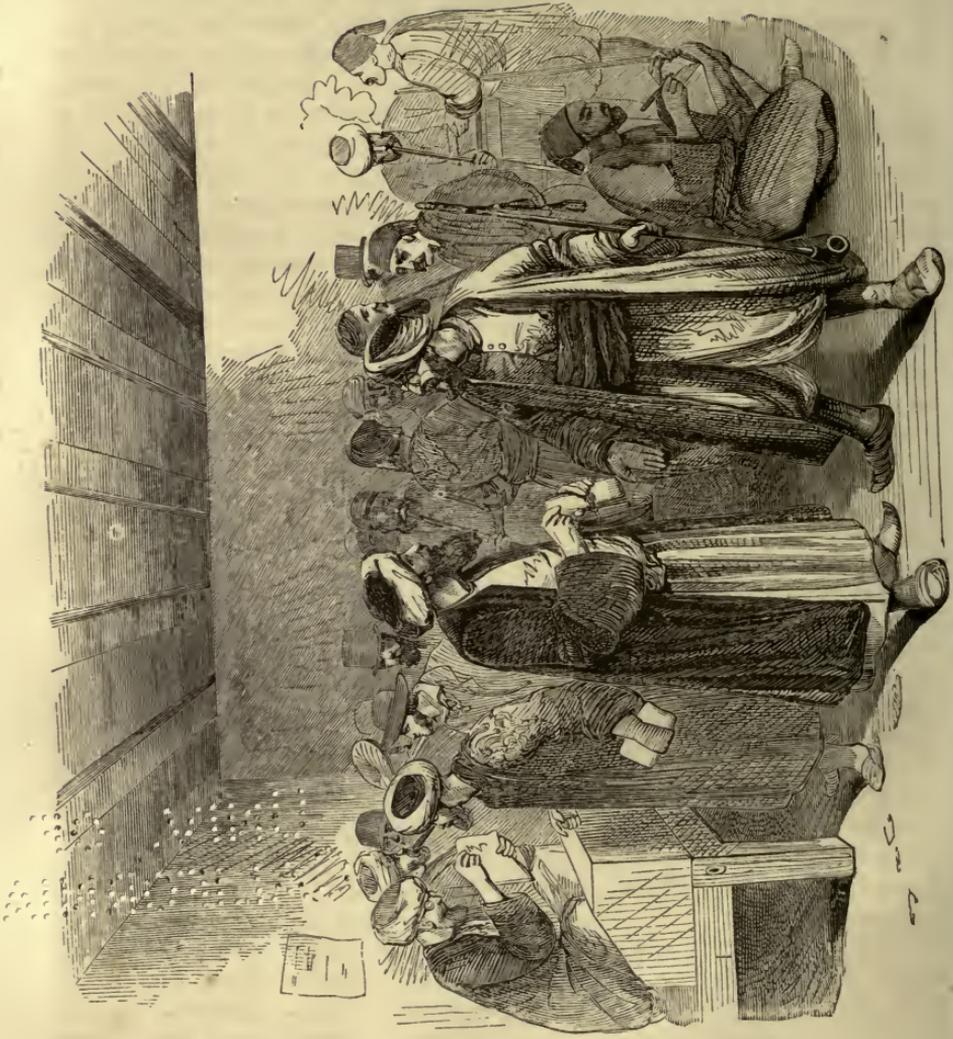
Maternal frowns were in considerable quantities, and prevented, it is thought, many imprudent bargains from being finally settled. Scandal kept its customary high ground; and more transactions occurred in that line than in the three others put together. Serenades—particularly of wind instruments—were in great demand and in plentiful supply during the equinox. Sights were complained of by many dealers.

On the whole, at the close of the season and markets, the single percents were not much reduced, as compared with the business of former years; and there was a sluggishness in even improper flirtations, which had no doubt its share in casting a gloom and monotony over the general course of the Exchange.

P. S.—A later report gives the market an aspect of greater steadiness and encouragement. Liberal offers being more difficult to obtain, has caused acceptances to be had at a great discount compared with previous quotations. Not much doing in maternal frowns, on which account time bargains are settled without much difficulty. Heavy purses are much inquired for; but stocks with small

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SCENE IN AN ORIENTAL CUSTOM HOUSE.

capitals, have not once been sought after. Sly squeezes are very brisk. Blushes are remarked as quite scarce, none having been seen in the market for a length of time. Jealousy is rising considerably. Other stocks remain almost the same as before, with the exception of scandal, which may be said to be rather on the advance.

Scenes in a Turkish Custom House.

THERE is a slight difference between an American and a Syrian custom-house. On entering the latter, the Hadji dons a pair of spectacles, and taking a scrap of paper from the nearest applicant, carefully peruses the same before handing it over to some subordinate. The room is a long oblong one, with only one entrance door, and a few pigeon holes close to the ceiling, which do duty for windows. Round three sides are placed long, narrow divans, with equally low wooden desks before them. Only the Hadji, in compliment to the high office he fills, is accommodated with a lofty seat, which serves for manifold purposes; on it he sits, tailor fashion, himself; on it are his ink-horn, his pepper-box, full of steel gratings (to serve instead of blotting paper), his tobacco pouch, his private account book, his seal of office, a large pair of shears, to cut his paper with, a quire of paper, and a few envelopes. All the clerks have the same inventory of goods, with the exception of the signet, either on the desk before them, or on the divan beside them; and, as far as can be judged, very few of the clerks seem to pay any particular heed as to what is going on around them. Some are playing backgammon, shuffling the dice, and speaking or laughing as loudly as though the place were an hotel; others are playing at cat's cradle; some are narrating little episodes of private adventure; and one or two, with intense anxiety depicted in their faces,

may be seen endeavoring to unravel a sum in simple addition, adding up some six lines of figures, and arriving repeatedly at most unsatisfactory results.

At the farther end of the room, and nearest the door, are some half-dozen patient individuals, who, seeing the throng pressing around the Hadji's desk, despair of transacting any business for a good half-hour to come, and endeavor to while away the time with the stale old newspaper, or in desultory conversation. In the centre of the room, wrangling with each other in no measured accents, are a couple of Hebrews, the one the seller, the other the purchaser of a few barrels of sugar, which are warehoused in the custom house; the bone of contention between them is a couple of rusty old hoops, which have fallen off said casks, and which both lay claim to as their respective perquisites; their joint value might be somewhat under six cents—but six cents are six cents, and the dispute grows fierce and loud. At last they appeal to the Hadji; and the Hadji, who always has an eye to the main chance, claims them as his own. The customs charge nothing for warehousing, therefore he considers himself entitled to occasional windfalls. Vainly they expostulate against this, pale with anxiety and rage to think that they are both outwitted; the order is given to the warehouse scribe, who chances to be in the room at the time, to make an immediate memorandum of the matter; and this dignitary, who to all appearance is totally unfurnished with materials, squats down immediately upon the floor, and, producing ink-horn and paper, thrusts up one knee, which serves him as a desk, and the minute is forthwith entered. Then the two dealers go away, full of enmity toward each other, their tempers not being improved by a sly allusion, on the part of some witty individual, to the fable of the two cats and the

cheese—which fable itself was originally copied from the Arabs.

Every one is talking and clamorous, when a hurried shipmaster, accompanied by a consular cawass and an interpreter, elbows his way up to the Hadji's desk and demands, as the wind is fair, to have his ship cleared out instanter, "Shuay, shuay, ye ebney! Yauash! yauash!" (Gently, gently, my son! quietly, quietly!) "Does the man think we work by steam in this office?"

Thus demands the Hadji, to which on due interpretation, the captain allows that he would be mad or blind to think so. Nevertheless, the Hadji has a wholesome fear of the English consul; wherefore, he takes the documents out of the captain's hands, and gives them to his own private translator. This individual, who is clad in hybrid costume, reads out the manifest, line by line, the Hadji making note of the same, and comparing them with his own entries of shipments, which are found to tally exactly. Then comes the most important question, viz., Have all these shipments paid the right export duty? The Greek broker has made some omission, it appears, and matters cannot be proceeded with till the mistake is corrected. Upon this information, the shipmaster is naturally annoyed, but there is no remedy; he is obliged to go all the way back to the broker's, thence to the shipper, and in all probability is forced to appeal to the consul. Meanwhile the fair wind subsides, and the owners, the underwriters, and all parties concerned, have lost a week, if not more—a week of hardship, wear and tear, of expenses in pay and sustenance, and perhaps the cargo is about ruined by so long confinement.

Manchester Cotton Merchants.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of the commercial world in which so much is

done and so little said in the same space of time, as among the merchants of Manchester, Eng., at the time of "high" change. A stranger sees nothing at first but a collection of gentlemen, with thoughtful, intelligent faces, who converse with each other in laconic whispers, supply the non-use of words by nods and signs, move noiselessly from one part of the room to another, guided as if by some hidden instinct to the precise person in the crowd with whom they have business to transact.

A phrenologist will nowhere meet such a collection of decidedly clever heads. The physiognomist who declared that he could find traces of stupidity in the faces of the wisest philosophers, would be at a loss to find any indication of its presence in the countenances assembled at the Manchester Exchange. Genius appears to be not less rare than folly; the characteristic features of these habitués, collectively and individually, are those of talent and sagacity in high working order.

Whether trade be brisk or dull, high 'change is equally crowded; and the difference of its aspect at the two periods is sufficiently striking. In stirring times, every man on 'change seems as if he belonged to the community of the dancing dervishes, being utterly incapable of remaining for a single second in one place. It is the principle of a Manchester man, that "naught is done while aught remains to do;" let him but have the opportunity, and he will undertake to supply all the markets between China and Peru, and will be exceedingly vexed if he has lost the chance of selling some yarn at Japan, on his way. When trade is dull, the merchants and factors stand motionless as statues, or move about as slowly as if they followed a funeral—the look of eagerness exchanged for that of dogged obstinacy; it seems to say—"My mind is made up to lose so

much, but I am resolved to lose no more." An increase of sternness and inflexibility accompanies the decline of the Manchester trade, and foreigners declare that the worst time to expect a bargain is a season of distress.

Free Trade.

THE well known Hussey Burgh, at the opening of the session of parliament in 1777, moved the usual address to the king, in which was the following sentence: "It is not by temporary expedients, but by an extension of trade, that Ireland can be ameliorated." On the reading of this paragraph, Flood, who was seated in the vice-treasurer's place, said, audibly. "Why not a *free* trade?" The amendment electrified the house; the words were adopted by his friend, and the motion was carried unanimously. It was a bold commercial stroke, accomplished with a master's skill and brevity.

Animated Scenes at the French Exchange.

THE spirit which animates the French Exchange wakes up at one o'clock precisely. The stroke of the clock gives the signal of business. At this sound everything is in motion; a thousand cries are sent forth; a universal shout fills the vast hall, and strikes the roof. The "basket"—*corbeille*—a kind of circular balcony occupying the east end of the hall, around which sixty brokers crowd, bristles with threatening arms, and furious memorandum books. In the wink of an eye, the floor is covered with a multitude of little torn bits of paper; these are the orders of purchase and sale, sent by their principals, and the answers returned by the brokers. Iron railings keep off the profane vulgar, who besiege the basket on all sides, and whose continual buzz mixes with the shriekings of the brokers, and of the pages of the Exchange. A general stamping and

buzzing—a perpetual coming and going, as in an ant hill or a bee hive—seeming confusion yet perfect order;—such is the aspect of the Exchange from one o'clock to three.

From the gallery above, which is also thronged with multitudes of the curious, a strange spectacle is presented by this furnace in full blast, where writhe, like twigs in the flame, the most violent passions of the human heart. The floor of fine and well-swept sand, which surrounds the centre of the parquet, or inclosure, is simply the spitting-box of the brokers. These threatening cries—this defiance—these exorcisms—are good natured words and pantomines, always the same, and meaning "I have fifty Northerners!" "I'll take ten thousand of the *Fives!* two thousand of the *Threes!*" "Let me have some *Premiums*, early day—next day!" "Let me have some *Piedmont!*" "I'll sell some *Gas!*" "Who wants *Zinc?*" Here is *Bank!*" "Here is *City!*" &c., &c.,

That personage who from time to time raises his voice in a corner of the Exchange, and whose purple face rises above all other heads, thanks to the stool which forms his pedestal, is the *muezzin* of this mosque—the auctioneer of the Exchange—the person whose duty it is to minute and announce the rates of public stock as they are ascertained. At right angles with the inclosure, on entering by the façade, a sort of human alley-way is opened through the crowd, in order to afford a passage for the brokers' clerks, who go and come. Two similar, but shorter alley-ways, run to the right and the left of the basket, like the two arms of a cross. These three openings of the inclosure are incessantly crowded with orders of sale and purchase, which are sent to the brokers by the busy messengers, who bear the official insignia embroidered conspicuously on the coat-collar.

The lower sides of the hall, furnished

with benches at wide intervals, serve as a promenade for the sages of the portico—the dreamers and the idle.

The Origin of the Clearing House.

NOT many years after the London bankers had ceased to issue notes, the inconvenience of making all payments in Bank of England notes and gold, had become so great, that some change was indispensably necessary; when the plan of adjusting each other's daily payments by an interchange of liabilities was adopted as the best mode of economizing the use of money. At first the system adopted was of the most primitive kind, and certainly not the safest. The clerks of the various banking houses used to perform the operation of exchanges at the corners of the streets, and on the top of a post. They then met, by appointment, at a public house; but, from the insecurity of these arrangements, it was at last thought best that the principal city bankers should rent a house near the old post office in Lombard street. This house was called the Clearing House.

Derivation of the Commercial Term Bourse.

THE original name of bourse, given to edifices for the accommodation of merchants, is thus stated: There was, in former times, a square commodiously situated in the middle of the city of Bruges, in which stood a large building that had been erected by the noble family of La Bourse, whose coat of arms, on its wall, was three purses. The merchants of Bruges made this old house the place of their daily assemblies; and when afterward they went to the fairs of Antwerp and Mons, they called the places they found there for the assembling of merchants, by the name of La Bourse, or the Bourse.

Reduction of Custom-House Duties:— "Death to the Beet-Root!"

THE news of the reduction of the customs duty on sugar was celebrated with great enthusiasm in the towns and cities of France—nowhere more joyously than in Havre. Not only were all the ships in the harbor gayly dressed, and the houses profusely adorned with tri-colored flags, but the laboring class, whose work had been so diminished by the smallness of the cargoes brought by ships from the colonies, paraded the streets in great numbers, preceded by a banner, with a sugarcane surmounted by a nosegay, below which was a beet-root covered with crape, and bearing the inscription "Death to the Beet-root!"

Ludicrous Custom-House Examinations.

NOTHING can exceed the lynx-eyed scrutiny and annoying detail of the British custom-house officers. Upon the arrival of a vessel from the Continent, for instance, the passengers are asked for their trunk keys, and they look as if they were about to offer to the British Government their entire stock of movables. Each has his single carpet bag, and waits his turn. The first bag opened may exhibit an old coat, a hair brush, a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a toothbrush; the next, a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a hair brush; the third contains an empty flask, a hair brush, and a checked shirt. Then comes a bag which actually contains a large portion of dirty striped linen, which one of the men engaged in the search begins to rummage with a minuteness and curiosity which, after the very general way of disposing of the other things, seems quite surprising. The truth is, the man has smelt brandy in the clothes, and is looking out for the bottle. His search for it is very much like that of Page for Falstaff in the buck-basket;

and, as it turns out, is as little successful.

Business in London at Four o'Clock.

A GRAPHIC picture—though not very complimentary—of “Commercial London” at four o'clock in the afternoon, may be seen in the following, from the pen of North:—Attorneys are cheating their clients, or assisting them to cheat other people. Merchants are calculating the chances of the markets, like gamblers inventing martingales. Clerks are adding up figures as clocks add up minutes. Cashiers and secretaries are reflecting on the facilities of an impromptu voyage to California. Directors of companies are “cooking” the accounts of their shareholders. Waiters at Joe's, Sam's, Tom's, Betsy's, and other chop houses, whose proprietors are apparently more proud of their Christian names than usual, order countless chops, through patent gutta-percha telegraphs. Cooks baste themselves with half and half, while roasting before their fires, like Fox's martyrs, bound to the steaks of their tyrants. Crossing-sweepers are industriously cleaning streets as dry as carpets, and begging of passengers as charitable as cannibals. Usurers are meeting gentlemen who want to borrow money at any rate of—non-payment. Adventurers are keeping appointments with capitalists they hope to drag into speculations; capitalists are contriving monopolies by which to crush non-capitalist adventurers. Stock brokers are playing money tricks on the Stock Exchange. Hebrew gold-kings are manufacturing intelligence to astonish the stock brokers. Couriers are dashing off with the commands of London financiers to foreign potentates. Messengers are arriving from the sham, entreating aid from the *real* sovereigns of Europe. And the plenipotentiaries of that greater monarch still—the daily press—are calmly overlooking the

whole anthill, with sublime indifference to the struggles of its busy insects, and generalizing for millions the knowledge which, even to those in the midst of the bustle, is too often but semi-obscure and chromatropic confusion.

Merchants and Business Resorts in Moscow.

THE mercantile portion of Moscow presents characteristics peculiarly its own. The quarter in which the retail business is carried on is called Kitai-gorod, or Chinese Town, a name which it obtained in the earliest times as the seat of the Chinese trade. At present it contains two Gostivie dvori, or bazaars, resembling that of St. Petersburg in arrangement, but far surpassing it in variety and amount of business. One can hardly think of a desirable object, for the sale of which a row of stalls is not to be found there. Each dealer both buys and sells in his own line of business. Specie is also ranked among the articles of commercial traffic. The current coins of all countries are to be purchased, as well as those which time or circumstances have converted into mere articles of curiosity.

The mercantile population of Moscow cling to the same antique habits which distinguish the commercial classes in St. Petersburg; indeed, nationality is much more developed in the former place. St. Petersburg is a chameleon, the color of which changes from contrast. The foreigner thinks it Russian, while to the native of Moscow it appears a foreign city. The comfortable tradesmen in Moscow have a quarter to themselves; and while their servants keep the shops, the bearded owners chat with one another in the street. They live in indolent resignation on whatever fortune sends them, and their language is proverbially that of careless indifference.

Railway Clearing House.

ON account of the difficulty which the multitude of English railway companies found in keeping their mutual accounts, they adopted, some years ago, a system analogous to that of the "clearing house" established by bankers and merchants in large cities. The clearing house, carried on in the interest of mercantile classes, is, it is known, an establishment which keeps up a sort of imaginary debtor and creditor account with all the bankers and merchants. The latter send their bills and checks, not to each other, for payment, but to the clearing house, where they are sorted and classed under the name of the firm which is to pay them. As four o'clock approaches, each banker's debits for the day are arranged in one column in a printed form, and his credits in the other; and the payment of a small sum of money, either to him or by him, may balance a complicated list of large sums.

It is this convenient principle, as applied in their mutual dealings in respect to passengers, merchandise, mileage, and lost luggage, which the railway companies have adopted. In a street near the vast Euston station—the great root whence most of the railroad lines spring—is a plain doorway, with a plain plate bearing the plain inscription—RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE.

Few passers by ever think, or could think to any purpose, of what is done within that doorway; few would imagine that commercial accounts to a stupendous extent are there daily settled, by clerks more numerous and in rooms more extensive than those employed by the most world-renowned banker. The building was constructed at the joint expense of all the companies, who also bear the charge of salaries and office expenses. The companies all elect deputies or delegates, who form, collectively, a committee for managing affairs—or rather, there is a manager,

to carry on all the operations of the establishment, while the delegates attend principally to seeing after the interests of their respective companies. There are several hundred clerks, who have the management and adjustment of accounts, and the amount involved annually is said to be from thirty to forty million dollars. There is an excellent library, news room, reading room, etc., combined with the vast business apartments of this great concern.

Lloyd's Establishment, London.

THE designation LLOYD'S, so well known in the mercantile world, originated with a person of the name of Lloyd, who kept a coffee house in Abchurch lane, Lombard street. From the vicinity of this house to the old royal exchange, it speedily became a rendezvous of merchants for news, and for the transaction of business. It was afterward removed to Pope's Head alley, and thence again, in 1774, to the Royal Exchange. After the destruction of the Exchange, in 1838, by fire, which originated in Lloyd's, the business was carried on in the South Sea House, in Old Broad street, where it remained until the opening of the present Royal Exchange in 1844, when it was removed to its now splendid apartments.

These rooms are frequented by underwriters, merchants, ship owners, ship and merchandise brokers, and others, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining shipping intelligence, and of transacting business connected with marine insurance. The principal room is that of the underwriters, in which two enormous ledgers lie constantly open; the one containing notices of *speaking*s, or ships spoken with, and arrivals of vessels at their various destinations; the other recording distances at sea. The immense amount of insurance business done at Lloyd's may be appreciated when it is said, that the value of the interest annually insured at the present

is estimated at about \$200,000,000. The shipping intelligence received at Lloyd's is furnished by responsible agents, in the especial employ of the establishment, in almost every port.

One Thousand Million Pounds' Business Annually at the London Clearing House.

ON his "Visit to the Bank of France," by Francis Lloyd, he says: I explained to the regents of the bank the operations of the London Clearing House; that system so economical of time and trouble, and without which concentration and rapid settlement the enormous balances between the banking houses in the great emporium of the commercial world could not be so promptly struck—the wheels of our complicated monetary system could not revolve so evenly and quickly. I have always thought that the system of making bills, drawn from whatever quarter of the world, or from whatever town or village in Great Britain, upon all parts of Great Britain, payable in one place—that is, as effected daily by one hour's adjustment of the clearing house—that such united regulation and acceleration of finance are to the complex machinery of banking what the flywheel and governor are to the steam engine.

Imagine the regent's surprise when I told him that in the London clearing room—a plain room, on part of the site of the old post office in Lombard street—a clerk from each private bank in London attended twice a day but for half an hour; and commercial obligations were collectively discharged to the amount of three millions sterling every day in the year, with not more than a fifteenth of this sum in bank notes. That, as to using coin (silver and copper), I could readily picture to myself the contemptuous and derisive expression of the face which the most juvenile of those clearing clerks would as-

sume at the bare suggestion. A thousand millions of pounds sterling, I told him, were paid last year in this room by those clerks, not more than forty in number—a sum larger than the national debt; and that all the money used for the operation—this balancing of a year's commercial enterprise in all quarters of the globe—was effected without a single error or moment's delay, and with bits of paper only, viz., the promissory notes of the Bank of England.

'Change Alley as a Business Resort.

THE centre of financial jobbing in London is in 'Change alley and its adjacencies. The limits are easily surrounded in a minute and a half. Stepping out of Jonathan's into the alley, you turn your face full south; moving on a few paces, and then turning due east, you advance to Garraway's; from thence, going out at the other door, you go on still east into Birchin lane, and then, halting a little at the sword-blade bank, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill, visit two or three petty provinces there on your way to the west; and thus having boxed your compass, and sailed round the stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again. Such is the description given by a pamphleteer of this depot of the dealers and jobbers in the funds and stocks market—long so famous throughout the business world. Here assembled the sharper and the saint; here jostled one another the Jew and the Gentile; here met the courtier and the citizen; here the calmness of the gainer contrasted with the despair of the loser; and here might be seen the carriage of some minister, into which the head of his broker was anxiously stretched, to gain the intelligence which was to raise or depress the market. In one corner might be witnessed the anxious, eager countenance of the occasional gambler, in strange contrast with the calm, cool

demeanor of the man whose regular trade it was to deceive. In another, the Hebrew measured his craft with that of the Quaker, and scarcely came off victorious in the contest.

Amusing Perplexities at the Custom House.

THE occasional importation of articles which are not enumerated in the tariff of custom-house duties is in some instances productive of amusing perplexity. A singular case of this nature occurred once at the London custom house, the *solution* of which was beyond the skill of all the officials, and was only reached at last by the native power of the article itself. This case was the importation of some ice from Norway. A doubt was started as to what duty it ought to pay, and this point was referred from the custom house to the treasury department, and from the treasury to the board of trade. Oddly enough, it was the opinion of the latter officials, that the ice might be introduced on the payment of the duty on *dry goods*—but, as the thing turned out, “the ice was dissolved before the question was solved.” In another case, the officials came to an equally *dead lock*: A gentleman had imported a mummy from Egypt, and the officers of the customs were not a little puzzled as to what to do with this non-enumerated article. These remains of mortality—muscles and sinews, pickled and preserved three thousand years ago—could not be deemed a raw material, and, therefore, upon deliberation, it was determined to tax them as a manufactured article. The importer, anxious that his mummy should not be seized, concluded, before the decision was made, just to state its value at two thousand dollars—an unfortunate declaration, which cost him one thousand dollars, being at the rate of fifty per cent. on the “manufactured merchandise.”

Duty on Pictures.

MR. N., an American, used to relate, with much good humor, the following adventure, which happened to him on his arrival at the custom house at Dover, England. Being an amateur of pictures, he had brought with him a view of the Falls of Niagara, which he had himself painted during his residence in Canada. The size of the picture was about six square feet, and as the duty on painted canvas was rated at one guinea the foot, the demand was consequently the very considerable one of six guineas. Mr. N. demurred to such a charge on a picture of no value to any one but himself, and appealed to the director of the customs, who, however, informed him that the regulation was positive, and could not be departed from. Mr. N. still complained of the exorbitant duty. “Very well,” said the director, “I only know one way for you to avoid the payment of it; leave your picture here for six months; as you are the sole proprietor, no one will claim it, and at the end of that period I shall put it up for sale. Of course, no one will purchase such a *horrid daub*, which is certainly not worth six shillings, and you will then have it for nothing.” With this timely advice Mr. N. complied, and in due season obtained his picture.

High 'Change Hours.

HIGH 'change hour is fixed at one o'clock by the merchants of Philadelphia. New York exchange assembles at two and three quarters o'clock, but is not fully attended until three and one quarter o'clock. In Liverpool, the hours are from two to five o'clock; and, if the visitor wishes to be sure of seeing the persons who frequent it, he may be obliged to wait or waste three hours before he can accomplish his purpose. In the London exchange, the crowd begins to pour in at four

o'clock, and in a quarter of an hour it is "high 'change." At half past four it ceases, when beadles go round with large bells, with which they make such a deafening noise that the assembly is soon dispersed, the gates are locked, and no one is allowed to enter till the next day.

In European cities, all the principal houses or firms have regular places of resort on 'change. For example, Mr. Rothschild is always to be found, on foreign post days, on the "Italian Walk;" the Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co. are to be found at the column which they have frequented for years; those merchants who are in the American trade frequent the "American Walk;" those who are in the Russian and Swedish trade frequent the "Baltic Walk;" and those in the German trade, frequent the "Hamburg Walk."

In Amsterdam, the exchange bell begins to ring at half past two o'clock, and if all persons who wish to enter the gates before the clock strikes three, do not succeed in getting in, they are compelled to pay a small fee, amounting to eight or ten cents, for admission. If any one wishes to enter at half past three, he is obliged to pay a fine of half a guilder. So much importance is attached to regular attendance on 'change, that if a house is not represented, either personally or by one of the confidential clerks, it is considered that a death has occurred in the family of some one of the partners, or that bankruptcy or some other misfortune has occurred. High 'change at Antwerp is at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the gates are closed, after which, to gain admittance, a fee of half a franc is paid.

First East India Company House.

THE tradition is, that the East India Company, incorporated December 31, 1600, first transacted their business in the great room of the Nag's Head inn, opposite St. Botolph's church, Bishops-

gate street. The maps of London, soon after the great fire of 1666, place the India House on a part of its present site in Leadenhall street. Here originally stood the mansion of Alderman Kerton, built in the reign of Edward the Sixth, rebuilt on the accession of Elizabeth, and enlarged by its next purchaser, Sir W. Craven, lord mayor in 1610. Here was born the great Lord Craven, who, in 1701, leased his house and a tenement in Lime street to the company, at one hundred pounds a year. A scarce Dutch etching, still preserved, shows this house to have been half timbered, its lofty gable surmounted with two dolphins and a figure of a mariner, or, as some say, the first governor; beneath are merchant ships at sea, the royal arms, and those of the company. This famous and grotesque structure was taken down in the year 1726, and upon its site was erected the old East India House, portions of which yet remain—although the present stone front, two hundred feet long, and a great part of the house, was built in 1798.

Romance and Trade.

THERE is nothing so sentimental in the columns of a daily newspaper as the article devoted to the state of the markets. We seldom peruse it—quoth Punch—without a tendency to tears, which are only checked by the recollection that it is only on bags of coffee, bales of cotton, parcels of pepper, and barrels of flour, that we are exhausting our useless sympathy.

We, however, defy any one to be otherwise than moved by the description of the markets, which is evidently the production of a writer who luxuriates in a strain of melancholy tenderness, that is excluded by universal consent from every other portion of the newspaper. The literary sentimentalist, finding no market among the booksellers for his goods, has gone to the very markets themselves, and has secured a

corner in the journals, where he may indulge without restraint his tendency to pathos.

Let us take a specimen of that affecting style of writing, which has found its way, appropriately enough, to Mincing Lane: "An improved feeling has again begun to show itself in the coffee market, where dulness had until lately prevailed, and sugars began to assume a livelier aspect."

Surely this must be written by some fashionable novelist "out of luck," whose Rosa-Matilda-isms, that once used to cloy the circulating libraries with their sweetness, have rushed to the sugar cask as the only alternative to avoid the butter shop. Substitute Augustus Danvers for the "coffee market," insert Rosalie in the place of "sugars," and we get a sentence that would seem to form part of a melting novel of ten years back, when the writers of the same sort of stuff could command their three or five hundred pounds for an adequate lot of it. The paragraph, as amended, will stand thus: "An improved feeling had again begun to show itself in Augustus Danvers (the coffee market), where dulness had until lately prevailed, and Rosalie (sugars) began to assume a livelier aspect."

We know nothing of the mysteries of what is termed the "staff" of a daily paper; but we certainly picture to ourselves the writer of the markets as a pale gentleman, with a forehead bared to its highest, a Byron tie, a turned-down shirt collar, and a melancholy cast of countenance, with a feminine tinge of the romantic. We can imagine him walking moodily about the markets, looking out anxiously for a glimpse of gloom in sugars, and feeling an indescribable satisfaction in the dulness of peppers. Why is it necessary that wool should be "flat," Bengal figs "low," indigo "dull," rice "depressed," and everything that seems nice and eatable so wretchedly low-spirited? It is seldom we meet with a

bit of sensible "firmness" in something or other; but, even if we do, we are told of a "tendency to give way," before we get to the end of the article.

Hall of the St. Petersburg Exchange.

THE hall of the Exchange in St. Petersburg is one of the most rare places of business which our planet affords. It is built only for whispers. An audible conversation was never held there. Nothing is spoken aloud save mere bagatelles. "How is your good lady?" "Oh, we enjoyed exceedingly our water party yesterday; we were at this place and that, at such a one's and such a one's." "Yes, I admit that A gives excellent dinners, but I find myself more comfortable at B's." Nothing but this kind of conversation is spoken. But when two persons are seen to put their heads together, talk in the lowest whispers, and palisade themselves in a circle with their backs, so that not a wedge could get into it, then there is surely something in the wind, a *bargain* has been made—the whispering has led to some result. "Yes, sir." "No, sir." "Too much—three thousand—four—twenty—a hundred thousand." "October." "November." "London." "Hull." "Baltimore." "Well, I will take it." "Done! that is settled then, Mr. Curtins."

In the six side rooms, the sugar bankers, and the dealers in tallow, corn, and timber, have established themselves, though without any formal regulation to that effect; and each class has, from habit, taken possession of a particular spot. These are composed almost exclusively of Russians, with and without beard, some old men still in kaftans, others in modern French coats. Between them and the lords of the sea in the centre, are the German brokers, with silver marks at the button hole. Lastly, in the outermost circles, are the "artelschtschiki," a sort of messenger class, for carrying

letters or money, and performing other errands, one of whom constantly attends every Petersburg merchant; and these are always Russians.

This assemblage of the mercantile classes of St. Petersburg is certainly the largest company of respectable and polished men that is to be seen in Russia, without order or cross of any kind. Besides these silver marks, which are worn by the brokers in their business, as a sign that they have been duly appointed and sworn, and medals of a pound weight hanging about the necks of a few of the Russian merchants, no distinctions are seen—nothing but black frocks and simple green surtouts. An observer has here an excellent opportunity of studying the Russian commercial character, and will be struck with the difference in manner and other respects between the merchants of St. Petersburg and those of any other city.

Men of Letters frequenting the Share Mart.

THE Hotel de Soissons, in Paris, was made famous for a time as the headquarters of John Law, while blowing his Mississippi bubbles. All classes were represented in the eager throng that besieged that mart of financial lunacy. This hotel was the property of the Prince de Carignan, together with the adjoining garden of several acres in the rear. Law became the purchaser of the hotel, at an enormous price, paying for it out of his prodigious stock-jobbing gains,—the prince reserving to himself the magnificent gardens for his personal profit. They contained fine statues, beautiful fountains, and various other embellishments and decorations.

As soon as Law was installed in his new abode, an edict was published (for there were high officials involved in Law's project), forbidding all persons to buy or sell stock anywhere but in

the gardens of the Hotel de Soissons. In the midst, among the trees, about five hundred small tents and pavilions were erected, for the convenience of the stock-jobbers. Their various colors, the gay ribbons and banners which floated from them, the busy crowds which passed continually in and out—the incessant hum of voices, the noise, the music, the strange mixture of business and pleasure on the countenances of the throng, all combined to give the place an air of enchantment that quite enraptured the Parisians. The Prince de Carignan made enormous profits while the delusion lasted.

As is well known, all classes became enamored with Law's dazzling promises of cent. per cent. for their investments; at any rate, the exceptions were so rare as to attract attention. One day, two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrason, were heard to congratulate each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterward, as the worthy Abbé was coming out of the Hotel de Soissons, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose.

"Ha!" said the Abbé, smiling, "is that *you*?"

"Yes," said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; "and can that be *you*?"

The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of science, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe a syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable.

Something like this was the case of Gay, the poet. Receiving a present from his friend Mr. Scraggs of some

South Sea stock, he once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds. His friends persuaded him to sell his share, but he dreamed of dignity and splendor, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase a hundred a year for life, "which," says Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected; *the profit and principal were lost*, and Gay sunk under the ca-

lamity so low that his life became in danger.

It will hardly be wondered at, however, that literary men should have been thus beguiled, in view of the fact that so multitudinous was the crowd around Law's quarters, and so eager were all classes of the population to buy the stock, that a hump-backed man who stood in the street gained considerable sums by lending his hump as a writing desk to the anxious speculators!

PART SIXTH.



ANECDOTES OF COMMERCIAL ART AND PHRASEOLOGY.

PART SIXTH.

Anecdotes of Commercial Art and Phraseology.

ADVERTISEMENTS, SIGN BOARDS, TRADE MARKS, TOKENS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, INSCRIPTIONS, MOTTOES, AND TERMS—QUAINT, CURIOUS, GROTESQUE, INGENIOUS, AND LAUGHABLE.

The great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention "the universal esteem or general reputation" of things that were never heard of.—TATLER.

Liberal trade is good scholarship popularized, and commerce is literature on a sign board.—ANON.

Adepts in Commercial Puffing.

PACKWOOD, some fifty years ago, led the way in England of liberal and systematic advertising, by impressing his razor strop indelibly on the mind of every bearded member of the kingdom. Like other great potentates, he boasted a laureate in his pay, and every one remembers the reply made to the individuals so curious to know who drew up his advertisements: "La, sir, we keeps a poet!"

But by universal consent, the world has accorded to the late George Robins the palm in this style of commercial puffing. His advertisements were really artistically written. Like Martin, he had the power of investing every landscape and building that he touched with an importance and majesty not attainable by meaner hands. He did perhaps go beyond the yielding line of even poetical license, when he described one portion of a paradise he was about to subject to public competition, as adorned, among other charms, with a "hanging wood," which the astonished purchaser found out meant nothing more nor less than an old gallows. But then he redeemed

slight manœuvres of this kind by touches which displayed a native and overflowing genius for puffing. On one occasion, he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting, that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove too bright and good "for human nature's daily food." "But there are *two drawbacks* to this property," sighed out this Apostle of the Mart, "*the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales.*" Certainly the rhetoric of exquisite puffing could no further go.

"Up to Snuff."

In the days when every London shopkeeper had a sign hanging out before his door, a dealer in snuff and tobacco on Fish-street hill carried on a large trade, especially in tobacco, for his shop was greatly frequented by sailors from the ships in the river. In the course of time, a person of the name of Farr opened a shop nearly opposite, and hung out his sign inscribed:

"The best Tobacco by *Farr.*"

This—like the shoemaker's inscription, "Adam Strong Shoemaker," so well known—attracted the attention of the

sailors, who left the old shop to buy "the best tobacco by far." The old shopkeeper, observing that his opponent obtained much custom by his sign, had a new one put up at his door, inscribed :

"*Far better Tobacco than the best Tobacco by Farr.*"

This turned the tide of trade—his customers came back—and finally his opponent found himself so "far" in the background as to be obliged to give up business.

Irish Pun on a Sign.

AN Irishman once saw the popular sign of the Rising Sun near Seven Dials, beneath which the name of the jovial landlord, Aaron Moon, was written with only the initial letter of the Christian name, whereupon he exclaimed to a friend: "Och! Phelim, dear, see here. They talk of Irish bulls; why, here's a fellow now, who puts up the *Rising Sun*, and calls it *A Moon!*"

Dean Swift and the Barber's Sign.

DEAN SWIFT, while resident on his living in the county of Meath, was daily shaved by the village barber, who became a great favorite with him. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favor to request of his reverence—that his neighbors had advised him to take the little public house at the corner of the churchyard, which he had done, in the hope that by uniting the profession of publican with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family.

"Indeed," said the dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"

"And please you," said Razor, "some of our customers have heard much of your reverence's poetry; so that, if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."

"But what do you intend for your sign?" says the dean.

"The jolly barber, if it please your reverence, with a *razor* in one hand and a *full pot* in the other."

"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription." So taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following "smart little touch" of a couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained there for many years:

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the *shaving* but—the *beer.*"

Killbury and Maimsworth Railway's Advertisement.

THE Board of Directors of the Killbury and Maimsworth line of Railway, respectfully announce that they intend starting Excursion Trains during the present season, to run at greatly reduced fares, setting out from Killbury in the morning, getting to Maimsworth at twelve, and returning, with as many passengers as are capable of being brought back, every hour of the forenoon, up to twelve o'clock, or later, according to the state of the engines, and the breakdowns and collisions—depending on management of the engineers, brakemen, and the rest of the Company's employés. Owing to the prevailing competition occasioned by the overcrowded state of the medical profession, the Company have been enabled to secure the services of a numerous staff of experienced surgeons, who will accompany each train, together with a large body of dressers from the principal hospitals, to act as their assistants—thus seeing practice, for which so large a field is afforded by the Killbury and Maimsworth line. Medical students will find splendid opportunities for amateur surgery in these excursions. Amputations (under chloroform, several carboys of which have been ob-

tained expressly for these excursions) at the shortest notice. Tourniquets, with directions for use, in each car. Splints, bandages, and every other comfort and convenience for the mutilated, in abundance (supplied by the Company's own manufactory), gratuitously furnished.

Earliest Printed Advertisements.

THE very first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of an English newspaper called the *Impartial Intelligencer*, published in the year 1648, and consequently now considerably more than two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Can-dish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications are very few and far between for several years, until the era of the *London Gazette*.

Next to the above, in point of precedence, so far as an active search among the earliest newspapers can be relied on, is an advertisement relating to a book, which is entitled :

"IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem ; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

"To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

The above appeared in the January number of the Parliamentary paper, *Mercurius Politicus*. It is evidently a piece of flattery to Cromwell upon his victories in Ireland. Booksellers appear, therefore, to have been the first to take advantage of this then new medium of publicity, and they have continued to avail themselves very liberally of its benefits up to the present day.

Boston Merchants' Business Marks or Tokens.

THERE are some interesting specimens of New England merchants' marks, or tokens, of an ancient date, still in existence. Among these are those of Thomas Sandbrook, of Boston, and William Holmes—the former bearing the initials T. S., with the triangle and cross; the latter, W. H., with a rude figure of a tree between. Another is that of John Mills, of Boston, 1651; James Astwood, of Roxbury, 1653; and Nicholas Busby, of Watertown, 1657. That of Mills bears the initials I. M., the triangle and cross at top, a heart pierced with an arrow at the bottom, six stars, and some other figures; that of Astwood, the initials I. A., with a branch between them; and that of Busby, the initials N. B. united, the triangle, some scrolls, etc.

New York Business Tokens.

OCCASIONAL memorials of old New York business firms, of the last century, come to light, and are of peculiar interest. A piece in copper, issued by Messrs. Matts, New York jewellers, in 1789, appears to have been the first business token put in circulation in that city. It bears on one side a clock, on the other an American eagle; one of these was sold at auction, a short time ago, for \$1.62½. Talbot, Allum & Lee, New York, merchants in the India trade, issued their "one cent" in 1794—having an emblematic figure of liberty guarding a bale of goods on one side, and a ship under full sail on the other; one of these tokens, issued in 1794, was sold at auction for the sum of \$1.25, and another, issued by this house in 1795, brought \$2.25.

Inscriptions on Trade Coins.

THE trade coins, once so common among British shopkeepers, usually bore on one side the issuer's name, and

on the other his address and calling; sometimes a sign and date. Few trades were unrepresented in this way, as the coins still preserved show.

Some of these country trade coins bear a simple promise to pay, as "I will exchange my one penny;" or an announcement, "I pass for a half penny in Leeds;" "I am for a public good in Cocker-mouth." Another, combining a request and a prayer, "Send me to the mercer of Knox Hall—God grant peace." One says, "Paines bring gaines;" another that, "Plain dealing is best." W. Wakeling shows his loyalty with "Vive le Roy in Uttoxeter;" while another shopkeeper profanely exclaims, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my *profits* no harm." There is a mock humility in "Poore Ned, of Feversham;" unintelligible quaintness in "Pharaoh in Barley;" and a mingling of the practical and poetical in such inscriptions as

"Welcome you be
To trade with me,"—

and

"Although but brass,
Yet let me pass."

Scotch Tobacconist's Motto.

PERSONS who retire from trade are sometimes disposed, from a false shame, to conceal the mode by which they acquired their wealth. A notable exception to this occurred in the case of a Mr. Gillespie, a tobacconist, in the city of Edinburgh. Having acquired an ample fortune by the sale of snuff at the end of the American war, he set up a carriage; and, lest the public, or himself, might forget how he had acquired the means of keeping one, to arms of three snuff boxes rampant, he added the following doggerel couplet as a motto:

"Who would have thought it,
That noses could have bought it?"

Mottoes in Ancient Times.

WHEN printed books first became an article of sale, they found such eager purchasers, that spurious and imperfect editions of the more celebrated works began to be circulated. To remedy this evil, and to give security and protection to those printers whose publications combined great literary merit with rare typographical excellence, princes and potentates granted them permission to use on the title page some symbol and motto, to counterfeit which was legally as well as morally criminal.

Thus, Aldus Manutius, who established the famous Aldine press at Venice, and was the inventor of the type called Italic, adopted for his sign on his title pages a dolphin and anchor. Henry Stephens, the founder of the celebrated family of printers of that name, when established at Paris, took for his symbol an olive tree, and which long continued to be used by his son.

One of the earliest printers, of much celebrity in England, was Henry Day; upward of two hundred works issued from his press, all distinguished by his symbol—the rising sun, with a boy awaking his companion with the words, "Arise, for it is day!" in allusion to the dawning day of the Protestant Reformation. Christopher Plantin, of Antwerp, adopted for his emblem and motto a hand and pair of compasses, with *Labore et Constantia*—"By labor and perseverance:" he stuck to his own motto, and became very rich and eminent. Juan de la Cuesta, of Madrid, the printer and publisher of the first edition of "Don Quixote," took for his device a stork, surrounded by the words *Post tenebras, spero lucem*—"After the darkness, I expect light."

English Business Mottoes.

THE great trading and business companies in England, which were estab-

lished before the Reformation, and enjoyed exclusive monopolies by royal grant, had each its patron saint, to whom altars were built in the churches of which they held the control—the saint being generally chosen from some relation, supposed or real, to the craft or mystery of the company. Thus, the fishmongers chose St. Peter, and met in St. Peter's Church; the drapers chose the Virgin Mary, "Mother of the Holy Lamb, or fleece," and assembled for their ecclesiastical services in St. Mary Bethlem Church; the merchant tailors selected as their patron saint, St. John the Baptist, as the messenger or prophet who announced the advent of the "Holy Lamb;" and the goldsmiths' patron was St. Dunstan, reputed to have been a fellow craftsman. Their liveries also bore their mottoes: that of the skimmers was, "To God be all the glory;" that of the grocers, "God grant grace;" the clothworkers' was, "My trust is in God alone;" the ironmongers', "God is our strength;" and the drapers', "Unto God be honor and glory."

Fresh Gems from English Advertising Columns.

THE English journals continue to furnish, now and then, an emerald of the first water, in the way of ambiguous advertisements—as complete a triumph, indeed, over Lindley Murray, as was that of Wellington over Napoleon. The two specimens which follow, taken from a London paper, appeared under the head of "For sale:"

"PIANOFORTE—Cottage, 7 octaves—the property of a Lady leaving England, in remarkably elegant Walnut Case on beautifully carved supports. The tone is superb, and eminently adapted for any one requiring a first-class instrument. Price, 22 guineas, cost double three months since."

We have heard of Arion riding on a dolphin, and of the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl; we have heard of Helle on her ram, and of

Europa on her bull; but we never before heard of a lady designing to cross the English Channel in a remarkably elegant walnut case with beautifully carved supports. Indeed, we might go so far as to ask—as probably every reader of the advertisement would be led to—whether the "beautifully carved supports" are those of the walnut case or of the lady herself. In either case, they would seem equally ill adapted to struggle with the winds and billows.

The other advertisement referred to is as follows:

"BUSINESS CHANCE.—To be disposed of, a Genuine Fried Fish Business, at the West End."

The meaning of this advertisement is quite as obscure as that of the first. Does the genuineness apply to the business, to the fish as objects of ichthyology, or the manner in which they are fried? We can guess what is meant by Genuine Patent Medicines, Genuine Bear's Grease, etc., but "Genuine Fried Fish," and still more, a "Genuine Fried Fish Business," is something hopelessly beyond us. There was a time when we did not know what was meant by an "old fish for a mast," but, thanks to many kind friends, we know now very well. Perhaps a like confession of ignorance may lead to our enlightenment on the possibly kindred subject of this "Genuine Fried Fish Business, at the West End."

An Untried Method.

THERE seems to be no end to the new advertising projects which are daily springing up in all directions. There is, however, still one method of advertising left untried, and it is a wonder no one makes the experiment. *Umbrellas* are still left blank—their ample and conspicuous surface bearing no announcement of any new pill, new adhesive gum, bankrupt's sale, or "What is it?" It is pretty certain that the

umbrella, with its little brood of parasolettes, sunshades, etc., is destined to become a tremendous vehicle for information. An umbrella maker might try the experiment by placing a puffing broadside on all the articles of his own manufacture. Or perhaps it would be a better plan—as some persons might foolishly object to carry an advertising or pictorial umbrella—that on wet days there should be stations, with placards ready printed, to be pasted on (for a consideration) to the umbrellas of any one who might be disposed to combine profit with convenience.

Classical Shop Language.

To use plain and pure English seems now quite foreign to the taste of many shopkeepers. French is pressed into their service quite as much as Greek and Latin, and by ill-educated tongues, which talk of “hany other harticle,” it is not easy to imagine, without having the headache, how the French language must be mispronounced. One can hardly ever take up a newspaper, now-a-days, without seeing an advertisement of some “*recherché* stock of goods” which are to be disposed of forthwith, “*sans reserve*.” A hair-dresser now styles himself in general an *artiste*, and advertises to the universe his famed *esprit de violette*, or *bouquet de Rhine*. One enterprising dealer has had the courage to combine his classics with his French, and to advertise for sale a lot of *broché madapolums*, which must be something rather curious if they at all be really like their name. *Corsets* and *chapeau* have quite supplanted such old English words as “stays” and “bonnet;” and of course no upper-ten dressmaker would ever dream of naming petticoats by any other term than *jupes*. Why this is so, it would be difficult to say; nor is it very easy to guess why in a newspaper professedly intended for circulation among those who speak the English

language, *le sommier élastique portatif* should be advertised, when “portable spring mattress” is vastly more intelligible and far more easily pronounced.

Chinese Trade Puffing.

THE advertisement of Messrs. Chops & Co., the great Chinese firm in London—as it appears in the columns of *Punch*—is formed after the choicest models of English and American trade-puffers, as the following will show :

We, Chop-chin, Chop-lip, Circassian-cree, & Co-cree, having, in the plentitude of our hearts, set up a shop in the very bowels of this barbarian city, now graciously invite all to come and feast on the wonders of our celestial genius. If, after this glorious proclamation, ye will come and look, then most assuredly will we benignantly smile; and if, further, ye should buy, we will as assuredly laugh very heartily. Delay not! hasten, hasten!! be speedy!!

Our luxuriant and nourishing Tartar Cream, so highly sought for by the Chinese to polish and finish off their tails, is much recommended for producing a beautiful head of hair.

The True Keying Cold Cream the Messrs. Chops can safely recommend, it having been used for many years on the nose of the Jolly Keying, when heated by a vast multitude of red bunkles, occasioned, it was believed, by a constant flow of good spirits.

Since the arrival of the Messrs. Chops into this country, they have witnessed the fashion of reducing all things to the smallest possible size and lightest conceivable weight. Under this impression, we have manufactured the smallest, lightest, and most shallow pots ever beheld; two will go into a pillbox, and any six can be carried in a gentleman's waistcoat pocket. Each pot 4s. 6d., being only one shilling more than the usual large and clumsy pots sold at perfumers.

The Imperial Dentifrice, for procur-

ing a beautiful set of teeth, is composed of pulverized bricks from the Porcelain Tower, Nankin. The wonders of this beautiful powder can be at once discovered by merely buying a pot.

—

**Commercial Envelopes, Wrappers,
Labels, etc.**

To such a degree is the ornamental enveloping of the objects of commerce and the products of industry now carried on, in some departments of trade, that the outside aspects of certain goods, in the popular estimate, actually outvies the goods themselves—the decorated packing case surpasses its contents—the shell excels the kernel. Indeed, this is the *key* to the whole business: the plainest envelope would answer all the purposes of the most luxurious and ornamental one, with a single exception—it *would not sell* the article!

The most expensive of the articles which may be classed as commercial envelopes, is the envelope of the *jeweller*—the morocco case, lined with silk velvet. The gold watch, the costly ring, the bracelet, the gem, are presented to the buyer in a morocco case, which, however costly it may be in itself, forms a very trifling item in the bill. Much capital is invested and much skill employed in the manufacture of these articles.

It is the *paper maker* who is the great source of the commercial envelope. The dress boxes, cap boxes, flower boxes, pattern boxes, lace boxes, and all that legion of envelopes, of every shape and size, are made of paper, in some of its numberless forms, such as card board, mill board, etc. There is no limit to articles of this description, comprising the finest and whitest, or plain, or grained, or embossed, with the most elaborate designs, or spread with gorgeous arabesques and radiant with gold.

The *pictorial* element comes largely into play in the various kinds of paper boxes and envelopes; and it is said

that none of the pleasing discoveries in chromo-typography, chromo-lithography, and block printing in colors, would have proved profitable, but for the use to which they are applied by the makers of paper boxes and ornamental wrappers of various kinds. The perfumer, the fancy stationer, the lace man, the glove maker, are the wholesale patrons of those beautiful arts, and not the public, who admire their *chefs-d'œuvre* in the shop windows, but rarely purchase. It is by the sale of tens and hundreds of thousands of small colored designs and vignettes, which are in demand to envelope the scents, the soaps, the cutlery, the conserves, the toilet gear of the ladies, or the choice filigree stationery they use, that the chromo-photographer is paid. For every picture which the chromo-typographer sells *as a picture*, a hundred at least are nominally given away as part and parcel of the envelope to some kind of merchandise. This luxurious species of envelope originated in Paris, and is there manufactured most extensively, and sent in exquisite parcels to almost every part of the world.

A rival of the paper-box maker is the *worker in metal*. The thinnest sheet or film of lead, or tin, or brass, or bronze, may be pressed in the form of a box and its cover, with an endless variety of most attractive patterns. Millions of these metal envelopes are used, some of them being exceedingly handsome and perfect in design, and of course helping largely the sale of the articles to which they are applied.

The *glass blower* is another important agent in the fabrication of commercial envelopes. The dealers in scents and odors know full well that it is the *bottle*, more than anything else, which recommends and sells the perfume, and they spend infinitely more time and trouble, and—it may as well be told—capital, too, in elaborating a new toilet bottle, than they do in the composition of its contents. A delicious scent—the

"extract of a thousand flowers," for instance—may be concocted from essence of lavender, a modicum of eau de Cologne, and a trifle of attar of roses, homœopathically diffused in an ocean of *aqua pura*—and may be varied *ad infinitum* by the least change in the ingredients; but the *bottle*, which is to glitter on the toilet table, demands all the genius of the artist and the skill of the craftsman. It is here the chief difficulty lies—to achieve a two-ounce bottle of classical design, toned down to the modern standard of dressing-room elegance; he is a lucky man indeed who will accomplish it, and may reckon upon an influx of profit compared to which cent. per cent. is mere zero.

The *potter* is in still greater request than the glass blower, among a certain class of dealers. Not to detail the various jars and earthen bottles which he makes for trade purposes, there is a shallow pot and cover, varying in diameter from two inches, or less, to eight inches or more, and formed of every species of ceramic compound, from plainest delf to finest porcelain, the demand for which is almost incredible. They are used as the deposits of pomatums, hair paste, cold cream, "bear's grease," and so on. There are also larger ones, for other purposes, some of which are moulded with great care, and delicately painted by hand with groups of flowers or small landscapes.

Literature and Groceries.

POPE's saying, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is pretty well verified in the following inscription over the door of a trader in Holton East, England, and which very naturally arrests the attention of the passers by:

WATKINSON'S
Academy;

Whatever man has done man may do.

Also
Dealer in Groceries,
&c.

Signboard Punctuation.

PAINTERS of signboards are too often negligent or incompetent in the matter of punctuation. They either indulge themselves in a redundancy of stops, or totally omit them. In the latter case there will sometimes be met with such non-punctuated inscriptions as—"A Wood Smith," "Lamb Butcher," "Clay Baker," "Winch Turner," "Peacock Builder," "Gay Painter," "Church Saddler," "Moon Gilder," &c.

"For Her Majesty."

A TRAVELLER in England, in a pedestrian tour through the principal business streets, speaks of the amusement afforded him on reading the inscriptions on the ancient signboards; one was coat maker, hat maker, boot or spur maker, and so on, "for *his* Majesty." Another—frock maker, cape maker, corset, or glove maker, "for *her* Majesty." Thousands are "licensed" to sell tea, sugar, and coffee, provisions, snuff and tobacco, porter and pies, hay and straw, etc., and this is duly specified on the board. On the front of a three-story building, in large letters, reaching from top to bottom, was the following: "Sight restored, and Headache cured, by Grindstone's celebrated Eye Snuff—sold here;" something rather hard and gritty, it would seem, this process of curing eyes by a grindstone. Many have on their signboards, under their name, the number of years they have done business in that house; as "John Thomas, Wine Dealer, since 1794,"—thus signifying that he is a man of steady habits to reside and do business in the same house for scores of years. Some of the signs state that father and son have done business on the same spot for one hundred years and upward.

Evasions of Trade Marks.

AN English journal gives an account of several remarkable evasions of trade marks, some of which, at least, can scarcely be heard of without a smile. A Burlington Arcade "Perruquier" introduced a Medicated Mexican Balm, to which he prefixed his name; whereupon a neighbor speedily advertised his Medicated Mexican Balm. A quarrel and a lawsuit ensued, ending in the award of protection to the trade mark.

Prof. H.'s pills and ointments may or may not be worthy of the puffery which surrounds them; but by all business men it must be regarded as an obviously mean trick when another person, taking advantage of the same name, opened a shop within the distance of a few houses, and advertised, in the same surname, pills and ointment, and which was another case brought before the law courts.

A third, and quite a curious case, exhibited the following facts: Mr. Crawshay, the eminent ironmaster of South Wales, marks his iron "W. Crawshay," or "W. C.," enclosed in a ring. One day he observed on a wharf some bars of iron bearing a mark which he supposed to be his own, but which, on closer inspection, he found to be "W. O.," enclosed in a ring. He ascertained, moreover, that this mark commonly passed in the Turkish market for his own (Crawshay's) mark. Although this trade mark was not exactly like Crawshay's, yet the O, which was substituted for the C, was, when combined with the W and the ring, a proof of imitation. That Thompson, the proprietor of this iron, was aware of the imitation, was made clear; but there was an absence of technical proof of an *intention* to imitate.

Mr. Linnell, the distinguished painter, painted a picture, and put his name to it; a copy of this picture, name and all, got into the market. That this was

an infringement of a trade mark, and something worse, was clear enough, yet, through the inconsistencies of the law, the perpetrator of the fraud escaped both on the charge of forgery and on that of obtaining money on false pretences.

One George Borwick invented what he called baking powder, and egg powder, sold in packets, with his name printed on the wrapper. Another dealer, failing to sell his own baking powder, applied to a printer to print ten thousand labels as nearly as possible like Borwick's, except the signature. This signature had been rendered invisible by the peculiar wrapping of Borwick's packets, until the wrapper was torn off; and therefore the cunning cheat deemed himself in this particular safe. Many of these deceptive packets were sold as Borwick's, before the scheme was discovered.

Foreign manufacturers have in many cases had to vindicate themselves against the arts of nimble-witted and unprincipled English adventurers. The never-dying Jean Maria Farina had once to go into an English court of law, to demand justice for his trade mark. Relying on the confusion between the many eau-de-Cologne makers who, in almost every part of the world, assume that cognomen, an English printer imitated a label with the signature, "Jean Maria Farina, gegenüber dem Julich Platz," with a peculiar flourish, and also a stamp and seal. Although a Prussian subject, Farina was able, in this particular instance, to obtain justice in an English court of law.

Another instance is that of the Collins Company, manufacturers of edge tools, Hartford, Conn. They stamp on their manufactured articles the words, "Collins & Co., Hartford, cast steel, warranted," and also affix labels on which is printed, "Look out for the stamp *Hartford*, if you want the genuine Collins & Co." A Birmingham

(England) merchant was clearly proved to have imitated the trade mark and labels of this company, and to have been in the habit of selling and exporting tools so stamped as being the tools of the company. The latter got the merited justice in this case.

Shop and Business Signs: Ancient Examples.

THE bearing of devices over the doors of shops and other places of business, was a very common practice before the introduction of the plan of numbering the houses, which did not take place until about one hundred years ago. The sign of the house in Bread street, where Milton's father resided, was a spread eagle, which appears to have been the arms of that family. Remains of this custom are still to be observed in several parts of London, and, as is pretty well known, the Messrs. Hoares, the bankers, in Fleet street, retain to this day over the door the symbol of a leather bottle, gilt; and the same was also represented on their notes which they formerly issued. The Messrs. Gostlings also retain their sign of the three squirrels, and Strahan, Paul & Co., the sign of the golden anchor.

The three gilt balls so commonly hung out as signs at pawnbrokers' shops, and by the mass humorously said to indicate that it is two to one the things pledged are never redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money on pledges; these merchants borrowed this triple symbol from the great merchant, De Medicis. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard street, in London, and also gave their name to another in Paris. The appellation of Lombard was formerly all over Europe considered as synonymous with that of usurers.

The barber's pole has been the subject of many conjectures, some conceiving it to have originated from the word

poll or head, with several other conceits as far-fetched and unmeaning; but the true intention of that party-colored staff was to show that the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein as well as mow a beard. The white band which encompasses the staff was meant to represent the fillet thus elegantly twined about it.

Fresh Sea-water.

OVER a door on the road from Brighton to Lewes, is a signboard with the very intelligible announcement—"Fresh sea-water sold here."

Titles of Business Firms.

ONE of the most expressive titles of a mercantile firm that could be met with, is that of "Call & Switchem," which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of the eastern cities; also another, that is equally unique, viz., "Bangs & Swett;" and that of "Lanceman & Payne." "Neal, Pray & Co.," is the title—sufficiently devotional, certainly—of another firm. But the following "beats all." Two attorneys, who were many years ago in partnership, had for the name of their firm, "Catchum & Chetum;" but as the singularity and ominous juxtaposition of the words led to many a disparaging joke from the passers by, the men of law attempted to destroy in part the effect of the odd association, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to be Isaac and Uriah; but, in reality, this made the matter ten times worse, for the inscription ran, "I. Catchum & U. Chetum," and people could not, for the life of 'em, dispossess their minds or imaginations of "high doings" in said law office.

Arms and Seal of the Bank of Ireland.

THE arms and seal of the Bank of Ireland are: Hibernia bearing a crown,

as a symbol of her independence; an anchor in her hand, to denote the stability of her commerce, with the words "Bank of Ireland;" and under the anchor, "*Bona fide republicæ stabilitas*"—intimating that the existence of a people depends upon the faithful discharge of their public debts.

Unexampled Enterprise: The Chinese Wall for Advertisements.

AN enterprising and opulent bill-sticker has, it is privately understood, made offers to the leader of the Chinese insurgent forces to rent of him, in the event of his being made emperor, the renowned wall of China. The sum offered has not transpired, but it is said to be something extremely munificent.

It is the bill sticker's intention, as soon as he obtains an imperial grant, to form a company of persons who spend large sums of money every year in advertisements, and to cover the entire length of the wall with their bills and posters, a larger price being, of course, charged for those which will be posted outside than for those inside the wall, where comparatively but few people will be able to see them. The bills will be in English, or specially translated into Chinese, at the option of the advertiser. In the event of China being thrown open to universal commerce—and there is, at present, every prospect of such a fact—it will be at once seen what "a desirable medium for advertisements" this national posting-station will be. So favorably is the scheme entertained, by some leading advertisers, that already twelve thousand miles of that part of the wall which runs through the most densely populated districts of the empire, has been bespoken at an enormous rental.

The company will be announced at a future day, and it is expected that the shares will be quoted on 'Change at a heavy premium the very first day. A good judge has been heard privately

to say, that next to a celebrated millionaire's property, it will be the largest hoarding in the world, and there is no doubt it will be. All the puffing tailors, pill merchants, quack-medicine sellers, etc., are actively on the look out—though, in the present case, instead of trying to "drive one another to the wall," as is too generally the case among competitors, each one is doing all he can to keep the rest from that position. Professor Liebig's testimonial in favor of bitter beer is already printed in all the Chinese dialects, only waiting to be posted up.

First Trade Advertisement.

WITH the exception of quack-medicine and book advertisements, the first record of a tradesman turning the newspaper to account in making known his goods to the public, is in 1658. Independently of its being in itself a curiosity, it possesses a very strong interest, from the fact that it marks the introduction of a new article of food and commercial traffic. The advertisement reads thus:

THAT Excellent and by all Physitians approved *China* drink called by the *Chineans* *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay* alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultanesse Head Cophee House* in *Sweetings Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, London.—*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30, 1658.

This is undoubtedly the earliest authentic announcement yet made known, of the public sale in England of this now universal beverage. The mention of "cophee house" proves that the sister stimulant had already got a start.

"Tight Times."

THAT financial visitor, of such bad renown, "Tight Times," is thus set off:

He may be seen on 'Change every day. He bores our merchants, and seats himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is everywhere.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow, is this same Tight Times. Everybody talks about him; everybody looks out for him; everybody hates him; and a great many hard words and not a few profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Everybody would avoid—"cut" him, if they could; everybody would hiss him from 'Change, hustle him out of the street, kick him from the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels—but they *can't*. Yes, Tight Times is a bore—he will stick like a brier.

An *impudent* fellow, too, is Tight Times. Ask for a discount, and he looks over your shoulder, winks at the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent. per month, he looks over your securities, and marks "two and a half." Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his eyes, and you must "call again." A wife asks for a fashionable brocade and a daughter for a new bonnet; Tight Times puts in his *caveat*, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great depreciator in stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the bankers, and down go the "favorites of the market." He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and the Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away.

A famous exploder of bubbles is Mr. Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into "kiting" banks, and they stop payment. He walks around "corner lots," draws a line across lithograph cities, and they disappear. He leaves his footprints among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross. He breathes upon the cunningest speculations, and—they burst like torpedoes.

A hard master for the poor is this Tight Times—a cruel enemy to the laboring classes. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the hod carrier from his ladder.

He runs up the prices of provisions, and he runs down the wages of toil. He runs up the prices of food, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price. His picture is hung up in everybody's memory.

Irish Advertisement.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on Plowden's History of Ireland, wherein the historian has much to say of the splendid efforts of the Irish literati—their essays, histories, and learned effusions, or rather the assumed absence of such, on account of the wicked irruption of the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries—says that in such an apology there is something that strongly reminds one of the Irish advertisement:

"Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not know when or where, an empty sack, with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters 'P. G.' are marked, but so completely worn out, as not to be legible."

Carmeline the Dentist's Sign.

CARMELINE, the famous toothdrawer and maker of artificial teeth, had his portrait painted and placed in his chamber window, with a motto taken from Virgil's line of the *Golden Bough*, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*:

"Uno avulso, non deficit alter."

The application of this line [When one is drawn out, another is never wanting] was extremely happy.

Criticism of a Hatter's Sign.

A JOURNEYMAN hatter, a companion of Dr. Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to get a handsome signboard with a suitable inscription. This he composed himself, as follows: "John Thompson, *hatter*, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the figure of a hat subjoined. But

he thought he would submit it to his friends for criticism—and amendments, if susceptible of any.

The first he showed it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words “makes hats,” which of themselves showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats—if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said, he thought the words *for ready money* were useless; as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit, every one who purchased expected to pay. These too were parted with, and the inscription then stood, “John Thompson sells hats.” “*Sells hats!*” says his next friend; “why, who expects you to *give* them away? What, then, is the use of the word?” It was struck out, and “hats” was all that remained attached to the name of John Thompson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced ultimately to JOHN THOMPSON, with the figure of a hat subjoined.

Cabalistic Sign for an Alehouse.

THE keeper of a paltry Scotch alehouse having on his sign, after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S., a physician, who was a member, or fellow, of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix those letters to his name. “Why, sir,” said the publican, “I have as good a right to them as you have.” “What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?” replied the doctor. “I mean, sir,” retorted the other, “that I was Drum Major of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.”

Pleasant History of a Familiar Word.

SOME signboards have much of history connected with them. A slight instance of this sort is as follows: Be-

fore the year 1730, the English publicans sold to the thirsty souls of their day three sorts of beer, which they drew from different casks into the same glass, and gave to this mixture the name of half-and-half. The owner of one of these resorts (history has handed down the name), Horwood, wishing to spare himself the trouble of performing this task so constantly during the day, hit upon brewing the beer which would combine the qualities of all these beers. To this compound he gave the name of “Entire,” which has adhered to it till this day, at least on the signboards. It was afterward christened “*porter*,” because principally drunk by that class.

Streets and Shop Signs in Canton.

THE streets of Canton present, to a stranger, an extraordinary sight; they are very narrow, and hung about in all directions with signs and advertisements. Every shop has a large upright board on each side of the door, usually painted white, and on it, in red or black letters, is inscribed a list of all the articles sold. Other signs are hung over the street, and some are fixed to poles reaching from one side of the street to the other. Many of these display puffing advertisements, such as—“*This Old Established Shop*,” etc.; “*The Refulgent Sign: Original Maker of the finest quality of Caps*,” etc.; “*Canton Security Banking Establishment*,” and “*No two Prices at this Shop*” is a very common notification. The Chinese writing looks very well in this way; and being generally red letters upon white, black upon red or yellow, and blue upon white, the array of signs presents a most gaudy and extraordinary appearance.

Ancient Pictorial Signboards.

It became quite customary, in the seventeenth century, among English

traders, to have emblazoned some animal or object spreading upon the sign-boards, in order more effectually to catch the eye. In course of time, when fancy became capricious, something more grotesque or piquant was adopted, such as blue boars, black swans, red lions, flying pigs, hogs in armor, swans with two necks, and all such queer skimble-skamble stuff. Then there were multitudes of compound signs, such as the fox and seven stars, ball and neat's tongue, dog and grid-iron, sheep and dolphin, pig and whistle. These comical combinations seem to have originated in the apprentice quartering his master's symbol with his own, like the combined but very dissimilar arms of a matrimonial heraldic alliance. Some curious instances of this kind are given on another page of this department of Anecdotes.

In not a few instances—which can be traced to the ignorance of the people, or the customary contraction or abbreviation of speech—these absurd emblems became most ridiculously perverted. Thus, the Bologne mouth, the mouth of the harbor of Bologne, in France, became the “bull and mouth;” a noted traveller's inn in St. Martin's lane, the Satyr and Bacchanals, became the “devil and bag of nails;” and the praiseworthy legend or phrase, “*God encompasseth us,*” became, after being many times mouthed over by various provincialists, profanely metamorphosed into the “goat and cow passes.” These signs, which then projected into the street at all lengths and angles, where they swung from their elegant and elaborately curled iron supports, creaked to and fro, most hideously, with every blast.

Joke upon a Boston Sign.

A SOLEMN-LOOKING fellow, with a certain air of dry humor about the corners of his rather sanctimonious

mouth, stepped quietly, one day, into the well-known establishment of “Call & Tuttle,” Boston, and quietly remarked to the clerk in attendance, “I want to *tuttle.*” “What do you mean, sir?” “Well, I want to *tuttle*: noticed the invitation over your door, so I ‘called,’ and now I should like to *tuttle!*” He was ordered to leave the establishment, which he did, with an assumed look of angry wonder, and facetiously grumbling to himself, “If they don't *want* strangers to ‘call and tuttle,’ what do they put up a sign for, calling ‘em in to do it?”

“Cotton is Quiet.”

IN consequence of the snow, says Punch, Liverpool was last week in a state of isolation from the rest of the world, there being no traffic by rail or news by letter, and indeed nothing by which any idea could be formed of the doings or condition of the Liverpoolians. Of course, indefatigable efforts were made to open the communication with the metropolis; but all was in vain, for the ordinary electric telegraph had got into a state of entanglement through the ice and snow, thus baffling all hopes of hearing anything from Liverpool.

Bills were falling due in London, and were being dishonored for want of “advice;” commercial firms were falling into discredit, and all for want of communication with the north; when at last, after almost superhuman endeavors, it was announced that the magnetic telegraph had succeeded in bringing news from Liverpool. Everybody rushed to the second edition of the morning papers, to drink in the long looked-for news, when public curiosity was put in possession of the fact, that by tremendous energy, a communication had reached London, bringing the news that “*Cotton is quiet.*” We cannot judge of the effect of this intelligence on the commercial

world, but, to us, it seems as though the result of the telegraphic achievements had, after "much cry," ended in "little wool"—though there might be a fair supply of cotton.

We had no idea that the condition of this raw material was of such vital consequence as to make it paramount to every other subject of curiosity. We shall, however, henceforth, look out for the bulletins about cotton with unprecedented anxiety and interest. If we can only be assured by the paper on our breakfast table that "cotton has had a quiet night and is better," we shall have, all our mental trepidations soothed, and shall even be contented with the knowledge that "cotton is not worse"—or worsted.

Stock Terms in the Sickroom.

M. DE CHIRAC, a celebrated physician, had bought some joint-stock shares at what proved an unlucky period, and was very anxious to sell out. The stock, however, continued to fall for two or three days, much to his alarm. His mind was filled with morbid concern in regard to the subject, when he was suddenly called upon to attend a lady who imagined herself unwell. He arrived, was shown up stairs, and at once felt the lady's pulse. "It falls! it falls! good God! it falls continually!" said he musingly though audibly, while the lady looked up in his face all anxiety for his opinion. "Oh, M. de Chirac," said she, starting to her feet and ringing the bell for assistance, "I am dying! I am dying! it falls—it falls—it falls!" "What falls?" inquired the doctor in amazement. "My pulse! my pulse!" said the lady; "I must be dying!" "Calm your apprehensions, my dear madam," said M. de Chirac, "I was speaking of the stocks. The truth, is, I have been a great loser, and my mind is so disturbed, I hardly know what I have been saying."

Phenomena Extraordinary.

THE following announcement of facts, taken from a city advertising column, may fairly be said to come under the head of "phenomena extraordinary." In one place it is announced that there may be had "An airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide;"—the bedroom ought, indeed, to be airy, to accommodate a gentleman of such tremendous dimensions. Again, one may read of "A house for a family in good repair," which is advertised to be let with immediate possession;—a family in good repair meaning, no doubt, one in which none of the members are at all "cracked." Another oddity in this line, is an announcement of there being now vacant "A delightful gentleman's residence;" the "delightful gentleman" must be rather proud of his delightful qualities, to allow himself to be thus strangely advertised. A rare bit in this way, in addition to the above *morceaux*, is an advertisement offering a reward for "a large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak, lost in the neighborhood of the market." The fact can easily be realized, of a gentleman looking rather blue at the loss of his cloak; still there is something rather unaccountable in his advertising the fact of his blueness in connection with the loss of his garment.

Quack Advertisement Two Centuries Ago.

THAT great—though not quite the earliest—progenitor of the newspaper tribe, the *London Gazette*, of Nov. 16th, 1660, shows that the quack fraternity of that day were the first to avail themselves of its pages to make known their nostrums. It is really astonishing to see what an ancestry some of the quack medicines of the present day have had. "Nervous powders," specifics for gout, rheumatism, etc., seized

upon the newspapers almost as early as they were published. Here is a specimen of the above date—rising two hundred years ago—which might still serve as a model for such announcements:

“Gentlemen, you are desired to take notice, That Mr. *Theophilus Buckworth* doth at his house on *Mile-end-Green*, make and expose to sale, for the publick good, those so famous *Lozenges* or *Pectorals* approved for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Catarrhs, Asthmas, Hoarseness, Strongness of Breath, Colds in General, Diseases incident to the Lungs, and a sovereign Antidote against the Plague, and all other contagious Diseases, and obstructing of the Stomach: and for more convenience of the people, constantly leaving them sealed up with his coat of arms on the papers, with Mr. *Rich. Lowndes* (as formerly), at the sign of the White Lion, near the little north door of *Paul's Church*; Mr. *Henry Seile*, over against *S. Dunstan's Church* in Fleet Street: Mr. *William Milward* at *Westminster Hall Gate*; Mr. *John Place*, at *Furnival's Inn Gate* in Holborn; and Mr. *Robert Horn*, at the Turk's head near the entrance of the Royal Exchange, Booksellers, and no others.

“*This is published to prevent the designs of divers Pretenders, who counterfeit the said Lozenges to the disparagement of the said Gentleman, and great abuse of the people.—Mercurius Politicus, Nov. 16, 1660.*”

Baking and Banking.

A SAD blunder is mentioned by a writer in “Harper's,” showing that the best signs *do* fail sometimes. He says that old Mr. Spoon kept a cake and beer shop in the village, and made a fortune in the business, leaving his money and the stand to his only son, who has long been flourishing on his father's profits, and turning up his nose at the baking business as altogether beneath a sprig of his quality. As soon as the old man was fairly under the sod, the rising son fitted up the shop on the corner, put in a show window, through which a heap of

bills and shining gold was seen, and over the door he spread a sign in handsome gilt letters—“BANKING HOUSE.” He was now in a new line, adapted to his taste and genius. One day, as he was loiling over the counter, a stranger drove his horses close to the door, and called out to the new broker: “I say, Mister, got any crackers?” *Spoon* (very red and indignant): “None at all; you've mistaken the place.” “Any cakes, pies, and things?” “No, *sir!*”—accompanied by a look intended as an extinguisher. *Stranger* (in turn getting red): “Then what on airth makes you have ‘BAKIN’ HOUSE’ writ in sich big letters over your door for? Tell me *that!*” The difference between “baking” and “banking” was not so great as young *Spoon* supposed.

Questionable Sign for a Clothier.

A SIGN painter being called upon to letter the front of a large general clothing establishment, finished one line across the whole front thus:

“DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF LADIES’”

—and finding his ladder too long to paint the next line, returned to his house to get one of suitable length; but stepping unguardedly upon a stone, it turned his foot up, spraining his ankle, so that he could not finish the lettering till the next day.

In the mean time, the people—reasonably enough—stared at the new sign, and many of them, knowing the character of the man to be strictly in keeping with that of a good husband, father, and citizen, it was certainly unaccountable; as “*all sorts of ladies,*” in a city like New York, comprised commodities at their antipodes, the best and worst on earth.

The citizens made themselves busy that day in surmises, scurrilous innuendoes, and injurious quizzings; which could be hardly overcome when the fin-

ishing lettering, "*and Gentlemen's ready-made Clothing,*" was at last added.

Out of Style.

ONE of the most eminent painters of signs, in London, was Mr. Wale, one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and who was appointed the first professor of perspective in that institution. The most notable of his achievements in signboards, was a whole length of Shakspeare, about five feet high, which was executed for and displayed at the door of a public house, at the northwest corner of Little Russell street, Drury Lane. It was enclosed in a sumptuously carved gilt frame, and suspended by rich ironwork, the cost being several hundred pounds. But this splendid and costly object for attracting trade did not hang long, before it was taken down, in consequence of the act of parliament which was passed for removing signs and other obstructions from the streets of London. Such was the total change of style and fashion, and the universal disuse of such signs, that this costly representation of the great dramatist was sold for hardly more than its value as oven wood, to a broker, at whose door it stood for several years, until it was totally destroyed by the weather and various accidents.

Natural Advertising.

SEVERAL years ago, and soon after the "anti-license law" went into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveller stopped at a village hotel and asked for a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," said the landlord; "forbidden by law to sell liquor of any kind." "The deuce you are!" retorted the stranger incredulously. "Such is the fact," replied the host; "the house don't keep it." "Then bring your own bottle," said the traveller, with decision; "you needn't pretend to me that

you keep that face of yours in repair on water." The landlord laughed heartily, and his "private" bottle, advertised so well in his phiz, was at once forthcoming. No mere decanters or artificial signs were needed in his case.

Class Advertisements in City Papers.

BOTH in Europe and the United States there are newspapers which are distinguished by class advertisements. The London Times, in its multifarious announcements, may be said to have no speciality in this respect. But the Morning Post, of the same city, almost exclusively monopolizes the advertisements which relate to fashions and high life; the Morning Advertiser, the organ and property of the liquor vendors, obtains the lion's share of whatever pertains to that craft; the Morning Herald, even yet, though its circulation is greatly reduced, contains a goodly array of auction sales of property; the Era, and Sunday Times contain a majority of theatrical advertisements; the Shipping Gazette chronicles the times, rates, and ports of departure, for the commercial marine; Bell's Life is devoted to the sporting fraternity; the Athenæum has the principal portion of the book advertisements—and so on, through an extensive series.

In the city of New York, the Herald and the Sun may be said to engross the greater part of the "wants" and "boarding" advertisements; the Tribune and Evening Post have a considerable proportion of the literary and real estate announcements; the Courier and Enquirer, or the World, is a favorite organ of the auctioneers; the Journal of Commerce, Commercial Advertiser, and Express, have their full share of the shipping notices; the Daily Times engrosses a liberal share of the banking and financial advertisements; and the other dailies and weeklies combine, more or less, all these varie-

ties, without being considered the medium of any one kind in particular.

First Advertisement in America.

THE first newspaper in America (with the exception of a solitary copy issued in 1690), the "*News Letter*," published in Boston, Sept. 24th, 1704, contained a notice by the publisher, inviting advertisements; and in the succeeding number, May 1st, 1704, was one response—the *first newspaper advertisement in America*, as follows:

"Lost on the 10. of *April* last, off Mr. Shippens's Wharf in *Boston*, Two Iron Anvils, weighing between 120 and 140 pound each: Whoever has taken them up, and will bring or give true intelligence of them to *John Campbel*, Post-Master, shall have a sufficient reward."

The charges for advertising then, as given in the first number of the "*News Letter*," were to be "at a Reasonable Rate, from *Twelve Pence* to *Five Shillings*, and not to exceed: Who may agree with *John Campbel*, Post-master of *Boston*."

Compare the above with the seven solid columns which sometimes constitute a single advertisement in city newspapers at the present day!

"Punch" on Commercial Phraseology.

IN the intelligence from the Brazils, last week, we met, says *Punch*, in one of the papers, with the following curious paragraph: "Dry Germans opened at 59½ reals, but declined to 58 for half ox, half cow, and 60 for ox, this quotation being merely nominal."

The above is a complete mystification. Of course, in our travelling experiences, we have met with many "dry Germans," but we little suspected that they ever formed an article of commerce. Besides, who could wish to *purchase* a "dry German"? Then the question arises, how do you dry a German? After this, comes the

further mystery of his being "opened." It is rather undignified to talk in this way of a "dry German," as if he were no better than a dried haddock, or a cured hering, or a Teutonic mummy, that had the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries upon him. However, we are so far pleased as to notice that "dry Germans" fetch so good a price—in the "dry goods" market, we suppose. It is more than *we* should feel inclined to give for such a specimen of dried metaphysics and transcendentalistic Kantism.

But another puzzle that bewilders us still more is the revelation that your "dry German" is "half ox, half cow." We have heard of the multifarious nature pertaining to an Irish *bull*, and of a *vache Espagnole*, and of other curiosities belonging to the animal kingdom; but we must confess that such an ethnological specimen as a "dry German," who was at the same time "half ox, half cow"—having the head of an ox and the tail of a cow, perhaps—never, fortunately for us, crossed our scientific path before. We are so mystified that we must write to Prof. O. on the subject, though it looks very suspiciously as if Barnum, under a strong attack of "animal" spirits, had had a hand in stitching this new hybrid together, for the enrichment of his Museum. However, our Foreign Office, that always evinces such a strong sympathy for German interests, should take the matter up. If slavery is abolished, why, we want to know, are "dry Germans" thus offered publicly for sale?

Dialects of Different Trades.

EVERY trade has its own peculiarities and its own dialect. Stage drivers and hostlers have a language of their own. Hod carriers and masons always speak understandingly to each other, if not to strangers. Thieves and gamblers have their own phrases, and house-

breakers their signs; all of which is as unintelligible to the uninitiated as so much Greek.

Drygoods dealers and grocers have a language of their own. In speaking of the standing of a countryman, they often say he is *good*—they have sold him, or are going to sell him—which means, not that they have sold *him* for a price, but that they have trusted him with a certain amount of goods. They are never heard to say they have *bought* him. So at auction sales they have signs; if they want to bid two dollars a dozen for a box of gloves, or two dollars apiece for a box of ribbons, they hold up two fingers;—and if a business man is in an omnibus and wants the driver to take pay for one, when he hands up a quarter he will hold up one finger to him, while a lawyer or mechanic will bawl out, “*One—take out one, one, ONE.*”

Grocers talk about things in their trade being heavy, hard, quick, slow, and easy. Thus feathers may be heavy, cotton down, pork slow, beef quick, oranges flat, &c.

Brokers have, like all others, a language of their own. Thus, “*b 3*” means that the buyer has the privilege of taking the stock any time within three days; “*b 30,*” within thirty days. If, for instance, A buys one hundred shares of Canton, of B, *b 30*, he can call upon B to-morrow, or next day, or next week, or whenever he chooses, for the stock, and B must deliver it. “*S 30*” means the seller has the privilege of delivering it at any time he chooses within thirty days. The seller is always entitled to interest on stocks sold on time. “*Thwk*” means this week; “*nwk,*” next week; “*opg,*” opening of the transfer books, which are closed for the time to make dividends.

Trade Placards and Shop Bills.

NOTWITHSTANDING the frequent announcement to be met with, “*Stick no*

Bills,” bills *are* stuck somewhere, everywhere, and the trade of the bill-sticker, though not down in the cyclopædias of commerce, is such as makes him a definite, genuine, distinct character—one who keeps alive other trades—and who may also be said to live in the eye of the public as literally as any other man of his day. If not a literary man, he may at least rank as a commercial publisher, largely patronized by almost all trades.

There is one singularity in the follower of this profession, which to many is a mystery—that he invariably pastes over his bills on both sides; having stuck them to the wall or boarding, he is not content with that, but immediately gives them a coat of paste on the outer and printed side as well. This, which appears to others a sheer work of supererogation, is perhaps mysteriously connected with some important element in the process; he knows.

But if in this point of his art he puzzles others, he himself is sometimes in as odd a predicament—for instance, when he has a batch of announcements in Hebrew, addressed to the “children of Israel.” While conning the square letters, he will get perplexed indeed as to which end of the poster has the most right to stand uppermost on the wall; and, when the spectators cannot help him to a conclusion, he will solve the problem in a sort of hit-or-miss way, by placing a couple of copies side by side, one on its head, the other on its feet, in accordance, it may be supposed, with the prudent maxim, that it is better to lose a part than to risk the whole.

This bill sticking is, after all, more of an art than shopkeepers who make use of it are accustomed to consider. Said an adept in the business—the very apostle of it in one of the large cities—a little old man with a wooden leg, equipped with a long cross-stick and an equally long hook upon his shoul-

der, and a majestic pot of paste in front—"These *young* fellows, sir, are quite unfit for their business. They do not know what they ought to do, and sometimes they will not even do what they know they ought. When *I* undertake a bill, I go over the whole town with it. I paste it *from end to end!* I also take care never to cover over a bill too soon. In fact, sir, I do *justice* to my business as a business man, which they never think of doing. Then, sir, how can they pretend to paste a bill with me? Why, *they have not the machinery!* (glancing at his cross-stick and hook).

He added—"I'll give out a shop-bill, too, sir, with any man in the country. Some that pretend to do it, give their bills to anybody who will take them. Now, *I* give them only to people who are going in the direction of the shop. Some give them to people who they can see at a glance are too poor to buy goods—I give them only to people who can. It requires some study, sir, to give out a shop bill rightly!"

Odd Commingslings.

THE subject of commercial art finds abundance of material, and of the greatest variety, in the pictorial signs and embellishment of ware now so much in vogue. Painting stops to make progress along with the crafts of buying and selling; nor is the sister art of sculpture discountenanced by the disciples of trade, for now and then the bust of some great man is found presiding over the stock of some petty trade—Sir Isaac Newton among piles of potatoes, and Shakspeare and Milton imbedded among the thread, wax, heel ball, and sparables of the retail leather seller.

Sometimes a tradesman shows historical proclivities. Some remarkable event of ancient or modern days—some battle, siege, earthquake, or terrible

volcanic eruption is delineated in his shop window, as a background to his goods. Thus, the earthquake of Lisbon, the overwhelming of Pompeii, or the forcing of the Northwest Passage, are events sought to be illustrated to the spectator's mind by the destruction of vermin by Dosem's Patent Cockroach Exterminator, or the newly invented heel tips by Simon Bend-leather.

With eating houses and coffee shops, the pictorial subject generally consists of a loaf, or two loaves, of bread, a wedge of cheese on a plate of the willow pattern, a lump of "streaky bacon," a cup appearing to be full of coffee, or a tankard of beer, a lump of butter on a plate, and a knife and fork—perhaps a bunch of radishes and a red herring, eloquent of relish.

The fishmongers are not so generally given to the public patronage of art, but the pedestrian will come now and then upon a really well-painted picture gracing the wall or panel of the fishmonger's stand. It may be a group of fish in the grand style—salmon, cod, frost or silver fish, among which crabs and lobsters seem temptingly dripping with the salt ooze; or, it may be, a coast scene, with the bluff fishermen up to their waists in the brine, dragging their nets upon the beach, which is covered with their spoils. But whatever it is, it is sure to be pretty well done, if executed under the artistic auspices of the fishmonger.

Very Express-ive.

THE symbol long adopted by the American Express Company was the picture of a dog guarding a safe. Their new building upon Hudson street, New York, is adorned with a fine bas-relief of that appropriate emblem of care and fidelity, sculptured in marble. A symbol, less felicitous, used by an express manager, was a greyhound running at full speed—in-

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THE HIDE DEALER'S SIGN.

tended probably to indicate despatch. Unfortunately for his customers it obtained at length a more pregnant significance, for the manager himself ran away. It only wanted a sack of gold on the back of the "hound," to render the picture perfect. Another express emblem, used somewhere, has been that of a deer, going at the rate of 1.20, to signify speed. Harnden's emblem upon a circular advertising the first express between the New World and the Old, was a vignette representing the two hemispheres, with himself striding from one to the other—one foot being on the American shore, and the other on "the chalky cliffs of Albion;" while upon his back he carried a bag of newspapers, letters, etc. If, in spanning the ocean in that figurative way, it ever occurred to the fruitful brain of Harnden that a suspension bridge might at some future day serve the same purpose, he wisely kept the crotchet to himself.

Pawnbrokers' Three Balls.

THOUGH the fact is generally admitted that the three golden balls of the pawnbrokers had their origin with the Italian bankers—the Lombards—it is an interesting point quite generally overlooked in connection with this fact, that the greatest of those traders in money were the celebrated and eventually princely house of the Medici of Florence. They bore pills on their shield—and those pills, as usual then, were gilded—in allusion to the professional origin from whence they had derived the name of Medici; and their commercial agents in England and other countries put that armorial bearing over their doors as their sign, and the great reputation of that house induced others to put up the same sign.

Hide Dealer's Sign : Rare Bit of Philosophy.

THE proprietor of a tanyard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were one after the other adopted, and, on further consideration, rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an *auger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out.* After a while, he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, dumbly absorbed, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the hide dealer was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper.

"No."

"Do you want to sell hides?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are a farmer."

"No."

"A merchant, maybe."

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain *how that calf got through that auger hole!*"

Latin on Business Signs.

THERE went from the good city of Baltimore, some years ago, to Norfolk, Va., a painter of signs, who professed to know a thing or two beyond the general run of his craft. He took very readily, for in truth he was no mean workman. Upon every sign that he painted, he put his "imprint," SPRAGUE (that was his name), to which he complacently added the Latin word *fecit*. The unlearned, "the little boys and all," supposing the two words to constitute the name of the painter, accosted him everywhere as Mr. Fecit, Mr. Sprague Fecit, until the poor fellow, annoyed to death by the ridicule which his little learning had brought upon him, ran away. He was some years after succeeded by another knight of the brush, from the same goodly city, who was something of a humorist, and disposed to throw Latin, like physic, to the dogs. He, too, painted many signs there, but was content to boast of his work in plain English, as might be seen by the modest inscription, customary with him—"Coppuck did it."

Shopkeepers' Nomenclature of Goods.

ONE can hardly get an idea of how extensively diffused is the knowledge of languages in a community, at the present day, without taking notice of the signboard and shop announcements which meet the eye at every turn. Indeed, a walk along any of the principal shopping thoroughfares of a city, will very naturally excite one's curiosity as to the *source* whence so many traders derive their Greek, etc.

Thus, a tailor draws attention to his "anaxyridian trousers"—presumed to convey the idea of braceless and stayless trousers, using Greek as the tailor would have it used. A shop is called an "emporium" or "bazaar." Sometimes the names given to *woven* goods is an elaborate combination of Greek or

Latin syllables, to denote in some degree the quality of the cloth; sometimes it is an imported French or Italian or Spanish name.

Among *cotton* goods may be found saccharillas, nainsooks, tarlatans, surrougs, grandvilles, Selampores, denims, panos da Costa, Polynesian swansdown (did the cotton come from the breast of a swan, or did it grow in Polynesia?), doeskins and moleskins and lambskins, coutils (sometimes inelegantly corrupted into "cowtails"), and a host of other examples.

The *woollen* and *worsted* people are not less liberal in nomenclature, for they give us anti-rheumatic flannel, swanskin, valencias, reversible Witneys, double-surfaced beavers, Himalayas, satin-faced doeskins (a doe would *hardly* know himself with such a face), fur James beavers, Moscow beavers, Alpa Viennas, three-point Mackinaws, barége-de-laine, Saxe-Coburgs, Orleans, napped pilots, double Napiers, elephant ribs, elephant beavers (unknown to naturalists, certainly), rhinoceros skins, paramattas, barracans, moskittos, stockinettes, wildboars, uravenas ponchos, princettas, plainbacks, fearnoughts, chameleons, figured Amazonians (*exclusively* for female wear?), alpaca inkas and madelinas, velillos, and cristales, and cubicas, and Circassians, madonnas, balzarines, durants, and cotillons, Genappes, Henriettas, rumswizzles—all, be it observed, varieties of woollen and worsted goods.

Nor do the *silk* dealers forget to supply us with mayonettes, diaphanes, glacé gros d'Afrique, brocatelles, barrattheas, armayine royales, Balmorals, paraphantons, Radzimores, moiré antiques, Algerias, levantines, and other oddly named goods.

The *linen* folks, too, have their own favorite list; such as dowlases, ducks, drills, huckabucks, gray Baden-Badens, drabbets, crankies, commodores, Wellingtons, dustings, paddings, Osna-burgs, Ficklenburgs, Silesias, platillas,

estapillas, bretanas, creas legitimas, etc.

The *boot* and *shoe* fraternity give us a verbal crash in the "red morocco leg patent goloshed vandyked button boot," and the "ladies' ottoman silk goloshed elastic button gaiter;" and the more classical "soccopedes elasticus." The "pannuscorium boots" ought, surely, to be worn by every Latin schoolboy; and the "resilient boots" must not be forgotten by fastidious pedestrians of a lexicological turn.

But the *tailors* beat the shoemakers all hollow in their Latin and Greek. The "subclavien sector" is tremendous—it sounds so surgical-like; it is, however, simply a tailor's measure, and another tailor's measure is the "registered symmetrometer." It would be somewhat hazardous to say how many learned names besides "siphonia" are given to waterproof garments. There is also the "unique habit," the "bis-unique or reversible garment," and the "monomeroskiton" (long enough to form a very pretty Greek lesson), or "single-piece coat, cut from one piece of cloth." Then we have the "duplexa," the "registered auto-crematic gown," and the "patent euknemedá."

Nor have *hats* and *bonnets* and *hosiery* and *shirts* been left unadorned with Greek and Latin trimmings; witness the "ventilating chaco," or foreign hat. But the "korychlamyd"—a helmet cap—is a crusher. The "novum pileum" hat suggests the very dubious query, whether the Latins ever wore silk hats. The "areophane bonnet," a pretty name for a pretty garment, is too transparently beautiful to seem like hard Greek. As to "goffered crinoline," we can only hint that it is used for garments which men folk are supposed to know nothing about. The "brayama gloves" we cannot interpret, and flatly "give it up!"

Of *shirts*, the "el dorado" must surely be a *golden* fit; if not, then we

can try the "eureka," the "corazza," the "giubba," the "élastique transpirante," the "tourist sottanello," the "registered sans-pili," and others so bedizened with names that one can hardly recognize them as plain, honest, well-meaning shirts.

As to the florid and prolific nomenclature of the *patent-medicine* people, we can give no accurate information, until we have time to walk leisurely among them, with a Greek or polyglot dictionary in hand.

Pottery used to be pottery, but now it is "ceramic" manufacture. *Burnt clay* would be a poor, dull name indeed, but "terra cotta" has a fine æsthetic sound about it. *Fine China* is not a good enough name for statuette material—it must be called "Parian." The good people of yore delighted to look at a *magic lantern*, but now it must be a camera obscura, or a phantasmagoria, or both; and if public, the exhibition must be called by the name of diorama, cosmorama, cyclorama, panorama, polytechnic, pantehnicon, etc.

A rush has likewise been made into Greek and Latin by *musical instrument makers*, who give us piccolos, harmoniums, microchordions, microphonic pianos, ælians, ophicleides, cornopeans, floetinas, flutinas, accordions, concertinas, melodeons, seraphines, autophons, serpenteleides, euharmonic guitars and organs, symphonions, ælophons, etc.

Paying at "Maturity."

A PROMINENT mule dealer, doing business in Kentucky, sold a lot of stock to a trader, who was to pay him in *four months*—lawful tender in Bourbon. At the expiration of two months the trader sent him an accepted bill on New York for half the money, and wrote him he would pay the balance at *maturity*. After overhauling all the maps and school geographies, he goes down to the store, and says, "See here!

where is this place they call *Maturity*? I can't find it on the map, and I have a note payable there; and I fear I won't be able to get there, for I can't find it on the map!"

"Ditto."

AN honest old man, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation or phraseology in business accounts, on looking over his grocer's bill, occasionally found charges like the following: "To 1 lb. tea—to 1 lb. ditto." "Wife," said he, "this 'ere's a putty business; I should like to know what you have done with so much of this 'ere *ditto*." "Ditto, ditto," replied the old lady, "never had a pound of ditto in the house in all my life!" So back went the honest old customer, in high dudgeon that he should have been charged with things that he had never received. "Mr. B.," said he, "shan't stand this—wife says she hain't had a pound of this tarnal *ditto* in the house in her life." The grocer, thereupon, explained the meaning of the term, and the customer went home satisfied. His wife inquired, if he had found out the meaning of that "ditto." "Yes," said he, "as near as I can get the hang on't, it means that I'm an old fool, and you're ditto."

Where "Tariff" came from.

EVERYBODY knows the meaning of the word "tariff"—viz., a fixed scale of duties, levied upon imports. Let any one turn to a map of Spain, and he will notice at its southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, a promontory which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Ta-

rifa;" the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch, from this point, all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits, and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tarifa," or "tariff," and, in this way, the word has been acquired.

Meaning of "Fund" and "Stock."

THE term *fund* was applied originally to the taxes or funds set apart as security for repayment of the principal sums advanced, and the interest upon them; but when money was no longer borrowed to be repaid at any given time, the term began to mean the principal sum itself. These facts, of course, apply to the English monetary operations. In the year 1751, the Government began to unite the various loans into one fund, called the consolidated fund—though not to be confused with that of the same name into which part of the revenue is collected; and sums due in this are now shortly termed "consols." These come under the general denomination of "stocks."

Merchants' Religious Formulæ or Phrases.

THERE are many little *religious* formulæ, or terms, now fallen into disuse, which once prevailed universally among those engaged in the various departments of trade and commerce. "*Laus Deo*" (Praise be to God) was once the usual heading of every page of a merchant's journal. When goods were sent to some foreign port, the bill of lading, as it is technically termed, invariably stated that they had been "shipped by the grace of God in and upon the good ship"—called by such a name. A policy of insurance against sea risks still begins with the words, "*In the name of God, Amen*;" and, up to a late date,

all commercial appointments were made "God willing."

Responding to an Advertisement.

AN important mercantile house in New York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of *brass hoppers*, such as are used in coffee mills. But instead of brass hoppers, the newspaper read *grass hoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting room was thronged with inquirers for the new article of merchandise thus advertised.

"Good morning, Mr. Invoice; how do you sell grasshoppers?" said a fat merchant; "what are they worth a hogshead?"

The importer was astonished; but before he had time to reply, in came a druggist, who, being bent on speculation, determined to purchase the whole lot, provided he could get them low. Taking the importer aside, for fear of being overheard by the merchant, he asked him how he sold those grasshoppers—if they were prime quality, and whether they were to be used in medicine. The importer was about opening his mouth to answer in an angry manner to what he began to suspect was a conspiracy to torment him, when a doctor entered, smelling at his cane, and looking wondrous wise.

"Mr. Invoice," said he, "ahem! will you be good enough to show me a specimen of your grasshoppers?"

"*Grasshoppers! grasshoppers!*" exclaimed the importer, as soon as he had a chance to speak, "what, gentlemen, do you mean by grasshoppers?"

"Mean?" said the merchant, "why, I perceive you have advertised the article for sale."

"Certainly," said the druggist, "and when a man advertises an article, it is natural for him to expect inquiries relating to the price and quality of the thing."

"Nothing in the world more natural," said the doctor. "As for myself, I

have at present a number of cases on hand, in the treatment of which I thought the article might be serviceable. But since you are so—ahem! so uncivil—why, I must look out elsewhere, and my patients—"

"You and your *patience* be hanged!" interrupted the importer; "mine is fairly worn out, and if you don't explain yourselves, gentlemen, I'll lay this poker over your heads!"

To save their heads, the advertisement was now referred to, when the importer found out the cause of his vexations, by reading the following: "Just landed, and for sale by Invoice & Co., ten hogsheads prime grasshoppers."

Business Puffing Two Hundred Years Ago.

SOME two centuries ago, the number of shopkeepers in England had got to be so numerous, that they commenced the practice of genuine, downright puffing—the art assuming some shapes hardly ventured upon even by the boldest at the present day. Sometimes, for example, a shopkeeper, scorning a direct puff advertisement of his articles, commenced with apparent anger, thus: "Whereas it has been maliciously reported that A. B. is going to leave off business;" and then would follow an earnest assurance that such was not the case—"that he continued, as before, to sell the undermentioned articles, at lowest prices." A more ingenious plan was for H. Z. to advertise in the public prints that a purse of gold, of large amount, with other valuables, had been, in the great hurry of business, dropped in his shop, and would be restored to the proper owner on describing its contents. Of course, every one was disposed to deal with such an honest tradesman, and the latter soon found his supposititious purse becoming a golden reality to him.

Transactions in the Cab Market.

THOUGH the numerous fluctuations in the money market are made the subject of acute comments in the public journals, it does not appear that any notice is taken of the fluctuations in the cab market, which are upon a very wide and extensive scale. A reporter for one of the English papers—more enterprising than its contemporaries—quotes as follows :

During the gloom which prevailed for a portion of the past week, the patent safeties without the coupon—or blind for wet weather—were done at a shilling a mile; and the reduced fives—or old clarences, that will hold five at a cram—were buoyant at eighteen pence, with a prospect of improvement. Open cabs during the rain were steady at nothing, and the list shows no transactions.

There was a rush of bears from the Adelphic Theatre, which caused the cab market to assume a very active appearance for a short time; and fathers of families, with their children, were done at a very high figure, with a prospect of advance at the settlement.

White handkerchiefs and polished boots were freely taken at lower rates than those demanded in the earliest part of the day, when it was understood that they had made bargains for time, and they were accordingly made to pay for the accommodation somewhat heavily. In one concern there was a breaking down, and a consequent failure in making the deposits at the time and place appointed. This is the only smash in the cab market which we have to report, and in this the getting out was ultimately arranged to the satisfaction of all parties.

Striking a Bargain.

AUBERY, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving

a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds; whence the phrase "striking a bargain." The practice is retained in the custom of saying "Done" to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

"Five Per Cent."

A VERDANT-LOOKING person called upon a jeweller in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor, for the few past years, seventy-five dollars, which he wished to invest in something, whereby he might make money a little faster; and he had concluded to take some of the stock and peddle it out. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweller ventured, one day, to ask him what profit he obtained on what he sold? "Well, I put on 'bout five per cent." The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your *per cent.*; but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for *five.*"

Historical and Poetical Signs.

It is related of a barber in Paris, that, to establish the utility of his bag wigs, he caused the history of Absalom to be painted over his door; and that one of the profession, in an English town, used this inscription: "Absalom, hadst thou worn a periwig, thou hadst not been hanged." It is somewhere told of another, that he ingeniously versified his brother peruke-

maker's inscription : under a sign which represented the death of Absalom, and David weeping, he wrote thus :

“ O Absalom ! O Absalom !
 O Absalom ! my son,
 If thou hadst worn a periwig,
 Thou hadst not been undone ! ”

Jemmy Wright's Modesty.

OLD Jemmy Wright, an eccentric barber of wide and harmless fame in his day, opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared “ Shave for a penny,” with the usual invitation to customers. Whether his proximity to the gray walls of a prison had a salutary influence in developing his honest traits, cannot with certainty be stated ; but over his door were scrawled the following words, which exhibit the rare business quality of a man speaking a better word for others of his craft than for himself :

“ Here lives Jemmy Wright,
 Shaves as well as any man in England,
 Almost—not quite.”

“ Take Down that Old Sign.”

ONE summer morning, quoth the *Knickerbocker*, Mr. Leupp—well known as an honored merchant in New York—was standing in the vestibule of the great “ Leather House,” No. 20 Ferry street, in the “ Swamp,” when some one, passing by at that time, and looking up, said, “ Leupp, why don't you take down that old sign, ‘ GIDEON LEE ’ ? It's all worn out ; the wood has dropped away from the letters, and the paint has e'en a'most rolled off o' them. Why don't you take it down and split it up ? ” Leupp looked at his interlocutor, with that watery, blue, full-pupiled, interior German eye of his, and with a motion of his hand waved the questioner on his way, without

saying a word in reply. The memory of that name was precious in the esteem of Mr. Leupp. And there it is still, in the old place.

Signs are very curious things. Down in Murray street, there may be seen some rusty, dingy, forbidding-looking iron chests—but, like Gideon Lee's sign, they are types of something worthy to be remembered ; they are safes that have been tried by fierce flames for hours upon hours together, and yet delivered their precious and otherwise irrecoverable contents unharmed. And in West street, toward the Battery, there is another “ case in p'int,”—a ship chandler's sign, an anchor, that “ held wonderful onto a schooner,” in a celebrated September gale, and a block and tackle that seem coeval with Sol Gil's midshipman sign, so revered by himself and Captain Cuttle.

Charging for Advertisements.

THE practice of charging for advertisements commenced at a very early period. A few might at first have been inserted gratuitously, but the revenue flowing from this source was so obvious a consideration, that the system soon began of charging a fixed sum for each. In the *Mercurius Librarius*, a bookseller's paper, it is stated that, “ to show that the publishers design the public advantage of trade, they will expect but sixpence for inserting any book, nor but twelve pence for any other advertisement relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long.” The next intimation of price is in the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, which charged a shilling for each, and sixpence for renewing. The *Observer*, in 1704, charged a shilling for eight lines ; and the *Country Gentleman's Courant*, in 1706, inserted advertisements at two pence a line. The *Public Advertiser* charged for a length of time two shillings for each insertion.

The Napoleon of Advertising.

PERHAPS the crowning fact in modern advertising is that which is stated by Thackeray, in his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," namely, that "*Warren's Blacking*" is painted up over an obliterated inscription to Pсамметихus on Pompey's Pillar!

The greatest man of the day, however, as an advertiser, is Holloway, of London, who expends the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, in advertisements alone.

His name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but, as if that country were too "pent up" for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the pills, and use his ointment, as a cockney would do within the sound of Bowbells.

We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot; his agents there supply all the islands in the Indian seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that region of the world.

Returning homeward, his pills and ointment are found on sale at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic: at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio

Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, he is advertising in Spanish and Portuguese.

In all the British West Indian Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighboring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home.

In the Mediterranean, we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis, and other portions of the Barbary States.

Any one taking the trouble to look at the *Journal* and *Courier* of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire.

And even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists—the laws there prohibiting the *entrée* of patent medicines—Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels into the very heart of the empire.

Africa has not been forgotten by this determined "benefactor" of suffering humanity; he has an agent on the river Gambia, also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily availing themselves of the ointment and pills.

Thus it is that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages.

Business Signboards in Different Nations.

THE Roman traders and venders had their signs; and at Pompeii a pig over the door represented a wine shop within.

The Middle Ages adopted a bush—"Good wine needs no bush," &c., an-

swering to the gilded grapes at a modern vintner's. The bush is still a common sign. At Charles the First's death, a cavalier painted his bush black. Then came the modern square sign, formerly common to all trades.

Old signs are generally heraldic, and represent royal bearings, or the blazonings of great families. Some of these will be found briefly noticed in another part of this volume, under the title of "Ancient Pictorial Signboards." The White Hart was peculiar to Richard the Second; the White Swan, of Henry the Fourth and Edward the Third; the Blue Boar, of Richard the Third; the Red Dragon came in with the Tudors, and also the Rose and Fleur de Lys; the Bull, the Falcon, and Plume of Feathers commemorated Edward the Fourth; the Swan and Antelope, Henry the Fifth; the Greyhound and Green Dragon, Henry the Seventh; the Castle, the Spread Eagle, and the Globe were probably adopted from Spain, Germany, and Portugal, by inns which were the resort of merchants from those countries. Then there were the Bear and Ragged Staff, etc., and some the origin of which is lost in obscurity.

Monograms are common to the same period—as Balt and Ton for Balton; Hare and Tun, for Harrington. The three Suns is the favorite bearing of Edward the Fourth; and all Roses, red or white, are indications of political predilections. Other signs—and these are naturally very numerous—commemorate historical events.

The Pilgrim, Cross Keys, Salutation, Catharine Wheel, Angel, Three Kings, St. Francis, etc., are mediæval signs. Many of these became curiously corrupted, as already mentioned in the anecdotes of ancient pictorial signboards above referred to. As additional examples of this amusing verbal change may be mentioned that of the Cœur Doré (Golden Heart) to the Queer Door; Pig and Whistle—Peg and Was-

sail Bow; the Swan and Two Necks—Two Nicks; the Goat in the Golden Boots—from the Dutch, Goed in der Gooden Boote—Mercury, or the God in the Golden Boots; the Cat and Fiddle—the Caton Fidele.

The Swan with Two Nicks represented the Thames Swans, so marked on their bills under the "Conservatory" of the Goldsmiths' Company. The Coach and Horses pertain to the times when the superior inns were the only posting houses, in distinction to such as bore the sign of the Packhorse. The Fox and Goose denoted the games played within; the country inn, the Hare and Hounds, the vicinity of a sporting squire.

The Puritans altered many of the monastic signs, during their sway; such as the Angel and Lady, to the Soldier and Citizen. The Crusaders brought in the signs of the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head and the Golden Cross.

In the various business signs of different periods may be read every phase of ministerial popularity, and all the ebbs and flows of war—as, the Sir Home Popham, Rodney, Shovel, Duke of York, Wellington's Head, etc. One such sign, in Chelsea, called the Snow Shoes, still indicates the excitement of the American war.

The chemist's sign was that of a dragon—some astrological device; the haberdasher and wool draper, the golden fleece; the tobacconist, the snuff-taking Highlander; the vintners, the ivy bush and the bunch of grapes; and the church-and-state bookseller, the Bible and crown.

Harlow's Sign Painting Extraordinary.

THERE is a clever anecdote connected with the ancient and celebrated sign of the Queen's Head, Epsom. This sign—that is, the original, for the board has been repainted—was executed by Harlow, an eminent artist, and a pupil of the renowned Sir Thomas

Lawrence. He was a young man of consummate vanity, and having unwarrantably claimed the merit of painting the Newfoundland dog introduced in Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, the two artists quarrelled, and Harlow took his resentment as follows: He repaired to the Queen's Head, at Epsom, where his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland, under similar circumstances, to paint a signboard in liquidation of his score. This was accepted. He painted both sides: the one presented a front view of her Majesty, in a sort of clever, dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's style; the other represented the back view of the queen's person, as if looking into the signboard—and underneath was painted, "T. L., Greek street, Soho." When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, "I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom; and if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other." "There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long," replied Harlow, unabashed, but moving out of reach of the threatened demonstration.

Free Shave and a Drink.

THERE was once a barber who had on his sign the words—

"What do you think
I will shave you for nothing
And give you something to drink."

A man went in on the supposed invitation, and, after he was shaved, asked for something to drink. "No," said the barber, "you do not read my sign right. I say, 'What! do you think I will shave you for nothing, and give you something to drink?'"

"Words have their Meaning."

A MEDICINE man many years ago had a shop in Beekman street, New York,

where he sold various medicaments, which were duly *sign-ed* at the door, as well as sealed and delivered within. Conspicuous among these signs, was one which bore the following inscription, namely, "The Celebrated Cure for the Spanish Piles." It was an infallible specific for a painful malady, the vender said one day to a friend, "but, by gar! nobody come to buy him! Yet his sign is biggest one at de door!" The friend looked at the sign. "I see how it is," said he; "nobody *here* has the *Spanish* piles—your *sign* is wrong. Have it changed to 'The celebrated *Spanish cure* for the piles.'" This advice was taken, and a few days after, the foreign pot'ecary met his adviser in the street, when, holding out his hand, with a cordial smile and a fervent grasp, he said, 'Aha! it is ver' good; *now* I sell de *Spanish cure* ver' moch! Everybody say he ver' most good t'ing!"

French Ideas of Advertising.

A MARCHAND de papier—or paper merchant—took an advertisement of such wares to a provincial newspaper in France, whose *régisseur* was proprietor, printer, and all—besides carrying on a little of *another* kind of paper business. The gentleman refused to insert the advertisement.

"Why not?" asked the dealer, in astonishment. "Here's the money down, if you are afraid of that!"

"Heu! heu!" said the editor, "I neither want your money nor your advertisement. I, too, sell paper—fools-cap, quarto, letter paper, fine, coarse, and demi-fine, besides envelopes, cards, and letters of *faire-part*, of deaths and marriages, all in the newest style—a very large assortment. I cannot publish the advertisement of any one who would undersell *my* paper. What would you have?"

Too proud to make vain remonstrance, the customer went away. But

in a few days returned to the office, and humbly asked :

"Monsieur, have you an attic to let?"

"What do you mean? I don't understand your question. Pray, now, what project can you have in respect to my attic?"

"Before I can explain my intentions," the merchant replied, "you must answer my question, whether you have an attic to let?"

"No, I have not."

"Very well, monsieur; I can now proceed to business without fear of a rebuff. Please insert this in your next number. I have an attic to let, but I thought I would ask whether *you* had one to let also, before I ventured to present the advertisement."

Pathos and Puffing Extraordinary.

THE tone of sentiment adopted in advertising the death of a trader or man of business, in England, not unfrequently affords matter of peculiar entertainment. There is sometimes a facetious—not to say barefaced—union of puff and despondency. Here is one of these pseudo-lachrymose specimens of a death: "Died, on the 11th ultimo, at his shop in Fleet street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only £1 4s. each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock, to be sold cheap, for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more moderate charge than any house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality."

Alliteration in Advertising.

ADVERTISING, now-a-days, has become reduced—or elevated!—to a science. Somebody *alliterizes* in this manner, in an advertisement of an asserted superior article of marking ink: to wit, that it is remarkable for "requiring no preparation, preëminently preëngages peculiar public predilection; produces palpable, plainly perceptible, perpetual perspicuities; penetrates powerfully, precluding previous prerequisite preparations; possesses particular prerogatives; protects private property; prevents presumptuous, pilfering persons practising promiscuous proprietorship; pleasantly performing plain practical penmanship; perfectly precludes puerile panegyrics, preferring proper public patronage."

"Universal Stores."

ROYAL TYLER, the famous New Hampshire wit, thus set off, in parody, the advertisements of the "Universal Stores," so common in former times:

VARIETY STORE.

To the LITERATI:

MESSRS. COLON & SPONDEE,
wholesale dealers in

Verse, Prose, and Poetry,

beg leave to inform the PUBLIC, and the LEARNED
in particular, that

—previous to the ensuing

COMMENCEMENT—

They propose to open a fresh Assortment of

LEXICOGRAPHIC, BURGURSDICIAN, AND
PARNASSIAN

GOODS,

suitable for the season,

At the Room on the Plain, lately occupied
by Mr. FREDERICK WISER, *Tonsor*,
if it can be procured—

Where they will expose to Sale—

Salutatory and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations and Dialogues among the living and the dead—
Theses and Masters, Questions, Latin, Greek,

Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and the ancient Coptic, neatly modified into Dialogues, Oration, etc., on the shortest notice—with Dissertations on the Targum and Talmud, and Collations after the manner of Kennicott—Hebrew roots and other Simples—Dead Languages for living Drones—Oriental Languages with or without points, prefixes, or suffixes—Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutturals—Synalæphas, Elisions, and Ellipses of the newest *cut-v*'s added and dovetailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnesian Nasal Twangs—Classic Compliments adapted to all dignities, with superlatives in *o*, and gerunds in *di, gratis*—Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on, from one to twenty logues.

Anagrams, Acrostics, Anacreontics, Chronograms, Epigrams, Hudibrastics, and Panegyrics, Rebuses, Charades, Puns, and Conundrums, by the *gross* or *single dozen*. Sonnets, Elegies, Epithalamiums; Bucolics, Gearics, Pastorals; Epic Poems, Dedications, and Adulatory Prefaces, in *verse* and *prose*.

Ether, Mist, Sleet, Rain, Snow, Lightning, and Thunder, prepared and personified after the manner of Della Crusca, with a quantity of *Brown Horror, Blue Fear, and Child-Begging Love*, from the same Manufactory; with a pleasing variety of high-colored *Compound* epithets, well assorted—Farragoes, and other Brunonian Opiates—Anti-Institutes, or the new and concise patent mode of applying *forty letters* to the spelling of a monosyllable—Love Letters by the Ream—Summary Arguments, both *Merry* and *Serious*—Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical—Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons—Old Orations scoured, Forensics furnished, Blunt Epigrams newly pointed, and cold Conferences hashed; with *Extemporaneous Prayers, corrected and amended*—Aliterations artfully allied—and Periods polished to perfection.

Airs, Canons, Catches, and Cantatas—Fugues, Overtures, and Symphonies, for any number of instruments—Serenades for Nocturnal Lovers—with *Rose Trees* full blown, and *Black jokes of all colors*—Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered, and slurred—with Couplets, Syncopations, Minim and

Crotchet Rests, for female voices—and *Solos*, with the *three* parts, for hand organs.

Classic College Bows, clear starched, lately imported from Cambridge, and now used by all the topping scientific connoisseurs in hair and wigs, in this country.

Adventures, Paragraphs, Letters from Correspondents, Country Seats for Rural Members of Congress, provided by Editors of Newspapers—with Accidental Deaths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hailstones, of all dimensions, adapted to the Season.

Circles squared, and Mathematical Points divided into quarters, and half shares; and jointed Assymptotes which will meet at any given distance.

Syllogisms in Bocardo, and Baralippton; Serious Caution against Drunkenness, etc., and other coarse Wrapping Paper, *gratis*, to those who buy the smallest article.

 *On hand, a few Tierces of Attic Salt—also, Cash, and the highest price, given for RAW WIT, for the use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above Articles.*

Buying a Claim.

FROM the oil diggings a correspondent of Harper's "Drawer" writes, under date of Oleana: The world is full of good things. You also are in a similar state of repletion, and yet the half is not told. There are many things yet unknown, and, let us hope, many more yet to happen. We live in the midst of a good thing—oil; good for everything under the sun but to smell; it is not good for that. Three friends were discussing "THE SUBJECT" (oil, of course). Says A: "Old Billy G—has bought a good claim." "What does he give?" says B. "One thousand dollars, and a quarter of the oil for a quarter of the claim," replied A. "Then," says C, "as a matter of course, had he bought the whole claim he would have had to pay four thousand dollars and *all the oil*." This is an opinion as is an opinion.

Very Racy.

PREVIOUS to the destruction of the National Theatre in Boston, one of the stores in the basement was occupied by one Patrick I. Grace. A wag meeting a friend in the street, and knowing his penchant for rare and exciting sights, inquired if he had seen the pig race?"

"Pig race!" repeated Dupee, "no; I never heard of one before. Where is it?"

"Down to the National Theatre; you had better go down; it's worth seeing," was the answer.

Dupee, who had been "spoiling" for something new in the way of amusements, started for the National at once, but of course found the doors closed, and no signs of any race around there, except the human race. Feeling that he was the victim of a "sell," he turned dryly away, when his eye caught Mr. Grace's sign. The stupid painter had omitted to insert any punctuation, and it read thus: PIGRACE.

"Very good," remarked Dupee; "that does look like a pig race, sure enough!" and off he hurried, to find a victim in his turn.

Getting rid of his Neighbor's Customers.

In the pleasant city of Canton, Mississippi, lives a worthy landlord by the name of Colonel Pierce. Next door to the Pierce House was a gunsmith's shop, kept by Bob Leonard, whose chief failing was the love of fish, squirrels, etc. When Bob wanted a day in the woods he had no scruples about closing up his establishment. Of course Bob's customers would be more numerous on the days the shop was closed. Now no place was so handy as Colonel Pierce's for the disappointed to inquire, "Do you know where Bob Leonard is?" The Colonel, getting heartily tired of the annoyance, thought him of a plan for ridding him-

self of the trouble of answering. He had a sign painted, and hung up in the most conspicuous part of the office, with this inscription: "I want it distinctly understood that I don't know where Bob Leonard is."

Broadway Signs.

Not long since there could be seen a very singular and purely accidental collection of occupations in one building on Broadway—the signs across the front standing out like some great Ogre's eyes, nose, and mouth, ready to gobble a person up. The first floor, occupied by the "*Broadway Restaurant*," where you could be taken in, fed, and prepared; the second floor, occupied by the "*Office of the West Point Foundry*," where you could be killed by the latest inventions; the third floor occupied by the "*Office of Greenwood Cemetery*," where you could be buried in the most approved style. *Feed, kill, and bury*, all in one building.

Pat's Definition of Railroad "Stock."

PAT DONAHUE was a "broth of a boy," right from the "Gem of the Say," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, New Hampshire, in the year of grace 1855, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered—like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the corporation.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to git for me labor? Wasn't me contract for sthock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect!" said Pat, excitedly; "what did I expect! Why pigs, and shape, and horses, shure!"

Silk-Dyer's Poetical Sign.

Poor Goldsmith's familiar and touching lines:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"
fare sadly in the hands of a silk-dyer,
who puts on his sign and circular this
wicked parody:

"When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain—
Whatever made a woman crosser—
What art can wash all white again?"

"The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsoiled dress above her,
Of proper color, is *to dye!*"

Full-size Headings to Advertisements.

As the editor of "old KNICK," vouches for the strict ter-ruth of the following little *legend*, it may be safely assumed to be strictly ter-rue, especially in view of the extrinsic probability which is so obvious in the narration:

A few years since, the writer of the following sketch was one of the editors and proprietors of a daily and weekly newspaper, published in one of the large towns of Western New York. Among the numerous patrons of the paper was a man whom I shall describe as Levi Lapp, a carpenter by trade, and a very clever man in his way, but as the sequel shows, entirely unacquainted with the art which claims as its shining lights the names of Guttemberg and Faust.

Having considerable Yankee adapt-
edness to one thing or the other, in the

useful as well as ornamental line, Mr. Lapp had recently purchased the right to manufacture a patent pump, which he was very desirous of introducing to the public, through the columns of our paper. In other words, he wanted to advertise it, and in the course of conversation about the price and other details, mentioned to me that he would like a cut of his new pump inserted as a heading to the advertisement. I replied, "Very well," and immediately asked, "Have you the cut here?" He replied, "No, but I have got one at my house, and will fetch it in."

In a day or two Mr. Lapp came into the office with a hand-bill, which he unfolded, and which contained a *fac simile* of the pump he was manufacturing.

He said to me: "Now you can get in my cut, and do so at once, for I wish to see it in print in your paper."

"Where is your cut?" I asked.

"On the bill," he replied, with all the seriousness of a post captain.

I then told him that it would require a block of wood cut by an engraver in the shape and likeness of the pump; that this was called a cut or engraving, and that it would have to be used in the press, in connection with the types, to make up such an advertisement as he desired. I further told him who could do the job, and the probable expense—some fifteen or twenty dollars.

A bright idea appeared to influence Mr. Lapp, and he informed me that he thought he could do the job himself, and save just so much outlay. I told him if he could it would suit me equally as well; but I thought he would find it a trifle difficult.

We separated, and I saw no more of Levi Lapp for several weeks. In fact, I had forgotten all about the matter. One morning, bright and early, as I was busy at the desk, in came Mr. Lapp, in a great hurry and bluster. He quickly explained himself, and

said he had his cut finished, and had brought it as a heading to his advertisement.

I said: "Very well. Where is it?"

He answered: "Down stairs."

Without giving the matter a moment's thought, I said to him, "Bring it up;" and he instantly left the room for that purpose.

His back was hardly turned, however, before the thought struck me that he had rather a huge engraving for a paper of limited size like ours. And calling to the foreman to see if I was not correct in my opinion, I turned again to the desk.

The foreman was back in an instant, and I was soon aware that Levi Lapp's bright idea had grown into giant proportions, and that the engraving or cut he had brought for our press was no less than *a veritable wood pump of full size, even to the pump log, chain, crank and water spout.*

Lapp was proceeding to bring his "extended cut" into our establishment, but at that very moment was deterred from executing his plan by the shouts and laughter of the entire printing office force, including the devil himself, who stood at the windows making merry at his expense.

The true condition of affairs slowly dawned upon Mr. Lapp's vision; and when informed that he had made a much larger "cut" than the present condition of the art preservative would justify, he hurriedly replaced his "engraving" on the wagon that brought it to our door and drove off, evidently making a greater "impression" in this way than the pump could, by any possibility, have made in our limited establishment.

Rush's Celebrated Figure-Heads.

EDWARD CUTBUSH was considered the best carver of his day. Among his apprentices, at the close of the last century, was William Rush, of Philadelphia. When Rush first saw, on a foreign vessel, a walking figure—most unusual, in that day—he instantly conceived the design of more tasteful and graceful figures than had been before executed. He at once surpassed his master; and having thus opened his mind to the contemplation and study of such attitudes and figures as he saw in nature, he was very soon enabled to surpass all his former performances. Then his figures began to excite admiration in foreign ports. The figure of the "Indian Trader" to the ship "William Penn" (the Trader was dressed in Indian habiliments), excited great admiration in London. The carvers there would come in boats and station themselves near the ship, so as to sketch designs from it. They even came to take casts of plaster-of-Paris from the head. This was directly after the Revolution, when she was commanded by Captain Josiah. When he carved a river god as the figure for the ship "Ganges," the Hindoos came off in numerous boats to pay their admiration, and perhaps reverence, to the various emblems in the trail of the image. On one occasion, the house of Nicklin & Griffiths actually had orders from England to Rush (fifty years and more ago), to carve two figures for two ships building there. One was a female personation of Commerce. The duties charged in that instance amounted to more than the first cost of the images themselves.

PART SEVENTH.

*ANECDOTES AND THINGS MEMORABLE CONCERNING
BUSINESS TRANSIT AND COMMUNICATION.*

PART SEVENTH.

Anecdotes and Things Memorable concerning Business Transit and Communication.

SHIPPING, STEAMBOATS, RAILWAYS, EXPRESSES, TELEGRAPHS, COACHES, OMNIBUSES, ETC.,—
THEIR OWNERS, OFFICERS, PATRONS, AND ATTACHÉS.

— The heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole.—THOMSON.

Soon shall thy power, unconquered Steam ! afar
Drag the swift barge and drive the rapid car.

DARWIN (*more than ninety years ago*).

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits
As going at full speed.—DON JUAN.

No longer gee-up and gee-ho,
But fiz—fiz ! off we go !—ANON.

Purchase of Jacob Barker's Ship "United States" by the Emperor Nicholas.

At one period of his business career, Jacob Barker was extensively engaged in the Russian trade, and gave the name of "Russia" to the last ship he had built. Among the vessels employed by Mr. Barker in his Russian business, was a very fine New-York built ship, named the "United States."

This ship was lying at anchor at Cronstadt, in 1829, when the young emperor, Nicholas, passing by in his barge, on his way to the inspection of his fleet, being attracted by her fine appearance, the boatswain's whistle was sounded, and the men peaked their oars, while the emperor took a full view of the vessel ; it again sounded, the boat went round the ship, and then landed ; the captain was invited on shore, when the emperor inquired of him if his ship was for sale—and if so, what was the price. The reply was, "She was for sale until yesterday, when

a charter was obtained, to take a cargo of copper, &c., to Bordeaux—price, \$50,000 ; she cannot now be sold without the consent of the charterers." The emperor responded : "I will send down commissioners to inspect the vessel ; if they report favorably, I will obtain the consent of the charterers, and give you the required \$50,000 for the ship."

On the czar's return to the city, he directed his minister of marine to confer with the charterers ; he did so, and stipulated to pay a specified amount for their annulling the charter, provided she, on inspection, should prove satisfactory—allowing three days for the examination. She proved satisfactory. But the minister of marine omitting to give the notice within the three days, the cargo was sent down, and the ship commenced loading. The emperor passed again the next day, and perceived her to be a foot and a half deeper in the water than when he resolved to make the purchase. He

returned immediately to the city, and sent for the minister of marine, from whom he obtained an explanation. In place of directing him to disregard the delay in giving the answer, as a frivolous objection, he directed him to inform the captain that he might proceed to Bordeaux with his cargo; and as it would be too late to return that season to Russia, he might go to the United States and procure another cargo, come back with it to Europe, and then return to St. Petersburg, when he, the emperor, would take the ship at the same price. She did return, was received, and promptly paid for, the royal purchaser personally superintending the consummation of his bargain.

Such high-minded conduct, such business-like attention to mercantile usage, on the part of a crowned head, is seldom met with, though in this instance quite consistent with the autocrat's well-known respect for American merchants.

"Considering" a Ship Builder.

JOHN MORGAN was a merchant and ship owner, formerly residing in Pennsylvania. He made a contract with a builder to build him a vessel. When the vessel was partly finished, and he had received payment for all he had done, he went to Mr. M., and told him that he had ascertained that he could not build the vessel for the price agreed, as he should lose all he was worth, and perhaps more, and had therefore concluded he must abandon the job where it was, and let him get some one else to finish it. This was a poser to Morgan, who, after thinking of it for a few moments, said to him, "Well, well, you go on with it, and when we settle, I'll consider you;"—which, to the builder, was satisfactory. He therefore went on until the job was finished, Morgan advancing money from time to time. When they came to settle, Morgan drew his check for the balance due

according to contract. The builder stood and hesitated for a while, and then said, "You know, Mr. Morgan, you said that if I would go on with the job, you would—consider me." "Well, well," gruffly replied the old man, "I *have* considered *yer*, and considered *yer* a great fool for *doin'* on't so cheap."

Imaginative Expressmen—an Artificial Corpse.

It is quite usual, now-a-days, to send corpses by express. But the business is *very* unpopular with expressmen, especially if the body has far to travel.

One morning, a messenger, having among his freight, in the express company's car, one of those ominously oblong boxes, declared confidentially to the conductor of the train, that the body inside "must be very far gone indeed—the smell of it fairly upset him." In vain he tried to forget it, or salubri-fy the odor by smoking a magnificent cigar. The smell became more offensive to him every minute during the long night that he was whizzing away with it over the rail track; and before the train arrived in New York, it affected him so much that he could not stay in the car.

When the drivers, with the wagons of the New York office, went to the depot for the express freight, the illness of the unfortunate messenger was obvious, and in answer to inquiries, he explained the cause. All eyes at once fell on the oblong box, and every man held his nose. It was decided unanimously that it was too far gone to be taken to the office, and as the railroad men swore (through their suppressed olfactories) that they would not suffer it to remain in the depot, the strongest-nerved and most accommodating driver present took it to the "dead house," up town.

No one knew where the obnoxious box came from. It was usual to make

a special bargain in such cases, but no allusion was made to it on the way bill. In the course of the day, however, the mystery was solved. A gentleman came into the express office in Broadway, and called for the box.

"It has been taken to the dead house," was the reply of the clerk.

"The dead house!" exclaimed the applicant.

"Yes, sir," rejoined the clerk, firmly; "we couldn't stand it, sir. Too far gone, sir."

"Too far gone!" was the quick retort; "I should think so, if you have sent it way up to —th street. Explain yourself! What do you mean?"

"I mean that the body *smelt too bad*, sir!" responded the clerk.

"Smelt bad!" cried the visitor; "I have handled it for ten years past, and I never yet smelt anything but the varnish, and that not at all unpleasantly. Hang it, sir, that box contains my manikin, an *artificial* anatomy or model of the human body. I am Dr. W——, the lecturer on physiology."

Risks and Accidents Insured Against.

It would appear that the notion, broached so long ago, of a railway insurance office, has been carried into execution. A company has been actually started at Paris, to insure persons against railway risks and accidents. The directors promise to give so much for the loss of an arm, a leg—and even the value of a burn is calculated to a nicety. They offer annuities, also, to surviving relations, and undertake, free of expense, to bury any one who has been killed. Similar companies, it is thought, would be desirable in other parts—say in our own Western States. The only apprehension is, that so many railways in that section would have to be rated "Doubly Hazardous;" and that a person travelling by them, would be charged at the same rate as a medical insurance office would charge a person

who is on the point of sailing for Sierra Leone.

Floating Railways.

SOME ingenious gentleman of a practical turn of mind, who seems to think that capital does not get sunk rapidly enough in railways of the usual construction, has, as the result of much speculation, proposed a floating line, which will, of course, if carried out, be exposed to more than the ordinary fluctuations to which those things are liable. The scheme may work well enough when matters go on smoothly, but when Neptune has a bill—or a billow—to take up, and Boreas may be raising the wind to help him out, it is to be feared the traffic on the floating line would be entirely swamped, to say nothing of the difficulty the engineers might experience in taking their loads. However, the committee who have the subject under consideration, may be able to show that it will be practicable to outstride these difficulties—which merely suggest themselves at first thought.

Superseding Steam.

A LETTER in Galignani's *Messenger* having fully proved the facility with which tables can be moved by means of a "company" through mere volition, after the hands of the company have been placed for a short time on the table, it is proposed that a company shall be formed for the application of tabular locomotion to practical purposes—transportation of merchandise and the conveyance of passengers; to be called the Locomotive Table Company. The principal object of the association will be to supersede steam engines on railways; an improvement in travelling by which it is hoped many serious accidents will be prevented which would otherwise have occurred. The table will be placed where the engine is at

present, in front of the train. It will go on grooved castors, and a certain number of the directors of the company will be seated at a board in connection with it, which will insure that additional guarantee of safety so much wanted on railroads. The expenses involved in carrying out the company's object will not, it is expected, be very considerable; but shareholders will be required to pay down the whole of their subscriptions, as the projectors anticipate some little difficulty in obtaining credit.

Universal Salvage Company.

AMONG the various enterprises to which the ingenuity of the day has turned itself, is that of a company which advertises to raise sunken or wrecked vessels, all over the world, and divide the profits. It is not impossible that this very promising association may in time be followed by the Incorporated Mudlarks, or Joint-Stock Dredging Company—which, indeed, the first-named concern seems in fact to be, only on a somewhat extended principle. Directors are already appointed, and “a manager afloat” is advertised. It is to be hoped that “shareholders aground” will not be the end of this very useful nautical enterprise.

Dismissing a Shipmaster.

ONE of the most faithful shipmasters in the employ of Stephen Girard was Captain Guligar. He had been seventeen years in his service, from an apprentice until he rose to the command of one of his favorite and finest ships. Having thus by diligence and industry been promoted to the berth of first officer, he sailed in that capacity to Batavia, in the *Voltaire* or *Rousseau*. At Batavia the captain died; and Guligar, as first officer, took the command of the ship, sailing for Holland with a very rich cargo, and arriving at an excellent

market. From Holland he brought the ship safe into the port of Philadelphia, making altogether an immensely profitable voyage for his owner.

Girard having concluded to repeat the voyage to Batavia, Captain Guligar, being either averse to the climate, or from some other cause, observed to Mr. Girard, “that if he had no objection, he would prefer taking the command of such a ship,” naming her, which Girard was then loading for a port in Europe. Girard, without uttering a syllable in reply, called to his clerk, and directed him to make out the accounts of Captain Guligar immediately. He discharged him on the same day from his employ, saying: “I do not make the voyage for my captains, but for myself,” a declaration which no one acquainted with him could possibly venture to dispute.

Commercial Importance of the Cat.

THE peculiar relations which grimalkin sustains to commerce is not generally known. It is stated in a London journal that marine insurance in some parts of Europe does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the cargo thus damaged can prove that the ship was not furnished with a cat, he can recover compensation from the owner of the ship. Again, a ship that is found under certain circumstances, *without a living creature on board*, is considered a *derelict*, and, according to certain conditions, a forfeiture to the sovereign, lords of the admiralty, and other interested parties. And it has not unfrequently occurred, after all the crew have been lost, or the ship otherwise abandoned, that a live canary bird, domestic fowl, but most frequently a *cat*, being found on board, has saved the vessel from being condemned as a *derelict*. Consequently, the ship owners, considering the cat's proverbial tenacity of life, as well as its presence

being a bar to claims of damage by rats, always take care not to send a ship to sea without having a cat on board.

Reading the Annual Report.

A CERTAIN little railway, the route and character of which will presently appear, has been following the example of larger companies, by holding a general meeting, presenting a report, and performing, on its own snug little scale, all the operations of a line of first-rate magnitude. A few extracts from the report, as read to the meeting, are here given in advance of its publication :

"Your Directors had hoped to render this a favorite trunk line for the conveyance of baggage belonging to the boys and girls going home for the holidays from the various boarding schools in the neighborhood; but as there is not as yet any scholastic establishment at Wormwood Scrubs, nor any probability of a large juvenile population in the Canal Basin, which form the two termini and the only stations on the permanent way, there has been as yet no chance of pushing the resources of the line as a trunk, or even a carpet-bag line, into full development.

"It is with regret that your Directors have to state that the 'branch' concerns, commenced last year, have not yet borne any fruit, though the asparagus cuttings yielded a small revenue—applicable to the Holfast Fund intended as superannuation money for the one fireman—and some of the cuttings remaining uncut from last year, have in due course run to seed, with a view to forming the seeds of future prosperity.

"A negotiation was undertaken by your Directors with the Great Western, for the sale of the whole of their plant (fixture and tools); but as the most valuable portion was a lot of cabbage plants, the negotiation fell to the ground just as the cabbages were shooting out of it.

"The canal has been looked at with great caution by your Directors, and they have in fact gone very deeply into it. They have also, after due deliberation, abandoned that part of the line known as the Shepherd's Bush Clothes Line, though the laundresses have been hanging out for better terms; but your Directors prefer the chance of the dry-goods to the prospect of having a damp thrown on any of their lines by a class of people who refused to stir a peg—or even a clothes peg—to meet the views of the proprietors.

"Your Directors are still undecided what to do with the first-class car originally built for the passenger traffic on this line, and are now considering a proposition from the Messrs. Wee, the great nurserymen, who have made an offer for the car without its wheels, with a view to its conversion into a Chinese summer house, or an extensive melon frame."

Every separate sentence of the above report was received with shouts of applause; and, after voting, by acclamation, to the chairman of the Board, a teacup of peanuts, to be debited to the company's treasury when the receipts should warrant the expenditure, the meeting broke up with a vote of confidence in everybody and everything.

Ask any Committee Man.

DID you ever know a railway from a place no one knows where, to a place no one ever heard of before, with branches everywhere, of which the gradients were not easy, the cuttings few, the tunnelling next to nothing, and the traffic immense?

Unparalleled Railway Damages.

THE transaction of Lord Petrie with the directors of the Eastern Counties Railroad, England, stands unparalleled of its class, in railway annals—the Shy-

lock, perseveringly exacting his full bond.

Previous to the company's obtaining a bill, or charter it appears that a secret engagement was entered into with his lordship by the provisional committee, who engaged to pay him the enormous sum of six hundred thousand dollars, nominally for the land through which the rail was to pass, but really for the withdrawal of an opposition which might have been disastrous to the road. When, however, the bill was passed, there seems to have been some objection to fulfilling the contract, on the pretended ground of misrepresentation. Nor did the directors hesitate to assert that to fulfil it would be a fraud on the proprietors, the legislature, and the public.

But if the company were unwilling to pay the money, his lordship was equally unwilling to give it up. He obtained an injunction against them; he opposed and prevented them from passing through his grounds; he harassed and irritated them as they had irritated him, and with far more effect. But the stake was too great to yield quietly. In addition to the money involved, Lord P.'s pride was touched to the quick by the treatment he received.

The company, wishing to be safe, appointed seven eminent surveyors to report as to the damage likely to be caused to his lordship's estate; copies of their reports were forwarded to Lord P., and an offer was made to use them as the basis of an amicable arrangement. His lordship, however, positively and squarely declined any change in the terms of the bond. Finally, the directors thought it best to stay proceedings, and, seeing the hopelessness of their case, urged a decision by arbitration. Lord P., however, flatly refused all such interference, and the company was emphatically grounded; the amended bill, too, which they had caused to be brought in their favor before the legis-

lature, seemed little likely to result in any good. Still, if the bill were abandoned, the compulsory power of the company by its first act would soon cease to exist; and even if they gained a chancery suit and annulled the contract, their opponent might refuse to sell his land at all, and thus a gap of six unfinished miles grace the line.

It only remained, therefore, for the company to pay the money. Thus his lordship beat the board, and exacted the full amount of his bond—the prodigious sum of six hundred thousand dollars, with interest, being paid for land said by appraisers to be possibly worth twenty-five thousand. This is believed to be a case which stands alone by itself, in respect to the immense amount involved and the peculiar circumstances investing the whole affair.

Rather Ominous.

THE directors of a railway company, it is announced, made a few days since a preliminary "trip" upon the newly completed line. There have been so many *trips* and *slips* on the various railways, that a little preliminary practice of that work might prove beneficial to persons who prefer making a rapid transit by steam to another world, to the old-fashioned and tedious mode of travelling by post.

Up Trains and Down Trains.

"WHAT do you mean by an 'Up Train'?" inquired a rural passenger.

"A train whose engine explodes and blows up the whole concern, of course," replied the conductor.

"Then, what do you mean by a 'Down Train'?" asked verdant.

"What else could it be but a train whose engine gets off the track and plunges down the bank or into the river, with the cars after it?"

"To which of the two does this 'ere belong—eh?"

"We can answer no such question in advance!"

The Ladder of Gold.

IN 1845, when the new railroad mania had so frantically seized upon the English populace, the iron track was familiarly, and yet seriously, termed the *ladder of gold*, and all classes struggled for a foothold that should enable them to ascend its beckoning heights of speedy affluence. The facts almost exceed belief. A colony of solicitors, engineers, and seedy accountants settled in the purlieus of Threadneedle street. Every town and parish in the kingdom blazed out in zinc plates over the doorways. From the cellar to the roof, every fragment of a room held its committee. The darkest cupboard on the stairs contained a secretary or a clerk. Men who were never east of Temple Bar, before or since, were now as familiar to the pavement of Moorgate street—the great rendezvous of the railway craft—as the stock brokers. Ladies of title, lords, members of Parliament, and fashionable loungers thronged the noisy passages, and were jostled by adventurers, by gamblers, rogues, and impostors. The choicest phraseology was employed in picturing the advantages and profits of the different roads. Everything was to pay a large dividend; everything was to yield a large profit. The shares of one company rose 2,400 per cent. From his garret in some nameless suburb the outcast scamp; from his West-end hotel, the spendthrift fop; from his dim studio, the poor artist; from his starved lodging, the broken-down gentleman; from his flying address, the professional swindler; from his fine mansion, the man of notoriety, whose life was a daily fight to keep up appearances—all these poured into Moorgate street, side by side, and with kindred purposes, every day. Fraud, fiction, and fun made up the staple of these flash projects. On

one of the contracts the name of a half-pay pensioner for £54 a year was down for £41,500; a curate, known to be poor, was down for £35,000; a clerk, for £50,000; and two brothers, sons of a charwoman living in a garret, were down for £12,000 and £25,000 respectively. Duchesses' delicate fingers handled scrip; old maids inquired with trembling eagerness the price of stocks; young ladies' eyes ceased to scan the marriage list—deserting this for the table of shares, and startling their lovers with questions respecting the operations of bulls and bears. One person was a director in twenty-three companies, a second in twenty-two, a third in twenty-one, and a fourth in twenty. Thus "madness ruled the hour." On Thursday, October 16, 1845, the Bank of England raised the rate of interest; the effect was immediate. Men looked doubtfully and darkly at each other. The panic came, and the crash that followed brought a haggard shadow upon the path of peer and peasant, and a frightful page to almost every family history.

Oldest Vessel in America.

It is believed that the oldest vessel in this country, of American build, is the barque Maria, of which a New Bedford (Mass.) paper of Aug. 11, 1859, thus speaks: The bark Maria arrived at this port last evening, from a three-years' cruise in the Indian ocean. She was built at the town of Pembroke, now called Hanson, for a privateer, during the Revolutionary war. She was bought by William Rotch, a merchant of Nantucket, afterward of this city, in the year 1783, and in the same year she made a voyage to London with a cargo of oil. Her register is dated A. D. 1782, and she is consequently in her seventy-seventh year. She claims to be the first ship that displayed the United States flag in a British port after the Revolutionary war,

which flag is now in existence, though in shreds. Her model is of the old French construction, tumbling home, or rounding very much in her top sides, and she is consequently very narrow on deck, in proportion to her size, two hundred and two tons. It is said that there stands to her credit over two hundred thousand dollars; and from the earliest history of this ship, she never has been any expense by loss to underwriters except once, and that to a very small amount.

Names of Vessels and Trade of New York in 1680.

A LIST of the clearances from the port of New York, for the year 1680 and a few years subsequent, shows the following quaint names of vessels: Restore Peace, Bachelor's Delight, the Golden Hind, Happy Returne, Prudent Mary; and in the way of "adventures"—The Brothers' Adventure, John's Adventure, Nathaniel's Adventure, the Friends' Adventure, the Best Adventure, the Drivers' Adventure, and the Owners' Adventure.

The foreign ports with which trade was carried on in those days were Barbadoes, Jamaica, the Caribee Islands, Madeira, Nevio, Surinam, Curaçoa, Bermuda, Providence Islands, Fayal, Madagascar, Antigua, the Leeward Islands, St. Christopher's, Monserat, Newfoundland, St. Augustine, St. Jago, Honduras, London, Amsterdam, Isle of Man, Falmouth, Dover, Cowes, Carlisle.

Curious Division of Ships into Ounces.

It was lately stated in evidence in a bankruptey case in Wales, that the sixty-four shares into which a vessel, the ownership of which was connected with the case, was divided, were considered equal to one pound avoirdupois, the owner of four shares being called the owner of an ounce, of two shares of

half an ounce, and so on. This resembles the mode of division among the Romans.

First Vessel in the World.

THE first vessel of which we have any authentic account—the first not only in point of time, but in size, and the magnitude of purpose for which it was intended, is the Ark. The more the dimensions, proportions, and arrangement of this wonderful vessel (as given in the simple but comprehensive directions for its construction found recorded) are considered, the more does one's admiration of it increase, as a work of nautical art, and as the most perfect adaptation of a means to an end. Her tonnage, estimated from the data of size given, must have been forty-two thousand four hundred and thirteen tons, equal to about eighteen ships of the line.

English Hares by Express.

A TRICK practised considerably of late years, by rogues in the name of expressmen, is to call upon people at their houses with bundles, purporting to have come by express from a distance, upon which they have the hardihood to collect charges. Their demands are usually paid, and their victims too late discover that they have got in exchange for their money only a parcel of paper rags, or other trash. In one instance, a box of "game" was left at a house up town, New York, and "twenty shillings charges" collected—the rascal remarking that he believed it was *English hares*. The lady was delighted with the idea that it was a present from a very dear friend in England, and she was dying of impatience until her servant man had opened it, and discovered that it contained only a deceased cat!

Telegraph vs. Express.

"CAN you take a box to Albany to-day?" was the question of a good-looking young gentleman, who was trying to raise a crop of hair on his upper lip, but which seemed more like the down on the south side of a peach.

"We will start it to-day, and it will arrive in Albany some time during the night, provided the train has the good luck to arrive here."

"Oh, but it *must* reach there by nine o'clock to-night, at the farthest."

"Had you not better send it by telegraph?—then there will be no doubt of its arriving in time."

"The telegraph man laughed at me when I asked him to do it, and said I had better carry the box to Albany myself."

"As it is now near five o'clock, and it 'must' be there by nine, you had better follow his advice. Those gentlemen who work the telegraph understand velocity in a remarkable degree, and I have no doubt they judged correctly when they advised you to take it there yourself."

"I suppose they judged me to be a *fast* young man, from the observations they made, and I was not pleased with them."

"They seldom form an incorrect opinion of those persons who visit them, and I doubt much whether they were mistaken with you."

"What must I do, then?"

"Take the advice of the telegraph operator."

"What! and carry the box there myself?"

"Certainly. You know it *must* be there by nine o'clock, and I know of no other way of its getting there."

And such impossibilities are expected by persons every day, of those engaged in the express business.

Church and State vs. Railways.

A TRANSACTION peculiarly illustrating the character and policy of George Hudson is thus related: In negotiating for the Newcastle and Darlington line, he had outwitted the Dean and Chapter of Durham, showing the vanity of the idea that the "Church and State" could interpose to stay such great industrial undertakings. He now again visited that ancient archiepiscopal see, in company with George Stephenson, for the purpose of outwitting the shareholders of the Durham junction, by buying up the railway between them. Great was the astonishment of the public when they came to hear the particulars of the affair. A railway put into the pocket of an engineer and director! The proprietors did not so slowly recover from their surprise. Mr. Hudson, by this purchase, which he handed over to the company, had gained a further step on the new highway to the north, a further security for carrying out unchecked all his plans, and sustaining without impediment the whole fabric of his power.

Lloyd's Nautical Book.

AN examination of this curious British commercial catalogue, and in which ten thousand five hundred and forty-eight vessels are registered, affords some little amusement in connection with the *names* most popular, or contrariwise, among British merchants.

The largest proportion are named after their owners, or some member of their immediate family. The royal family also, the nobility, and eminent characters, seem to be favorite names with shipmasters: for example, there are twenty-five Victorias, thirteen Alberts or Prince Alberts, seven Prince of Wales, and fourteen Princess Royals; while each junior prince or princess has their representatives as well.

There are sixteen Dukes, besides the

Iron Duke, and six Wellingtons, and one called, par excellence, THE Duke, and six Duchesses. Descending a step in the peerage, there are found six Marquises and seven Marchionesses, thirty-three Earls and twenty-one Countesses, forty-four Lords, and exactly double that number of Ladies.

The army is represented by eighteen Generals, and the navy by thirteen Admirals. The bench has one solitary representative in Baron Martin; and the only literary characters are Burns, Byron, and Boz. Some of those good men whose names are as household words are also remembered, such, for example, as John Wesley, John Bunyan, Heber, Hedley Vicars, General Havelock, and Livingstone.

Names expressive of speed are naturally favorites, there being eleven Actives, and several Velocity, Alacrity, Alert, Flying Foam, Driving Mist, Arrow, and Faugh a Ballagh, or Clear the Way.

Some names let us into a little bit of family history; thus, there is something of filial affection in calling a vessel the Faithful Mother, and her owner can easily be imagined to be one who respects the fifth commandment. On the other hand, the Only Son is doubtless a tribute of parental love. There are numbers of Brothers, Sisters, Friends, and Cousins—quite a large family—even excluding the Seven Brothers, Five Sisters, and the Twins. *The Girl I Love* tells her own tale.

Several names have an airish smack of defiance; thus, Cock-o'-the-Walk, Touch me Not, and Let me Alone, seem to imply that any competitor has but a poor chance, and had better not try a race with them. *Come On*, on the contrary, invites a trial of speed, which I'll Try apparently accepts. There's something cheering about All Right, Fear Not, and Better Luck Still; and something a little conceited in Wide Awake, Look Out, Matchless, and Mark That! It is presumable that Bloomer and Cri-

noline belong to the same owner, and, no doubt, if he builds a third vessel, he will call her—well, the Sky Reacher. The man who put his savings in a ship, and named her the *Ascendant*, can comfort himself with the pleasurable feeling that he *must* be growing wealthy, for are not all his fortunes in the ascendant? So, too, the owner of Profit and Loss, doubtless, hopes the results of his vessel's earnings may be represented by the first part of her name; and likewise the owner of Cornucopia, that she may indeed prove to him a horn of plenty.

National characteristics are often exhibited in the names given to vessels in different countries. The Spaniard evinces the somewhat superstitious tendency of his mind by such titles as Santissima Trinidada, St. Joseph, Mother Mary, the Twelve Apostles, &c.

The French, again, manifest their *gaieté* and gallantry, by such titles for their ships, as La Belle Julie, La Bayadere, La Prima Donna, Mademoiselle, &c.

The Dutch, being an industrious, frugal people, may naturally be expected to confirm their character in these respects, by naming their vessels the Beaver and the Gold Hunter.

John Bull's crustiness and pugnacity are abundantly exemplified by such names as the Badger, Lion, Gladiator, Spitfire, Boxer, Julius Cæsar, Vengeance, Retribution, Bull Dog, and the like.

Rival Steamboat Lines.

IN the month of September, 1809, says Prof. Renwick, I was a partaker in the exciting scene, then first enacted, of a steamboat race. A company from Albany had been formed for the purpose of competing with Fulton. The first vessel of this rival line was advertised to leave Albany at the same time with Fulton's. Parties ran high in the hotels of Albany. The partisans of Fulton were enrolled under Prof. Kemp,

of Columbia College; those of the opposition under Jacob Stout. The victory was long in suspense; and it was not until after the thirtieth hour of a hard struggle that the result was proclaimed by Dr. Kemp, on the taffrail of Fulton's vessel, and holding out, in derision, a coil of rope to Captain Stout, for the purpose, as he informed him, of towing him into port. When the age, high standing, and sedate character of these two gentlemen are considered, it did not surprise me—remarks Prof. R., who witnessed the excitement—when I afterward heard of Western women having devoted their bacon to feed the fires of a steamboat furnace!

Arrival of the Steamer.

COLONEL SNOW, a most incorrigible wag, came in one morning to Grant's tonorial establishment in Ann street, New York, and with a face beaming with honest excitement, remarked, "Well! the steamer's in at last. She has made quick time; but she brought away her pilot, and carried away her pipes. She had a fine lot of passengers; more than one hundred and fifty. The news she brings is not—" Here half a dozen listeners, "under treatment," arrest the barber's hand, and wiping the lather from their faces, inquire with eagerness: "What steamer is it—the Hibernia, or Caledonia?" "Oh, bless you, no!" replies the colonel; "oh, no; the Olive Branch ferry boat from Brooklyn; she came over very full this morning, and in about six minutes; she carried back the pilot she brought away, and at the same time she carried away her pipes!"

Railcar Privileges.

EVERYBODY who has travelled much on the Northern railroads, must have noticed that in many of the cars, the name of the makers, "Eaton, Gilbert & Co.," is conspicuously posted. Not long

since, in one of these cars, a passenger of the name of *Gilbert* was travelling with a company of his friends, and seeing another notice just over the above, to the effect that "passengers are requested not to crack nuts in the cars," his innate love of fun was awakened. At the first stopping place he filled his pockets with peanuts, and distributing them among his friends, they were all soon busily engaged in eating them, and strewing the floor with the shells. The conductor, in passing, gently intimated that it was against the rules, and pointed to the printed notice.

"Oh, yes," said Gilbert, "I see, I see that; but you see by your own rules that *we* are privileged."

The conductor, thinking that they would soon stop, without any further trouble, passed on. On his next rounds, he found the same party still at the nuts, and making a great display of shells on the floor. Out of patience, he now spoke up quite sharply, and said to Mr. Gilbert:

"You must comply with the rules of the company, if you travel in these cars."

"Certainly, certainly, we will, but you do not seem to be aware that I and my company are excepted from the rule you refer to."

"No, I do not know anything of the sort, nor you either, and there is no use having any words about it; you must stop or quit the cars."

"Be quiet a minute," replied Mr. Gilbert, "and I will convince you. To be sure it says, 'Passengers are forbidden to crack nuts in the cars,' but right underneath is written, '*Eaton, Gilbert & Co.*' Now, my name is *Gilbert*, and this is my *company*, and we are doing as we are told."

The conductor "gave it up."

First Railroad in Europe and America.

THE first instance of the use of rails appears to have been some time pre-

vious to the year 1676, at the collieries near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. At that time, the coals were conveyed from the mines to the banks of the river, "by laying rails of timber exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts were made, with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the carriage was made so easy that one horse would draw four or five chaldrons of coal."

An advance was made about the year 1767, in the use of iron bars as a substitute for the upper rail of the road; they were cast five feet long, four inches wide, and one and three fourths inches thick, with holes for the spikes by which they should be secured to the lower rail.

The first railroad company opened for conveying passengers was the Stockton and Darlington road in 1825, and this was worked with horse power. In 1826, the French engineer, M. Seguin, successfully introduced locomotives upon the railways from St. Etienne to Lyons, and to Andrezieux.

In the United States, a horse railroad was built of pine rails, in 1826, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset river, a distance of three miles. This was the first in America, except a temporary railway with two tracks in Boston, for removing gravel from Beacon Hill; this was so arranged, that while one train descended the hill with its load, the empty train would thereby be hauled up for loading. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829, and was used on the railroad built by the Delaware and Hudson canal company in 1828, from their coal mines to Honesdale, the terminus of the canal.

Mode of Getting Money Transmitted.

In the bankerless twelfth century, so great was the difficulty of conveyance for the transmitting of money from Spain to Rome—which was generally done by pilgrims returning from Santiago—that

for every ounce of gold brought safely to the treasury of St. Peter's, a year's indulgence was granted to the soul of the bearer, by the Roman pontiff.

Thomas Gray, the Originator of Railways.

It is now a little more than forty years since a thoughtful man, Thomas Gray, travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal wagons impelled by steam along a tramroad which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped.

"Why," asked Gray of the engineer, "are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them, so as to supersede horse power?"

"Just propose you that"—said the engineer, looking at the questioner with the corner of his eye—"to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you would be worried to death for your pains."

Nothing more was said; but the intelligent traveller did not take the engineer's warning. Tramroads, locomotive steam engines, horse power superseded!—the idea he had conceived continued to infest his brain, and would not be driven out. Tramroads, locomotive steam engines, horse power superseded!—he would talk of nothing else to his friends. Tramroads, locomotive steam engines, horse power superseded!—he at length broached the scheme openly; first to the public men by means of letters and circulars, and afterward to the public itself by means of a printed book. Hardly any one would listen to his words, or be bothered with his fancies; the engineer's words seemed likely to prove true.

Still he persevered, holding the public by the button, as it were, and dining into its ears the same wearisome

words. From public political men, including the cabinet ministers of the day, he received little encouragement; a few influential *commercial* men, however, began at length to be interested in his plan. Persons of eminence took it up, and advocated it almost as eulogistically as the original projector. It having thus been *proved*, according to Dogberry's immortal phrase, that the scheme was a good scheme, it soon went near to be *thought* so. Capital came to its aid. In 1826, Parliament passed an act authorizing the construction of the first British railway, properly so called.

Largest Ship-owner in England.

THE number of ships belonging to Mr. Dunbar, of Limehouse, the eminent Protectionist ship-owner, has been set down at thirty-three, the aggregate burthen of which is twenty-two thousand tons, or about one thousand more than the Messrs. Green. Nearly the whole of these vessels were bought while the repeal of the navigation laws was under agitation, or since they were repealed—some of them very lately. And yet Mr. Dunbar has been the leader among those who declared that British shipping has been and is in a state of ruin, during the whole of the period which he has employed in accumulating this enormous mercantile fleet—the largest ever owned in that country by an individual ship-owner.

Literature of the Cabin.

MANY a downeast man has made a crack sea-captain, while he was a poor hand at spelling. Capt. Ezekiel Jenkins was one of these men; he knew the ropes well, but writing letters was not his forte. He sailed the ship *Jehu*, from Boston to South America, while the republics were in a disturbed condition, and the port he designed to make was blockaded; he could not enter,

and his cargo could find no market. He informed his owners of the state of things, in a letter so remarkably condensed as to incline toward the obscure. It was in these words: "SIR—Own to the blockhead the vig is spilt." The owners could not make it out, but a friend of the captain, more familiar with his laconic style, read it thus: "SIR—Owing to the blockade, the voyage is spoilt."

Paying off Jack.

A SHIP-OWNER, in despatching a vessel, had a good deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got very "top-heavy" on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" facetiously rejoined the merchant. "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, and giving his trowsers a nautical hitch, "*I'm* the man that *was* slewed!"

"No Swearing among the Crew."

A MERCHANT in one of our seaports, on fitting out a ship for India, told the captain at the time of making the contract for the voyage, that there must be no swearing among the crew; that he, the captain, must engage not to swear himself nor permit others to be profane; that he must do as he pleased, with respect to taking command of the ship on these terms, but, if he accepted the employment, it would be expected that he should rigidly adhere to the stipulation, and that it should be known as the law of the ship, that no profaneness could be permitted.

The captain seemed to have no objection to reforming, but inquired: "How can I suddenly break off an inveterate habit?" "I will take care that

you be reminded of your duty," said the owner; "wear the ring that I shall give you, and let the law of the vessel be explicitly known." Accordingly he procured a ring for the captain, with this motto engraved upon it: "Swear not at all."

The vessel soon sailed, and after performing the voyage, returned to the seaport from whence she sailed. On being inquired of respecting the subject, the supercargo declared that there had been no profanity on board, excepting a little within the first twenty days after sailing. At the close of this short period, the old habit was entirely mastered; and during the remainder of the voyage, both at sea and in port, the success of the experiment was complete.

Usefulness of Steamboats in Reducing the Population.

ACCORDING to one of the most observing of modern writers, it is to the over-population of a country that its social or commercial depression is due. Of the numerous remedies applicable to this evil, none have been found so effectual as steamboats; and, although their superiority over the small-pox and railroads has sometimes been sharply disputed, yet, from the increased favor in which every succeeding season they are held, as engines of destruction, it is clear that the highest opinion is entertained of their efficacy.

In proof of this, any one who doubts may safely be cited to the cheap excursion boats on their Sunday trips. The deck crammed, and no convenient standing-room on the paddle-wheels, he will be wedged in by the crowd so tightly as to save him from any use of his limbs when the accident, which is sure to occur, takes place. Exactly at the moment of the start, an opposition boat will also set off, so that the speed will be deliciously exhilarating, and everything will be done to realize, to the most ardent expectant, the usual catastrophe. In trying to give "Hell

turn" as narrow a berth as possible, each captain will foul his adversary, and a few passengers will be missed from the paddle boxes, to make an additional hole or turn in the water. As they will very likely amount to a dozen or so—quite enough to help one another—it would be nonsense to stop either vessel, and so the burthen being thus lightened, the speed is doubled.

In furtherance, too, of the praiseworthy object for which these vessels were originally started (the reduction of the population), they are ordered to "go on" at the precise moment a passenger is stepping off.

American Shipnology.

PERHAPS nothing so strikingly indicates the change which has taken place in the mercantile marine of this country—at least so far as mere taste is concerned—as the ingenuity displayed in the invention of names for ships. Formerly, merchants were satisfied with a plain and modest nomenclature, calling their vessels after their wives, or their friends, or by the name of some ancient worthy or modern hero, or by some homespun adjective, expressive of strength and safety. Now all this is changed. We have the Courser, the Bucephalus, the Storm King, the Flying Cloud, the Flying Dutchman, and the Flying Childers; the Stag Hound, the Wild Pigeon, the Sea Gull, and the Bald Eagle; the Sea Foam, the Billow Crest, the Ocean Spray, and the Ocean Wave; the West Wind and the Whirlwind, the Simoom and the Sirocco; and lastly, the Thunder Cloud, the Phantom, the Tornado, the Tempest, the Wings of the Morning, Ocean Monarch, Leviathan, Fury of the Billow, Hurricane, Wildfire, Thunderer, &c.

Origin of the Express Business: Harnden's First Trip.

WITH the innovations of railways, the stage drivers and wagoners found,

like Othello, their "occupation gone." The loss of their services seriously incommoded the public, but the railroad offered no remedy. Years passed, trade and intercommunication between town and country suffering, in the meanwhile, from this cause. At length, hardly realizing what an improvement he was about to effect, William F. Harnden, then a railroad conductor, started the express business. The idea was not original with him exclusively, as will presently be seen, but to him is due the honor of having been the first to put it into execution.

It was in 1839 that Major Pullen and Mr. Harnden were both in the employ of the Boston, Providence, Worcester and New York Railroad and Steamboat Companies. Mr. Harnden's health was so bad, at this time, that he was unfitted for his accustomed duties. His pecuniary circumstances were such that he could not remain idle. In this crisis of his affairs he knew not what to do to sustain himself and his family.

Speaking to his friend, Major Pullen, on the subject, who was agent of the Steamboat Company at Boston, he asked his advice as to what he had better do. They were, on this occasion, in the office on board the steamer John W. Richmond; near them, a number of small packages were lying about, which were intrusted to the care of the agent for delivery, as was the custom at that time. Major Pullen says to Mr. H. substantially as follows: "I think you can make a good living by taking care of these packages and delivering them. If you will try it, I will give you all the packages and errands that are left with me, and give you all the aid in my power to help you along in the business." Some friends standing by advised Mr. H. to do so. After some deliberation, Mr. Harnden commenced his new avocation.

From this small beginning, expressing has attained its present prominent position, as among the first class of bu-

siness occupations in the country. The only through route from Boston to New York, at that time, was by railroad to Providence, and thence to New York by the steamer John W. Richmond. The old line of steamboats ran from Stonington to New York. Harnden had no paid agent in the latter city at the outset. The messengers (called, during the first year or two, conductors), attended to all the business. Harnden himself acted in that capacity, usually making the trip in the "J. W. R.," and carrying his entire express in an ordinary valise. Upon his arrival in New York or Boston, he would hasten to deliver the parcels intrusted to him by his customers, who were mostly booksellers and brokers.

Out of compliment to Mr. Harnden, as the originator of that line, and the first one in the business, the line still retains the name of "Harnden's Express," though none of his name or kin, now he is dead, are connected with it.

The express tries to do everything for everybody—any and all kinds of service. They carry the exchange for the banks; they collect notes, bills, drafts, accounts, rents, etc.; they carry all the small and large packages which are either too valuable, or otherwise unsafe to intrust to the mails; and they extend over all sections of our own continent, besides forming one of the most important links in the great commercial chain which connects us with the old world.

Selling a Brig—The Ruling Passion.

A VERY good story is told of old embargo times and the war of 1812. Under the impulse of the removal of embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their place of business; and the parties taking it came in afterward to say that they were at the own-

er's mercy, and must pay what they chose to ask.

A brig was lying at Boston harbor, which had come up from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent up his son for the purpose, telling him to demand \$8,000 for her, and not take less than \$6,000. John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, as it were, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he hastened out to meet his son, and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father."

"For how much, John?"

"For *ten thousand dollars!*"

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost—"Ten thousand dollars? I'll bet you've sold her to some swindler, who don't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case; I got the money, and put it in the bank. Draw, and you will get it."

The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place, he said:

"I say, John, couldn't you have got a *leetle* more?"

conveniently passed within half a mile of his house, he procured the shoes, and hung them on the wire, with the money inside. A laborer returning homeward, seeing the shoes dangling to the wires, took them down, and finding they fitted him, carried them off, leaving his old ones in their place. In the evening, the old man came out to see how the wires had performed their work, and was delighted at the result: "My poor boy," said he, "has not only received the shoes I sent him, but has already returned the old ones."

Jumel the Merchant, and the Carman.

STEPHEN JUMEL was among the early merchant princes of New York. One morning, about ten o'clock, in the year 1806, this gentleman, in company with William Bayard, Harmon Leroy, Archibald Gracie, and some dozen others, were reading and discussing the news just arrived from Liverpool, in the extra short passage of seven weeks. The matter mostly concerned Napoleon the First and the battle of Wagram. While thus engaged, a carman's horse backed his cart into the Whitehall slip, at the head of which these gentlemen were grouped together. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned, and every one began pitying the poor carman's ill luck. Jumel instantly started, and placing a ten dollar bill between his thumb and fingers, and holding it aloft, while it fluttered in the breeze, and with his hat in the other hand he walked through the length and breadth of the crowd, exclaiming, "How much you pity the poor man? *I* pity him ten dollars. How much *you* pity him?" By this ingenious and noble coup-d'état, says Barrett, he collected, in a few moments, about seventy dollars, which he gave over at once to the unfortunate and fortunate carman.

Forwarding by Telegraph.

OF all the telegraphic absurdities to be met with, none can be much more amusing than that relating to a man in the south of France, who received a letter from his son in the army before Sebastopol, begging his father to send him a pair of new shoes, and a five-franc piece. The old man was very willing to comply with the request, but having no readier means of forwarding the articles than the telegraph, which

Scene in an Express Office.

"How much will you charge to take this package to Illinois?"

"One dollar."

"Outrageous! It is only worth fifty cents, and you have the conscience to charge twice the worth of it."

It is not our fault that the cost was only fifty cents; you can make the package twice as large and a hundred times as valuable, and the cost of transportation will only be the same."

"But that I do not want to do, as it will be so much out of my pocket for nothing."

"Yet you do not think it will be 'outrageous' for us to be out of pocket in carrying this to your friend!"

"I cannot see that you will be at any loss by taking it for fifty cents. If you can explain it to me I will be satisfied."

"Sensible to the last, and I am truly glad that you ask for the information. Well, in the first place, we charge you two shillings to carry this to B., then pay two shillings to get it to C., two shillings from C. to M., and two shillings from M. to S., where your friend resides, thus making one dollar. If we take it for fifty cents, we will be obliged to carry it to B. for nothing, and pay from B. to C. two shillings out of our own pocket, thus losing cash two shillings, and the freight from here to B., which we pay to the railroad—thus actually losing about forty cents, besides assuming the responsibility of delivering your package to your friend in Illinois."

"I was not aware that such was the case, and pardon me for speaking so abruptly when I came in."

"Granted, my dear sir; and it always affords us pleasure to give any information in our power in regard to business. And I assure you, that if many persons who think we are extortioners and swindlers, and call us many other hard names, would only ask for a

reason, they would be as satisfied as you are."

Luxuries in the Car.

THE smoking saloon, it now appears, is only the first of a series of luxuries which it is intended to bestow upon travellers by railway. Thus, it is in contemplation to run a refreshment-room with every train, so that people will have their time allowed them to eat the articles sold, instead of being restricted, as at present, simply to the privilege of payment.

Various plans have from time to time been suggested, to enable passengers to swallow a cup of boiling tea or coffee, or a basin of hot soup in a minute and a half at the stations; but it has been over and over again proved that the time specified is absolutely insufficient for such a purpose. It has even been suggested that there might be kept and sold at all the refreshment-rooms a preparation similar to that which enabled a certain Frenchman some years ago to swallow melted lead without any inconvenience. Others have proposed that parties should be allowed to take soup or tea into the car with them, and send back the cup or basin by the up or down train, with a return ticket fastened to the piece of crockery as a proof of its contents having been paid for.

The most feasible scheme, however, is believed to be the one above hinted at, namely, a portable refreshment room, one of which should travel with every train; and it might be advisable to have the boiler of the engine supplied with soup instead of plain water. It has been calculated that the steam produced from the former liquid—being somewhat spicy—would have much greater strength or force than the vapor arising from the latter; and the power of propulsion natural to pea soup would have a wonderful influence on the speed of a powerful locomotive.

On one line there has for some time been a shaving saloon, the want of which had long been sadly felt. The length of time on the journey by this line was so considerable that a person quitting the car on arriving at his destination felt ashamed to go forth, in consequence of his beard and hair having grown to a most unsightly length since he left the terminus he started from.

On another line, something has been said about a course of lectures on anatomy, amputation, life insurance, and kindred subjects, likely to possess an immediate interest to persons travelling on railways, but the plan has not been matured,—an almost insuperable difficulty being the frequent interruption of the lecturer occasioned by the shrieks and thinning off of the passengers, on account of collisions and similar catastrophes along the line.

Probable Origin of Schooners.

THE first schooner ever launched in this country, is said to have been built at Cape Ann, in 1714,—that is, a vessel of the build and rig described by that word. In regard to the origin of the name or term "schooner," Cotton Tufts says: "Being in Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 8, 1790, I was informed, and committed the same to writing, that the kind of vessel called schooners, derived their name from this circumstance, viz. : Mr. Andrew Robinson, of that place, having constructed a vessel which he masted and rigged in the same manner as schooners are at this day, on her going off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out, "Oh, how she schooners!" Robinson instantly replied, "A schooner let her be,"—from which time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of "schooners," but before which instance vessels of this classification were not known in Europe or America. This account was confirmed to me by a great

number of persons in Gloucester. I made particular inquiry of an aged sea captain, who informed me that he had not, in any of his voyages to Europe or in America, seen any of those vessels prior to Robinson's construction."

Female Shipmaster from Cape Horn to San Francisco.

THE name of Mary Patten will long be remembered as that of one of the most heroic of her sex. She was the wife of a merchant shipmaster, who, far off on the lonely Pacific, with no eye to witness, and no voice to cheer her, when her husband was taken down by illness, now tended him in his cabin, now took his place at the quarter-deck of his forlorn vessel,—took her chief observation every day with the sextant, laid down the ship's course on the chart, cheered and encouraged the desponding crew, arrested the mutinous chief mate, who was for creeping into the nearest port—and, poor young wife as she was, hardly twenty years of age, yet with a strong will and a stout heart, steered her husband's vessel, through storm and through calm, from Cape Horn to San Francisco.

Prussian Ship navigated by a Lady.

IN Prussia, as well as in Holland, captains in the merchant service, of small property,—which generally consists of a small class vessel commanded by themselves—make the vessel their home, and live there constantly, with their families, who accompany their head in all his voyages.

One of these Prussian captains, M. Hesser, was navigating his galliot *Minerva*, from Königsberg to Riga. On board his vessel was his young wife, with three small children, and his crew, composed of a mate and four sailors. In the Baltic, during a violent storm in the night, while Hesser and his men were on deck, the galliot was run into

by an English merchant-ship; and the shock of the two vessels was so great that Captain Hesser and one of his sailors was thrown against the prow of the English vessel, to which they clung, and from whence they crawled on board that ship. The three other sailors fell into the sea and disappeared immediately, so that there remained on the galliot only Mrs. Hesser, her three children, and the mate—the latter having, during the accident, met with a severe fall, by which he was so seriously wounded as to be unable to work.

In this state of things, Mrs. Hesser had the courage to take upon herself the charge of navigating the ship. By turns captain, mate and sailor, using the little nautical knowledge she had been able to acquire in her former voyages,—this intrepid young woman succeeded, by incessant labor, in gaining, with her vessel, the port of Riga. The native and foreign sailors at Riga, having learned the courageous conduct of Mrs. Hesser, caused a medal to be struck in her honor, and the corporation of seamen at Riga presented her with one thousand dollars. Captain Hesser and his sailor, who were saved on board the English vessel, were carried in the latter to Rostock, where they arrived safe and sound at Riga.

Royal Schemers in Railways.

THE madness of railway speculation which some years since spread like a contagion abroad, involved royal blood and the peers of more than one realm. Prince de Joinville mounted a tender; Lord F. Egerton sought to make a railway all by himself; Earl Lonsdale bought one; Lord Belhaven condescended to speak at meetings; Lord Worsley even took the chair; the Marquis of Ormonde trundled a wheelbarrow in the presence of his admiring peasantry; and Lord Wharncliffe, "high in the councils of her Majes-

ty," cut turf on correct geometrical principles. The schemes in which these illustrious names figured were got up, in many cases, somewhat on the following plan: A flattering prospectus is issued, promising ten per cent., and perfect prosperity. Some secret agent of the directors is on the stock exchange, puffing up the shares. A price is named; it is eagerly accepted by him, the bargain is made, and the price of the scrip established. The agents continue to buy; the jobbers, calculating on plenty of scrip being in the market, are willing to sell on the liberal term which the agent pays; and they enter into engagements to deliver a large quantity of scrip. When a sufficient number of shares are sold to satisfy the grasping avarice of the directors, they profess to consider the applications; and it is announced that no more letters will be received, and that letters of allotment have been forwarded to the fortunate applicants, taking care, however, not to issue a tenth part of the number previously sold in the market. The letters applying for shares are burnt by bushels, without even the trouble of opening them; and those who have sold at five pounds a share cannot even buy at three times that sum, if the consciences of the directors are sufficiently elastic to allow so enormous a robbery. Premiums, patronage, and pay, made the brains of the directors swim and swell. Men who were known to have been penniless a year before, suddenly kept their broughams or started barouches. Valuable diamonds gleamed from fingers which had hitherto been guiltless of the bright adornment. Railway papers and railway pantaloons, railway ties and railway tricks, abounded. It was railway madness indeed. London was to be tunnelled that the train might run beneath her mighty heart; colonnades were to be formed in the air that the engine might pass over the path of the pedestrian, and it was final-

ly suggested that there should be one great terminus for all the companies, and that that terminus should be a lunatic asylum!

The system was fruitful, and every one said there was no risk. When shares were demanded of a company, and they only came out at par, the letter of allotment was put into the fire; if they arrived at a premium they were sold. Men without a shilling wrote for hundreds of shares. Journeymen mechanics styled themselves esquires, and signed deeds for thousands. The names of men well known in the city as gamblers, whose notorious character had banished them from the society of all good men, suddenly reappeared on the lists of the proprietors and directors, their names graced by the cheap "esquire," and their residences given in some far distant county. Tricks of all sorts were played; and in one instance the whole of the type and stock in trade of a printer was purchased by one company, to prevent its rival from publishing an important document by a particular period—this *ruse* proving successful, and the document behind its time.

On the last day allotted for the reception of plans by the Board of Trade, a most astonishing scene was witnessed. As the time approached, an anxiety which passes belief was evinced. Higher wages were paid to those who could or would work in preparing the plans. Night after night witnessed the earnest workman still snatching a brief repose for an hour or two, that he might resume his labors with greater energy. Post-horses were in demand. Special trains brought plans from all sections. Railway companies refused trains which would assist opposition projects; and the exertion made to lodge those which were ready, is almost incredible. The clerks were overwhelmed with them; and though an additional number of those gentlemen were employed, it was impossible

to keep pace with the incessant arrivals. The place became crowded. The last hour was approaching. An alarm seized on all that the necessary forms could not be gone through in time. The clock struck, and the doors were closing, when a gentleman, with the plans of a proposed railway for Surrey, rushed in, and succeeded in lodging his charge. The doors were then closed, and, in a short time, a post-chaise, with foaming steeds, galloped up to the entrance. Down the passage, and toward the office, rushed the three occupants, with their cherished papers. The door was shut; but railway persons deemed themselves privileged, and the bell was loudly rung. The unsuspecting inspector of police answered the ring; and the huge documents were thrown in at a venture; but were again thrown into the street. Many were too late for the appointed hour. The labor of anxious days and weary nights, the results of plotting heads and crafty brains, were rejected.

Laughable Opposition to Steam Trains.

PERHAPS the most interesting and romantic pages that could be furnished readers at the present day, might be found in the literature of early railways—gleanings from the speeches, pamphlets, reports, etc., which the proposal of such schemes brought forth. A few scraps will meet the purpose of this volume.

It was contended by the opponents of these enterprises, that canal conveyance was quicker; that the smoke of the engines would injure gentlemen's seats and villas; and one writer, more imaginative than perceptive, described the locomotives as "terrible things," although, on further questioning, he admitted he had never seen one. It was boldly declared, too, that a gale of wind would stop the progress of the carriage; that there would be no more practical advantage in a railway than

in a canal; that Mr. Stephenson was totally devoid of common sense. The plan was asserted to be based on fraud and folly; that balloons and rockets were as feasible; and that the whole line would be under water for two or three weeks in succession.

"It is quite idle and absurd," said one, "to say that the present schemes can ever be carried into execution, under any circumstances, or in any way." "Whenever," said another, with the authority of an oracle, "Providence in Lancashire is pleased to send rain or a little mizzling weather, expeditious it cannot be." A third gave it as *his* opinion, that "no engine could go in the night time, because," he added, more scripturally than pertinently, "the night time is a period when no man can work!"

The public benefits of a railroad were put in disparaging competition with the annoyance which an individual would receive from the smoke of the engines coming within two hundred and fifty yards of his house, and it was pathetically asked, "Can anything compensate for this?" Gentlemen objected because it would injure their prospects, and land-owners because it would injure their pockets! Of Mr. Stephenson it was declared, "he makes schemes without seeing the difficulties." "Upon this shuffling evidence, we are called to pass the bill." "It is impossible to hold this changing Proteus in any knot whatsoever." "It is the greatest draught upon human credulity ever heard of."

"There is nothing," said one, "but long sedgy grass to prevent the train from sinking into the shades of eternal night." Another appealed to the pocket: "If this bill succeeds, by the time railroads are set a-going, the poor, gulled subscribers will have lost all their money; and, instead of locomotive engines, they must have recourse to horses or asses, not meaning to say which." Numberless were the sneers

at the idea of engines galloping as fast as five miles an hour. One sapient gentleman thought, however, that the trains might go at four and one-half miles in fine weather, but not more than two and one-half in wet.

"When we set out with the original prospectus," was the remark of the counsel, "we were to gallop—I know not at what rate. I believe it was twelve miles an hour, with the aid of a devil in the form of a locomotive, sitting as postilion on the fore house, and an honorable member sitting behind him to stir up the fire, and keep it up at full speed. I will show they cannot go *six*. I may be able to show we shall keep up with them by the canal." "Thus, sir, I prove that locomotive engines cannot move at more than four and a-quarter miles an hour; and I will show the scheme to be bottomed on deception and fallacy."

Lady Ship-master.

THAT Irish ladies are 'smart,' abundant evidence might be forthcoming, if necessary. But the following single instance will do much to establish the general assertion. Amongst the fleet lately wind-bound in Lamlash, not the least, but perhaps the greatest wonder, was the good old brig *Cleotus*, of Salt-coats, which for more than twenty years has been commanded by an heroic and exceedingly clever lady, Miss Betsey Miller, daughter of Mr. W. Miller, ship-owner and wood dealer of that town. He was concerned with several vessels, both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betsey, before she went to sea, acted as "ship's husband" to her father, and seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the *Cleotus*, which she holds to the present day; and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many comman-

ders of the other sex have been driven on the rocks. The Cleotus is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, etc.

Lucky and Unlucky Names of Ships, and Sailing Days.

THAT there is ill omen as well as bad luck attending vessels having certain names has long been believed by many, and curious instances are cited to prove that it is not mere superstition. Among the memorable in this respect is the bark Raleigh, fitted out and called after his family name by the great Sir Walter, and intended to assist his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in his North American researches. This vessel sailed with Sir Humphrey, and, we are told in the sad record of his fate, appeared to predict the fatal termination of the expedition by returning in less than a week, through a contagious distemper which seized on the ship's crew. She was lost on a similar expedition to the one which hastened Sir Walter's sad doom. So of the Amazon, and Birkenhead, which sailed on Friday, and were lost so disastrously.

An attempt was once made to prove, once for all, that *Friday* was not the unlucky day poor Jack always fancied it to be. A ship was built with such an intention some years ago; she was named Friday, was launched on Friday, commanded by a captain whose name was Friday, sailed on a Friday, which no ship does if it can conveniently be helped, and was never—heard of afterward! But against all this, and other similar instances, must be placed the fact that vessels with even the luckiest names, have, in innumerable cases, perished, and that for each and every day of the week alike there is the fruitful record of mischance and disaster.

Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery, on Friday, August 21st. On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he made his first discovery of land; on Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on

his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known; on Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America, and on Friday, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. The Mayflower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown on Friday, November 10th, 1620. Surely, in a maritime and commercial sense, such facts send Friday up to a premium, and ought to disarm seamen of their ill-starred theory of that day.

Locomotion and Amalgamation.

PASSENGER: "What's the matter, conductor?"

CONDUCTOR (with accustomed presence of mind): "Oh, nothing particular, sir. We've only been run into by an excursion train!"

PASSENGER: "But, good gracious! there's a train just behind us, isn't there?"

CONDUCTOR: "Well, yes, sir! But a boy has gone down the line with a signal, and it's very likely they'll see it!"

New Rules for Railways.

SOME new regulations, recently proposed for the benefit of all concerned, have found their way into print, and are now being seriously considered by the various railways. A few are given below.

No stoppage at a railway station is to exceed half an hour.

No railway dividend is to exceed one hundred per cent. and no bonus to be divided oftener than once a month, otherwise shareholders shall have a right to throw up their certificates.

Lectures and dramatic representations are to be given at the stations to entertain the passengers when they are detained beyond the limit above speci-

fied, and payment of one shilling an hour is to be made to every laboring man for every hour of such detention.

Every tunnel must be illuminated with one candle at least, except during the season of fireflies, when it may be dispensed with.

A magistrate is to be in attendance at every station to grant summonses, on complaint, against the directors; and all law expenses incurred are to be paid by the Company.

Never less than one minute is to be allowed for dinner or refreshment.

One director must always travel with every train, either in one of the cars or in front of the engine—he having the liberty to choose.

Hospitals are to be built at every terminus and a surgeon to be in attendance at every station.

All the fines and damages levied upon a railway are to be paid into a fund for building a series of almshouses, for the maintenance of indigent persons mutilated from day to day by accidents on the railways.

There must be some communication between every car and the conductor, either by a bell, or a speaking tube, or a portable electric telegraph, so that the passengers may have some means of giving information when their car is off the track, or falling over an embankment, or a maniac has broken loose, or a robbery by chloroform has taken place.

Yankee Calculation of Railroad Speed.

“WELL, it's curious how we du git over the ground! Why, the trees all look as if they was a-dancin' a jig to double-quick time. I kin recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday, I cud git in Filedelphy on the next Saturday, makin' just three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Filedelphy in one day; and I've been cal'latin' that if the power of steam increases for the *next* ten years as it has been doin' for the *last*

ten years, I'd be in Filedelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting!”

Railroad Damages: The Tables Turned.

A CERTAIN community somewhere in Texas had made it a pretty frequent practice to get all the money they could from the railroad corporation thereabout, by allowing their cattle to get upon the track and obtaining damages when they were killed by the locomotive. At last, however, a law with due penalties was enacted, against the roaming of cattle upon the track of said road.

A new president of this corporation, Mr. Blank, was chosen, whose management proved him to be considerably *ahead* of some with whom he was soon called to deal. When Mr. Blank assumed the presidential control, it was in a dark day indeed. Acres of woodland, fields of grain, houses and barns had been consumed by the locomotive sparks, and cattle without number had been killed on the track. Demands against the company and impending law suits were more numerous than agreeable.

One day a man made his appearance at Mr. Blank's office. He was the champion of his neighborhood in this kind of business, and had come down to enforce payment for a valuable pair of oxen, suddenly converted into jerked beef by the iron horse. Our claimant entered the office as bold as a lion.

“I want payment for my cattle you killed last Saturday,” said he.

“Your cattle!” inquired Mr. Blank; “were those your cattle that were killed?”

“Mighty apt to be,” was the answer, “and I want two hundred for them.”

“And I,” said Mr. Blank, “want proof. You must make an affidavit of the particulars, and then we will come to a settlement.”

Right willingly did the claimant assent; but when the instrument was

properly drawn up, signed, and authenticated, Mr. Blank turned to him with—

“Now, sir, I want two hundred dollars from *you*.”

“From me?” exclaimed the amazed rustic.

“Yes, sir, from *you*,” reiterated the president. “Here I have proof, under your own hand, that your cattle were, contrary to law, upon the track, and thereby our engine was damaged to the extent of two hundred dollars. Are you prepared to settle the affair amicably, or must I proceed legally?”

The applicant spoke no word, but rushed open-mouthed from the office, sought his wagon, and upon reaching his house advised his friends generally to pocket their grievances, or worse would come of it. From that day the demands upon the road were few indeed.

Telegraphing against Time.

AN incident occurred at Niagara Falls during the Prince of Wales' stay, which illustrates some of the fortuities of telegraphic operating, and which has been frequently, but—excepting by a writer in Harper's Magazine—never correctly reported; so it is stated.

The special reporter of a New York journal had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one Sunday evening, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports, along came the reporter of another New York journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in fine working order, asserted his right to have his despatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first resisted. Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operator decided that both re-

ports must be telegraphed. Reporter the second was calmly triumphant, and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires, in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second, therefore, obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was, or had been, President, Vice-President, or Director—he really could not tell which—of the Telegraph Company, and that by virtue of his authority, he ordered both despatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American reporter? Never! Meanwhile the moments slipped hurriedly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a despatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers. Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control, and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company, that “despatches must be sent in the order in which they were received, and that one despatch must be finished before another could be transmitted.” This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law. Reporter the first then claimed priority for his report. This point was also conceded. The reporter then eloquently but briefly informed the bystanders that they might as well go to bed, as his report could never be concluded while a chance of a despatch reaching New York that night remained to his competitor. Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been despatched, he jotted down every item worth sending, and ransacked his brains for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been

forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click—click—click—the operator hurried off page after page almost as rapidly as the reporter could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office, despairing, but unconquered. To him the minute-hand of the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed shod with lead. Every item being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and flashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause. Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully, and nervously finger his detained despatches. Alas! Reporter the first again writes—this time a note to the Rochester operator: "Which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible or a chapter of Claude Duval, the Highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel." The lightning flashes off with the query, and returns with the answer: "It is quite immaterial which you send." The Reporter seizes the Bible, transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard genealogical names, adds this to his previous despatches, tacks portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation—describing the various precious stones—to the incongruous report, hands it all to the operator, sends his blessing and an injunction to be careful of the spelling to the Rochester office, and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock. Before this scriptural news is fully transmitted, the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; but although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published. Reporter the second telegraphed his news the next morning, at the same time

good-naturedly acknowledging his defeat.

Telegraphic Capers.

On a certain occasion, says a London journal, the French telegraph made the following announcement:

"Abd-el-Kader has been taken"—but it was mentioned that a fog enveloped the remainder of the sentence in obscurity. The excitement, however, in the money market was at fever height, at the supposed capture of that adroit enemy, and the funds rose tremendously.

The following day, the sentence being completed, the intelligence ran thus:

"Abd-el-Kader has been taken with a dreadful cold in his head."

The funds fell, but the *coup*—which was worthy of a Rothschild—had been sufficiently successful for those who made the telegraph play into the hands of their agents at the Bourse. A fog in Paris is frequently a great windfall in a monetary and commercial point of view.

Guarding the Track.

THE Hon. Erastus Corning, President of the New York Central Railway, notwithstanding his remarkable activity, has the misfortune to be lame. He was one day hobbling over the railroad track at Albany, when an Irishman who was placed to guard the track, sang out, with marked Celtic accent, "Will ye leave the track?" Mr. Corning smiled inwardly and stumbled on, when the Irishman again cried, "Begone, ye stumbling high-binder, or the 11.30 Express will be forninst ye, and Mister Corning will have to pay for ye the full price of a well man with two legs. Begone! sare!" This was too much for "Old Central;" he yielded the track for the 11.30 Express, and sent a reward and commendation to the faithful watchman, who had never

once suspected the name or position of that "stumbling high-binder."

A Deep Design.

A PLAN is about to be carried out by some enterprising London capitalists for passing an electric telegraph under the streets of that city. That *walls have ears* has been heard by all; but this is a plain matter-of-fact sort of scheme for giving *tongues to the streets*, which will enable them to rival the celebrated stones that were nearly rising up to remonstrate, in a certain exigency, to say nothing of those stones of the poet, in which he assures us there are sermons. It is presumed that an undertone will be best adapted to this subterranean language.

It has been decided that this telegraph, when completed, shall be let out to the whole public at so much a message. This plan will do very well, unless the whole population wants, as usual, to talk at once, when the effect would be most extraordinary. Nor is any statement made, as yet, to prevent the wrong people from receiving the messages that are thus sent by the telegraph. It would be very awkward if a somewhat general observation should arrive at a station, for there would be a difficulty in finding an owner for remark of such a common-place character.

The project seems a good one, but it will require much modification to render it effectual. One regulation provides that ladies who avail themselves of the telegraph shall be charged by the length of the message, an immense revenue being calculated from this source alone; in order, however, that all may share the benefits of such an enterprise, no one female is to be allowed to monopolize the use of the subterranean tongue for a longer time at once than thirteen hours.

Unsociable Travelling Companion.

A RARE incident occurred in an English stage-coach, on a certain occasion, before railroads came into vogue. Two passengers, one a merchant, set out from a London inn early on a December morning. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavored, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his companion to discourse. "A very dark morn, sir. Shocking cold weather for travelling! Slow going in the heavy roads, sir." None of these very civil observations producing a word in response, the sociable merchant made one more effort. He stretched out his hand and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got to travel in!" No answer was made, and the merchant, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear (luckily for him muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

Decoration of Railroad Depots.

AT one of our railway stations, a passenger on looking round saw the bill announcing the arrival and departure of the train, and by its side was posted—with most innocent candor on the part of the directors—another bill, advising him, in the most alluring terms, to insure his life. Of course the two things thus placed in juxtaposition, put him in a reflecting mood.

Railway companies might improve on this system of starting trains of serious thought. They should illuminate the walls of their waiting-rooms with moral sentences, expressive of the uncertainty of human existence, such as *Memento Mori*, *Mors Janua Vitæ*, &c.; which, executed in appropriate char-

acters, might be made to have a picturesque and pleasing, as well as profitable effect. The intermixture with these legends, of tombstone cherubs, skulls, and femoral bones, and views in cemeteries well painted, would be very suitable; and to these æsthetic decorations might be added the figure of old Time with his scythe and hourglass. It may be mentioned, as a matter not unrelated to these suggestions, that some of the newspapers have adopted the plan of inserting their "Railway Intelligence" next to the "Obituary."

Punch's Own Railway.

THIS snug little suburban line (says its proprietor) occasionally makes a mild demand on public attention, by a sort of popgun-like proceeding, known as the issuing of its annual report, which is usually accompanied with a very little smoke, and somewhat less fire. Everything is on the smallest possible scale; and the rolling stock includes a garden roller, which is kept for the purpose of rolling the gravel walks by the side of those cabbage beds which form the vegetable wealth of the company. The property of the railway is understood to have somewhat increased; but there has been a loss of one engine and two buffers, the former being the moral engine which the company once possessed in the support of a now apathetic press; and the latter consisting of two old buffers who have got better places, after having been for some years in the service of the line as gardeners.

The balance at the banker's had been augmented by a few pounds, and the goods traffic is nearly eight ounces more this year than it was last—an increase which, considering the level of former times, may be considered feverish. Of coal, there is a skuttle more in the company's cellars than there was last year; and the directors propose that this surplus shall not be disturbed,

but that it shall be added to the "rest," and carried over to the credit—the very great credit, of the company.

The engineer of the line has inspected the boilers, and reports that "the concern is not yet out of hot water, nor likely to be for some time to come,"—nor have the law proceedings been brought to a termination. Thanks were voted to the chairman, who had lent a Bath chair for a visit of the resident director to the terminus.

Stage Coach Experience of two Merchants.

ONE of the very pleasantest episodes to be found in the range of mercantile travelling experience, is that of the interview between Vincent Nolte, the great merchant of two hemispheres, and John McNeil, a Liverpool merchant of celebrity. It is one of those "happenings" which do not need to be read of more than once, as one reading will serve the memory ever after. It is almost worth the full price of Nolte's Autobiography, an admirable translation of which, from the German, has been published in this country. Mr. Nolte says:

I took a place, at five o'clock in the morning, in the Birmingham coach, the best conveyance then between Liverpool and London. It was a troubled, misty, unpleasant morning. In the corner of the coach opposite me, wrapped in his cloak, sat a gloomy looking person, besides myself the only passenger. More than two hours elapsed before the spirit moved us to any conversation. At length my companion roused himself, and brought forward the subject which always opens a conversation in England—the weather.

"We have a very nasty, disagreeable day before us, I fear," he remarked.

Whereupon I asked him if he were going all the way to London.

"No, no," he answered, "I will get out at a pottery near Wolverhampton, where I have to buy some hundred

baskets of crockery for my ship, the 'Peter Ellis.'"

"In order to send it to New Orleans, I suppose," said I.

"Certainly," he said, "but I beg your pardon, how did you know that?"

"I did not know it," I replied, "I only guessed it. I have seen the ship several times in New Orleans. She was consigned to my friends, Denistoun, Hill & Co."

"Oh, ho," said he, "so you have been in New Orleans."

"Very often," said I.

"How is the credit of the firm?" was his next question.

"Admirable," said I; "Mr. Hill is a man much esteemed and beloved."

"So I have always thought," he replied.

"Those gentlemen," I continued, "very often have ships to their address—for instance, the Liverpool brig 'The Brothers,' the ship 'Mary Wood,' and others. The Liverpool ship 'Ottawa,' was in other hands (namely, in ours), as well as many others."

"You appear to know our vessels well," said he, "and also most of the English houses in New Orleans."

"Oh, yes," I said; "I know nearly all the houses of any position there, pretty well."

"I am glad to hear it," said my companion, and then our dialogue continued.

"Do you know Munro, Milne & Co.? How do they stand?"

"Very well. They are the established correspondents of James Finley & Co., of Glasgow."

"Do you know P. W. & Co.? How do they stand?"

"So, so, no general credit."

"Do you know G., F. & Co.?"

"G. is a clever business man, and F. is a windbag, who, however, has thrown into the firm a large capital inherited from his aunt."

"The devil!" quoth my interlocutor; "you appear to know them all.

You must have lived some years in New Orleans."

"Yes, several."

"Do you know *Vincent Nolte*?"

"As well as he knows himself."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well," said I, "he has many friends, and perhaps quite as many foes; take him all in all, however, I believe he is a good sort of a fellow, with whom folks like to deal."

"Yes," he said, "our captains like him very much. He was prompt and expeditious, and when he had freighted a vessel, the goods came down as fast as they could be received on board."

"I believe," said I, "that this praise is not undeserved. It was always his custom to do quickly whatever he undertook."

Thereupon our conversation ended; and in half an hour the coach stopped before a large pottery belonging to Baker, Bourne & Baker. As he got out, my companion gave me his card—"John McNeil, Liverpool," saying:

"I have found so much pleasure in your conversation, that you must promise to pay me a visit when you return to Liverpool. I will present you to my two daughters, and we will all receive you with pleasure."

I was of course obliged to give him my card in exchange. He glanced at it twice, and in a doubtful sort of way read it over.

"*Vincent N-o-ble!*"

"No, sir," I said; "*Vincent Nolte*, the very gentleman you were inquiring about."

"Ah! so, so," he said. "Well, sir, glad to have had a sight of you. Do not fail to call when you come to Liverpool again. Farewell, sir!"

And so the coach rolled on.

An Interesting Consignment.

ONE of the most interesting consignments—at least in an historical point of view—of which there is any record,

is that which was received from London, by Mr. Jacob Barker, of New York, viz., the first steam engine ever in successful operation for propelling vessels. It was made by Messrs. Bolton and Watts, celebrated for constructing steam machinery in that day. After its arrival it remained in Mr. Barker's store in South street many months before Mr. Fulton could raise the funds to pay for it. This engine was placed on the first steamboat that navigated the Hudson, and Mr. Barker thinks that she attained the speed of four miles an hour. Little did he then think that this discovery of the immortal Fulton would in less than half a century regulate the commerce of the whole world, saving time and shortening space to such a degree that to be deprived of its use would be universally considered a calamity of the first magnitude.

Squelching a Director's Impertinence.

THE plenary indulgence conceded to Mr. Hudson, the English railway monarch, by which his will was made law—all complaints of those who naturally esteemed themselves not fairly dealt with in various operations being silenced by his mere beck—cannot be better comprehended than in an anecdote of Mr. H. in his palmy days; being a circumstance which occurred at the board meeting of a certain line. The honorable gentleman had allotted to himself six hundred shares, and to another member of the board, two hundred. These shares having risen to five pounds premium, the latter gentleman thought he ought to have a larger number, and accordingly intimated his opinion to Mr. Hudson. "I have been accustomed, Mr. —," replied the dictator, "to have gentlemen with whom I am associated, satisfied with my arrangements; and if you are not, I'll retire and leave the affairs in your custody, which I dare say you'll man-

age better than I do, as I have so much other business on my hands." "Oh, certainly not; by no means, Mr. Hudson," bowingly responded the crest-fallen director; "I am sure all you do is right, and I am quite satisfied with your arrangement." It is pretty certain that no further complaint was made by any of George's colleagues at *that board!*

Rare Passenger in an Omnibus.

JOHN McDONOGH, of New Orleans, was one of those who rarely spent tenpence for an omnibus ride, his habit being to economize to the last extremity in these minor as well as in larger things. He was an untiring pedestrian, being ever on foot, on some errand pertaining to his vast money concern. Suddenly, one day, while pursuing so eagerly his imaginary goal, he was seized with faintness on the street. Other men would have taken a cab, and ridden home, or at least to a physician's; but when did John McDonogh turn aside from business to relieve any weakness or want? He had an important document to file in court. It must be done that day. He is too weak to walk. There is the omnibus; the fare is only a dime—but that dime is so much taken from the poor, for John McDonogh is only an agent for the poor, so appointed and called of God. Such were the reflections, probably, that passed through his mind before he could be induced to perpetrate this serious violation of the settled rules of a life—this single blot and stain on a career of unbroken self-abnegation. With a sigh he took his seat in the omnibus. It was his last ride.

First Ship at St. Petersburg.

THE first ship which entered the port of St. Petersburg, was a Dutch vessel, the same in which Peter the Great acquired in Holland a practical knowl-

edge of seamanship. She was received with extraordinary rejoicings and festivities, and whatever she might at any future period bring into the country was sacredly exempted from duty. This privilege she enjoyed until the end of the last century, when she was obliged to discontinue her trips, because it was found impossible to patch her up any longer so as to be seaworthy. The first ship that arrives in May, like the swallow proclaiming the return of spring, is still greeted with unusual demonstrations of joy, and has various favors granted her.

Proposed Line from England to China.

IN consequence of the extreme difficulty at present experienced in making the voyage to China and India, together with the delay and chances of shipwreck, it has been proposed by gentlemen connected with the London *Punch*—under the advice of an eminent engineer—to construct a railway direct from that city to the Celestial Empire.

The plan suggested is the very feasible one of penetrating the bowels of the earth, through the medium of a suitable tunnel from London to Canton, passing through the centre of the globe,—thus obviating altogether the enormous expense usually incurred in the purchase of land, and avoiding the opposition likely to be encountered from hostile nations.

From the Report made to the Committee by Sinko Shaft, Esq., the engineer, who has descended some of the deepest wells and sewers in and about the metropolis, and has sounded the earth in various places at the outskirts, there is every reason to believe that the centre of the globe consists of a mass of softest soil, except where intersected by solid rocks of gold and silver, and caverns of precious stones; and that, from his examination, there is no reason whatever to believe, as some have conjectured, that the earth is a mere crust,

filled in the interior with *nothing at all*—a state of things which would naturally have rendered the cutting of a tunnel through it an expedient of some difficulty. As it is, however, the cutting will be exceedingly easy, except where the masses of precious metals and jewels interpose an obstacle; but inasmuch as this material, when removed, will be immensely valuable, and, according to the most moderate calculations of the engineer, will be many hundred times more than sufficient to cover the entire expense of the undertaking, but little fear need be apprehended upon this point.

It is intended that the terminus in England shall be at what is now the building known as St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which for the purposes of this line is to undergo the necessary architectural alterations, after permission has been obtained from the metropolitan bishop.

The journey by this route will, it is calculated, be accomplished as soon as the passengers get from one terminus to another. And as the railway will pass immediately under Mount Vesuvius, a station will be erected there, at which trains will stop for the purpose of taking in coals and lava, or blacksmiths, should there be any residing in those parts. Another stoppage will be made immediately under the Mediterranean, with a view of getting a supply of water—conveniently drawn down through a pipe from the sea above.

As regards the *intermediate* traffic between the two termini, there is, from the recent investigations into the subject by the learned members of the University of Nhowhere, strong reason for believing that the population swallowed up at various periods by earthquakes, as at Lisbon, Port Royal, etc., etc., have only disappeared from the surface of the globe to colonize and people the interior. Should this be proved to be the case the most interesting results are likely to follow upon

the establishment of this undertaking—which indeed may be the means at once of opening an immense market for manufactures and a passage for the inhabitants of the interior regions of the earth of the most profitable and advantageous description. In addition to this it is confidently expected that most of the Continental nations will establish branch tunnels running into that of the parent Company, which will be both a most lucrative source of revenue, and be the means of opening an immense field to commercial enterprise.

Assuming the Responsibility.

HUDSON, the railway king, knew well how to make steady, gradual, and permanent encroachments in the conduct of those vast undertakings of which he was the body and soul, so as to compel others to concede to him the absolute influence necessary for that free individual action on which he felt the very existence of the organizations he brought about, and the success of the negotiations into which he entered, depended. He further knew how to make capital out of the feelings of reverence and admiration he excited. Having entered into some arrangements for the famous Midland Company which he had not vouchsafed to disclose to the board of directors, these gentleman, after having vainly endeavored, to worm out the coveted secret, screwed up their courage one day to demand it. They accordingly met much earlier one day than usual, and when their superior arrived, they were all exceedingly quiet.

"How now, gentlemen," said Mr. Hudson, "has anything happened?"

"Only," replied one, "that we being equally responsible with yourself for what is done, are desirous of knowing the nature of your future plans."

"You are, are you?" rejoined the premier; "then you will not!" And the business of the board proceeded.

Rothschild's Omnibus Fare.

THERE is a good story told of Baron Rothschild, which shows that it is not only money which "makes the mare go,"—or *horses* either, as in this case,—but *ready* money, "unlimited credit" to the contrary notwithstanding. On a very wet and disagreeable day, the Baron took a Parisian omnibus, on his way to the Bourse or Exchange, near which the nabob of finance alighted, and was going away without paying. The driver stopped him, and demanded his fare. Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a "red cent" of change. The driver was very wroth:

"What did you get in for, if you could not pay? You must have *known* that you had no money!"

"I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card!"

The driver threw the card into the gutter.

"Never heard of you before," said Jehu, "and don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare—and I must *have* it."

The great banker was in haste: "I have only an order for a million," he said; "give me change?" and he proffered a "coupon" for fifty thousand francs. The conductor stared, and the passengers set up a horse laugh. Just then an "agent de change" came by, and Baron Rothschild borrowed of him the six sous. The driver was now seized with a kind of remorseful respect; and turning to the money-king, he said—

"If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."

Great North Pole Railway.

THERE is a railway enterprise on foot, which, according to the prospectus, is to literally rise above everything in the line of that class of transit undertakings. It is styled, with that modesty of terms which distinguishes all real

enterprises from those which are merely chimerical, the "Great North Pole Railway, forming a junction with the Equinoctial Line, with a branch to the horizon. Capital, two hundred millions. Deposit, three pence." The directors named for the North Pole terminus are J. Frost, Esq., chairman of the northwest passage; and Baron Iceberg, keeper of the great seal on the Northern Ocean. Director for the horizon, Hugh de Rainbow—admiral of the red, blue, and orange, etc., etc. And in addition to these are Simon Scamp, Esq., chairman of the East Jericho Junction Railway; Thomas Trapper, Esq., manager of the General Aerial Navigation Company; and Sir Edward Alias, non-resident director of the Equitable Coal and Slate Association;—with power to add to their number, by "taking in" as many as possible.

The proposed line will take the horizon for its point of departure, and, passing near the equator, will terminate at the North Pole, which will be the principal station of the company.

It is calculated that sunbeams may be conveyed along the line by a new process, which Professor Twaddle has been employed by the provisional committee to discover; and the professor's report will be laid before the subscribers at the very earliest opportunity.

By bringing the Equator within a week of the North Pole, and coöperating with the proprietors of the Great Equinoctial Line (long so vigorous in its operations), the advantages to the shareholders will be so obvious, that it is hardly necessary to allude to them.

It is estimated that the mere luggage traffic, in bringing up ice from the North Pole to the readiest market, will return a profit of sixty-five per cent. on the capital.

Should any unforeseen circumstance occur to prevent the Railway being carried out, the deposit will be returned, on application to Messrs. Walker, Gammon & Co. (Solicitors to the Company), at their temporary offices in Leg Alley.

Protective Costume for Travellers.

It is in contemplation to provide, at all the stations on a certain western railway, a dress adapted for travellers along that celebrated line, by which it is thought they will be secured from the chances of injury by the collisions that are continually happening.

Considering that *padding* is not unfrequently resorted to, for the purpose of improving the figure, it has been thought quite reasonable that the fashion should be extended to the purpose of *protecting* the limbs as well as merely adding to their symmetry. A good pair of false calves, got up at a reasonable price, would doubtless be in very great demand, among those who risk their legs whenever they set their foot in a car on the line alluded to. The public would have no objection to a slight addition to the fares, for the purpose of insuring something like protection against accident.

The tariff of the Company might easily be so varied as to allow of the "first class, with paddings," being available at a small extra cost; while the "second class, with calves or knee-caps," might be charged something lower.

Waghorn's Great Scheme.

THE great pioneer of the Overland Communication with India was poor Thomas Waghorn. It is now upward of thirty years since Waghorn arrived in Bombay, full of a scheme for navigating a steamer round the Cape of Good Hope, which steamer, that it might carry a sufficiency of fuel for the whole trip, was only to take the mails and one passenger. On the day of Waghorn's arrival a meeting was held by the merchants to receive proposals from a Mr. Taylor for the formation of a company which was to open a communication with India *via* the Red Sea. Waghorn's scheme was scouted. Taylor received great en-

couragement, as far as promises could be relied upon, and he started for Europe with a party of friends, travelling up the Persian Gulf and Euphrates *en route* to Constantinople; but the whole party was murdered by the Vezedees near Diarbekir.

On the receipt of the news in India, Waghorn changed his tactics, and declared for the Red Sea route, offering to return to Europe with mercantile letters. But the "Ducks"—as the Bombay people are familiarly called in India—thought him mad or eccentric. Certainly he was afflicted with monomania—he could think, speak, dream of nothing but "steam." It became necessary, when in his company, to avoid all allusion to anything which could supply him with an excuse for bursting out on his favorite topic. Kettles, smoking tureens, condensed vapor, one shunned; for he watched, as a cat watches for a mouse, for an opportunity of bringing in steam navigation. On one unfortunate occasion (says the narrator of this), I introduced him to a Major Hawkins, a military engineer, saying: "Waghorn, make the acquaintance of my esteemed friend, Major Hawkins." "*Steamed*, sir, did you say?" exclaimed Waghorn; "I am delighted!" He seized Hawkins by the buttons and victimized him.

Mad as he was, however, Waghorn contrived to carry his point with the London merchants and the ministry. He besieged the office of the Foreign Secretary, he worried the Premier, tortured the Duke of Wellington, and bullied the public through the press. At length the merchants consented to test his repeated asseverations that letters could be carried to India, *via* Egypt and the Red Sea, in half the time that it required to send them around the Cape of Good Hope. They intrusted him with a large packet and the means of paying his expenses. He set out: travelled express to Marseilles, went on a French vessel to Alexandria, hasten-

ed across the desert on a canal, hired a small vessel at Kosseir, and sailed down to India, accomplishing the feat in less than two months. All scepticism now vanished. If this feat could be accomplished by sailing vessels, what might not a steamer achieve? A company was formed; Waghorn was rewarded with a lieutenancy in the Royal Navy, and soon drank himself to death; and thenceforward India was brought ten thousand miles nearer to England. Mighty have been the results!

Rather Dry.

A FRENCH merchant—as usual vivacious and polite in the extreme—while travelling in a coach, had for his fellow traveller, a demure and taciturn old English banker. With characteristic French courtesy, he endeavored to engage his British companion in a little social chat, by addressing him thus: "Sare, I hope you are well;" he however received no reply, and therefore repeated the remark more emphatically,—“Sare, I hope you are *ver* well.” To this the old nabob sulki-ly rejoined, “I was very well, sir, when we came away; I am very well now; and when I get ill, I’ll let you know.”

New York to Boston in Four Days.

THE first stage coach from New York to Boston, started on the 24th of June, 1772, from the "Fresh Water." It was to leave each terminus once a fortnight. The fare was four pence, New York currency, per mile. It reached Hartford, Conn. in two days, and Boston in two more. The proprietors promised a *weekly* stage, "if encouraged in their great enterprise."

Good Land for Railroad.

AT an early stage in the proceedings of the Erie and New York City Rail-

road, while the directors were negotiating with the chiefs for the land around Jennison Hill, the colonel and others had made some strong speeches depicting the worthlessness of the land and enlarging considerably upon the fact that it was good for nothing for corn, and, consequently, should be leased very cheap.

When the colonel sat down, the old chief replied in the Seneca tongue to the interpreter, to the effect that "he knew it was poor land for corn; but *mighty good land for railroad!*" The shrewdness and force of this remark will be fully appreciated when it is known that the little strip of land around Jennison Hill was the only possible place for a railroad that did not involve the building of two expensive bridges across the Alleghany.

Disinterested Railroad Contractor!

It has become so common for persons to engage in railroad enterprises, and seek to become directors, presidents, or contractors, for the purpose of speculating—in the opprobrious use of that term,—that it is really refreshing to record the instance of one who sacrificed his own interest for that of the persons whom he represented. Mr. F. C. went to New York, with authority to purchase iron for twenty miles of the railroad of which he was president. When in market, he found he could purchase enough for seventy miles more at good rates, but his limit by the directors was to twenty miles. He determined to close the contract for the *seventy* miles on *private* account, which he did. Iron soon rose in value so much so that his contract was \$300,000 above what he had agreed to pay. It was, of course, legally and fairly his, but with a disinterestedness almost without a parallel, he gave the company the entire benefit of his bargain without a cent of compensation. A disinterested railroad contractor!

No wonder that the speedy dawn of the millennium has been so confidently expected, of late years!

Rigid Obedience of Shipmasters Exacted by Girard.

It is stated as a fact peculiar to Girard's management of his business, that he was always his own insurer upon his ships, and he never forgave the slightest disobedience of his orders on the part of any captain or supercargo in his employ.

He would at once dismiss his captains, even if they saved the ship through disobedience of his orders; and this practice he carried out in the most arbitrary manner, no matter how long a period the offender may have been in his employ, nor how faithful and valuable the services rendered by them. Such conduct is without a parallel among American merchants.

Scale of Railway Politeness.

THE classification adopted in the management of English railways appears not to be confined to the cars; but the distinctions of first, second, and third class are as scrupulously observed in the degree of politeness shown by the employes of the company to the passengers. The old maxim that civility costs nothing seems to be treated as a fable by the railway managers, who calculate perhaps that politeness at all events takes time, and, as time is money, the officers of the company are not justified in giving it without an equivalent. Any one who doubts the fact of this discrimination has only to present himself at different times as an applicant for information at a railway station, in the different characters of a first, a second, or a third class passenger.

If he is going in the first class, he will get speedy attention from the clerks in the office; bows, and even smiles, from the policemen on the plat-



PAYING THE FIRST STEAMBOAT MONEY.

form; and perhaps a touch of the hat from the conductor. The second class passengers will get bare civility—but rather more of the bear than the civility, from the officials who deliver the checks; these latter are very fond of trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are quite on a par with the petted “gentlemen in government office,” whom the railway clerks chiefly resemble in an assumed nonchalance, which, however, the plain speaking of a passenger who *will* be attended to, and who *may* be a shareholder, is pretty sure to dissipate. A second class passenger will get little else than a “Now, sir,” from the policeman, and a “Come, jump up!” from the conductor; while, alas! the third class passenger will perhaps suddenly find himself catching a smart poke in his chest from the conductor’s staff, by way of keeping him back till it is convenient to let him enter.

In fact, there are short answers as well as short trains, and each class has a set of rules of courtesy or “attention” applied to it, which the officers are bound to obey as scrupulously as they do the railway signals.

“Pleasure Excursions.”

ONE would imagine that railways were of that “grave” nature that would drive away joking. One would about as soon expect to fall upon a comic churchyard, as to meet with a jocund railway—for smash-ups and mutilations, somehow, are not very favorable to fun. One style of joking which has been adopted by a certain railway company that has always been the most fruitful in accidents, is that of advertising “Pleasure Excursions.” The directors’ notions of amusement must have been learned in the slaughter house. One day of such pleasure, it would rationally be supposed, must suffice a man his entire life—his day of pleasure and his life or limb will

probably prove in this case to be neck and neck. The words “Last Chance,” which commonly wind up such advertisements, are also intensely suggestive. The names of the engines, too, are frequently conducive to anything but pleasant emotions—there seems to be a cruel delight in christening them after the gloomiest objects: One railway, for instance, has the following lively stud of engines—“Lethe,” “Styx,” “Minos,” “Pluto,” and several others, introducing every member of the latter gentleman’s interesting family, as if it was absolutely necessary that every traveller should be on companionable terms with them, preparatory to what is to follow. One cannot help thinking that the very bad names which directors are in the habit of giving their engines may have had some influence in making them, as they so often prove, such emphatically thorough-going engines—of destruction.

The First Steamboat Passage-Money ever Paid.

ONE of the most interesting incidents of a business nature is that which concerns the first steamboat fare paid to Fulton. The narrator of this, who was also one of the actors in the scene, says: “I chanced to be at Albany on business when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard-of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was going to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton; I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

“Mr. Fulton, I presume.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you return to New York, with this boat?”

“We shall try to get back, sir.”

“Can I have a passage down?”

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"I inquired the amount to be paid, and, after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand, and, with his eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless, that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, 'Is that right, sir?'"

This question roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up to me the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I should gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you but, really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be the case."

That voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

Some four years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved, and her name changed to the *North River*, and when two other boats, viz., the *Car of Neptune* and the *Paragon*, had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage upon one of these for the latter city. The cabin in that day was below; and, as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and, eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, "I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and, although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that *bottle*

now!" It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly, but vividly, over his experiences of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments, and difficulties, that were scattered through his whole career of discovery,—up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had arrived at last.

And in reviewing all these, said he: "I have again and again recalled the occasion, and the incident, of our first interview at Albany; and never have I done so without renewing in my mind the vivid emotion it originally caused. That seemed, and does still seem, to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men."

George Hudson, the Railway King.

GEORGE HUDSON, who will always be known as the English railway king, may be said to have left his counter as a linen draper and sprang upon the steam engine. His first notable movement in this line was the subscription for several hundred shares in the York railway enterprise, and by a natural progress, under a strong and vigorous, bold and determined mind like his, he soon became known as the railway monarch. His influence extended seventy-six miles over the York and North Midland railroads; fifty-one over the Hull and Selby and Leeds and Selby; over the North Midland, Midland counties, and another, one hundred and seventy-eight miles; over the Newcastle and Darlington, and the Great North of England, one hundred and eleven miles; while over the Sheffield and Rotherham, the York and Scarborough, the North British, Whitby and Pickering, it affected near six hundred miles more, making a total of more than one thousand miles, all of which were suc-

cessful in developing traffic, and equally successful in paying good dividends.

For a time, no other name was heard in the great world of railways. In the journals of the day men read of his wonderful doings. The press recorded his whereabouts; the draughtsman pencilled his features. His name was connected with preference, shares, and profits. He wielded an influence unparalleled and unprecedented. Peers flattered the dispenser of scrip, and peeresses fawned upon the allotter of premiums. It was told with pleasure and repeated with delight, that his empire extended over one thousand miles of railway. His fortune was computed with an almost personal pride. Almack's was deserted when Albert house was full. The ducal crest was seen on the carriage at his door. The daintiest aristocracy of England sought his presence. Foreign potentates sued for his society. The coronet of the peer was veiled before the crown of the railway king. The minister paid his court, and the bishop bent in homage. The ermine of the judge lost its dignity, and the uniform of the officer its pride. The Christian banker and the Hebrew capitalist alike acknowledged his greatness. Stories were plentiful of the fortunes he had won, and the dividends his enterprises had paid. The prince consort was proud to be introduced to him, "shook hands very heartily with the member (he was in the House of Commons), and remained in conversation with him for some time."

When his name graced an advertisement, men ran to buy the share. In regard to lines known to be worthless, and on which no business was doing, if a rumor was skilfully spread that Hudson was after them, the stock exchange was in a ferment, and prices rose enormously, to the cool loss of the holder, however, when the contradiction came. He was their railway potentate, their iron king—their golden

god. His appearance on the platform was a perfect ovation. Sober, steady-minded men shouted with joy—shrewd speculators ditto; and one intense, universal homage greeted the image they had set up. The thought of ten per cent. enraptured them, and the loud applause which hailed his tramway periods would only have been justified by the discourse of a Macaulay or the oration of a Peel. Over railways and railway managers he maintained an imperial sway.

His exertions in behalf of the projects he espoused were absolutely astonishing. Nothing seemed to wear his mind; nothing appeared to weary his frame. He battled in parliamentary committees, day by day; he argued, pleaded, and gesticulated with an earnestness which rarely failed in its object. One day in town cajoling a committee—the next persuading an archbishop. In the morning adjusting some rival claim in an obscure office; in the afternoon astonishing the stock exchange with some daring *coup de main*.

But his connection with the railways of the Eastern counties, the bad management of which brought things to such a desperate pass, turned the scale of his fortune at last. The unwise experiment was made of declaring dividends which had not been earned, and paying them out of the capital, in order to keep up the value of the stock, and the prestige of Mr. Hudson. The imprudence was bitterly paid for. In a short time the railway king, stripped of crown and sceptre, was sent into ignominious exile! The revulsion in popular feeling was fierce, and he was now as intensely hated as he had been before admired. The more sweet had been the accents of praise, the more bitter were now the objurgations uttered by the same tongues against that name. It was a malignant delight to repeat and repeat over again the thousand stories of his unheard-of villanies. The rail-

way king had now become the railway demon, and his many roads were but iron ways for transporting the whole realm to the infernal latitudes.

Personally, he was a plain, solid-looking man with a large and heavy build; a keen, penetrating, gray eye; a broad, wrinkled, and severe face; gray and scanty hair; a nervous and rather peculiar gait, somewhat shuffling; in dress inclined to be careless. His speech was rapid, without grace of delivery, his utterance somewhat thick, and he affected no refinement of manner. He pitched at once into his subject, and said what he had to say in the fewest words he could put it in.

Among the causes of his success, one was an excellent arithmetical capacity, enabling him to form in his head the most elaborate combinations of figures in a very brief time. Another thing was his close personal attention to the minutæ; nothing was too small to be overlooked or to be left to others, if he could see to it himself. He examined personally every department of the roads under his management, and knew the duties of every man.

Stephenson, the Pioneer in Railway Construction.

To Mr. Stephenson is commonly awarded the honor of first constructing a railway for general transportation. Three years elapsed from the commencement of the work, and those interested began to be impatient. They wished—as was natural—for some returns from the vast amount of capital they had expended.

“Now, George,” said Friend Crupper to him one day, “thou must get on with the railway, and have it finished without further delay. Thou must really have it ready for opening by the first day of January next.”

“It is impossible,” said Stephenson.

“Impossible! I wish I could get Na-

oleon at thee. He would tell thee that there is no such word.”

“Tush! Don’t speak to me about Napoleon. Give me men, money, and materials, and I will do what Napoleon couldn’t do—drive a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester over Chat Moss.”

Mr. Grigg’s Mode of Overcoming Obstacles.

ON the death of Mr. Warner, the eminent Philadelphia bookseller, with whom Mr. John Grigg was for a considerable time associated in business, the settlement of the affairs of the firm was devolved upon Mr. G. Nor was this a slight undertaking. The business of the house had been immense; connected with it were numerous branches and agencies; it had dealings with various houses at the South and West, and the settlement of affairs rendered frequent journeyings necessary. During one of those journeys, an incident occurred which is too characteristic of the days of stage-coach travelling, and of the determined energy of Mr. Grigg’s character, not to be worthy of mention. He was at Charleston. It was the latter part of December, 1825, and by Christmas day he must be in Philadelphia. He pushed forward, travelling day and night; at Baltimore, the steamboat which usually connected was found to have left off running, and the travellers were forced to take to the mail coach. But every seat was full when Mr. Grigg arrived; there was no alternative for the determined traveller, weary and excited as he was by incessant journeying for seven long days and sleepless nights, but to ride outside with the driver. The day, or rather the night, was cold, the air was full of sleet, the road miry. But to the driver’s seat he mounted and pushed on. At Havre de Grace another driver took the reins, who was unacquainted with the road; it was long after dark, and

the "insides," who began to be fearful of their necks as the coach plunged and tossed in the mire, grew clamorous for putting back till the morning. But Mr. Grigg was determined that the stage should go ahead and be in Philadelphia by Christmas day, and, besides, they carried the mails, and a public conveyance must not be delayed! So he procured a lantern, and going before the coach piloted the travellers though the darkness and mire for about two miles. Finally, mounting the box again, he took the reins into his own hands, and daylight saw the delighted travellers arrived at Elkton, and well on their way. They at once entreated him to take a seat inside. And early on Christmas morning Mr. Grigg was in Philadelphia.

Southern Accommodation Trains.

OUR railroad is a slow coach (writes a Southern traveller); going along at the usual speed of six or eight miles an hour, we came to a dead halt; several passengers left the cars, and went to climbing the trees by the side of the track. I asked the conductor what they were after. "Grapes," he answered. "Why," said I, "is it possible you stop whenever the passengers wish to get some grapes?" "Oh, certainly, this is the *accommodation train!*"

"Your Ticket, Sir!"

ON one of the Georgia railroads there was a conductor named Snell, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he was connected with, and the travelling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and *faithful in the discharge of his duties*. During one of his trips, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream, some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger cars into the stream.

As the passengers emerged from the wreck they were borne away by the force of the current. Snell had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew on the bank of the stream, to which he clung for dear life. A passenger less fortunate came rushing by; Snell extended one hand, saying, "Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket!" The effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water may be imagined.

Thompson's Travels in California.

It is not unlikely (though the capital contributor to "Harper's" does not say so) that Thompson, who figures in the following whirligig of fun, was a Yankee, having an eye to "sites," "water privileges," etc., and ready for an "operation" when the opportunity should present itself. Assuming this very reasonable probability, we are only too happy to give it a place in these pages.

In the northern part of California is a stream called Yuba River. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the "town" increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveller and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveller, whose name was Thompson.

The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr.

Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam!" replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yu-ba Dam," said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!" yelled the irate Thompson; "I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?"

The stranger became excited. He rose, and replied with the voice of an 80-pounder,

"YU-BA DAM! You hear that?"

In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse, and advanced to the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose, and assumed a posture of offence and defence. Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said:

"I ask you for the last time. What place is this?"

Putting his hand to his mouth, his opponent roared:

"YU-BA DAM!"

The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that it appeared as though they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally, they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

Having left the business portion of the town, that is to say, the corner

where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the "suburbs," before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, sissy?" he asked.

The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door, she stopped, turned, and squealed, "Oo-bee Dam!"

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men, but the very babes and sucklings, swear at inoffensive travellers!"

From Honolulu to Kauai.

Two citizens of Honolulu, Judge B. and Dr. N., had occasion to go to the island of Kauai, the land of sugar and coffee. They returned in a schooner, and among the passengers was the governor of the island, who was coming to visit the metropolis—the great city of Honolulu. The governor is a native, and so is the captain of the schooner—a first-rate seaman as long as land was in sight. There came up a gale that blew them off; and having no compass, and a short supply of provisions, they were soon in a sad plight indeed. On and on, for nine days, they sailed, when they ought to have been in port in two. The judge and the doctor thought it about time to take matters into their own hands, or they would all be starved to death; for neither law nor physic would serve them without something to eat. They deemed it proper to ask the governor what he thought best to be done. His excellency took the subject into consideration, and with great sagacity remarked, "Well, now, as we are lost, I think we had better go back to where we started from." The poor captain would have been but too happy to comply with the governor's suggestion,

had there been any such thing as knowing where that place was; but that day a whaler hove in sight, and supplying them with provisions, led them into port. They were actually on the way to America.

Not Posted in Geography.

THERE was once an old gentleman of the utmost integrity of character, but keen as a brier in all business matters, who, not having had early opportunities of acquiring knowledge, sometimes made sad mistakes in his use of language. Although largely engaged in shipping, he was profoundly ignorant of geography. He came one day, with a letter in his hand, which he had just received, into the insurance office, and asked to see a chart of the Mediterranean. It was promptly unrolled, and spending a long time in an apparently unsatisfactory examination, the curiosity of the president of the office was excited, and he offered his aid to assist him in his trouble. "Why," says the old gentleman, "I have just got a letter from one of my captains, who states that he has experienced a violent hurricane, and consequently put in great jeopardy. Now, I know Great Jeopardy is a port in the Mediterranean, but I can't find the plaguey place on the map."

Working a Hand Car.

THE thriving town of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where railroad iron and other products of the same substantial metal are extensively manufactured, is situated on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. There is a very heavy ascending grade for several miles westward from this place, to overcome which requires not a little power of steam with an ordinary train of cars. Just before this part of the road was opened, an officer connected with it had occasion to go three or four

miles west to superintend some operations.

He took a light hand car and two powerful men to work it, one of whom was a German, not an accomplished engineer, nor very familiar with the working of railroads. They toiled hard at the crank, working their way up the steep grade, landing their passenger at his destined point, who sent the car back to Scranton by the German alone, knowing that no labor was required to descend, excepting when it was necessary to hold back by putting on the brake. Not having received any specific directions, however, as to the manner in which he was to work his way down, the German mounted the car, and thinking as it had been such a severe labor for *two* men to take the car out, it would require still more exertion for *one* to work it back, he applied all his strength to the crank, and was soon moving with tremendous velocity, down the hill toward the town and the terminus of the road. As he passed through the town over the last half mile, all unconscious of what was before him, his danger excited universal apprehension, and the cry was raised on every hand, "Put on the brake! Put on the brake!" Interpreting the cry to mean "Put on more strength," he laid out all his power upon one last grand effort. Reaching the end of the road, where there was some heavy obstruction, sufficient to stop a train of cars, the hand car was instantly converted into kindling wood, and the poor German was thrown head over heels some twenty-five or thirty feet beyond where it struck. As he was picked up, in a mangled condition, some one asked him,

"Why didn't you put on the brake?"

"Put on the prake," said he, "vy, it ish preak all to pieces!"

And this was the end of that ride.

Amending the Charter.

A LITTLE transaction between a New York merchant and a Frenchman is thus related by the former: He was a captain of a coasting craft, and I chartered his vessel for a round sum, to take a cargo of wheat up the river to a mill, and to return with a load of flour in barrels. There was a written agreement between us, which required him to load without *unnecessary delay*. Having a limited knowledge of English, and being a cautious skipper, he took the agreement, before signing it, to a compatriot—who was, or pretended to be, in the legal profession—whose knowledge of our language was much more contracted than his own, and gave him a small fee to read it over and see if it was correct. They came together to my office, and the lawyer addressed me with much politeness and gravity, while his countryman stood by with approbative visage: "Sare, I have read this little papier. It is entierement cor-r-rect, except von vord. I do not like zat expr-r-ression *unnecessa-rie!*" "Very well," said I, with great frankness, "I will scratch it out," and I did so. The skipper and lawyer both seemed relieved immensely now that the former was obliged to load his vessel "*without delay*."

"Soaking" the old Coach.

IN olden times, before the introduction of railroads, there lived in the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a certain tavern keeper named Ramsay, proprietor of all the stage coaches in that region of country. His house was not one of those miserable, dirty holes usually selected as the stopping places of the stages, but a fine, spacious, old-fashioned inn, where one was sure to find cleanliness and comfort—the best of everything that rich country could afford, and plenty of it. Squire Ramsay had become rich, and was much re-

spected by all his neighbors. Unfortunately, however, he became also a little too fond of his "pure old rye," and was likely to become a regular drunkard. His friends felt the necessity of cautioning him against this besetting sin; but the Squire, being a high-spirited old colt, required careful handling.

Finally, it was agreed that the doctor of the place, one of his oldest friends, should deal with him in the most delicate manner possible. The doctor thought best to approach his friend in the way of a parable, as Nathan did David, and felt certain of success. At their next interview he led the conversation intentionally to the subject of stage coaches—how long they would last, etc.

"Now, Mr. R.," said he, "suppose you had a fine, well-built, old coach, that had done good service and was yet sound, though perhaps a little shackling, and the seams a little open; would you put it to a team of fiery young horses on the roughest part of the road, or would you not put it to a team of steady old stagers, and on the smoothest part of the road you could find?"

"Well, doctor," said the squire, in perfect ignorance of the doctor's drift, "if I had such a stage as you describe, *I would soak it!*"

The doctor was silenced, but, whether from the advice of his friends or the promptings of his own good sense, the squire ceased to run the "old coach" so hard, and died highly esteemed and respected.

Strange Terminus to a Railroad.

THERE is a small town on the North Missouri Railroad called Renick; and Renick is a hard place—a *very* hard place. In one of the cars on this road, on a certain occasion, sat—with his feet upon the cushions and his hat down over his eyes—a flashy but dirty-looking individual, evidently some

"three sheets" gone; indeed, he was "maudlin drunk."

The conductor, in coming around, gave him a shove, and aroused him with a short "Ticket, sir!"

"Aint got none," said loafer.

"Pay your fare, then."

"How much is it?" demanded the fellow.

"Where are you going to?" inquired the conductor.

"Guess I'm—[hic]—goin' [hic]—to the devil!" spoke loafer, with some air of truthfulness.

"Then," said the conductor, "pay your fare to Renick—\$5.70!"

Drinking Success to the First Railway.

IN 1823 the second Stockton and Darlington Railway Act was obtained from Parliament. Mr. Stephenson was appointed the company's engineer, at a salary of £300 per annum. He laid out every foot of the ground himself, accompanied by his assistants. He surveyed indefatigably from daylight to dusk, dressed in top-boots and breeches, and took his chance of bread and milk, or a homely dinner, at some neighboring farmhouse; for the country people were fond of his cheerful talk. One day, when the works were approaching completion, he dined at Stockton, and after dinner the great engineer ordered in a bottle of wine, to drink success to the railway. He then said to the young men assembled: "Now, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country; when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time will come when it will be cheaper for a workingman to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know that there are great and almost insurmount-

able obstacles that will have to be encountered. But what I have said will come to pass, as sure as I am now alive. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth." The anticipations of the great engineer were more than realized. At the opening of the road in question—the first public railway—Mr. Stephenson himself drove the engine. The train consisted of thirty-eight vehicles, among which were twenty-one wagons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers, and a carriage filled with the directors and their friends. The speed attained in some parts was twelve miles an hour. It was a complete success; and the goods and passengers soon exceeded the expectations of the directors.

In surveying a line for the Liverpool and Manchester railway, great opposition was exhibited on the part of the proprietors of the lands through which the line was to pass. Lord Derby's farmers and servants, and Lord Sefton's keepers, turned out in full force to resist the aggressions of the surveying party. The Duke of Bridgewater's property-guard threatened to duck Mr. Stephenson in a pond if he proceeded; and he had to take the survey by stealth, when the people were at dinner.

Change of "Packet Day."

To show what was the nature of Pe-latiah Perit's influence as a Christian, in mercantile circles, and how much of that influence was the effect of his rare judgment and skill in dealing with men, an illustration is afforded in the change which he accomplished, perhaps thirty years ago, in the regulations of the packet-ships sailing from the port of New York.

Formerly the packets for Liverpool and other trans-atlantic ports were advertised to sail regularly on certain days of the month, and whenever the appointed days for sailing fell on Sunday, the Christian Sabbath was disregarded. To the house of Goodhue & Co. this was an inconvenience. It interfered with the Sabbath of the partners, and with the Sabbath to which their clerks and other employés were entitled. It interfered also with the religious feelings of all the passengers who honored the Christian Sabbath, and were unwilling to violate their consciences by commencing a voyage on that day. At the same time it interfered with the Sunday rest—religious or irreligious—of every merchant, who had occasion to send by every packet, the latest advices to his correspondents beyond the sea. But the practice was a settled one, and how could it be changed? Those were the days when tide and time waited for no man; and was not the sailing of a packet ship on her appointed day, even though that day happened to fall on Sunday, a work of necessity and mercy?

How, then, should the ship-owners and merchants, many of whom had no religious regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath, be brought to agree upon a change? Some men undertaking such a reform, would have begun with a public agitation on purely moral and religious grounds, and with denunciation of all persons implicated in upholding the existing arrangement, and the result would have been a failure. The personal influence of Mr. Perit with men who, whatever may have been their own position in relation to Christianity, could not but honor his Christian character, was such that he found no difficulty in effecting a new arrangement. He succeeded in convincing all parties that the change of "packet day," from a certain day of the month to a certain day of the week,

was no infringement of any man's religious liberty, and was required not only in the interest of religion and Christian morals, but also in the interest of merchants and their clerks, and in the general interests of commerce.

Palmerston and the Station-Master.

AT one of the chief stations on the Great Western Railway, England, is a station-master, noted for self-conceit and flunkeyism. His reverence for a person with a handle to his name is equalled only by the esteem in which he holds himself. One day he descried a gentleman pacing the platform with a cigar in his mouth—contrary to the rule. Official at once accosted the audacious offender, and requested him forthwith to stop smoking. The gentleman, absorbed in the most abstract thought, took no notice whatsoever of his command, but continued his walk with the utmost *nonchalance*, emitting a silvery cloud. Irritated by this disobedience, Official repeated his behests more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havana maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with an emphatic threat that if the obstinate sinner did not obey, he would at once be collared by the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before, and so at last, enraged beyond all further patience, Official pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and flung it away. This violent act produced no more effect than the previous commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk with imperterbable serenity. Presently a carriage and four drove up, an equipage well known to Official as that of the Duke of Beaufort. To his now inconceivable horror, the refractory smoker entered the said chariot, and drove off in style to Badminton. Official asked, in tremulous tones, who the stranger was, and

he felt ready to sink into the earth when told that it was Viscount Palmerston, K. G., First Lord of the Treasury. He did not hesitate long, however; he at once ordered a chaise and pair, and drove off to Badminton. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His lordship soon appeared, when Official began a most abject apology for having "so grossly insulted his lordship."

"Had I known who your lordship was, I would not have so treated your lordship for the world!"

The Premier heard the station-master out, then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said:

"Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Briton; but now I see you are nothing but a snob."

Captain Macalester and his Fast Ship "Fanny."

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, the shipwrights of Philadelphia had attained great celebrity for the beauty of the models of their vessels, which united, in a remarkable degree, celerity in sailing and fitness for the purposes of commerce. Among the most skilful of these was Mr. Grice. Captain Macalester—eminent as a shipmaster and subsequently as a merchant—engaged him to construct a ship, called the "Fanny," in building which Mr. Grice exhibited his ablest skill in the adaptation of the principles of naval architecture, and Captain Macalester added the suggestions derived from his own experience as a practical and observing navigator. The result was

that the "Fanny," when launched, proved to be the fastest sailing merchantman of the day. Captain Macalester accomplished his first voyage in her, from Philadelphia to Cowes in the Isle of Wight, in seventeen days, a rapidity of passage of which there was no previous record. He took with him, as passengers on that occasion, the wealthy and distinguished merchant of Philadelphia and Senator of the United States, Mr. William Bingham, with his beautiful and accomplished wife. It is probable that this incident was the foundation of a particularly friendly intercourse, which, from his correspondence, appears to have existed between him and Mr. Alexander Baring (afterward Lord Ashburton), who was the son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham.

In London, Captain Macalester engaged to make a voyage in the "Fanny" to Batavia and back. What was the surprise of the consignees of his vessel in London, when he presented himself in their counting house, having accomplished the entire voyage in seven months and twenty days, a speed, at that time, without a parallel. It was in the course of this voyage that he was chased by a British frigate, which fell in with him at daylight in the morning, but could not overtake him until ten o'clock at night. When the British boarding officer stepped upon his deck, he said to Captain Macalester:

"Sir, you have a very fast ship."

"I thought so until to-day," was the reply.

"Our frigate," answered the officer, "is reputed to be the fastest in the navy, and we never before have had such a chase."

PART EIGHTH.

*ANECDOTES OF COMMERCE AND TRAFFIC IN THEIR
LEGAL AND JUDICIAL ASPECTS.*

PART EIGHTH.

Anecdotes of Commerce and Traffic in their Legal and Judicial Aspects.

PARTNERSHIP, BANKRUPTCY, DEBTOR AND CREDITOR, BONDS AND MORTGAGES, DUNNING, PECULIAR CASES OF MERCANTILE LITIGATION; PLEASANTRIES AND PERPLEXITIES, LIGHTS AND SHADES.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.—SWIFT.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their *expanding* power continues to increase as you contract them.—ANON.

How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
Nods his wise head, and cries—"I told you so!"—SPRAGUE.

Creditors have better memories than debtors, and creditors are a superstitious set—great observers of set *days* and *times*.—FRANKLIN.

Consult your means, avoid the tempter's wiles,
Shun grinning hosts of unreceipted files.—FIELDS.

Debts Owning and Balances Due.

AN old trader about to die, had his friends around him, to hear his last words and to exchange the usual expressions of farewell attachment. His wife, who had an eye to that which is "laid up on earth," improved this pathetic occasion, by desiring him to tell what *debts* were owing to him. This he complied with. "There's—owes me five shillings for mutton." "Oh," interjected the delighted helpmate, "to see a man at this time o' day, and just gaun to close his last account, hae the use o' his faculties—just say away, James." "Ay, an'—ten shillings for beef." "What a pleasant thing to see a man bein' sensible to the last! ony mair?" "An' a crown for a cow's hide." "Ay," quoth the wife, "sensible yet—weel, James, what was't ye was gaun to say?" "Nae mair, said James, "but I am *ov'n* Jock Tamson two pounds in *balance* o' a cow

and—" "Hoot, toot!" quoth the wife, "he's a ravin' now—he's just demented—dinna mind ony mair that he says."

Happy End to a Debt.

In the fall of 1847, a young man went to New York in quest of employment. After weeks of unsuccessful search, he found himself without a prospect of work, and considerably in debt for board. In despair, he made arrangements to dispose of his clothes by auction, in order to defray his debts, when a letter was sent him containing a twenty-dollar bill, and directing him to apply for the situation of card stripper, to the overseer of one of the corporations. The letter requested him to sign a note of hand for the amount loaned, and to place it in a certain unoccupied box in the post office, where it would be called for by the lender. The young man did as directed, and received the situation, the overseer stating

that it had been secured for him at the earnest solicitation of a young lady. Years passed away, and all attempt to discover his creditor was unavailing. The young man prospered in business, and at length plighted his affections to an amiable young lady with whom he had been acquainted. On the day before their marriage he received a letter requesting him to call at a certain place and pay the note of twenty dollars, with interest, which he had signed some years before. Anxious to settle an indebtedness which from the mystery of the whole affair had occasioned many hours of unhappiness, he hastened to the place indicated, and was ushered by the domestic into the parlor, where, to his astonishment he discovered in the person of his unknown benefactor, the lady with whom, upon the next day, he was to unite his earthly fortune. It was her first business transaction, and the partnership which followed was the long and happy one, only dissolved when the last debt of all—the debt of nature—had to be paid.

Ouvrard's Profitable Imprisonment.

OUVRARD, the great French contractor-general, refusing to pay a debt to one of his creditors, was compelled to undergo imprisonment—a punishment which he preferred to endure, rather than pay the demand. He led a life of princely expenditure in his prison, and, among other instances of extravagance, it is told of him that for the purpose of adding a neighboring room to his quarters, he paid the debt of the prisoner who occupied it. One day, when M. de Villele, the Finance Minister, was dining with him, the minister urged Ouvrard to settle matters with his creditor, representing the scandal which his conduct reflected on the Government which had so long retained him as contractor-general. "Parbleu, Monseigneur," replied Ouvrard, "you speak very much at your ease. I am

here for five years, for five millions of money; I gain, therefore, by my imprisonment, one million a year; and if you know of any speculation at once more lucrative and sure, I am not *obstinately* wedded to this, observe. In that case, I will pay to-morrow!"

Paying a Balance.

AT the death of Sir Joseph Banks, there was left at the apartments of the Royal Society, at Somerset House, an instrument called a balance, constructed by Ramsden, and belonging to Sir Joseph. The secretaries, accordingly, wrote to his widow, stating that there was a balance remaining in their hands, and requesting to know her wishes as to its disposal. "Pay into Coutts's," was her ladyship's reply.

Swan, the Millionaire, in Prison more than Twenty Years for Debt.

JAMES SWAN, an American merchant of vast wealth, was committed to the prison of St. Pelagie, in Paris, on the 28th of July, 1808, for a sum of six hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and forty francs, and repassed the gates, for the first time, on their opening to the Revolution on the 29th of July, 1830, twenty-two years afterward. Mr. Swan, though possessed of a fortune amounting to nearly four million francs, denied the justness of the claim beyond the sum of six or seven thousand francs, and determined to spend his life in prison rather than obey a judicial sentence which he considered unjust. Having first caused it to be intimated to his wife and children that he would disinherit them to the last farthing of his property if they paid the debt, he furnished his prison apartment in a style of princely magnificence, and hired, in the Rue de la Cele, opposite the gates of St. Pelagie, a spacious dwelling, with coach house and stables, for his friends, cooks, etc.

For the former class he kept two carriages, and they were commissioned to appear before him and spend his money in the Bois-de-Boulogne, public streets and promenades, balls and theatres. A curious original was this James Swan. He strutted and attitudinized in his prison like Chodruc-Duclos in his rags; it was his method of flinging defiance in the face of society. Consistent in his determination, he was prepared to return to his prison, after the events of the "three days," when, on the 31st of July, he was seized with apoplexy at his temporary lodging, and consigned to the closer and longer imprisonment of the grave.

Lucrative Deed of Trust.

SOME years ago, a St. Louis merchant, well known and highly respected, failed in business, and after settling up his affairs, gave to his principal creditor a deed of trust on certain real estate, to secure the payment of twelve thousand dollars. At the time, the property was barely valued at that, so the creditor put the deed in his safe, and there, so far as he was concerned, the matter ended. The merchant, broken down, disappointed, poor, but yet enterprising, went South, visited California, Mexico, and South America, speculated, and, as is not uncommon with such men, made half a dozen fortunes, and lost them again. In the course of years he returned to the city, sick, travel worn, needy, and disheartened. By chance he soon met his old lawyer, a gentleman of high professional and personal standing. After the first greeting, the lawyer remarked:

"I am glad to see you back, and, as you seem to be in want of funds, the sale will be just in time."

The merchant looked hard at his friend, and finally said: "Sale! what sale? *I've* got nothing to sell."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, you are richer than you imagine. Don't you

remember the deed of trust I drew up for you some twelve years ago?"

"I do, what of it?"

"Well, at that time the property would not have realized the sum, so it was 'let lie;' but it is now in the market, and I expect to close a contract for its sale this week."

"You amaze me; what price do you expect to get?"

"I've asked eighty-six thousand dollars, and shall get it, too. Your debt and interest will amount to twenty-one thousand dollars, or thereabouts, so you'll have sixty-five thousand to go upon."

The sensations of the benefited party may almost be personally shared by those who read this story of his good fortune.

Dunning as a Profession.

A GENTLEMAN from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill or account for a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added, that if it *was* collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, Square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I *know* that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument, as to c'lect a debt out of *him*. But *anyhow*, Square, what'll you give, sposin' I *do* try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it."

"'Greed," replied the collector, "there's no harm in *tryin'*, any way."

Some weeks after, the collector

chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look o'here," said he, "Square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' yours. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a rat, but for the first week or so 'twant no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was 'short,' if he *wasn't* home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, I'll fix you! says I. So I sat down on the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun early *next* day; but about ten o'clock he 'gin in.' He paid me *my* half, and I gin him up the note!"

Stratagem to Collect a Debt.

FOUR creditors started from Boston in the same train of cars, for the purpose of attaching the property of a certain debtor in Farmington, Me. He owed each one separately, and they each were suspicious of the object of the other, but dare not say a word about it. So they rode, acquaintances all, talking upon everything except that which they had most at heart. When they arrived at the depot at F., which was three miles from where the debtor did his business, they found nothing to "put 'em over the road," but a solitary cab, toward which they all rushed. Three got in, and refused admittance to the fourth, and the cab started. The fourth ran after, and got upon the outside with the driver. He asked the driver if he wanted to sell his horse. He replied that he did not want to—that he was not worth more than fifty dollars, but he would not sell him for that. He asked him if he would take one hundred dollars for him. "Yes," said Jehu. The 'fourth' man quickly paid over the money, took the reins, and backed the cab up to a bank, slipped it from the harness, and tipped it up so that the door could not

be readily opened, jumped upon the horse's back and rode off 'lick-a-ty-switch,' while the 'insiders' were gazing out of the window, looking like singed cats. He rode to a lawyer's, and got a writ made and served, and his debt secured, and got back to the hotel just as the 'insiders' came up puffing and blowing. The cabman soon bought back his horse for fifty dollars. The 'sold' men offered to pay that sum if the fortunate one, who found property sufficient to pay his debt, would not 'let on' about the affair in Boston!

Curious Financiering.

GILFERT was in the habit of borrowing money from everybody, very little of which was ever paid back; but that he always intended to return it at the time promised, there is no doubt. He was a visionary man, and he did not make the best calculations in the world. One day, meeting a friend in the Bowery, the following conversation took place:

"Ah," said Gilfert, "you are the very man I wanted to see; lend me two hundred dollars."

"I would in a moment," replied his friend, "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and I don't know where to get the money."

"A note," said Gilfert, "so have I. Let me see your notice."

The gentleman produced it from his pocketbook.

"Well, how much are you short?"

"About two hundred dollars," said his friend.

To his utter surprise Gilfert handed him the money. "There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, as they can't be both taken up. If your note laid over, it might hurt your credit; but with me it don't matter, as I am used to that sort of business."



W. APPLETON



D. LEAVITT



R. G. SHAW



J. FARGO



W. R. JONES



C. WARDWELL



R. L. STEVENS

Engraved for *D. Appleton & Co.*
by the
American Bank Note Co. New-York.

Nice Snare for a French Creditor.

A LAW formerly prevailed in France, that if a debtor escaped, the keeper became responsible for his debt. Of course this arrangement rendered evasion extremely difficult; nevertheless, to revenge some real or fancied injustice, a singular trick was played by a debtor, which greatly amused the Parisians.

A certain Monsieur L., having contrived to escape, presented himself one evening at the house of his astonished creditor, with the salutation:

"You see, I am free. You may seize me, certainly, and send me back to jail, but I can never pay you; whereas, if you will give me money enough to escape out of the country, you can claim your debt of the keeper, who can."

The creditor, who does not seem to have been very scrupulous, consented to this arrangement, on the condition that he himself saw Monsieur L. off by the diligence, which having done, and feeling himself safe, he on the following morning knocked at the gate of Clichy, and asked the keeper if he remembered him.

"Certainly," said the functionary, "you are the creditor of Monsieur L."

"Exactly," answered the creditor, "and you are doubtless aware that Monsieur L. has effected his escape, and that you are now responsible to me for the six thousand francs he owes me."

But instead of the face of dismay the creditor expected, the officer began to laugh, and assured him that Monsieur L. was safe in his room, and should immediately make his appearance, which on being summoned, he did. The prisoner thus had his joke and his few hours of liberty, and the creditor his disappointment—which his dishonest intentions upon the poor jailer well merited.

Shopkeepers going to Law.

It is stated as a remarkable fact, and certainly not a very promising one, that the shopkeepers in Paris, eighty thousand in number, had in one year no less than forty-six thousand lawsuits before the Tribunal of Commerce alone, to say nothing of any of the other tribunals for the legal settlement of differences. Such a fact is altogether without its parallel in any other city.

Singular Suit against Mr. Appleton, of Boston.

TRUTH is surely stranger and more romantic than fiction, as the following will show. Samuel Appleton, one of the most generous of Boston merchants, was once sued, and only once, during his long and vast career of business. About the year 1820, a merchant tailor, named Endicot, died, leaving a residue of his estate to a Baptist society. Among his papers was a note signed by Samuel Appleton, and indorsed by Ducoster & Marshall, for a few hundred dollars. The committee of the society called upon Mr. Appleton for payment. The handwriting was so much like his, that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other; but he refused to pay it, declaring it to be, in spite of the resemblance, a forgery. A suit was brought on the note, which was, in fact, outlawed—but he would not, however, allow any plea of this kind to be made, but steadily denied the signature.

As the indorsement was evidently genuine, and no other person of the same name was known, the whole matter was involved in mystery. This was increased by the fact that he had had dealings with the house of Ducoster & Marshall, as appeared by his books, though nothing was found in them that confirmed this note. On the trial, his brother was called as one of the witnesses. He testified that he could

not distinguish the signature from Mr. Appleton's handwriting; but that, as he himself had kept the books at the time, and his brother's notes were always paid when due, and there was no trace of such a note, it could not be genuine. Notwithstanding this admitted resemblance of the handwriting, and notwithstanding the charge of the judge was regarded as rather against the defendant, the jury found a verdict in his favor. The verdict was founded on the fact that the jury felt quite sure that Mr. Appleton would not dispute the payment of the note, except on the certainty that he did not owe it.

Mr. Appleton, however, was not satisfied to leave the matter here, if it were possible to unravel the mystery. Some years after, he was in Italy, and went to Naples, where Mr. Degen then resided—the gentleman who was assignee of Ducoster & Marshall, and had made the indorsement in their behalf. His first step on landing was, not to visit any of the wonders of nature or art, but to search out Mr. Degen, who, in answer to his inquiries, stated that he perfectly well recollected the circumstance of there being such a note, but that the signer of the note was a ship-master of the same name, who resided in Portland, and who had been dead for some years. Besides his memory of the event, he had at his country house the books of the firm, and on examining them they were found to confirm entirely Mr. Appleton's convictions.

Longworth's Celebrated Fee.

MR. LONGWORTH, the celebrated Cincinnati millionaire, once received as a legal fee from a fellow who was accused of horse stealing, and who had nothing else to give, two second-hand copper stills. The gentleman who had them in possession refused, however, to give them up, but proposed to Mr. L. to give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row in lieu of them, a pro-

posal which the latter, whose opinions of the value of such property were ahead of his time, gladly accepted. This transaction alone, taking into view the prodigious increase of real estate in that city, would have formed the basis of an immense fortune, the naked ground being worth two millions of dollars. This fact affords an example of the facility with which comparatively small amounts secured to Mr. Longworth the property which has since become of such immense value.

Bankruptcy and Barbarism in Court.

A MIXTURE of romance and reality was recently exhibited in the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court of London in the case of Mr. Mark Boyd. Amid dry details of certificates, assignees, dividends, and unsecured creditors, there suddenly started up an element at once romantic and ghastly.

A question was raised as to whether the bankrupt's brother, Mr. Benjamin Boyd, was alive or dead. This gentleman went on a yachting voyage to the South Sea Islands, without being heard of afterward. It was stated in reply, that the fact of Mr. Boyd's death was by no means proved; for that a skull, said to be his, and brought to London, had been found to have sound and perfect teeth, whereas the unfortunate gentleman 'wore' artificial teeth, and there were consequently still some grounds for the belief that Mr. Benjamin Boyd was not dead, but was a captive among the natives. Could M. Sue have invented anything more melodramatic than this? One brother haggarded by misfortune, beset by 'men of tape and quill' in London, interrogated by accountants, examined by commissioners; the other brother wandering, perhaps, among antipodean savages, naked and tattooed, or perhaps tomahawked, or probably eaten! And all this while shrewd men of business bandy about musty counting houses a grinning skull,

that merchants may speculate as to whose flesh once covered the ghastly relic!

—◆—
Dealing with a Bankrupt in Hamburg
 —“Execution” on the Bourse.

THE following account of an occurrence which took place in Hamburg, suggests the somewhat whimsical but withal serious query, How would such a course answer in any of *our* commercial cities? At noon (according to this account), just as the Exchange, crowded with merchants, presented its busiest aspect, two drummers in the civic uniform, came up and rolled their drums for the space of ten minutes, causing a great commotion both within and out of the Bourse. While this was going on, workmen were seen over the principal gateway of the building, elevating a black board, on which was painted in white letters the name of a merchant of the city who had lately suspended payment and absconded with all his assets. When the name had been fairly set up, a bell called the ‘shand glöcke,’ or shame bell, only rung on such occasions, was sounded for two hours from a tower of the Bourse. This penalty of disgrace, called the “execution of a fraudulent bankrupt,” is ordained by a law which can be traced to the fourteenth century, when the Hanseatic league was at the height of its greatness. At that period, however, the bankrupt’s patent of citizenship, and his certificate as a merchant, were also burnt by the hangman.

—◆—
Bankrupts in Batavia.

IMMEDIATELY on a person becoming bankrupt in Java, the name of the party is placarded about town and in the Exchange, as if *prima facie* infamous. The books are then examined by the public officer for that purpose. If the estate does not pay sixty per cent., and the bankrupt can be proved to have done business after he knew the fact,

he is put into prison as a criminal, for a number of years, and declared ‘alooost,’ which signifies infamous, or without character. After this, the ‘alooost’ person is indeed excommunicated. His word is not to be taken; he is not allowed to be a witness, even on oath; and if a man trusts him, he does so on his own risk—he has no legal remedy against him. On the other hand, if a man takes his books to the public officer, and declares that he has given up all he has, and it does not appear that he has been doing business, knowing he was a bankrupt, and after a strict investigation there are no suspicious circumstances, his creditors must sign his papers.

—◆—
Western Method of Collecting a Debt.

A ST. LOUIS merchant was on a collecting tour through the western part of Missouri. The boat on which he embarked landed first at a small town, and the merchant repaired to the house of one of his debtors. On inquiring of the good lady for her husband, she expressed her regret that he had just left town, and would not, positively, be back for a week. The merchant regretted that very much, as he “had some money” for her husband.

Lady: “You *have*?—well—really—let me see—John, are you *sure* that your father has gone? go see—perhaps I’m mistaken—run quick, and tell your father, if you can find him, that a gentleman is here who wishes to pay him some money.”

(The boy ran, full speed, for his daddy.)

“I hope I *am* mistaken—husband was telling me this morning he expected some money from St. Louis. Money is so scarce these days, and people are so negligent in paying their debts: Jane, bring the gentleman some water, quick now—stop, come here—(in a whisper, but audible to the merchant)—tell Sarah to bring some of those

largest and best apples, do you hear?—now run, quick. When did you leave St. Louis, sir?"

"Last Monday was two—"

(Running to the window)—"There's husband, as true as I'm born—I really was afraid he'd left."

(Husband enters, puffing and blowing)—"My dear G—, I was so fearful you had left."

(In an undertone)—"I wish to heaven I had!" (To the merchant): "Ah, Mr. —, how are you?"

"Very well—pleasant day—all well—hark! the bell is ringing—not much time to talk—I have a little business (presents two or three bills)—would be very glad if you would settle them to-day."

"Ah! ah, yes, sir—well, I don't know—Col. Wiston promised to be here to-day, who owes me some borrowed money—hard times—when will you leave, probably?"

(Bell rings again)—"I must be off, sir; 'lift' one of those notes, and I'll wait for the rest; the bell is ringing, and I must be off."

"Well, sir." (Aside to his wife)—"Why did you tell I was at home, confound it?"

The merchant receives five hundred dollars, and bids the gentleman "good morning," much pleased to pocket the amount. The good wife quietly countermanded her orders for "those largest and best apples," before he settled with the husband.

Forgiving a Debt and Giving a Wife.

A SHOPKEEPER, who resided two or three days' journey from Paris, preserved his good standing and credit for many years. At last, by some persons making undue purchases, and keeping him too long out of his money, he was obliged to proceed to Paris, to desire two things of his creditors: one was an extension of their forbearance, and the other was, to be furnished with a

fresh assortment of goods, that he might keep open his shop with its usual supply.

They were so pleased with the honesty and frankness of the man, that they all agreed to grant his request, except one—his chief creditor, a proud and exacting merchant, who had never experienced any adversities, and knew not how to sympathize with those thus tried. "So," said he, "I find, by your asking for a prolongation of credit, and a further indulgence of goods, that you are going down hill; and therefore I am resolved to have my money." Accordingly, he sent at once for an officer, who arrested the tradesman, and conducted him to jail. In this perplexing situation, he wrote home to his wife, who communicated the news to her six children, who were thus overwhelmed in sorrow. What could be done? To sit still in despair was the ready road to ruin. After a frank conversation with her eldest son, a young man of fine sense and great uprightness, about nineteen years of age, he resolved on a speedy visit to Paris, with a view to softening the hardness of this creditor. After a short interview with his father, he went to the house of the merchant, sent in his name, and desired an audience. The creditor, thinking he had come to pay him, had him at once admitted; but he soon found that his first request was that he should release his father from jail, to go home and provide for his mother, and keep up the credit of the shop.

The merchant, being disappointed in his expectation, flew into a violent passion, and declared that he would have the money or the bones of his father. The young man, finding him inexorable, fell down on his knees, and with tears accompanying his earnest utterance, addressed the merchant as follows: "Sir," said he, "if I go home without my father, I shall see my mother die with a broken heart, the

credit of the shop will be entirely ruined, and we children must be turned as vagabonds and beggars into the open street. I have this one, this last request, to make—let me be sent to jail in the room of my father, and keep me there until all demands are satisfied.”

The merchant walked back and forth in the room with evident emotion. The young man continued his suppliant appeals and entreaties on his knees, when at last the merchant went to him with great tenderness of manner, and taking him by the hand, said, “Rise, young man. I have but one daughter in the world, and for whose happiness I am concerned; I’ll give thee my daughter—she must be happy with a fellow of thy virtue; I’ll settle upon you all my fortune; I’ll release your father out of prison, and make you all happy together.” And he was as good as his word.

French Mode of Paying Bills.

A SOMEWHAT prominent banker at Paris, having a draft brought to him from a public office in that city, which he could not answer, after cramming down the draft into a loaded pistol, called to the gentleman who brought it, and telling him, “This, sir, is the way that persons who have no money pay bills that are due,” instantly clapped the pistol to his ear, and shot himself dead.

Advantage of Being a Large Debtor.

As the world goes, the moment that a man becomes largely in debt, he blossoms out into a respectable and responsible member of society. It is not, as many suppose, that he has earned this character *before* he became intrusted with the property of others. A very little ability, a certain degree of boldness and assurance, a taking exterior, and a willingness to contract to pay the market rate of interest and a

little more, will place him in possession of capital beyond the dreams of avarice.

Once master of the position, he is invested with all the qualities and virtues that inspire admiration, confidence, and respect. If he wants raw produce, he has merely to hold up his finger, and a dozen ships are loaded for him in the ports of the world. If he wants the fabricated article, he has merely to breathe a wish, and mountainous wagons hasten to unload their heavy treasures at his gate. If he covets that precious metal which divines call “filthy lucre,” and economists “circulating medium,” he has but to send in his card to any banker, and have a sack of it shovelled to him as if it was dirt. These are the gross and material advantages of being in debt—serving as the basis for a superstructure of higher things.

First, there is the immense advance in social position. What doors are closed to the large and noble debtor? What dinner parties would be considered perfect without him? How many needy men are anxious to sit near him at the table, in the hope of learning something useful to guide them in the path which *he* has seemingly followed with such distinguished success! Who would think of a public meeting without the gigantic debtor in the chair? If a trustee is wanted for a charitable fund, who so fit and proper to be appointed as the leviathan debtor?

If a public company or a joint-stock enterprise is flagging for various reasons, what is wanted to put it firmly and flourishingly upon its legs?—the chairmanship of the enterprising debtor! Did any wild scheme ever advance or commend itself to public notice, or endeavor to strike root, without sending one of its earliest prospectuses to the energetic and prosperous debtor? Never!

Then there is the almost affectionate interest taken in nearly everything that

happens to the pampered debtor. If he falls ill, what crowds of people—chiefly creditors—come hurriedly forward with pressing kindness, day after day, anxiously consulting his physician, and inquiring after his health! If he meets with an accident, what a number of persons hasten tenderly to his side, keenly calculating whether it is likely to be fatal. Many of these kind creatures—chiefly creditors—even go to the length of insuring the life of the important debtor for a considerable sum, so strongly does their interest in him, under these circumstances, develop itself. If the mammoth debtor goes upon a foreign tour for a lengthened period, how many persons—chiefly creditors—are waiting anxiously to give him a joyous welcome back! If his house, or warehouse, is accidentally burned down, what a bevy of persons—chiefly creditors—are at once upon the spot to render assistance, and ascertain, if possible, what insurances there are—what amounts, and in what offices!

In the great world of debt, the small debtor is governed by his creditor; the large creditor is governed by his debtor.

Tender in Payment.

A TENDER in payment is rarely made in a legal manner. People commonly clog it with some condition, which makes it no tender in law. One man goes to another, and says, "Here is your money; I must have a receipt in full of all demands." A tender, to be good, must be an unconditional one, clogged with no stipulation whatever.

"Parsons on Promissory Notes."

A PUBLISHING house advertised in a city journal, "Parsons on Promissory Notes;" referring to which the editor remarked: "There are few parsons whose notes, not to speak of their indorsements, are of much account in Wall street." "And this," says the

Knickerbocker, reminds us of a remark once made by the late John Sanderson, the witty author of "The American in Paris," touching certain unnegotiable clerical "paper" which he held: "They will take the minister's *word*, unquestioned, every Sunday, for the eternal future, but won't take his *note*, with only ninety days to run!"

Paying an Old Debt.

A MAN who had run up a long score at a shop for liquor, cigars, and other creature comforts, found himself utterly unable to pay a stiver of it. In vain was he urged to pay the bill, and in vain was he threatened if he didn't; he hadn't the money—the true secret of his getting in debt in the first place—and the creditor gave it up. At last he thought he would compromise the matter, and let the man work the debt out.

The creditor had a large pile of wood in his barn, several cords of it, nicely sawed and split, and he forthwith set the debtor at work to throw the wood into the street and then pile it back again, at the rate of a shilling an hour, until the whole debt should be wiped out. The man took hold with a will, and, in a short time, the wood was all in the street; then it went back with equal celerity, and then out again and then in—every one wondering what it could all mean. Some charitably intimated that he was crazy, and others, equally charitable, said he was drunk. He toiled on thus the whole day, throwing the wood back and forth, but every hour seemed sixty minutes longer than its predecessor, as he watched the clock on the old church in the neighborhood. He was working a dead horse, and it was hard making him go. But the longest road must have an end, and the hour neared when the labor and debt would cease together, and, as the hammer of the clock told the hour of

his release, the freed man threw the last stick of wood into the street with a shout of triumph. The shout brought the owner of the wood to the door, who found his late debtor putting on his coat to go away.

"Hallo!" said he, "you are not going away without putting the wood back again, are you?"

"I'll put it back again for a shilling an hour," said the man.

The proprietor of the wood saw that he had been "done," and good-naturedly told his late debtor to go ahead and put it back. He went about it, but, strange to say, it took him just three times as long to put it back as it did to throw it out! This, if not "Mrs. Partington's last," is one of her best in the domain of commercial humor.

Debts of Honor.

A GOOD story is told relative to the—now—rather old-fashioned idea of a "debt of honor." A tradesman, to whom Sheridan had given a bill for two hundred pounds, called on him for the amount. A heap of gold was lying on the table. "Don't look that way," cried Sheridan, after protesting that he had not a penny in the world, "that is to pay a debt of honor." The applicant, with some wit, tore up the bill of demand he held: "Now, Mr. Sheridan," quoth he, "mine is a debt of honor too." It is to be hoped that "Sherry" handed him the money.

The story of Gunter's bill—the confectioner—is not so much to the good name of his debtor. Hanson, the ironmonger, called upon him and pressed for payment. A bill sent in by the famous confectioner was lying on the table. A thought struck the debtor, who had no means of getting rid of his importunate applicant. "You know Gunter?" he asked. "One of the safest men in London," replied the ironmonger. "Then will you be satisfied if I give you his bill for the

amount?" "Certainly." Thereupon Sheridan handed him the neatly folded account—and rushed from the room, leaving the creditor to discover the point of Mr. Sheridan's little fun.

Drawing an Inference.

A MERCHANT who had become reduced in fortune, went to a person who had formerly been his servant, to borrow money of him. The upstart servant gave his former master a very mortifying reception, and asked in a haughty tone, "Sir, why do you give me all this trouble? Upon my honor I have no money to lend you or any one else." "I am certain that what you say is false," said the gentleman; "for if you were not rich, you dared not be so saucy."

A Bankrupt on his Legs Again.

A WEALTHY merchant having experienced some hard reverses which caused his bankruptcy, was met some time after his misfortunes by a friend, who asked him how he was getting on? "Pretty well," said he, "I am upon my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my coach and horses, and must now walk."

"Tick."

THE word "tick" is considered by some as merely an abbreviation of ticket. In the "Sportsman's Slang Dictionary" may be found the following amusing definition: "Tick: credit in small quantities; usually scored up with chalk, which being done with a sound resembling 'tick, tick, tick,' gives the appellation 'going to tick,' 'tick it up,' 'my tick is out,' 'no more tick.'"

A well-meaning friend, calling one morning on Mr. Sheridan, wound up a rather prosy exordium on the pro-

priety of domestic economy, by expressing a hope, that the pressure of some difficulties, from which he had been temporarily removed, would induce a more cautious arrangement in future. Sheridan listened with great gravity, and thanking his visitor, assured him that he never felt so happy, as all his affairs were now proceeding with the *regularity of clock-work*, adding (with a roguish twinkle of the eye, and giving his arm the oscillating motion of the pendulum), "Tick, tick, tick!" It is needless to add that the Mentor took a hasty leave of his witty but incorrigible companion.

The "Model Debtor" Described.

THE model debtor (says Mayhew) never thinks a thing dear so long as he gets it on credit. No dinner is too good for him; the dearest wines; the earliest peas, the most juvenile strawberries, the choicest liquors, the most exotic luxuries—everything that is expensive, delicious and toothsome, so that he is not called upon to give ready money for it. The world pays, and he enjoys himself. His cab is found him free of expense, and by some charm he has a two hundred guinea horse sent home to him without paying a single penny for it. The rent of his house is several quarters due; the furniture is of the very best, but not a stick nor stitch of it has been settled for, and the very sheet he sleeps on might be taken from under him by his washerwoman, for terrible arrears of debt. These thoughts, however, never trouble his happiness. He trusts, for everything, to his appearance. *He* knows well enough that a man with a shabby exterior never gets "credit" for anything in this world. He has a good coat, and on the back of it orders as many clothes as he likes. He has only to ask for hats, boots, walking sticks, pistols, dressing cases, and they

are all left at his "residence," exactly as if he had paid for every one of them. No questions are asked—not a soul is in a hurry; for "any one can see he is a perfect gentleman." He flourishes a check-book, though his "drafts" would not be liquidated at any other bank but *Oldgate Pump*.

The day of reckoning, however, sooner or later, comes. Then it is that the wonderful impudence, the real genius, of the Model Debtor, bursts out in all its greatness. It is not convenient for him to pay "just at present"—it would be ruination to sell out when the funds are so low. He wonders at Mr. Smith's impatience (Smith is his butcher)—the bill can barely have been owing two years—but he will call and settle next week. Some he threatens to expose; the impertinence of others he will certainly report to all his friends; and he silences the noisiest with a piece of stamped paper, on which his name is inscribed as the representative of hundreds of pounds. But the bubble gets larger and larger until it bursts. Then the Model Debtor tumbles from his high "estate"—if he ever had any—and from an "eligible mansion" he falls to a "desirable lodging" at a few shillings per week.

His life is now a constant game of hide and seek. He is never "at home," especially to top-boots and Jerusalem noses, that bring letters and wait for answers in the passage. He grows nervous. Every knock at the door throws him back, and he rings the bell violently two or three times, whispers to the servant through the door, turns the key, and crouches down with his ear at the key-hole. He looks out of the window before he ventures in the street. He only walks when he cannot afford to pay for a cab. Omnibuses are dangerous—it is not so easy to avoid a creditor inside. He selects the dreariest thoroughfares, and never penetrates into a *cul-de-sac*, or approaches within

a mile of Chancery Lane. His impudence, however, does not desert him. He never recollects any bill whatever, and if stopped and questioned about his name, he threatens in the grandest manner to call the police. When pressed for money, he is sure the account was paid long ago, and that he has got the receipt somewhere among "his papers." He is most fruitful in excuses, and lavish in promises. He generally expects "a good round sum in a day or two." He can never get his accounts in, and was disappointed only last week of a large balance he had relied upon for paying your little "trifle."

As he falls lower in the world, he gets weaker. He would pay if he could. All he asks for is time. Business is very bad—never was worse. He only wants to look around him. He hopes you won't be hard upon him; but if prosecuted, if goaded to death in this way, sooner than lead the life he does, he will go into the *Gazette*, and then his creditors must not blame *him* if they don't get a farthing. He means well, if they will *only leave him alone*. He will be happy to give you a bill. He has a wife and seven children. In fact, he is a most affectionate parent, and the sacrifices he has made for his family no one can tell but himself—which he does upon every possible opportunity. He grows tired of answering letters. He meets a bill and a bailiff with equal horror, but does not care much for either, if he can only be sure of "a good long run." He is very sensitive about the left shoulder, going off, like a hair trigger, at the slightest touch. His great day or jubilee is Sunday. He is then everywhere—in the Park especially,—and any one to see him would imagine "he could look the whole world in the face, and defy any one to say he owed him a shilling." He is brave, too, during "vacation."

He is very intimate with the law, and has a profound respect for the Statute

of Limitations; but thinks England not worth living in since the County Courts Act. He carries this antipathy, indeed, so far, as to run over some fine morning to Boulogne—never coming back again, leaving all his "property," though, behind him, in a carpet bag replete with bricks. There his first care is to cultivate a moustache, and to procure new clothes, new dinners, fresh victims. He is always expecting a remittance by the next post. His bankers, however, are perseveringly remiss, and he is lodged at last by his landlord in the *Hotel d'Angleterre*—in plain English, the prison. He only asks for time; and at last he gets more of it than he likes, for he is locked up for two or three years in jail, unless he is very lucky and is liberated by a Revolution. He disappears—no one knows where. His "friends" wonder what has become of him, till there is a vague report that he has been seen as an *attaché* to one of the gaming houses about Leicester Square, or, if he is tolerably well off, that he has been recognized on the road to Epsom, driving a cab, with a large number, say 2584, painted upon it.

The Model Debtor is now honest at last, for he has arrived at that stage of life at which no man will put any trust in him. He pays his "way"—turnpikes included—and does not overcharge more than what is perfectly Hansom. He pays ready money for everything, even down to the waterman on the cabstand, and gives himself out as "a gentleman who has seen better days." His great boast, however, is, that all through the ups and downs of his racketty career he never left unpaid a single debt of "honor." Doubtless, this is a great source of consolation to the numerous tradesmen to whom he never paid a penny.

Comfort for Scotch Debtors.

IN Scott's "Antiquary," the subject of imprisonment for debt in Scotland

is discussed most piquantly by Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., of Monkbarne, who proves to his nephew, Captain M'Intire, that in that happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt. He says: You suppose now a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debts? *Quite otherwise*; the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him (the king) justice within a certain time—fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists, and disobeys (by not paying); what follows? Why, that he may be lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he had disobeyed, and that by three blasts of a horn, at the market place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned—not on account of any mere *civil debt*, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate!

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Peter C. Brooks, the Boston Millionaire, in Court.

PETER C. BROOKS had led an active business life, or had been engaged in important pecuniary transactions, for forty years, without ever having been involved in a lawsuit on his own account, either as plaintiff or defendant. At length, after three years of preparation, an action was brought against him in 1829, on a bill of equity, by the administrators of Tuthill Hubbard, who had been dead about a quarter of a century. This gentleman had been one of Mr. Brooks's underwriters; an extensive confidential connection had existed between them for many years; and, after Mr. Hubbard's decease, Mr. Brooks made a general settlement with his estate. The action brought was to set aside this settlement, which had been thus made and accepted, on the ground that items belonging to Mr. Hubbard's credit had been omitted, to

the amount of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. In his answer to the bill of equity, Mr. Brooks declared his anxious desire to pay any amount arising from any error, though it was well understood by all concerned that the settlement with Mr. Hubbard's administrators by the payment of a gross sum—customary then—was intended to cover the possibility of any such error. The case excited most intense interest in the community, Mr. Wirt, of Baltimore, being the chief counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Webster and Mr. Gorham for the defendant, and the forensic display of these rivals was magnificent.

Throughout the trial, the avenues of the courthouse were besieged long before the doors were opened, and every inch of space was crowded. At the close of the argument of Mr. Webster, Mr. Brooks himself obtained permission to address a few words to the court by way of explanation. Few are the men who, with fortune and reputation at stake, at the age of sixty-two, wholly unaccustomed to speak in public, would have ventured to rise before an immense auditory, comprising all that was most distinguished for character and intellect in the profession or the community, to add anything on their own behalf to the defence of a cause which had been argued by Messrs. Gorham and Webster. Few are the clients who, under these circumstances, would have been permitted by counsel to take the risk of speaking for themselves. Mr. Brooks was not only permitted but encouraged to do so, by his counsel. A profound silence fell upon the court, as, with a voice slightly tremulous, his hand resting on his old account books, which had been drawn from the dust of thirty years (and which were pronounced by the bench such a set of books as had never been seen in that court), he uttered his few and final sentences of explanation. The court negatived in direct terms the charge of fraud, either legal or

technical, and declared their inability to discover anything that justified a charge even of impropriety against the defendant. In his private journal, after recording the result of the action, Mr. Brooks observes, that "it has terminated to his entire satisfaction."

Small Debts.

AN action having been tried at Taunton assize, England, to recover forty-five shillings for goods sold and delivered, Mr. Justice Best expressed his regret that such a cause should have found its way into court. "Here," said the judge, "is a man so foolish as to bring an action for forty-five shillings; and a man so foolish as to defend it! Few lines had more truth in them, than two which he would quote to the jury—

"Causes are traversed, and so little won,
That he who *gains* them, is at last undone."

Tailors' Bills.

THE model tailor is the gentleman's best friend. Sometimes, it must be confessed, he sends in his bill, though payment, generally speaking, never enters into his thoughts. But then he is soon ashamed of the liberty he has taken, and apologizes most profusely for it. He is fully sensible that he is doing wrong, and blushes in his soul for the shabbiness he is guilty of. It is only that he is terribly distressed for money, or else he would not think of "troubling" you. He is greatly subject to that heaviest of all social calamities—a "little bill." He asks you, as the greatest favor, to let him have a "trifle upon account," and leaves you happier than poets can express, if you promise to let him have something in a day or two. Should it be inconvenient, however, he never presses the point, and will look in some other time. Should you express astonishment at his demand—that you cannot have had his

bill more than two years—he excuses himself in the most penitential manner, and begs your pardon for having mentioned the subject. The next day he inquires if you want anything in his way; the generous creature forgives as quickly as he forgets. His anger is only aroused when you leave him to go to another tailor. In his anger he has been known to send a lawyer's letter; but if you go to him, and tell him what you think of his conduct, and order a new wrap-rascal, he will settle the matter himself, and assure you that the thing is purely a mistake, and that no one can possibly be more sorry for it than himself. As might be supposed, the model tailor rarely makes a fortune—unless he has been very unfortunate through life. An insolvency just puts him straight; a first bankruptcy leaves him a handsome surplus, and a second one enables him to retire. The sad truth is, that the simple child of Eve knows he owes all his business to the fact of her biting the apple, and he has not the heart to distress any son of Adam for the clothes he wears. Perhaps he feels that it would be like pocketing the wages of sin. His assignees, therefore, are obliged to collect his debts for him, and accordingly, the oftener he fails, the richer he becomes.

An Unsettled Commercial Question.

ONE of the commercial questions of the day which remains to this time undecided, is, whether the fact of a gentleman having NO TIN may not have something to do with the answer he invariably sends of NOT IN, when any one calls upon him with a bill?

Hotel Keeper's Advice to his Son.

"IF there's been a grand dinner, always get the party to settle before leaving. The dinner bill, my son, is never so severely scrutinized as when a gen-

tleman looks over it the next morning!"

Royal Promissory Notes.

A PRUSSIAN, of the name of Mylius, found among his father's papers a promissory note of considerable amount, which the Prince Royal, afterward Frederic the Great, had given him. He, therefore, immediately sent it to the king, with the following letter:

"SIRE: Among my father's papers I have found the enclosed note. I cannot tell whether it has been through negligence, or any other means, that it has not been cancelled. I know not, but I leave the matter to the disposal of your majesty."

The king immediately sent for Mylius, and said that he well remembered receiving the money from his father, and that, if there was any error, he would be the loser himself. He at once paid the money, with interest.

An Insolvent Tradesman in the Clutches of Old Audley.

A TRADESMAN, named Miller, unfortunately got into arrears with his merchant, whose name was White. Many fruitless applications were made for the debt, and at last Miller was sued by the merchant for the sum of two hundred pounds. He was unable to meet the demand, and was declared insolvent.

At this stage, the notoriously greedy shark, Audley, whose wealth was only exceeded by his heartless avarice, went to White, and offered him forty pounds sterling for the debt, which the merchant gladly accepted. He then went to Miller, and undertook to obtain his quittance of the debt for fifty pounds, upon condition that he entered into a bond to pay for the accommodation. The drowning man catches at a straw, and the insolvent, with many protestations of thanks, eagerly signed a contract which, without consideration, he

regarded as one so light, and so easy in its terms, as to satisfy him that the promptings of benevolence and friendship could alone actuate his voluntary benefactor. The contract was, that he should pay to Audley some time within twenty years from that date, one penny progressively doubled on the first day of twenty consecutive months; and, in case he failed to fulfil those easy terms, he was to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. Thus acquitted of his debt of two hundred pounds, Miller arranged with the rest of his creditors, and again commenced business. Fortune turned, and he again participated liberally in her smiles. Every month added greatly to his trade, and at last he became firmly established. Two or three years after signing the almost forgotten contract, Miller was accosted one fine morning in October by "old Audley," who politely and humorously demanded the first instalment of the agreement. With a laugh, and many renewed expressions of thankfulness, the hopeful tradesman paid his penny. On the first of the succeeding month, Audley again called, and demanded two pence, and was as politely satisfied as before. On the first of December he received a groat; the first of February, one shilling and four pence. Still Miller did not see through the artifice, but paid him with a gracious smile; perhaps, however, there was something cynical in the look of Audley as he left the shop this time—for the poor tradesman's suspicions were aroused, and he put his pen to paper, as he ought to have done years before, to ascertain the amount of his subsequent payments.

According to this arrangement, the amount of the payment due on the first of the twentieth month—the sum the little penny had become—would be no less than £2,180; and the aggregate of all these twenty monthly payments, the enormous sum of £4,366 11s. 3d. Of course, Miller refused the payment of his bond, and forfeited £500 by the be-

nevolence and charity of his "voluntary benefactor."

Convenient Substitute for Money.

THE principal market in Guernsey was built without money. The governor issued four thousand market notes, and with these paid the workmen who built it. These notes circulated through the island, until the market was built and occupied; and when the rents came in, these notes were received in payment of the rents, and were cancelled. In the course of a few years, the notes, being all paid in, were publicly burnt in the market. The Water Works, Upper Canada, were constructed by a similar use.

What the Word "Pay" Signifies.

THE word "*pay*," in ordinary language, is only used to signify the delivering over of money, or other valuables, in discharge of a debt. But in its original meaning, it seems to have had a particular reference to the act or manner of blotting out the record of a debt. This was done in times not long past, and is sometimes done now, by drawing a line, or more commonly two lines, crossing each other, athwart the writing in the book; and from the custom, it is often said by country people, when they have paid a debt, that "the book is crossed." But at the time when very few were able to read what was written, not only would it be thought unsatisfactory to have nothing more than a written receipt entered in the book, but this drawing a line across the record of the debt was supposed too slight a matter; and, therefore, the obliteration was made by dipping the tip of the finger in ink, and smearing it over the writing. This blotting out of the record was what was particularly understood by the word *paying*, and not simply the act of delivering the money; and hence

the mercantile application of the words *to pay* is only an extension of the original meaning, when it is applied to the smearing over of the bottom of a ship or boat with pitch. When a new coat of tar or pitch is thus laid on, the boat is said to be *payed over*.

"Bankrupt."

FEW words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word *bankrupt*. The money changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout" instead of bankrupt.

"Dun."

SOME have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying give, implying a demand of something due; and others, from the Saxon word *dunon*, to clamor. Both are wrong. The origin of the word is proved to be simply this: In the reign of Henry VII. a famous bailiff, named Joe Dun, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, "Why don't you *DUN* him?"—that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" And hence the custom of calling a person who presses another for the payment of money, a *Dun*. It is a custom which has been in vogue since the days of Henry VII.

Subduing a Creditor's Fury.

It is related that Filippo, the celebrated singer, having been arrested by

one of his largest and most enraged creditors—a trader from whom he had been long skulking—made no other reply to his abuse and threats than by sitting down to the harpsichord and singing two or three of his most pleasing and touching airs to his own accompaniment; the fury of the creditor was thus, gradually, so perfectly subdued, that he not only forgave his debtor, but lent him ten guineas to appease the clamor of other creditors who threatened him with speedy jail quarters.

Great Failures in Hamburg, in 1799.

THE year 1799 was memorable for the havoc which befell the great mercantile houses of Hamburg. Within the space of only a few weeks, some one hundred and thirty-six failures occurred, amounting to no less a total than fifteen million dollars, and crippled or prostrated every branch of business and business connection. The largest of these failures was that of Messrs. De Dabbeler & Hesse, for an immense amount; the next, that of J. D. Rodde. Of all the rest, only three were enabled, afterward, to resume payment and fully satisfy their creditors.

During this convulsive state of the Hamburg Bourse, the London Exchange bestirred itself, since merchandise and bills of exchange could afford no immediate relief, at a time when discount had risen so enormously, and merchandise had fallen thirty-five per cent. in price, to render aid by cash remittances, and procured from Government the use of the frigate *Lutine*, which took on board over a million pounds sterling worth of silver, and sailed for the Texel. The anxiety with which the arrival of this ship was looked forward to was very intense; as was also the disappointment that followed, when the terrible news came that the frigate had been wrecked on the Dutch

coast, near the Texel, and lost, with all on board except the third steersman, who alone succeeded in saving his life, and brought the disastrous intelligence.

Among the great houses which were compelled to suspend payment at this time, was that of the Brothers Kaufmann. It appears, however, that one of these gentlemen, who had just married, had presented his wife with a ticket in the Hamburg City Lottery. The highest prize was, one hundred thousand marks-banco, or about thirty thousand dollars. About the same time the tickets of a lottery, to be drawn for a prize of some thirty thousand dollars, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, were put in circulation, and the winning number was to be the same that should draw the prize in the Hamburg lottery. Mr. K.'s bride had taken it into her head to purchase the same number as the one on her Hamburg ticket in the other lottery, and make a present of it to her husband. They were the winners; and with the means thus gained, the house began again some time afterward, and completely reëstablished themselves.

Kentucky Banker who kept Resuming.

AT the height of one of the feverish runs upon the banks and bankers in Louisville, Ky., a German banker of that city, named John Smidt, found that he had paid out all his money, and that he was compelled to stop. Instead of writing a card for publication, he frankly announced his suspension by a handbill affixed to his open doors, in which he said he had no money on hand, but expected in a day or two to make some collections, and that he would then resume payment. Accordingly, in a day or two, another handbill appeared on his doors, announcing that he had collected some fifteen thousand dollars, which he would pay to those of his creditors who should first call on him for it. This was soon

paid out, and the first handbill again displayed; and in a few days he announced that he had collected some more money, which he was ready to pay on demand. This frank and straightforward course had the effect which was to have been reasonably anticipated. His German fellow citizens, seeing that John S. was in earnest about paying his debts, and was not disposed to higgler for an extension, concluded he was a man who ought to be sustained, and accordingly came forward and deposited the sums they had withdrawn, and induced others to do the same thing. There was no longer any "run" on J. S.

Quaker Merchant's Thousand-Dollar Fee to Mr. Webster.

A QUAKER merchant doing business in Nantucket, Mass., one day called upon Mr. Webster, at his office in Boston, for the purpose of securing his services in a suit which was about to be tried on the island, and wound up his application by demanding the terms.

"I will attend to your case for one thousand dollars," replied Mr. Webster.

The merchant demurred, but finding that the lawyer would not visit Nantucket for a less amount than the one specified, he promised to pay the proposed fee, provided Mr. Webster would agree "to attend to any other matters that he might present during the sitting of the court," to which Mr. W. consented.

The appointed time arrived, and Mr. Webster was at his post. The leading case of his client was brought forward, argued, and decided in his favor. Another case was taken up, and the Quaker assigned it to the care of Mr. Webster, when it was satisfactorily disposed of; another still, and with the same result; and still another and another, until Mr. Webster became impatient, and demanded an explanation: whereupon the shrewd Quaker merchant remarked:

"I hired thee to attend to all the business of the court, and thou hast done it handsomely; so here is thy money, one thousand dollars."

Salting an Invoice.

WHEN the "Dictionary of Commercial Slang," comes to be written, it is to be hoped that the lexicographer will not forget to give due prominence to the word "Salting," which is used to describe a peculiar operation that is sometimes performed on "the market." In the report of a commercial trial in one of the English courts, mention having been made of one of the invoices involved in the litigation, the defendant alluded to the custom of *salting* invoices as very prevalent at that time in the Australian trade. On being asked the meaning of the term, he replied that the price inserted in the invoice is not the true price given for the goods—it is a larger one, and the goods in Australia are sold at an advance upon the invoice price; the invoice is shown to the customer, and he believes the sum mentioned in it to be the real price. This practice is very common. The judge remarked that in most criminal courts, such a transaction would be called obtaining money under false pretences. In answer to this it was remarked, that the buyer has the goods to examine, and that it was a general custom. An English writer, commenting upon this acknowledgment, says, it is strongly to be suspected that, according to the rules of morality—which, however, by common consent, are not supposed to apply to trade—half the business in the nation is carried on upon the principle of obtaining money under false pretences. Nor is it to be wondered at, that when, in old comedy, there comes in the clap-trap about "the honor of the British merchant" and the "integrity of the British tradesman," there is a supercilious sneer from the boxes, a gentle

giggle from the pit, and a lusty laugh from the gallery. It has been common to say that commercial roguery is confined to the petty tradesman, and that the "merchant princes" are quite above anything of *that* sort; but then, what can be said of this "general custom" among wholesale houses of "Salting an Invoice?"

Soliloquy of a Debtor.

"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly, peculiarly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always have to say to them, 'Now, this is *very* provoking. Why *didn't* you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

Disreputable for a Broker to be Honest toward his Creditors.

A MEMBER of the London stock exchange, who fails and gives up his last farthing to his creditors, is not, at least by a considerable portion of the other members, thought so favorably of as he who takes care to make a "reserve" for himself. An instance of this occurred in the case of a person who used to go among the members and act, as it was supposed, for a party connected with a large newspaper estate, and who lost on one account fifty thousand dollars. He paid the amount without a murmur, but lost his credit from that moment, and never afterward recovered it; for it was thought the payment of so large a sum must have broken his back, he being, in stock exchange phraseology, but a "little man," that is to say, of but moderate means.

But a still more striking illustration of how integrity is regarded among the fraternity, is afforded in the case of M. De la Chaumette, a gentleman of for-

eign extraction. He had previously been in the Manchester trade, but been unfortunate. Being a man much respected, and extensively connected, his friends advised him to go on the stock exchange. He adopted their advice, and became a member, establishing at once an excellent business as a broker. Not only did he make large sums in the shape of commissions, on the transactions in which he was employed by others, but one of the largest mercantile houses in London, having the highest possible opinion of his judgment and integrity, intrusted him with the sole disposal of an immense sum of money belonging to the French refugees, which was in their hands at the time. He contrived to employ his money so advantageously, both to his constituents and to himself, that he acquired a handsome fortune. Before he had been a member three years, he invited his creditors to dine with him on a particular day, at the London Tavern; but concealed from them the particular object he had in so doing. On entering the dining room, they severally found their own names on the different plates, which were reversed, and on turning them up, each found a check for the amount due to him, with interest. *The entire sum which M. Chaumette paid away on this occasion, and in this manner, was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.* Next day he went into the exchange as usual; but such was the feeling entertained of his conduct, that many members refused to do a bargain with him to the extent of a single thousand. They looked on his payment of the claims of his former creditors as a foolish affair. He eventually died worth nearly three million dollars.

Advantage of Prison-Life to a French Debtor.

AN immensely wealthy French banker, and formerly prefect of a department, found his way to Clichy, the

French prison, in this case, as in some other notable instances, without compulsion. He recognized the doctor of the establishment as his physician in former days. The doctor expressed his astonishment at finding so great and wealthy a man in such a situation.

"What would you have, my friend?" was the response; "I have a rent-roll—rather a large one—but it had to go to pay the interest on my debts. Now, I receive it without deduction; boil my own coffee in the morning; an excellent *femme de ménage* prepares my dinner; I have five or six capital fellows to share it; I spend the evening in whist and punch—a jovial life, of which I shall certainly not be tired for five years. I shall then go abroad into the world not owing a sou, and without the disagreeable necessity of receiving my rents only to hand them over to other people."

It is the commonest thing in French society to hear men expatiating on the delights of their "little boudoir in Key street," Rue de Clef, the cant term for Clichy, among all "choice spirits." Another term is "the palace of debt," arising from its gay courts, where flowers, water, trees, and a well-swept lawn afford the occupant amusement in the sunny hour; a joyous companion and good cheer when the sun no longer shines; a well-stocked library of romance, and the knowledge that all restraint will end in five years, without the stigma of bankruptcy, or the distasteful gathering of creditors.

Easy Creditors.

As showing the anxiety on the part of some men to "trade," it is stated that there was a London tailor who used to make periodical visits to Cambridge, almost forcing his coats and trousers upon every one to whom he had the shadow of an introduction, charging high prices and offering infinite credit. One of his customers left the university

much in his debt, and the tailor lost sight of him for years. At last he found him and took the liberty to present his bill. His quondam customer fairly told him that he could not pay him. The tailor fidgeted, remonstrated, threatened. What was the use? the man had no money. At last the tailor said, "Well, sir, if you will not give me my money, at least give me an order, that I may not quite have lost my time." With this he was content. He belonged to that class of tradesmen who will furnish goods on credit when they are morally certain of never being paid. With these men "to trade" is everything. If they can "do" a certain amount in the day, they go to bed happy, and lull themselves into forgetfulness as to how much of that amount will ever be paid for—perhaps safe enough, as they know after all, for the profits on their *genuine* business are the established and ample set-off against all losses. That's it.

Hard Old Creditor.

THE foreign papers mention that a certain well-known speculator has been trying to raise a loan of seven millions on the Amsterdam Bourse. That sum, however, large as it is, will not suffice to get him out of his difficulties. Even if it should enable him to extricate himself from the tight crack in which he is placed, there will still be 'the devil to pay.'

Presenting a Frivolous Bill against Girard.

ONE of the greatest improvements in the city of Philadelphia was that effected by Mr. Girard, in Second, below Spruce street, where he erected a range of stores and dwellings, and caused the street to be regulated in such a manner that it should no longer be a depository of filth and waste matter. An incident occurred in connection with this undertaking, which strongly exhibited the

character of the man. A lamp post that had obstructed the progress of his buildings, had been temporarily removed to the opposite side of the street. When his houses were finished, the inhabitants of the neighborhood requested that it might be replaced, which was accordingly done. The expense of this removal was fifty cents, which the board of commissioners charged to Mr. Girard, and sent in a bill for its collection. But he refused to pay the bill, alleging that his buildings were for the improvement of the city, and not for his mere individual profit, which latter was too small to be an inducement for investing his capital in such a manner. His best houses, he stated, did not bring him in more than three per cent. interest, and as he built for the benefit of the city and the public, he contended that it was not just that he should pay an expense which properly belonged to the city commissioners and the corporation, to whom he paid annually an immense amount of tax, without having, in a single instance, ever solicited an abatement of assessments. It was not the money consideration, Mr. Girard said, he was contesting, but "the principle of the thing." "I will give," said Mr. G., "thousands of dollars to improve the city, but I will not submit to the *exaction* of one cent contrary to justice. You know I am an American citizen; and what did we tell the French, when they attempted to degrade us by their exactions—'millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute;' so I say to you, Mr. Commissioners, thousands for improvement, but not one cent for taxation." The city agreed to the payment of the frivolous claim.

Important to Duffers and Debtors.

It is announced that a well-known author—high authority in such matters—is preparing a sort of "Conversation Lexicon" for the use of debtors and

creditors, showing how the former ought to be addressed by the latter. For the benefit of those merchants and gentlemen who are in the habit of being pestered with importunities from tradesmen at home and abroad, a quantity of oaths, translated into all the modern languages, and due-ly classified so as to meet any possible case, will appear in an appendix to the work.

Dishonest Grocer Punished by his Son.

A GROCER of the city of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to one of the highest judicial posts—that of Naib, or deputy of the Cadi; and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all the dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the official caution, advised him to remove his weights; but the old cheat, trusting to his relationship to the inspector, laughed at their advice.

The Naib, on coming to his shop, coolly said to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer endeavored to evade the order with a laugh, but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by his ordering his officers to search the shop. The instruments of his fraud were soon discovered, and, after an impartial examination, openly condemned and broken to pieces. He was also sentenced to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a *bastinado* of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

After this had been effected on the spot, the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at the feet of his father, and watering them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God and my country, as well as to the station I hold; permit me now, by my respect

and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to the ties of kindred. God and our neighbor's rights are above the ties of nature; you had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, but I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of censuring me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

So extraordinary an act of justice gained the functionary the acclamations and praise of the whole city; and an account of it being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced the Naib to the post of Cadi, and he soon after rose to the dignity of Mufti.

Commercial Justice in Morocco.

A JEW had ordered a French merchant in Morocco to furnish him with a considerable quantity of black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings. When the articles were ready for delivery, the Jew refused to receive them. Being brought before the Emperor, who administers justice himself, he denied having given him the order, and maintained that he did not even know the French merchant.

"Have you any witnesses?" said the Emperor to the Frenchman.

"None!"

"So much the worse for you; you should have taken care to have had witnesses; you may retire."

The poor merchant, completely ruined, returned home in despair. He was, however, soon alarmed by a noise in the street; he ran to see what it was. A numerous multitude were following one of the emperor's officers, who was making the following proclamation at all the corners: "Every Jew, who within four-and-twenty hours after this proclamation, shall be found in the

streets without a black beaver hat on his head, a green shawl round his neck, and red silk stockings on his legs, shall be immediately seized and conveyed to the first court of our palace, to be there flogged to death."

Alarmed at this, the children of Israel all thronged to the French merchant, and before evening the articles were purchased at any price he chose to demand for them.

Peddler Matching a Sheriff.

THERE was a sheriff in Illinois, who was rather "taken in and done for," on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers of merchandise who travelled without a license; but one morning he met his match—a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell? Anything?" asked the sheriff.

"Yaas, sartin'; what would you like to hev? Got razors—first rate; that's an article that you want, tew, Square, I should say, by the look o' your *baird*. Got good blackin'—'till make them old cowhide boots o' yourne shine so't you can shave into 'em, e'enamost. Balm o' Klumby, tew—only a dollar a bottle; good for the hair, and assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says."

And so he rattled on; at length the sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said that he *did*—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as high sheriff of the State.

The peddler showed him a document, fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it "all right." Then handing back the bottle to the peddler, he said—

"I don't know, now that I've *bought* this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I

reckon that I may as well sell it to you again. What will you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know that the darned stuff is any use to *me*, but seeing its *you*, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, ef you raly *don't* want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle, at the six shillings discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the peddler, "I've got a question or tew to ask *you*. Hev *you* got a peddler's license about your trowers anywhere?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article *myself*," replied the sheriff.

"Haint, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pooty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been tradin' with me—hawkin' and peddlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you—darn'd ef I *don't*, now!"

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next village, he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without a license. The Yankee was heard afterward to say, that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

Old Scores Wiped Out.

A MOST extraordinary advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette* of October, 1818. It announced to the creditors of Boyle & Co., formerly of Love Lane, Eastcheap, who were bankrupts in the year 1772—being a lapse of forty-six years—that they or their legal representatives might receive the entire amount of their respective debts. The total amount advertised was £5,500. The lowest sum mentioned was a glover's bill for 5s. 4d.; the largest, a banker's, for £920. The list of creditors enumerated a curious medley of professions, snuff merchants, tailors, haberdashers, shoemakers, &c.; and one debt was due a "Mr. Shakespeare, alderman of the city of London, merchant."

German Delicacy in Paying and Receiving Money.

SOME of the Germans—in their own land at least—have a singular sensitiveness as to money; that is, in the handling of it as a thing of transfer, they often show a delicacy beyond the finest instincts of other Europeans. For instance, is a lady teacher of any kind to be paid for a quarter's instruction,—is it imagined that the gross and base money is thrust into the lady's hand, with the request superadded thereto that she would *count* it? Delicacy and good breeding forbid! The party paying puts the unæsthetic and disgraceful commodity into an outside tissue wrapper—this again into an envelope, and with the greatest delicacy slips it into her hand while they are pleasantly talking about something less demeaning. A reduced German lady, of the best family and connections, who had been compelled in this country to make a profession of an accomplishment—that of music—remarked that she was never more inexpressibly shocked than at the unceremonious manner of an American gentleman, on the occasion of her receiving, for the first time in her life, her "wages," at the end of her first quarter. The cool, business-like manner in which he took out his huge leather wallet, counted through the bank notes, and handed her a crumpled parcel, requesting her "to count it herself to see that all was right," well nigh overcame her.

Response to a Tax Commissioner's Dun.

THE following curious return was sent in by a supposed "public debtor," to the "Commissioner for the Income Tax, sitting in London:"

"I, A. B., declare
I have but little money to spare;
I have
1 little house,
1 "maid,

2 little boys,
 2 " trade,
 2 " land,
 2 " money to command ;
 Rather 2 little is my little all
 2 supply with comfort my little squall
 And 2 little to pay taxes at all.
 By this you see
 I have children three
 Depending on me—

A. B."

Is it Lawful to Dun a Debtor ?

IN one of the criminal courts of Boston, some time ago, a man was brought up on a charge of being a disturber of the peace, in consequence of his repeatedly dunning a debtor, much to the annoyance of the latter, and the dunner was fined. From this sentence, however, the mulcted and surprised creditor appealed, and in the due course of the docket, the case came up before the municipal court. The judge, in the latter tribunal, ruled that a creditor might dun his debtor for payment as often as he saw fit, unless his proceedings were of such a nature as to create public disturbance,—a decision not very comforting to debtors who dislike "disturbance" of a *private* nature !

Politeness in Dunning.

AN old gentleman had owed a firm for years; at last, after everybody's patience and temper were absolutely exhausted, a new clerk, named Frank, undertook to get the money.

Frank called upon the gentleman, and met with a polite reception, and the usual answer, with the addition: "You need not trouble yourself, young man, about the matter; I will make it all right."

"Oh, no," replied Frank, "I could not think for a moment of compelling you to call at the store for a few dollars. It will not be the slightest inconvenience for me to step in, as I pass

your place of business six times a day, to and from my meals, and I can call every time I go by."

"Here," said the old fellow to his bookkeeper, alarmed at the prospect of being dunned six times a day for the next six months, "pay this impertinent rascal. He can beat me in politeness, and, if he wants a situation, I will give him two thousand dollars a year."

Sprot, the Banker, and the Patrician Debtor.

MARK SPROT was one of the greatest capitalists in England, and his name is associated with many a refreshing anecdote—for in business matters he was always as lively as an eel in a frying pan. On one occasion a broker applied to Mr. Sprot, and with great sorrow told him that he was a ruined man. Mr. Sprot was surprised, for he knew the man was careful, industrious, and not likely to speculate.—He asked the cause, and the broker replied that he had been employed largely by a principal, who, the prices having gone against him, had refused to pay his losses. Mr. Sprot immediately inquired his name; and on being told it was a noble earl, of whose resources he was well aware, could scarcely believe he heard correctly.

He knew the noble debtor to be in possession of large landed estates; and, when informed that his lordship had thus refused to give any reason except that it was not convenient, Mr. Sprot told his visitor not to be alarmed, that he would not press his claim, and concluded by making an arrangement with him to visit his lordship.

Together they went, and were received with patrician dignity. Mr. S. deliberately detailed the business he had in hand, and received the cool reply that it was not convenient to pay. But the wide-awake jobber was not a man to bow or cringe before rank, unless accompanied by worth; and Sprot there-

fore unhesitatingly declared, that if the account was not settled by a certain hour next day, he would post his lordship as a defaulting debtor. The latter grew alarmed, and attempted to conciliate; but the conference closed with the repeated determination of Sprot to post the delinquent. Long before the hour appointed, however, his lordship's solicitor waited on the broker to arrange the payment of the debt.

Two Aspects of Trade.

TRADE is a very legitimate mode. It consists in buying at one price, and selling at another. But of tradesmen there are two kinds—both observing the said mode or rule, yet with a difference. For example: One buys his wares and sells them at a profit; while the other sells them at a loss, and yet, strange to say, is generally the most thriving man of the two! getting rapidly rich in spite of his debts and bankruptcies, while the former only becomes "respectable and pays his way." One in fact hatches his chickens by the old and tedious, though natural mode of incubation—the other by steam!

Borrowing Money; or, Doing Business on Credit: P. C. Brooks's Idea.

It was a principle with Peter C. Brooks, never, himself, to borrow money. It is true, when starting in his career, he obtained a moderate loan, but this was under circumstances of a very peculiar nature, resembling less a business loan than a friendly advancement, made by a person in years to a young man entering life, and standing, *pro tanto*, in a filial relation to the lender. It is believed that, with this exception, Mr. Brooks's name was never subscribed to a note of hand. What he could not compass by present means was to him interdicted. Equally invincible was his objection to becoming responsible by endorsements for the

obligations of others. Without denying the necessity, in active trade, of anticipating the payment of business paper, he shunned every transaction, however brilliant the promise of future gain, which required the use of borrowed means.

Trading for Ready Money.

EXPERIENCE would seem to bear abundant testimony to the value of the principle of trading only for ready money. If we begin with Holland, we find that bargains in that country were, in its better days, almost always made for ready money, or for so short a date as six weeks or two months. Profits were small in their ratio, but the quickness of their return made them eventually large. Failures were rare, even in so distressing an era as the occupation of the country by the French, which involved from the outset a stoppage of maritime intercourse with all their possessions in India and America. The consequence of this stoppage was a decay of trade, a suspension of various undertakings, a scarcity of work, a depressing dulness in the sale of goods—all tending, in the first instance, to diminish income, and eventually to encroachment on capital. But amidst all this distress, the failures were surprisingly few—fewer, indeed, than occur in other countries, in any ordinary season. Another example, equally to the point, was the state of France, after the double invasion of 1814 and 1815. There prevailed, at that time, a general discouragement among the upper ranks, and a great deal of wretchedness among the lower, trade being at a stand, and stocks of goods lying unsold in shops or workhouses for years; still bankruptcy was very rare.

Colloquy in a Dry Goods Jobbing Store.

IF the reader has ever had the privilege of the inner sanctum of a large dry

goods jobbing house in Boston or New York, he will recognize the following colloquy as no uncommon occurrence. Let it be understood as taking place between a merchant and his confidential clerk :

MERCHANT.—Mr. Jones, how about our customers, Holfast and Driver, do they pay us promptly ?

JONES.—A little behind, sir. Extended their last note.

MERCHANT.—How much do they owe, Mr. Jones, and when due ?

JONES.—Two thousand dollars, sir, and all coming due within sixty days.

MERCHANT.—They have sometimes asked for an introduction to other houses when it was not convenient. Advise them now, however, Mr. Jones, to extend their acquaintance, and give them leave to refer to us. Say to inquirers, that we have had the utmost confidence in them, and have always sold them all we could. I think, Mr. Jones, that in this way they may last until we get *our* pay.

This is a pretty fair illustration of the credit system.

“Died of a Street Debt.”

“No, sir! he did *not* die of cholera at all! He died of brokers, sir,” said a man to another in the streets of Buffalo. “He projected an unwise improvement of a piece of real estate, made loans, covered himself with bonds and mortgages, and finally incurred ‘*a street debt*’ of two thousand dollars; which rapidly rolled up to eight thousand, and *crushed the life right out of him*. He borrowed Canada money ‘on call,’ to be paid in current funds; got paper discounted, payable in seven days, in the city of New York; borrowed Ohio and Kentucky currency for one day, returnable in notes of Buffalo banks; ‘shinned it’ from street to street, and friend to friend, to keep the debt ahead of him. Why, sir, I couldn’t sit down to consult with him, or to do any kind

of business with him, with the least assurance that he would not jump up suddenly to go out and give another shave to that accursed debt. The memorandum book of his obligations, was always in his bosom; and, sir, it *burned to the poor man’s heart!* He was *owned* by brokers. He *worked* for them—*lived* for them—*died* for them. He did not die of cholera at all, sir. He **DIED OF A STREET DEBT**, upon which he had expended his strength every week, in throwing it ahead from one day to seven days!”

Reply to a Dunning Epistle.

THE following cool passages are contained in a letter from a “gentleman” to his tailor, Mr. Stitchington, in reply to an epistle asking him for “the amount of his bill:”

“Is it indeed five years that I have ‘graced your books?’ How fleet is life! It scarcely appeared to me as many months. Although I have never given you a note for the amount, how have the years passed by! You will guess my meaning, when I assure you it is a theory of mine that the ‘wings of time’ are no other than two large notes, duly drawn and accepted. With these, he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes. But let me not moralize.

“You want money, you say, Mr. Stitchington. As I am in the like predicament, you are in a capital condition to sympathize with me. You say, ‘you never recollect so bad a season as the present.’ Of course not: no tailor ever did. The present season is invariably the worst of the lot, no matter how bad the others may have been. It says much for the moral and physical strength of tailors, to see them still flourishing on from worse to worse: they really seem, like churchyard grass, to grow fat and rank upon decay.

"You touchingly observe, 'that present profits do not pay for taking down the shutters.' My good sir, then why proceed in a ruinous expense? In the name of prudence, why not keep them constantly up?"

"You say, 'you never press a gentleman.' Now, in familiar phrase, we never 'press a lemon;' but then we *squeeze* it, most inexorably. That men should go into bankruptcy, yet live and laugh afterward, is great proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. A Roman tailor, incapable of meeting his debts, would, heathen-like, have fallen upon his own needle, or hung himself.

"P. S.—My humanity suggests this advice to you: Don't go to any law expenses, as your letter found me making up my schedule. An odd coincidence—I had just popped down your name as your letter arrived!"

Lord Mansfield's Mercantile Cases in Court.

THE learned and brilliant peer, as well as preëminent jurist, Lord Mansfield—great must he always be in the respect of the merchant, for he may be said to have built up the present wonderful system of commercial law—was in the habit of personally consulting with merchants, when he had doubts in any of the mercantile trials in which he was engaged. In a reported case of this nature—upon adjustment—he is made to say: "As I expected the other cause would be tried, I thought a good deal upon the point, and endeavored to get what assistance I could, by conversing with some business gentlemen of experience in adjustments."

Curious Suit against a Bank Agent.

ONE of those singular actions for false imprisonment, which now and then occur in mercantile as well as in other circles, was once brought against an agent of the Bank of England. It appeared that the plaintiff had paid

away a one-pound bank note, which was pronounced by the bank to be a forgery. Having by a little stratagem afterward got possession of the note, the plaintiff paid the amount, and, upon refusing to deliver up the forged note, he was taken before a magistrate on a charge of having a note in his possession, knowing it to be forged and counterfeit. On the evidence of the agent, or bank inspector, and at his instance, the plaintiff was committed to prison, and after three days' confinement was released on bail, to appear when called on. At the expiration of twelve months, not having been called on, he brought his action, when, strange to relate, the note was proved to be a genuine Bank of England one-pound note! The jury immediately brought in a verdict of one hundred pounds damages in his favor.

"Something or Nothing—and that Very Quick!"

THE art of dunning is not usually reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject, as each case must be managed by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times, a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following: A merchant, who was nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-room clerks, he says: "Write to this man immediately." "Yes, sir; what shall I say?" The merchant was pacing the office, and repeating the order, "Write to him at once." "Certainly, sir; what do you wish me to say?" The merchant was impatient, and broke out: "Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own impression of the merchant's meaning, wrote and despatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delin-

quent customer, enclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eye glistened when he opened it, and, hastening to his desk, said to the clerk: "What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full!" "I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied into the book." The letter book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sparkling, and right to the point: "Dear Sir,—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, etc., — —." And this laconic letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

Benefit of a Doubt.

ONE day, during a period of general business panic, a firm in Boston gave a check to one of their creditors for \$2,000, which he presented at the bank, where he was informed that it was drawn for \$500 more than stood to the firm's credit. Having some little doubt of the solvency of the firm, he drew his own check for \$500, and deposited it to the account of the firm, when he was promptly paid the full amount. The firm stopped payment *the same day*, and paid but about thirty cents on the dollar, but the merchant, by a little timely gumption—availing himself, on the spot, of that "little doubt"—obtained seventy-five per cent. of his claim.

One of the Causes of Bankruptcy.

ONE fact is generally allowed to be of more value than a baker's dozen of arguments. Says a prominent New York merchant: "I have particularly observed, that those merchants in New York who have kept their counting rooms open on the Sabbath day, during my residence there (twenty-five years) have failed without exception." The remark once made by an old gentleman in Boston is precisely similar: "Men do not gain anything in the end by

working on the Sabbath, though they think they do. I can recollect men who, when I was a boy, used to load their vessels down on the Long Wharf, and keep their men at work from morning to night on the Sabbath day. But they have come to nothing."

Novel Trade-Case before a Prussian Magistrate.

WHEN the new government regulations of trade in Prussia began to be carried into effect, some years ago, about all the different trades of Berlin were suing each other, to establish what occupations belong to one guild and what to another. One of the most *recherché* of these trade quarrels was that between the barbers and the wig makers. The latter claimed an exclusive right, according to the statute, to *cut the hair* of the public; the barbers insisted that their profession was not limited to *shaving*.

The arguments on both sides of this very comical case had to be formally heard by the magistracy, whose judicial gravity was indeed severely tried on the occasion.

It was solemnly urged on behalf of the barbers that, in the abstract, there is no distinction between the hair of the chin and the hair of the head; the form of the instrument used to remove it did not affect the question; whether the operation was performed by the razor or scissors was a matter of indifference. The office of the barber was to remove superfluous hair, wherever it grew; *ergo*, they had as good a right to clip as to mow.

The wig makers, evading the abstract question of right, represented that the barbers do not confine themselves to clipping, but comb, brush, trim, curl, oil, wash, anoint, and otherwise dress and adorn the heads of the customers, and that these higher branches of the art belonged of right to the wig makers, who alone can legally create a *chevelure*!

The barbers then rejoined by an ob-

jection as fatal as that in the celebrated case of *Shylock v. Antonio* (in Shakspeare's Reports). They contended that the business of the wig makers only began where that of the barbers ended, when there was no hair left to be cut; with perfect baldness the head became the property of the artist in perukes, and at this point the barbers were ready to abandon it, retaining only a right of property in the chin. The magistrates conceded the force of this objection, and the barbers triumphed.

**Selling one's Body to a Creditor:
Marshal Radetzky.**

THE veteran Radetzky, who, it seems, was constantly in debt, sold his body, some time previously to his death, to one of his creditors, a linen goods dealer in Vienna, named Barkfrieder. It appears that B., who had acquired an immense fortune from government contracts for furnishing goods in his line to the army, was desirous of obtaining a position among the high dignitaries of the city, and determined by a master-stroke to accomplish his elevation from the plebeian ranks. Radetzky figured largely on the books of this drygoods dealer; and the latter offered to cancel the obligations if the field-marshal would place his body, after death, at his disposal, to be buried in his (B.'s) country-seat at Watzdorf, promising, at the same time, that the veteran's grave should be surmounted by a handsome monument. Radetzky readily assented, and signed a written agreement to that effect. The old soldier, consequently, now slumbers in the grounds of M. Barkfrieder, whose country-seat has, on this account, become the Mecca of princes, dukes, barons, counts, and generals. The linen-dealer's scheme has been crowned with success—members of the imperial family and titled nobles have necessarily become his guests, and he is a member of the "court circle."

Losses among Russian Merchants.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that notwithstanding the fondness of Russian merchants for money, they never take their losses very deeply to heart; no such thing ever happens as a bankrupt Russian trader putting an end to his life—a catastrophe so frequent in most other countries. This may be attributed chiefly to the levity of the Russian temperament, and partly to this—that the Russian merchant, in losing his money, does not consider his honor as a trader and his credit as a man at all affected, because for him nothing of the sort exists. "*Bog S'nim*" (God with them!) he says of his last moneys, and begins "*S'bogom*" (with God) his card house afresh. There are in St. Petersburg not a few Russian merchants who have more than once saved nothing from the wreck but their red shirt and their kaftan, and yet stroke their long beards again upon 'change as thriving men. Many of the merchants of St. Petersburg who are as rich as Cræsus, look like poor peasants.

English Stock Broker's Blackboard.

THE origin of the blackboard—that moral pillory of the English stock exchange—dates back to 1787. There were, said a journal of that day, no less than twenty-five lame ducks who waddled out of the alley. Their deficiency was estimated at one million and a quarter dollars; and it was upon this occasion that the plan in question was first proposed, and, at a very full meeting it was resolved, that those who did not either pay their deficiencies or name their principals should be publicly exposed on a blackboard to be provided for such occasions. Thus the above deficiencies—larger than had been previously known—alarmed the gentlemen devoted to stock dealing, and produced that system which is yet regarded with wholesome awe

“Immediate Relief.”

DURING one of the panics in the New York money market, the merchants held a meeting in the Exchange, to devise ways and means to extricate themselves from their pecuniary difficulties. The great hall was crowded, addresses were made, resolutions passed, committees appointed, and everything done that is usual and practicable in such cases. After all this, one of the company moved that the meeting stand adjourned until some future day, when up jumped a little jobber in a great state of excitement, and requested the merchants to linger a moment, as he had something of the greatest importance to communicate. The jobber was known to be a very diffident person; and, as he had never ventured on the responsibilities of speaking on any former occasion, all were anxious to hear what he had to say. “Gentlemen,” said he, with evident emotion, and in the most emphatic, feeling, and eloquent manner, “what’s the use of talking of some *future day*? We want relief, I tell you! *immediate relief!*” and down he sat, amid a universal roar of laughter and cries of “Bravo!” But his speech was characterized by *one* important element, not usually forming a superabundant staple with speech-makers—that of *truth*; for the next day he failed and went into bankruptcy!

Merchants’ Wit on the Stand.

A MERCHANT who was severely cross-examined, in a case for debt, by Mr. Dunning, the prosecuting counsel, was repeatedly asked if he did not lodge in the verge of the court; at length he answered that he did. “And pray, sir,” said the counsel, “for what reason did you take up your residence in that place?” “To avoid the rascally impertinence of *dunning*,” answered the witness. This case is not unlike that

of Mr. Barnum, the showman, whose bankruptcy brought him so often before the courts that, on one occasion, when asked by a creditor’s counsel what was his present business, he answered promptly, “Tending bar, sir.”

Erskine Sifting an Auctioneer’s Character.

AN auctioneer in London, named Spurrier, once brought an unsuccessful suit against a Mr. Beard, to recover a sum of about £230, being a charge of one per cent. commission for selling an estate.

Mr. Christie, another auctioneer, was called as a witness for the plaintiff. He said “he had been an auctioneer upward of twenty-five years. The business of an auctioneer consisted in something more than in making bows, and in knocking down the hammer. It required knowledge grounded on experience; a proper acquaintance with all the circumstances belonging to the estate, and the mode of preparing proper advertisements *to enlarge the ideas of the public.*”

Mr. Erskine, who was the opposing counsel, said, in his speech, that “he found the profession of an auctioneer was infinitely preferable in point of pleasure and profit to that of a barrister, for the difference between the charge of the present plaintiff and his was as follows: *Auctioneer’s charge*—‘To a pleasant journey into Sussex, where I was hospitably entertained (out two days), £230;’ *Mr. Erskine’s charge*—‘To pleading from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, by which I was melted down, by fatigue, to the size of a silver penny, £10 10s.’”

The counsel further said, if auctioneers were paid the demand in question on every adventure, they would be the richest subjects in the nation. By *enlarging the ideas of the public*, which he found was the business of the gentleman of the hammer, he supposed was

meant, representing an estate to be worth £20,000, when it would only sell for £10,000.

Nine Days in the Life of a Merchant.

A NINE-DAYS' diary of a New York merchant like the following is sketchy reading (like all that comes from the pen which wrote it), but, as many will testify of the period to which it refers, a stern and crushing reality:—

August 18th, 1857.—Refused discounts at bank. Couldn't raise money to pay duties, and obliged to make over a valuable importation of goods. Cashier says come again next offering day.

21st.—Went, and saw matters ten times worse. Saw the President, who told me I *deserved* to be "pinched" for importing so heavily, and that I needn't come there again for six weeks. Couldn't discount a dollar. Concluded to call on B. and borrow a few thousands. Found a note on my desk from B., begging me to lend him some money, or he would break. Tried C. Same luck.

22d.—Pitched out at another bank. Customer in, wanting to see that fresh importation. Spent three hours trying to borrow enough to pay the duties. No success.

24th.—Ohio Life and Trust Company failed. Tried to sell paper in the street at three per cent. a month. No buyers. Fortunate remittance from the West—know the post-mark—Jones is a good fellow. Draft \$5,000—*on the Trust Company!*

25th.—Note on collaterals due at the bank. Couldn't get it renewed for a dollar. Made temporary loan. Stocks down twenty per cent. Best securities unsalable at half price.

26th.—Loan called in. Begin to feel choky in the throat. No appetite. Tried to sell out my importation of dry goods at twenty per cent. less. Nobody any money to buy. Went home sick.

27th.—Resolved never to put myself in the power of the banks again. Miserable institutions. Spent the whole day trying to borrow, and barely escaped protest. My own notes stuck in my face at three per cent. a month. Overheard broker say, "You're a gone man, if you can't take your own paper at that price." Feel very much so, but got to keep a stiff upper lip.

28th.—Four brokers failed. Times worse than in 1837. Feet sore with running about to raise money. Can't collect a dollar from the country. Everybody out on the same business—all borrowers, no lenders. Desk full of bills receivable, perfectly useless. Specie line of the banks down to \$9,000,000. Wish I'd never seen a piece of dry goods. Would have been as easy as an old shoe if I had not imported. I had no business to build that new house; the old one good enough. Ought to have been content with the moderate things, and lived on half the money. Store rent too high. Obligated to spread out too much on credit to pay expenses.

29th.—Neighbor failed. Bank failed. Friends call to ask if the rumor of my failure be true. Air black with foul reports. Half past 2 P. M., account withdrawn, and—*notes unpaid.*

"Not Down on the Bill."

DR. FRANKLIN relates the following anecdote of Mr. Denham, an American merchant, with whom he once went a passenger to England. "He had formerly," he says, "been in business in Bristol, had failed, in debt to a number of people, compounded, and went to America; there, by a close application to business as a merchant, he acquired a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England with the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy compensation they had favored him with; and when they

expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker, for the full amount of the unpaid remainder, with interest." Besides a good dinner, this last was an additional item *not down on the bill*.

Merchant-like.

SOME years ago, the extensive mercantile house of S., B. & Co., of Boston, found it necessary to suspend payment of their debts, and to close up the business of the firm. Their creditors, after an examination of the concerns of the firm, agreed to receive fifty per cent. of the amount of their respective demands, and release the house entirely from their obligations. This agreement was entered into by all the creditors, the stipulated percentage was paid, and the demands cancelled. Subsequently to the failure of the house, one of the partners died. The surviving partner, however, proceeded with undaunted and persevering energy, to wind up the concerns of the old firm, and to commence business anew, on his own account. In his enterprise he was prospered, and he then made a new dividend of twenty-five per cent. among all his creditors, upon the full amount of their cancelled demands against the original house, paying out to them the aggregate sum of forty thousand dollars, for which they had no legal claim upon him whatever. This payment was entirely voluntary on his part; and it was made not only to individual creditors, but also to rich corporations, by whom the loss would not have been felt.

Example of Spanish Mercantile Credit.

THERE is no public credit in Spain, in the English sense of that term, but there is real credit, for in Spain man trusts man. A great traffic was carried on through the Basque provinces,

during the Continental blockade; no books were kept—the recovery of debts by any legal process was impossible—yet the traffic was distinguished by the most perfect confidence, and entire absence of failures or embezzlement. This statement was confirmed by a gentleman who managed the largest English concern in the Basque provinces during the war. He had no clerks. The goods were disembarked and put in warehouses. He could keep no regular accounts. The muleteers came themselves to get the bales, and all he could do was to tell them what the bales contained, and to receive their own note of what they had taken in an amount of £300,000, and there was but one parcel missing. Several years afterward, a priest brought him fifty dollars, which was the value of the missing bale of goods, saying, "Take that and ask no questions."

Debtor's Complaint in Court.

IN an action of debt, tried before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, the defendant, a merchant of London, complained with great warmth to his lordship of the great indignity which had been put on him by the plaintiff, in causing him to be arrested, not only in the face of the day, but in the Royal Exchange, in the face of the whole assembled credit of the metropolis. The chief justice stopped him with great composure, saying, "Friend, you forget yourself; *you* were the defaulter in refusing to pay a just debt; and let me give you a piece of advice worth more to you than the debt and costs: Be careful in future not to put it in any man's power to arrest you for a just debt in public or in private."

Profitable and Unprofitable Bankruptcy.

SOON after the failure of C., S. & Co., an eminent New Orleans house, the day arrived on which it was to be declared

how much they would pay on their \$700,000 liability.

"They will pay 25 per cent.," a clerk was heard to say.

"They will be *fools* if they do," exclaimed his employer, an old man in gold spectacles.

"I suppose, sir," he added, turning to one who was near by, "that you will think it strange that I should say so. But they had better stow away all they can. They can as well put away \$200,000 as not, and the world will think better of them for doing it. Their *honesty* will not keep them from being despised if they are *poor*. Look at my own case," he continued; "on the night of the great fire in this city, I was worth \$200,000. The next morning the contents of my store, worth all that, were destroyed and only \$9,000 insured. I gave up all I had in the world to my creditors, including a home in Warren street worth \$30,000. Not a cent was reserved. And was my honesty appreciated? Not at all. My poverty rendered me despised. One man whom I owed \$6,000, which I paid, principal and interest, called me a 'poor devil,' though I paid him one hundred cents for a dollar. That man, rich as he then was, has broken to pieces, and paid only twelve and a-half cents on a dollar. There's my friend —, who failed at the same time I did, and saved \$150,000; and there is neighbor —, a similar case." And he went on and named some half a dozen wealthy men, who have got rich by bankruptcy!

Said he, "They ride in their carriages, and here I am keeping this little shop."

The reply was made to him that, "to be in his shoes was much better than to be in theirs, for conscious meanness must mar all their pleasure."

"The world don't agree with that," he rejoined bitterly. Probably, however, in his calm moments, he was consoled with the assurance that "the end of the upright is peace."

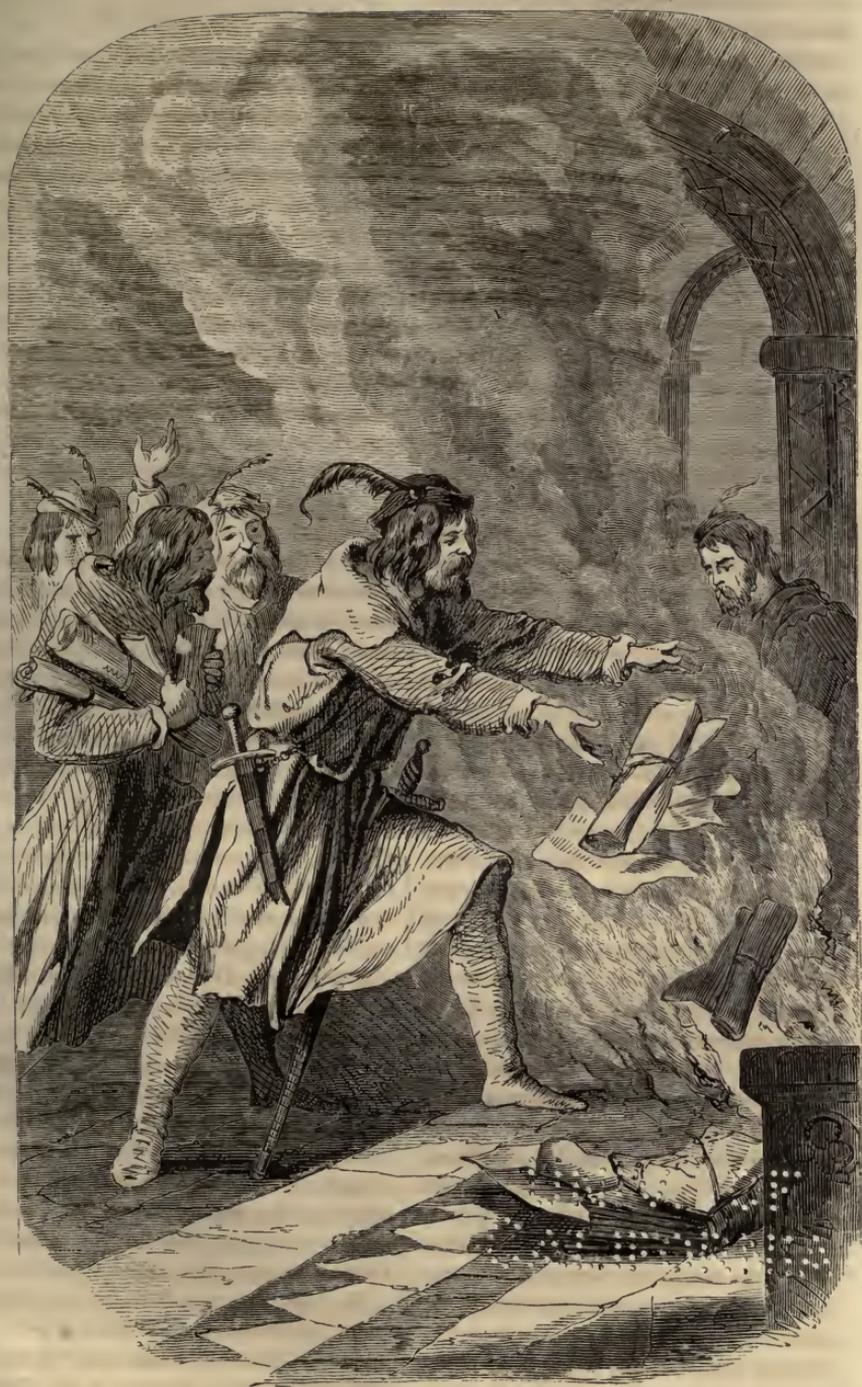
Bonfire of Debtors' Papers.

It was a custom among the Jews, as well as the Christians, to deposit the securities on which they had lent money in some public building; and at the general massacre of the Jews at York, in the early part of the reign of Richard the First, the gentry of the neighborhood, who were all indebted to the Jews, ran to the cathedral, the place where their bonds were kept, and made a solemn bonfire of the papers before the altar, thus destroying the evidence of an immense amount of indebtedness.

Dunup's Distressing Failure.

THE house of Mr. Dunup is mentioned as among those which have suspended payment, and a statement has been made of its liabilities, which are not large, though rather numerous. Mr. Dunup's paper was in the hand of his newsman, by whom it had been held as security for a debt, ever since it came into his hands, for binding. Mr. Dunup's largest creditor—his laundress—holds security in the shape of two shirts; but the realization of this security cannot be effected in the present state of the rag market, without a sacrifice. Mr. Dunup's credit had been a good deal shaken lately by his knocker, which had been going incessantly for a whole fortnight. A creditor had it in his hands when the suspension of payment was announced—through the letter-box. Mr. Dunup assigns "the state of matters in the city" as the primary cause of his failure, at the same time complaining bitterly of the general want of confidence.

He had announced to his creditors a hope that he shall soon be enabled "to resume;" but they say they "hope he will not," and ask what is the use of his "resuming," when his goings on hitherto have never resulted in anything but predicament. After all, Mr.



BONFIRE OF DEBTORS' PAPERS.

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Dunup's affairs will be easily wound up, for his watch is understood to be the only thing he has got remaining. But, to show his integrity in endeavoring to meet the demands upon him, it is stated that soon after his attempt to raise a loan at the bank, he retired in some disgust to his private banker—a pawnbroker—with whom he invested his coat, and thus increased his stock of bullion to the extent of three and ninepence.

It is particularly hard upon Mr. Dunup, to have become a victim to the general want of confidence, when he on his own part gave an extraordinary instance of confidence, which was as universally appreciated as it became known:—that is, such was Mr. D.'s confidence in his own banker, that he actually overdraw his account by two and twenty shillings, as a delicate intimation of his assurance that *that* firm, notwithstanding the times, had a surplus beyond their liabilities.

Bankruptcy of a Dealer in "Women's Blacks."

"WOMEN'S blacks" is the term for the common black worsted stockings, formerly an article of very extensive consumption; they are now little made, because little worn. One of the greatest wholesale dealers in these "women's blacks," in an English manufacturing town, was celebrated for the largeness of his stock; his means enabled him to purchase all that were offered to him for sale, and it was his favorite article. He was an old-fashioned man, and while the servant maids were leaving them off, he was unconscious of the change, because he could not believe it; he insisted that it was impossible that household work could be done in "white cottons," staking his judgment as a business man on this assertion. Offers of quantities were made to him at reduced prices, which he bought; his immense capital thus

became locked up in his favorite "women's blacks;" whenever their price in the market lowered, he could not make his mind up to put his stock low enough to invite purchasers; his warehouses were filled with them. When, however, he at last determined to sell, the demand had wholly ceased; he could effect no sales; and, becoming bankrupt, he literally died of a broken heart—all from an extensive and unrequited attachment to "women's blacks."

Cool Operation.

LITERALLY, one of the *coolest* operations known in the annals of trade, will readily be accorded to that which is here narrated. New England is said to have but two native products, granite and *ice*, and this story pertains to the latter. A gentleman long identified with the ice trade, after some twenty-five years of successful enterprise, thought to enlarge his sphere of knowledge and action by entering into some other branch of mercantile business. He soon became entangled, however, by his relation to some unfortunate commercial houses, and found himself a debtor to the amount of two hundred and ten thousand dollars. This must have given him more of a chill than his ice-houses ever did. But he knew that faint heart never won either fair lady or other noble prize. He told his creditors, therefore, that if they would give him time, and not hamper him at all, he would pay the whole, principal and interest. For thirteen years he labored for it, and finally one day made the closing payment on two hundred and ten thousand dollars principal, and seventy thousand dollars interest. He did all this in his old and original business, as the ice-king of the globe. He sold his cargoes in the great southern ports of the two hemispheres, at low prices, kept rigid faith, bought largely the needed store-

houses in the various centres of the trade, secured the lands around his ponds, made friends everywhere, and came out with an independent fortune, and free from debt. Such was his generous policy that the English residents of Calcutta presented him with a fire-proof stone storehouse, as a token of respect, and to retain him in that market.

Louis the Sixteenth and the Saddler's Bill.

A FRENCH bishop owed his saddler ten thousand livres, of which the poor man was not able to obtain a single sou from his mitred debtor; but was at length turned out of the palace by his servants, when he went to ask for the debt. The saddler, who was ruined for want of his money, was obliged to leave Paris, in order to avoid a jail; but previous to doing this, he called on a relation of his, who was the king's valet-de-chambre, to take his leave of him. In stating his distressed situation, he spoke so loud that the king, the amiable Louis the Sixteenth, who was in an adjoining apartment, called out to ask the cause. The valet made the best apology he could, at the same time hinting the cause of his friend's distress. The king interrogated the saddler, and immediately paid the bill, taking a receipt for the money.

A few days afterward, the bishop appeared at court. "I come, sire," he pompously said, "to pay my duty to your majesty." "There is another duty," said the king; "you must first pay the duty of honesty." Then calling for the saddler's receipt, he ordered him to send the money within two hours, giving him, at the same time, a severe reprimand for eluding the payment of his traders' bills.

"Debt" and the Contribution Box.

A MINISTER in Liverpool, preaching a sermon in aid of an infirmary, among

other arguments to effect his purpose, naively observed, "Such was the importance and excellence of the institution, that no man could possibly be prevented from bestowing liberally, according to his ability, but by some positive distress of circumstances. Whoever, therefore," he added, "shrinks from his duty on this occasion, must be inevitably concluded to be in debt—and therefore very excusable." The result showed a remarkable degree of solvency on the part of the worshippers in that congregation.

Failures in Business.

THE statement of which the late General Dearborn, of Massachusetts, was the author, some years ago, in regard to the great number of failures among business men, has had a world-wide circulation. This statement was, that after a most extensive acquaintance with business men, and having long been an attentive observer of the course of events in the mercantile community, he was satisfied that, *among one hundred merchants and traders in Boston, not more than three ever acquire independence!*

So startling a statement as this challenged a careful investigation by several intelligent gentlemen. One of these, determined to sift the matter, says that he called upon a friend, a great antiquarian—one always referred to in whatever concerns the city of Boston—who told him, that, in 1800, he took a memorandum of every person doing business there on Long Wharf, and that, forty years after (which may be said to be as long as a merchant continues in business), only five in one hundred remained. They had all, in that time, failed or died destitute of property. One of the directors of the Union Bank—a very strong bank to this day—also stated that the bank commenced business in 1798; that there was then but one other bank in

Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the "Union" was so overrun with business that the clerks and officers were obliged to work until twelve o'clock at night, and all Sundays; that they had occasion to look back, a year or two ago, and they found that, of the *one thousand* accounts which were found to have been opened with them in starting, *only six* remained; they had, in the forty years, either failed or died destitute of property. Houses, whose paper had passed without a question, had all gone down in that time. Another informant, who had occasion to look through the probate office a few years since, was surprised to find that over ninety per cent. of all the estates settled there were insolvent.

It has been ascertained that not more than one per cent. of the best class of merchants escape from failing in Philadelphia; and that not more than two per cent. of the merchants of New York ultimately retire on an independence, after having submitted to the usual ordeal of failure. These calculations are based upon periods of twenty-five and thirty years.

In Cincinnati, out of a list of some four hundred of the principal business men who were in trade in that city at a certain period, there were only *five* in business at the end of twenty years from that date. Such is mercantile success.

Grandest Instance of Debt.

THE grandest instance of growing debt upon record is that of the king of Leon, mentioned by Mariana. Ferdinand Gonzalves had sold this prince a falcon upon credit. The interest was high, and it compounded itself in the course of a few years into a sum so enormous that the king was forced to make over to Gonzalves his rights on the kingdom of Castile to be quit of the liability.

Quaker's Reply to Fordyce the Bankrupt Banker.

WHEN the great banker, Fordyce, became bankrupt, or nearly so, through his speculations, his efforts to "raise the wind" were earnest and incessant. Among those to whom Mr. Fordyce went was a shrewd Quaker. "Friend Fordyce," was the reply of the latter, "I have known many men ruined by two dice, but I will not be ruined even by Four-dice!"

General Jackson's Endorsement among Boston Capitalists.

SOME twenty-five years ago, a merchant in Tennessee became involved and wanted money; he had property, and owed debts. His property, however, could not be made available just then, and off he posted to Boston, backed by the names of several of the most solid men of Tennessee. Money was then everywhere "tight," and Boston capitalists looked closely at the names.

"Very good," said they, "but—but do you know General Jackson?"

"Certainly."

"Could you get his endorsement?"

"Yes; but he is not worth one tenth as much as either of these men whose names I offer you."

"No matter; General Jackson has always protected himself and his paper, and we'll let you have the money on the strength of his name."

In a few days the papers with his signature arrived. The moment those Boston bankers saw the tall A. and long J. of Andrew Jackson's signature, the Tennessean debtor found he could have raised a hundred thousand dollars upon it without the slightest difficulty.

Legal Eccentricities of Commerce.

SOME of the peculiarities of English trade, in former times, are illustrated

by the fact that the granting of monopolies, or the legal protection afforded to exclusive companies, once obtained an enormous height. Thus, the town of Bridgeport, noted then for its ropemaking establishments, obtained the passage of a law, which prohibited the mystery of ropemaking in its vicinity to any save the townsmen. The city of York was favored with a similar monopoly in the article of bed coverlets. The city of London procured many similar enactments against the resident foreigners. The Fishmongers' Company, one of the most influential in that city, was protected by a law which obliged all the queen's subjects to eat fish twice a week for the benefit of the fishers. The Capmakers' Company, too, procured an ordinance, under which every one, save ladies, knights, and noblemen, were obliged to wear woollen caps. These, and many similar arbitrary interferences with private right, and the ordinary course of trade—laws against crowding the city—laws specifying the quantity of land to be used for pasture—laws regulating dress, etc.—all these constitute what may be called the legal eccentricities of commerce.

Addison's Loan of Five Hundred Pounds to Stanyan.

ADDISON and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion, Mr. Addison lent Mr. Stanyan the sum of five hundred pounds. After this, Mr. S. behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he

gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan: "Either contradict me, or pay me the money."

Borrowing of Rich Relatives.

MONEY may sometimes be borrowed. This is very innocent; but they are doubly innocent who make advances, and, besides, the lenders are a very small body—so small, indeed, that "one trial will prove the fact," as the patent medicine venders phrase it. Among *relatives*, especially, one will find a great difficulty in obtaining or extracting the "needful;" they are generally nervously tenacious of being cozened. Therefore, "try it on" with strangers; for, it frequently *does* happen, the less you are known the better!

A poor cousin of a very opulent merchant stood cooling his heels in the outer office for two long hours, when at length he was admitted. His distress, by the way, *was* genuine.

"Well, sir, what is it?" said the rich man fiercely.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, sir. I am really in great difficulty."

"No long stories. What do you *want*? Come to the point," and he impatiently drew out his gold chronometer.

"A fortnight's rent is unpaid—my wife is ill, very ill—and they threaten to turn us into the street."

"Well?"

"A trifle, sir, would—"

"Pshaw! I've nothing to give: I have too many claims upon me already. I beg you will not trouble yourself to call here again. I hate poor people. Work, sir, work. I cannot waste more time. I am going to 'Change."

"The sooner the better," replied the applicant; and, casting a withering look of indignation at his opulent cou-

sin, he was soon in the street. He was a wit—as usual, however, a poor wit. His cousin was a fool, but—a rich fool.

Sometimes a little may be done in the way of borrowing, by "I. O. U.'s," and notes of hand, but the worst of it is, that the debts on contracts in this way render him liable, and creditors will put him in that awkward position which, at one tap, makes a man and his circumstances on a par—being both confined.

No Trust for Merchants in Small-clothes.

MR. ELIAS HASKET DERBY, an old-school merchant of Salem, Massachusetts, was once cheated by a merchant to whom he had sold some merchandise under circumstances that should have ensured a better return on the part of the customer. When the loss was ascertained, he called his clerks around him, and charged them not to trust a man again who wore nankeen small-clothes in mid-winter, "for if he cheats himself, you may expect he will cheat you." A few weeks afterward, one of the first merchants of Boston drove down to Salem, while Mr. Derby was absent, to buy an invoice of goods; but the clerks observing his dress, and taking Mr. Derby at his word, refused to trust him a single dollar, and he returned without his merchandise. His anger was appeased when he discovered what part of his costume had destroyed his credit.

Fortunate Debtor—Washington as a Creditor.

ONE Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed General Washington about one thousand pounds.

While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed

estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner.

Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without a prayer for their "beloved Washington."

The labors of the grateful family prospered, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of tendering to his gracious benefactor the one thousand pounds with interest. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied that the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the general, to avoid the pressing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, with the secret intention to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

Indian's Idea of Imprisonment for Debt.

THE reply of the Oneida Indian to a person who was showing him a trader in prison for debt in a county jail, is perhaps more to the point than the most learned essays on the subject it involves. "What had him to do?" asked the Indian. "He couldn't pay his skins," said the other, alluding to the Indian's currency, at that time, of furs. "*He catch no skin locked up in*

house," was the ready and unanswerable reply of the Indian "savage." It is stated that Whittier based his well-known production, "Prisoner for Debt," upon the fact that a man who had fought in four battles of the Revolution was in confinement within plain sight of Bunker Hill battle ground, on a fourth of July, for a debt of fourteen dollars!

"Gave his Note."

A GENTLEMAN was about entering a drygoods shop on Broadway, when a young buck, with a large moustache and small income, but born like Jaffier with "elegant desires," drove up a pair of spanking bays, glittering with their splendid caparison. "Ah, G——," said he, "how de do? How d'you like me ho'ses? Fine animals, but very costly. What d'you think I gave for the pair?" "I guess you gave *your note*," said G. "Good mawning!" responded the blood, putting the mettle of his "ho'ses" to the test; "good mawning!"

Giving Credit To-Morrow.

A COMMON inscription in front of the Neapolitan wine and maccaroni houses is: "Domani si fa credenza ma oggi no"—or, "*To-morrow we give credit, but not to-day.*"

Frodsham's Watch Cheat.

MR. GANT, a celebrated London watchmaker, had long manufactured watches for the markets of Constantinople and other places in the Levant; and his watches had acquired great repute there, and a ready sale. They were distinguished from all others, not only by the names, but also by the word *cesendede* (warranted) impressed upon each in Turkish characters. It appeared that, at the same time, Messrs. Parkinson & Frodsham had manufactured and were exporting, together

with two other persons, who gave them the order, a number of watches with that distinguishing word upon them, and made, also, in other respects, to resemble and pass for Mr. G.'s watches. Messrs. P. & F. essayed to excuse themselves by showing that they were not aware that they had been counterfeiting Mr. G.'s watches; that they had been ordered to make a quantity of watches for export, and to express on them the Turkish characters in question. They, however, argued that there was no law to prevent them from affixing the word "warranted," in Turkish, to their own watches, or limit the exclusive use of it to Mr. Gant. It was decided, on a suit being brought in the case, that Mr. G. having long used a Turkish word, in Turkish characters, engraved upon the watches made by him for the foreign market, where they were in high estimation and enjoyed great sale, had an exclusive right to the distinguishing marks which he had thus originated.

Found Goods.

IT WAS one of the laws of Stagira, that "no one shall take up what he never laid down." Biblius used to say: "It was a kind of blossom of injustice to seize upon what was so found;" and in the practice of his life, never was a man more scrupulously observant in this respect.

Narrow Escape from Bankruptcy.

SOME years ago, a New York merchant had in his employment a young man who robbed him of several thousand dollars. It being impossible to recover the money, he was allowed to go unpunished upon his promise to return the amount stolen if ever he should be able to do so. He was not heard of until a long time had elapsed, when a stranger entered the counting house of his former employer.

"You do not remember me," said the stranger.

"No," was the reply.

"Did you not once have in your employ a young man by the name of Thomas?"

"Yes."

"What became of him?"

"He left me about ten years ago, and I have never heard from him since."

"Why did he leave you?"

"No matter. It was a long time ago."

"Was he an honest youth?"

"I think he was naturally, but he got into bad company, who misled him."

"Had you confidence in him?"

"The most implicit; and I cannot, somehow, help having confidence in him still, and believe he will one day return and pay the money he owes me."

"Here it is, principal and interest, every cent of it, in current money; I have come on purpose to pay it; and implore your forgiveness for an early crime."

"Who are you?" said the merchant.

"Thomas"—he replied—"who robbed you so many years ago, and who has been fortunate enough, in his traffic abroad, to honestly obtain the means of returning to you the sum he had fraudulently abstracted from you."

This case derives additional interest from the circumstance that, had it not been for the receipt of this money, the merchant, who was on the eve of bankruptcy, must have failed in the course of a few weeks.

Collecting a Draft.

GRANT THORBURN, in his "Life and Times," records the following incident in his business career—an incident, by the way, very characteristic of that *sui generis* type of the old-fashioned trader:

"In April last," says Mr. Thorburn, "we received a letter from Mr. C., ordering about two hundred and fifty

dollars' worth of seeds and trees, and stating that B. & Co. would pay our bill. Before complying with the order, we showed the letter to B. & Co.; they stated, that had the amount not exceeded one hundred dollars, they would have paid it, but being already considerably in advance, they were not inclined to go further, but added, they considered him a good man, and thought we should be safe in trusting him that amount. My son being anxious to fill the order, I consented—the goods and invoice were forwarded, but receiving no answer for some six weeks thereafter, we wrote to him again, requesting him to send us a draft on P. W. & Co.; still no answer came. One day, during the cholera, about the beginning of September, I picked up a piece of paper from the floor, which, from some words on it, brought the matter to my mind, and I then told my son I was anxious about the affair with C., and was resolved to stir in the business; he, however, thought we would better let it rest till after the cholera, as it was probable Mr. C. might be out of town, etc. But the thing kept harassing my mind, so I determined to see the Messrs. B., and consult with them before the day closed. I called at their office about fifteen minutes past four, presuming they would have returned from dinner; I waited some time, and they not returning, I went home, drank my tea, and resolved to call again, if spared, next morning. But something in my mind kept prompting me on; so having finished tea, I returned to the office, and found Mr. B. alone, showed him Mr. C.'s letter, and asked his advice. He advised me to draw on C. at ten days' sight, in favor of R. C., to give the draft to him (Mr. B.), and he would give it to C. to forward. I came home, told my son, bid him take his tea, and draw the drafts as soon as he went back; he smiled, and said he could not see what made me so pushing in this

business all at once. Says I: 'I can't either; but something hurries me on, so that I can't rest satisfied till I push it as fast as I can.' The draft was drawn that night. Next morning I gave it to B., with an earnest request that he would give it to Mr. C. to forward by that day's mail. About a month after, Mr. B. came into our store, and told us a long story about the *failure* of our debtor, and how much had been lost by him, but added, '*Your draft is paid*, and paid too the very day before he failed.' Next day, another stepped in and told us the same story, remarking: 'You are a lucky fellow, Thorburn, for had not the draft gone on that very day, I don't think you would have got a cent.'

Talleyrand's Promise to Pay.

ONE of the many creditors to whom the great Talleyrand was indebted in such heavy sums, waited on him as he was setting off on one of his last journeys—not to take so vulgar a liberty as to ask for the money which had so long been his due, but merely to ascertain any time, however remote, when he might presume to ask for a part of it. The diplomatist's only reply to the inquisitive intruder was: "Monsieur, vous êtes bien curieux;" and no one but the diplomatist could have made *such* a reply.

Taxing Bills and Receipts.

THE great art of taxation is to get as much as is possible, and to lay duties on those articles which are likely to bring in the largest product. The English stamp on *receipts* is all well enough, but *Punch* declares that a stamp on *bills* would be much better—for it has been ascertained that receipts are rare in proportion to bills, there being, at the lowest computation, at least a thousand of the latter to one of the former. If it were compulsory on

every tradesman to send in his bill to his debtor upon a stamp, a much larger revenue would be the result. Let any one look through his private papers, and he will find the preponderance of bills over receipts to be very considerable; and when it is remembered how very large a class are never in the habit of seeing a receipt at all, it seems a piece of gross partiality to let the burden fall on the paying part of the public, while the dishonest man who never settles an account—and never therefore gives occasion for a receipt—contributes nothing to the public income. Society in general would also benefit by the proposed change, for tradesmen would not be so pertinacious in sending in their accounts where there is no chance of getting the money, if a proper check in the shape of a stamp were to be put upon the very obnoxious practice.

Getting an Injunction Dissolved.

JACOB BARKER is a man who is always "up to time." On a certain occasion, when his bank was unable to meet punctually its engagements, a bill in chancery was filed, enjoining all his proceedings, of which proceeding he got notice at two o'clock in the afternoon. His impetuosity would not allow him to wait to receive a copy of the said bill from the officers of the court—in place of which, at his request, his solicitor borrowed the original bill. Mr. Barker took this home with him to his country seat, and, after having his dinner, segar, and accustomed nap, he drafted an answer, reviewing all his business transactions, ships, houses, stocks, merchandise, etc., and took it back to the city at daylight the following morning, returned the original to the clerk of the court, and placed his draft in the hands of the said solicitor, to be thrown into form and filed, which was done, the document comprising eighty folio pages. This answer under-

went a most searching investigation, was sustained in every particular, and the injunction dissolved.

Notes with and without Security.

Nor "long, long ago," but during pretty tight times, there lived in one of the small river towns of Tennessee, more noted for its bad whiskey than its good morals, a "Creole of Jerusalem." He retailed goods to country customers. A bad paymaster had owed said Creole for some years, and he despaired of ever collecting it, although the debtor was profuse in his promises to pay. The chap owned some little property, about enough to satisfy half the debt. The Jew called on him one day, and made the following proposition:

"Do you give me your note for half the amount, and interest, with some of your friends as security—it is a mere form, you know." "Yes." "Then give me your note for the other half, and interest at twelve months, without security. I know you will pay it, but I want to get all my little matters in right shape." Agreed to.

As soon as the Jew obtained the note with security he put it in suit, and obtained judgment on it. The note for the other half he nailed the customer's property with, and thus obtained the whole debt,—one of those pretty little operations in which the Israelite always bears off the palm.

Celebrated Lawsuit among Rival Crafts.

AN amusing but yet important case was tried in the highest court of French judicature, at the time when the rage for elaborate hair dressing was so great in that nation. The case was the universal topic of conversation; and the published proceedings were bought with great avidity, being found on the merchant's counting-house table, and

on the brilliant toilettes of high-born ladies as well. The cause was that of "the coiffeurs de dames of Paris, against the corporation of master barbers, hair dressers, and bagnio keepers." The latter generally dressed the ladies' hair after bathing.

Those hair dressers, who presumed to dress both sexes, in this case, maintained that it was their exclusive privilege to dress the ladies; and, indeed, they had several of their adversaries imprisoned or fined. These, in their turn, defended themselves, and claimed that the exclusive privilege was in their favor—because, first, the art of dressing ladies' hair was a liberal art, and foreign to the profession of the *maitres perruquiers*; secondly, that the statute of the perruquiers gave them no such pretended exclusive right; and thirdly, that they had hitherto oppressed them, and were therefore indebted to them in considerable damages and interests.

That the case was conducted with art and elegance cannot be disputed. In his first division, the orator, who made his clients speak in their own persons, maintained that the art of dressing the ladies' hair was one of the liberal, æsthetic, or fine arts—comparing it to those of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor:

"By those talents," say they, "which are peculiar to ourselves, we give new graces to the beauty who is sung by the poet; it is when she comes from under our hands that the painting and the statuary then really represent her; and if the locks of Berenice have been placed among the stars, who will deny that, to attain this superior glory, she was first in want of our aid?"

"A forehead more or less open, a face more or less oval, require very different modes; everywhere we must embellish Nature, or correct its deficiencies. It is also necessary to conciliate with the color of the flesh, that of the dress which is to beautify it. This is the art of the painter; we must

seize with taste the variegated shades ; we must employ the *chiar' oscuro*, and the distribution of the shadows to give more spirit to the complexion, and more expression to the graces. Sometimes the whiteness of the skin will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks, and the too lively splendor of the fair will be softened by the grayish cast with which we tinge the tresses."

In another place, to prove that their art has claims to genius, the *coiffeurs de dames* add :

"If the arrangement of the hair, and the various colors we give the locks, do not answer our intention, we have under our hands the brilliant treasures of Golconda. To us belongs the happy disposition of the diamonds, the placing the pearl pins, and the suspending of the feathers. The general of an army knows what reliance he can make on a 'half moon' (a term of the then fashionable dress) placed in front—he has engineers, who are distinguished by their titles ; and *we*, with a sparkling cross advantageously placed, know how difficult it is for an enemy not to yield. It is we, indeed, who strengthen and extend the statelier and eternal empire of—beauty." And then follows the felicitous peroration :

"Some rigid censors will perhaps say, that they could very well do *without* us, and that, if there were less art and ornaments at the toilettes of the ladies, things would be all for the better. It is not for us to judge, if the manners of Sparta were preferable to those of Athens ; and if the shepherdess who gazes on herself in the glassy fountain, interweaves some flowers in her tresses, and adorns herself with natural graces, merits a greater homage than those brilliant citizens, who skilfully employ the refinements of a fashionable dress. We must take the age in the state we find it. We feel a congenial disposition to the living manners to which we owe our existence, and while

they subsist, we must subsist with them."

The *coiffeurs* gained their cause against the *perruquiers*. The trial was crowded throughout, not only by representatives of the two trades enlisted in the question at issue, but by a most brilliant assemblage of wealth and fashion ; and when the grave decision of the court was finally made, it was approved by rapturous applause.

This is decidedly one of the richest cases of litigation between two opposing trades anywhere to be found.

Treatment of Insolvents by the Bank of England.

As soon as an English house has failed, the Bank of England picks out the bills accepted by that firm, and returning them to the house from whom it has *received* them, demands instantanly the amount less the discount for the time they have to run. As the law does not recognize this proceeding, nor furnish any means for compelling acquiescence in the demand, it is quite optional with the indorser to comply with it or not ; but if he does not comply, or makes even a momentary hesitation in handing bank notes for the undue bills bearing his indorsement, his credit with the bank is ended, his discount account closed, and the best and easiest source of obtaining accommodation cut off. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate merchant will make strenuous exertions to uphold his standing in such an important quarter.

Rare Magnanimity of a French Creditor.

A RICH French merchant, doing business in Lyons, wishing to befriend a manufacturer in that city, advanced him fifty thousand livres for goods which he was to furnish. The manufacturer, soon afterward finding that so far from being able to fulfil his engage-

ment, he was in danger of bankruptcy, repaired immediately to the merchant, and acquainting him with the critical situation of his affairs, returned the whole sum he had received in advance. "No," said the magnanimous merchant, "you have made me your confidant, but I should consider myself as an accomplice in your bankruptcy, if I were to receive this money without the knowledge of your other creditors; therefore take it back—forget that you are my debtor, and, if possible, preserve your honor and credit. But if, notwithstanding this, you are under the necessity of giving up your effects, enter me among the rest of your creditors, and let me be paid in proportion to the dividends they may receive."

Borrowers and Lenders: a Melange.

THE borrowers and lenders of money form two classes, as simply distinct as the dead and the living.

First in this throng is the *licensed* lender, affectionately termed by the grateful borrowers "uncle," whose armorial bearings are Three Balls *or*, with the well understood motto,

"*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

for he never advances except on the deposit of a valuable security, in the tangible and convertible shape of plate, linen, wearing apparel, or other personal property, for which he delivers a memorandum written on a miserable specimen of pasteboard, two inches by one and a half inches square, termed a "duplicate," charging the moderate interest of—well, twenty per cent. Truly, he ought to be an excellent chess player; for no one knows the value of a *pawn* better than "mine uncle." From a "flat" to a flatiron, he "takes in" everything. And thus it is no stretch of the imagination to fancy a literary man "pledging" Anacreon, or "spouting" Cicero! or an old woman "raising the wind" upon a pair of bel-

lows—both these beneficiaries congenially leaning over the same counter, and mutually gazing upon the same ollapodrida of "traps."

Then there are borrowers, whose real and personal estate it would puzzle the most expert to define or catalogue, who condescendingly communicate their need to a friend, abducting a certain portion of superfluous coin in the most off-hand manner imaginable, as if they were actually conferring a favor. But, although these "metallic tractors," or rather sub-tractors, appear always quite "at home," they are invariably "found out," when their too easy friends "make a *call* upon them."

The lenders, of course, are numerous, or it would be impossible for the borrowers to live; and, notwithstanding the vocation requires the utmost circumspection, is fraught with danger, and bristles with the thorns of anxiety, it is well known that most of these pecuniary purveyors take a *great interest* in lending! With some, indeed, this lending becomes a perfect passion; and, mixing as they do with men of no *principal*, they frequently abandon their own and are ruined, while the chorus of the ungrateful and designing borrowers is more curious than classical in its strain—as, "The old fellow's 'done brown,'" says A. "I always thought him 'green,'" adds B. "He looks 'blue,' at any rate, now," chimes in C. "He's a 'gray' old badger," declares D. "He is," ejaculates E., "an extortionate old hunks. I once borrowed a cool hundred pounds of him, and he actually deducted twenty-five pounds for interest and commission." "Shocking!" cries A., indignantly. "Did you repay the hundred pounds?" inquires B., with a dubious leer. "Repay!" replies E., "certainly not. Why, I should have considered such an act a downright encouragement of usury. No, sir, I had too much attachment to my *principal*, as well as respect for the 'morals' of society to do that."

The *advertising* borrowers, under the cabalistics of "C. D.," "Y. Z.," etc., do this thing in a more business-like manner. Thus, "Five pounds will be given for the loan of fifty pounds for three months. Undeniable security and references if required. No money-lender need apply. Address C. D.," etc.

Five pounds for three months! This bait is nibbled at by many, and eagerly devoured by some retired middling-class tradesman, who is probably discontented with the dull and paltry three per cents., the produce of his savings invested in the bank. He concludes, without however intimating to any one his intentions, to just seek an interview with C. D., confesses preliminarily that he is "not in the habit of doing these things," and asks as a favor just to glance at the "securities." C. D. forthwith produces a cash box, and displays some old leases (already assigned, or long since expired, or perhaps fictitious altogether), and a number of shares in the Pen-gully mines, situated—somewhere, and which, he gratuitously informs the small capitalist, are, according to the last annual report, expected to produce "lots of tin." Then, as to promised references, he can give some of the first names in the city, but confesses it is rather a ticklish affair, and might compromise his credit (?) to let his friends suppose that a man of his "resources" is in want of money,—many of them being ready to hand him a check for ten times that amount; but he wishes to be independent, and would rather make a sacrifice (of the small capitalist?) than lay himself under an obligation. Still, to satisfy the lender, if not already assured of his ability to reimburse the trifle in question, of course he is ready, etc., etc. The novice, who is probably quite as anxious as the borrower to keep this delicate transaction a secret, willingly foregoes the "mere formality" of references. The affair is thus amicably arranged; notes are exchanged—that is, a note of hand for a

bank note—and the lender walks gingerly away with the very liberal discount in his pocket, his flustered imagination filled with lively visions of rapidly increasing his store. He has opened a new mine; but, should he continue to "work it," he may find to his cost what many other and wiser heads have done before, that new mines often consume more than they produce.

Aid in the Nick of Time: Jacob Barker and John Wells.

THE unexpected failure, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, of Jacob Barker's Liverpool house, together with the opposition to his banking operations in New York, finally resulted in the overthrow of his bank; all of its depositors, and a vast proportion of its circulation, were paid at sight; yet the suspension created a strong prejudice with all those who continued to hold his bank notes, and all this had a withering influence on his further operations.

Distressed by the multitudinous applications to redeem bank notes in the hands of needy persons—which, although the amounts were small, he had not the means at command to redeem, on their first presentation, he called upon his friend, Mr. John Wells, stated his troubles, and observed: "I believe I had better shoot myself." That gentleman replied: "Are you crazy? How much do you want?" taking up his pen and commencing to write. Mr. Barker, wanting five thousand dollars, replied three thousand. Mr. Wells gave him one of his most earnest looks, and said, "Is that all? if you want more, name it now, and forever after hold your peace." "That will answer; but why do you give it to me? If I should die you will never get a cent."

Mr. Wells, saying, "That's none of your business," went on writing, and handed to Mr. Barker an order for three thousand dollars, in the stock of

the Bank of America, saying, "I have no money; make that stock answer your purpose."

The yellow fever soon after terminated the life of this "friend in need," on which event Mr. Barker showed his gratitude as well as mercantile honor by promptly handing the amount to the administrator.

"Settling" an Account.

To settle coffee with an egg is an easy matter; but it is not eggsactly so easy to settle an old account—a truth which will be found illustrated in the following conversation between an *honest* miner, named Riley, upon the north fork of the Salmon River, in California, and one Mike Donnelly, a trader, to whom, it seems, Riley was indebted some forty dollars for provisions. Said D. to R., "You ought to pay me this little bill, for you know I trusted you when no other trader on the river would. Come, now, I'll throw off half, if you'll pay the rest." "Well, Mike," said Riley, "I'll be hanged if I'll allow you to be more liberal than I am. If you throw off one half, I'll throw off the other!" But this proof of liberality did not satisfy Mike, and he replied, as might be expected, "But that don't *settle* my account." "Then break an egg into it!" said Riley, and coolly walked off.

German Financial Operation.

THERE were once two well-known settlers in the western part of York County, Pa., both of honest old German stock, and belonging to those good old times when everybody was "as honest as the days are long." Peter, it appears, had increased the size of his farm, by annexing thereto a small tract adjoining, and lacked about one hundred dollars of the sum necessary to pay for the new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor,

George, to borrow the amount. George brought out an old bread basket, and counted down the desired number of "thalers," and then, of course, the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider, and so many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter that in similar transactions he had heard or seen something like a "note" passing between the borrower and the lender, and he suggested as much to George. The lender assented to the reasonableness of the thing—papers, pen, and ink were produced—and between the two a document was concocted, stating that George had loaned Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to George in "dree monts" (three months). This Peter signed, and thus far our two financiers had made the thing all regular and shipshape.

But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that notes were made in the operations of borrowing and lending, which they had sometimes witnessed; but it now appeared that neither of them had observed what *disposition* was made of the document—neither could tell whether it was *en regle* for the borrower or lender to take charge of the paper—and here was a dilemma! At length a bright idea struck George.

"You has de money to pay, Peter; so be sure you must take dis paper, so you can see as you has to pay it!"

This was conclusive—the common sense of the thing was obvious and unanswerable—and Peter pocketed the money and his note, "so as he could see as he had to pay it." The three months passed over, and punctually to the day appeared our friend Peter, and paid over the promised sum to George. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again paraded. After puffing awhile, Peter produced the note, and handed it to George, with the remark—

"Now *you* must take de note, so as

you can see as dat de money has been paid."

Backing up his Recommendation.

A YOUNG man, desirous of entering into business on his own account, applied to a wholesale dealer in linens, to give him credit for goods to the amount of £500. Being met with the usual inquiry for a reference as to character, he mentioned Mr. B., a well known gentleman, and belonging to the Quaker body. On being applied to, Mr. B. gave the young man such a character, as induced the tradesman immediately to let him have the goods he wished for. After being some time in business, and by his conduct justifying the trust reposed in him, he unfortunately fell into habits of dissipation, neglected his store, and, as a natural consequence, became insolvent. The injured creditor, meeting Mr. B., complained that he had been deceived as to the character of the man, and had thus lost £500. The honest Quaker replied, that he had spoken to the best of his knowledge, and had himself been deceived. As, however, it was on his representation the credit had been given to the insolvent, he would himself pay the debt; which he did immediately, by a check on his banker.

Lawsuits of Girard.

OF all the various attitudes and qualifications of character presented in Girard's wonderful career, he appears in none more extraordinary than in his address and tact as a quack lawyer. Few men could defeat or circumvent Girard in a lawsuit; and notwithstanding the great number in which he was a party, during his eventful lifetime, he was seldom known to be vanquished, and he took a peculiar pride in boasting of his victories in this line.

Nothing mortified him so deeply as to be cast in a lawsuit, whether for a

petty amount before a magistrate or an alderman, or for a hundred thousand dollars in the supreme court of the United States. Ambition to defeat his adversary quite as much as mere pecuniary advantage seemed to animate him to obtain a verdict. This feeling, it is supposed, influenced him on the occasion when, prosecuted for the bank interest on the funded debt of the United States, by certain subscribers to the National Bank stock, he pleaded the statute of limitations, and by this means secured a verdict in his own favor for a small amount. In petty cases before justices and aldermen, he exhibited the same skill, art, finesse and evasion.

Once he was sued by a country neighbor for a trespass, by suffering his fences to go unrepaired, so that his cattle broke into the fields, and trod down the wheat of the farmer. Girard met the case at all points like a well drilled lawyer, thrusting his attorney aside, and taking the case into his own hands. He came to trial, fortified by witnesses, together with drawings and maps of all his fields and fences; and after a full examination, turned the whole force of the suit against his neighbor—proving that it was the plaintiff who allowed his fences to go unrepaired, and that it was the plaintiff's cattle that had trespassed upon him, and not his cattle upon the farmer. So that Girard not only escaped, but obtained a judgment against the farmer.

Grant Thorburn's Bankruptcy.

MR. THORBURN, though distinguished for the old-school carefulness in business transactions peculiar to his day, at one time of his life found that, after toiling and striving by sunlight and moonlight, in wet weather and dry weather, he was several thousands of dollars worse than nothing. Under these circumstances, he gave up all to his creditors, and that he might be en-

abled to commence business anew, he applied, with an empty pocket and a clear conscience, for the benefit of the Insolvent Act. To this end it was necessary, as a first step, that he should either go to jail or the limits. He preferred the former, as he could board for one half the expense. So, in December, 1813, he left his wife with one dollar and sixty-two cents, and four young children to support, without any certainty where the next dollar was to come from. As he was walking down the main street, in Newark, while being conducted to jail, the sheriff's officer politely going some distance before or behind him—it matters not which—he was accosted by a man whom he had not seen for two years previous. Said he to Mr. Thorburn, "I have owed you fifteen dollars for a long time, but it was never in my power to pay you until now; just step in this store, and I will pay you," pointing to one close by. Mr. T. says he received the money with as much wonder and thankfulness as if he had seen it drop from the clouds into his path. He had not seen the man for so long a time, that he never expected the money. This man told Mr. T. some months after, that at the time he paid him that money, he knew nothing whatever of his difficulties. After having staid the time appointed in jail, and gone through the forms by law prescribed, "I came out," says Mr. T., "whitewashed from all claims as far as the law could go, but I thought I was as much bound in *justice* as ever I was to pay my honest debts, should Providence put it in my power, by prospering my future exertions. He did prosper my future exertions, and I can now show receipts for thousands of dollars which were by law cancelled."

Legal Damages and Compound Interest in Africa.

SOME of the natives of Africa, although they may have little pretensions

to a knowledge of mathematics in general, seem to have a very clear and comprehensive idea of the principles of compound interest on debts resulting from legal damages.

This appears from the custom of a certain tribe, according to which, if a native should steal a fowl from another, the owner, if he had witnesses of the fact, would suffer the matter to rest for two or three years. He would then institute an action for damages, which are measured by this curious standard: it is in the first place calculated how many eggs the fowl would probably have laid in the course of one or two years, how many of these would have been hatched, how many of these chickens themselves would have become parents, for the period of time between the commission of the robbery and the conviction of the offender. For this imaginary wrong, damages have been given to the fullest extent, and the husbands and wives, and whole family sold, to requite the owner of the fowl for his loss.

Pecuniary Anxiety of the Greatest Merchant in the World.

It would seem as though no pinnacle of power and affluence can place a man wholly out of the reach of pecuniary exigencies, or the anxiety engendered by their anticipation. It was so with that merchant monarch—the greatest in his day—Lorenzo de Medici. In providing for the expenses of the wars in which the Florentines had been engaged, considerable debts had been incurred; and as they had not then learnt the destructive expedient of anticipating their future revenue, or transferring their own burdens to their posterity, it became necessary to provide for the payment of those demands.

Besides the debts contracted in the name of the republic, Lorenzo had been obliged to have recourse to his agents in different countries to borrow large

sums of money which had been applied to the exigencies of the State; but it was no improbable conjecture, that the money which had been lavishly expended during the heat of the contest would be repaid with reluctance when the struggle was over. These considerations occasioned him the most harrowing anxiety; for while on the one hand he dreaded the disgrace of being wanting in the performance of his pecuniary engagements, he was not perhaps less apprehensive on the other hand of diminishing his influence in Florence, by the imposition of additional taxes. From this difficulty he saw no possibility of extricating himself, but by the most rigid attention, as well to the improvement of the public revenue, as to the state of his own business concerns. The increasing prosperity of the city of Florence seconded his efforts, and in a short time the creditors of the State were fully reimbursed, without an increase of the public burdens.

His own engagements yet remained incomplete; but whilst he was endeavoring, from his large property and extensive concerns, to discharge the demands against him, a decree providing for the payment of his debts out of the public treasury relieved him of his difficulties, and proved that the affection of his fellow citizens yet remained unimpaired. Lorenzo did not, however, receive this mark of esteem without utter humiliation at the negligence and imprudence of his factors and correspondents, who by their inattention to his affairs, had reduced him to the necessity of accepting such a favor. From this period he determined to relinquish the fluctuating advantages of commerce—to close his mercantile affairs with all possible expedition—well considering, that besides the inherent uncertainty of commercial transactions on so vast a scale, the success of them depended too much on the industry and integrity of others.

On the Forgiven List.

ONE of the old-school merchants of Boston, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located on Long Wharf, in that city, died in February, 1806, intestate, at the age of seventy-nine. His eldest son administered upon the estate. This old gentleman used pleasantly to say, that for many years he had fed a large number of Catholics on the shores of the Mediterranean during Lent—referring to his very extensive connection with the fishing business. In his day he was certainly well known; and to the present time is well remembered by some of the “old ones down along shore,” from the Garnet’s Nose to Race Point.

Among his papers, a package of considerable size was found after his death, carefully tied up, and labelled as follows: “Notes, due bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of these may be got by a suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fisherman’s luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire.”

About a month (said the narrator of this), after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our eldest brother, the administrator, produced this package, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fireplace, indicated his desire to have the paper put into the flames. It was suggested by another of our number, that it might be well to make a list of debtors’ names, and of the dates and accounts, that we might be enabled, as the in-

tended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day we again assembled, the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting room, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked, as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate. "Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman." My brother requested him to be seated, being at the moment engaged.

The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient wallet. When he had thus done,—and there was quite a parcel of notes,—as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, and his old gray meditative eyes fixed upon the floor, he sighed; and I well supposed the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common question—his name, etc. The original debt was \$440; it had stood a long time, and, with the interest, amounted to \$800. My brother went to his table, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair at his side, and a conversation ensued between them.

"Your note is outlawed; it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no in-

terest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note—we cannot recover the amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. I should like to pay it," and he laid the bank notes before the administrator, and requested him to count them over.

"I cannot take this money," was the reply.

The old man became confused. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over," said he; "I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. That debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent; he knew I had been unfortunate, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bills, returned them to the old man, telling him, that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man seemed to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated, that from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money to pay this debt. "About ten days ago," said he, "I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so, and now, what will my old woman say? I must get home to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'" With a hearty

shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, seizing his pen and casting a few figures, "There!" exclaimed my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much; contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Changes in Mercantile Standing.

In old times, when debtors were liable to imprisonment, a gentleman, now well known in Philadelphia, failed, and was forced by some of his relentless creditors to become the inmate of a prison. But among his creditors there was one glorious spirit, who, by great exertion, and by personally involving himself, accomplished the liberation of his friend. He was a commission merchant and partner in a house that ranked with the first in that city for nearly fifty years, without the slightest taint or blemish. In the evening of his days, however, misfortune reached him, and he found his house tottering amidst the financial storm then raging; and while his distress was greatest, and his fortunes looked darkest, the bread he had cast upon the waters six-and-twenty years before, came floating back to his door. *It was his former debtor's check book, showing a balance in one of the city banks, of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with checks signed in blank to his order, and a request that he would use the whole or any part, if it would be of service to him!*

Hypothecating one's Person for a Loan.

PAWNBROKERS have all sorts of customers, pledges, and experiences. The celebrated tragedian, Mr. Cooke, was always fond of a frolic, on his benefit night, declaring that he never took liberties with his friends at any other

time. It once happened, during an engagement in Philadelphia, that on such an occasion he was short of money, and at a loss to raise the wind for the accustomed breeze. In this dilemma he started up town in a speculative mood, determined to inspire himself in some way or other. Having reached the corner of Callowhill and Eighth streets, he cast his eyes toward the Delaware, and perceived one of those enticing signs of three golden balls. He turned the corner, and, entering the fatal door, addressed the man behind the counter thus: "My name is Cooke. This is my benefit night. The manager can't do without me, as I am up for Richard the Third. I want some liquor. I have no money. Now I propose to hypothecate my royal person for ten dollars, and you may lay me upon one of your shelves." The joke was a queer one, and the master of ceremonies paid the ten dollars, and Cooke was laid up. The theatre that night was crowded, and at seven o'clock the manager came forward to apologize, stating that with the permission of the audience the performance would commence with the farce. He had sent in different directions, but was unable to find Mr. Cooke in the city. He presumed the tragedian would be forthcoming in the course of the next half hour. As the manager retired, he was informed that a boy wished to see him in the green-room. He found the lad, who presented a note written in cypher, which he at length translated thus: "My dear —, I am in pawn for \$10; send and redeem me, or it will be impossible for Richard to be himself to-night. Yours, COOKE." The manager started immediately after the fixed star, and found him nicely shelved, with a plate of crackers and cheese, and a bottle of brandy by him. In the button-hole of his coat was a piece of paper marked "No. 1473, pawned for \$10." The amount was paid, a hack called, and Mr. Cooke and manager rolled to the

theatre, where the former had just time to dress, and commence "Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. It is said he never played Richard better, or received greater applause.

Business, Bankruptcy and Literature:
John Pierpont and John Neal.

JOHN NEAL and JOHN PIERPONT, whose names are now so famous as *littérateurs*, were formerly active business men, ceasing to be such only with misfortune and bankruptcy. Neal once tried shopkeeping in Boston awhile, opening a small establishment on a capital of some two hundred dollars—sometimes prosperous in money affairs, and then again suffering the greatest embarrassments. In the course of time he made the acquaintance of John Pierpont, and the two Johns subsequently opened a large wholesale establishment together in the city of Baltimore, with a brother-in-law of Mr. Pierpont as partner, and did an extensive and profitable business for some time, upon the revival of commerce following the war of 1812. But in the space of two years, "Pierpont, Neal & Lord," having then two wholesale establishments and a retail one in full blast, found their business utterly ruined by the depreciation of all imported articles, and they failed,—failed honestly and entirely, leaving themselves so poor that Pierpont sold his wife's spoons in order to pay for lodgings in chambers; and Neal parted with all the little comforts and luxuries he possessed in order to appease a Shylock of a creditor, who would take nothing less than "the pound of flesh." The future career of these two men proved that, if their bankruptcy was a damage to some, the next generation were gainers by it.

Kindness to Debtors: Chickering,
Peabody, Lorillard.

JONAS CHICKERING, whose great business involved multitudes in the relation to him of debtor, was most

indulgent to those who, from disappointment or other honest causes, became unable to make prompt payment. He was accustomed to say, "If you cannot pay me now, pay me when you can; and if never able to pay me, I shall not trouble you; do not be discouraged; go about your business, and you will get along well enough." Such assurances quieted many a one, who had unexpectedly become unable to meet his liabilities, and it was doubtless the manifestation of this accommodating spirit on the part of Mr. Chickering toward others, that secured to him the indulgent consideration of his workmen and others, at a time when his own business was so shaken by the great commercial crisis of a former day.

Joseph Peabody, the Salem merchant, lost between one and two hundred thousand dollars, by the failure of Mr. Williams, the American banker of London. Yet, so far from bearing him ill-will, when that gentleman returned to Salem, after an absence of forty years, Mr. Peabody, then at a very advanced age, painstakingly crossed the street, and, with an extended hand, welcomed him to his native city.

"When you meet with another honest man in similar circumstances," wrote Dr. Franklin once to a poor man whom he had generously assisted, "you must *pay me* by lending this sum to *him*, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money."

Jacob Lorillard was not only very considerate of his own debtors, but as much so of others' debtors. One who had been the companion of his youth, and the friend of his age, and who, like him, had been blessed with prosperity and honor, was suddenly overtaken with calamity and threatened with ruin. When he received the

news, he was affected even to tears. This shall not be, said he; if I can sustain him, I will mortgage my property first—and he did so. He immediately assumed all the debts of his friend to a particular institution, which were heavy. When creditors, knowing the intimacy which had subsisted between them, crowded around him to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the rumored failure, he simply replied, "Bring me the notes which are due to you, and on the usual guaranty I will pay them." He did do it, to a large amount; and by the aid which he rendered, and the confidence he inspired, he not only sustained and reestablished his friend, but the whole profits of the operation for the risk which he incurred were entirely devoted to charity.

Rough Treatment of Insolvents.

THE insolvent debtor, among the Romans, was cut to pieces and distributed among his creditors,—more barbarous than the Thugs. Even in England, the bankrupt was formerly treated as a criminal, and subjected to personal punishment. In Scotland, till within a hundred years, they set the "dyvour" upon a pillory, with stockings of various colors, to subject him to the scorn of the multitude.

Jewish Traders, and Straw Bail.

"ARE you worth £1,800, after all your debts are paid?" said a London magistrate to a Jew trader, who had been placed before him by an attorney, to justify in bail for one of his roguish clients. "Eighteen hundred pounds," replied the Jew, "is a great deal o' monish; I haven't got half so much; but as the attorney has given me a twenty-pun' note, what am I to do with it?" "Put it in your pocket," said the judge. The old Jew folded up the bank-note deliberately, placed it in his pocket, and retired.

Philanthropic Debtor.

THE fine moral tone and exquisite sense of justice of a certain unfortunate debtor, is worthy of all appreciation. He was in the kindly benevolent stage of inebriety, and full of universal philanthropy and exuberant liberality. After pouring forth his warmest desires to make all men happy, he wound up thus: "And if I owe any man anything, I freely forgive him the debt!"

Imperial Affection for a Banker.

One of the tight Jew bankers, in the reign of Frederic, being fearful of subsidies and loans, sent a letter, petitioning the king "to allow him to travel for the benefit of his health," and received the following tender answer:

"DEAR EPHRAIM.—Nothing but death shall part us. FREDERIC."

A reply pregnant with terrible meaning to the poor Israelite.

Washington Irving's Commercial Bankruptcy.

PRIOR to 1817, Washington Irving was engaged in commercial affairs with his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, of Birmingham; and the house was in that year, like many others, subjected to the ruinous effects of one of those extended revulsions of trade, which were more frequent and more disastrous than in recent times. In the winter of 1817-18 (says Mr. Lord, a friend of Mr. Irving), being in Liverpool at the crisis of those calamities, I passed a considerable period in daily intercourse with Mr. Irving. Meeting him one morning after the receipt of letters from New York, I observed a smile on his countenance, and congratulated him on the receipt of what I presumed to be good news concerning his affairs. "Yes," said he, "I was relieved: I feel that I have got down to *hard pan*. The last debts on

which I relied have proved bad; and in that respect I have no more ill news to receive." It is believed that it was in pursuance of suggestions made to him by Roscoe the banker and author of the lives of the Medici family of merchants, that Mr. Irving, after the bankruptcy of the house in which he was a partner, determined upon his future pursuit as a writer of books.

Granting an Extension.

MR. B. had failed; that is, a series of misfortunes unlooked for, and against which it was impossible to provide, had reduced his means, so that he was unable to meet his engagements. With a gloom of mind natural under the circumstances, B. prepared to meet his creditors and give them satisfaction, so far as he was able. The day on which they assembled at his counting-room was rainy and dreary—a day on which a single gleaming ray of the sun would have been, to him, a blessing.

The creditors were gathered around a table, and with gloomy brows they awaited the announcement of the amount they were to expect upon each dollar they had advanced to the broken merchant. B. appeared with an expression of resignation upon his countenance, and yet it was not difficult to perceive the suppressed agony in his heart.

For a time there was a silent examination of books and papers, as each creditor sought to ascertain the amount for which he would have to suffer. Then, a man of ready sympathies, to whom this silence was painful, remarked, "It is a rainy day." "Yes," replied B., and there was now a beam of light on his countenance, "but it will not always be rainy." The tone and nature of this expression struck the sympathizing merchant, and he almost immediately arose, and proposed that an extension should be granted, to allow B. to recover from his disaster.

There was but little discussion. The proposition was received with general favor, and unanimously agreed to. The result of this extension was, that B. returned to his business with a light heart, labored earnestly and devotedly, and in a surprisingly short time was enabled to pay all to whom he was indebted.

Breach of the Bond.

AN English trader, having sustained a heavy loss, began, in great despair, to denounce his calling, and to declare that he would never follow it. One, for some trifling consideration, procured his bond, with a penalty, not to be again engaged in that occupation. Afterward, the necessities of his family forcing him to a breach of his bond, an action was brought upon the penalty. On the facts being disclosed, in the trial of the case, the judge, who seems to have been a firm and just, but impetuous man, is reported to have flown into a violent passion, and given this very emphatic opinion in Norman French:—"In my opinion there should have been a demurrer, because the obligation is void, and the condition is against the common law; and by—! if the plaintiff were here, I would imprison him until he paid a fine to the king."

Pay or Charge.

THERE was a landlord in Georgia, jolly and free-hearted, but his wit was often blunt-pointed, and missed fire. He had furnished a hurried breakfast for some Southern passengers by the cars—bustling about, with all sorts of helter skelter sayings. "Gentlemen, here's your breakfast. I've seen better, and I've seen worse." "I never did see much worse," says one of the passengers. The landlord was taken down. As they rose to pass out, asking what was to pay, "Fifty cents

down, or a dollar when we charge it," said the landlord, with emphatic brevity. "Well, *charge* it, then," said our grumbling friend. "I'm sold!" said the landlord—"Go on, gentlemen, I'll charge it."

Business Value of a Name.

M. ALEXIS BENOIT SOYER, the presiding cook of the Reform Club in London, had become so famous in his line of business, that his name alone had a high commercial or money value. Of this the law reports of the London journals record an amusing instance. One Piper & Gibbs entered into a partnership for the manufacture and sale of a beverage invented by Piper, and called "*Tortoni's Amana*." Afterward a Mr. Baker joined the concern, bringing a capital of five thousand dollars. Still they were not content. Tortoni was not the name to make men's mouths water for their divine drink. So they finally induced M. Soyer to join, on the understanding that he was to have one third of the profits for allowing the drink to be called "*Soyer's Nectar*." The concern in this way became so flourishing that the other partners wished to cheat the inventor out of his share of the gains, resulting in a suit at law.

Treatment of Chinese Bankruptcy.

IN China, the merchants doing business on a particular street or immediate neighborhood are associated together for immediate protection, counsel, etc., under the name of the *Kai-fong*. In Canton, there are several thousands of these small bodies.

These men, in the event of a bankruptcy occurring among them, mark the delinquent, and watch lest he should ever return to do business in their quarter. "Gone to Hong Kong," is as familiar a phrase applied to an absconding debtor in Canton, as "gone to Texas"

was in by-gone days to a northern debtor on his sudden withdrawal from his creditors. On the shop door of a trader who has thus "*vamosed*," is posted a red paper—an ordinary bill made out in usual form by some creditor, and thus attached to the house as a formal demand for payment; this is followed in a few days by many others, until the shop door and windows completely glare with the vermilion hue. And there they remain, none daring to remove them, continually publishing to every passer-by the name and just liabilities of the absconding debtor. The law of the land gives to the creditor the right to sell the wife and children of a debtor into slavery, and not unfrequently recourse is had to this mode of reimbursement; but there is generally a dread of having anything to do with Chinese officers of justice.

If the delinquent return, the *Kai-fong*, as a body, belabor and worry him in various ways, injure his credit, interfere with his custom, and, by many methods, so harass him, that he is obliged to quit. And even should he go to another quarter of the city, the *Kai-fong* of that neighborhood are soon posted up, and the bankrupt is completely driven away. He must, of necessity, go to another city, where he is not known. As to appealing to the police for help, in such a case, it is entirely useless; the *Kai-fong* are too powerful to fear any interference. It is not, generally speaking, to any settled principle of honesty, but rather to the dread of the commercial disabilities involved, that these Chinese shopkeepers' wholesome observance of solvency is owing.

Sharp Hit at Repudiation.

SHORTLY after that startling fact in American finance—the repudiation of the Pennsylvania bonds,—Sydney Smith was shown a lump of American ice, upon which he remarked, "That he

was glad to see anything solvent come from America!"

Obtaining a Certificate of Bankruptcy.

THE "Brothers Cheeryble" of the novelist are, in fact, scarcely overcharged portraits of two real English merchants; and of these men the following story is well authenticated:

The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller, who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D.) was designated as Billy Button, and talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some "kind friend" had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was in turn kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in *their* debt. But—the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of this pamphlet in course of time became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller—they now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and, destitute of that, he could not enter into business again. He had secured the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

It seemed folly to hope that the firm of brothers would supply the important deficiency in question. What! they who had been cruelly made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong, and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired; but the claims of a wife

and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood coweringly before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the owner. He, poor bankrupt, expected to see there, "Rogue, scoundrel, libeller!" inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm! "We make it a rule," said W., "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes.

"Ah," said W., "my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not at all mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent it now." "I do—I do," said the grateful man. "Well, well, my dear fellow," said W., "you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who would assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?"—to which the answer was, that having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the necessities of life, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow," said W., "this will never do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound

note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—don't sob; it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—his tears and emotions forbade words.

Day & Martin—New and Old.

ON the death of the surviving partner of the celebrated and wealthy firm of Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers, the executors continued the business and the name of the old firm, the same as heretofore. One of the original Day's nephews, however, soon after associated himself with a person named Martin, and set up a blacking manufactory, thus using the old firm's name, and labelling their bottles in close imitation of those of the old establishment. The genuine blacking was put up in bottles, with a label containing, as the place of manufacture, the words "97 High Holborn." The new concern, in devising the cut for their label, substituted the royal arms for those of the original firm, and inserted "90½ Holborn Hill," in place of 97 High Holborn. This affair led to a suit at law, when it was decided that the contrivances of the new concern were calculated to lead the bulk of the unwary public into the impression that that concern was connected with the old manufactory, and thus to benefit the new to the injury of the old establishment; and "No. 90½ Holborn Hill" was soon among the things that were and are not.

Sheridan's Treatment of a Creditor.

SHERIDAN had for some years hired his carriage horses from Mrs. Edbrooke in Clarges street, and his bill was a heavy one. Well, Mrs. Edbrooke wanted a new bonnet, and blew up her mate for not insisting on payment. The

curtain lecture was followed next day by a refusal to allow Mr. Sheridan to have the horses till the account was settled. Mr. S. sent the politest possible message in reply, begging that Mrs. Edbrooke would allow his coachman to drive her in his own carriage to his door, and promising that the matter in question should be satisfactorily arranged. The good woman was delighted; dressed in her best, and bill in hand, she entered the M. P.'s chariot. Sheridan had meanwhile given orders to his servants. Mrs. Edbrooke was shown up into the back drawing room, where a slight luncheon, of which she was begged to partake, was laid out; and she was assured that her debtor would not keep her waiting long, though for the moment engaged. The horse-dealer's wife sat down and discussed a wing of chicken and glass of wine, and in the mean time her victimizer had been watching his opportunity, slipped down stairs, jumped into the vehicle, and drove off. Mrs. Edbrooke finished her lunch and waited in vain; ten minutes, twenty, thirty passed, and then she gave the bell a woman's pull: "Very sorry, ma'am, but Mr. Sheridan went out on important business half an hour ago." "And the carriage?" "Oh, ma'am, Mr. Sheridan never walks!"

Won't Look at Him.

THAT eminent and excellent Boston merchant, Robert G. Shaw, was one day met by a gentleman, who, after a brief conversation, asked Mr. S. to lend him a certain sum of money, as he was short of that article—not an uncommon thing with said individual, as with many others. Mr. Shaw, raising his spectacles, replied, "Yes, sir, with pleasure, on one condition." "What is that, sir?" "Why, that when we next meet, you will turn your face toward me, look pleasant, and not turn away! I lent Mr. — a small sum of

money, about a month ago, and ever since that time he has *cut* me, most decidedly. Meet him where I may, on State street, Commercial street, or in the Exchange, and he always turns his head away. When I lend a man money, and he is owing me, I want him to look me full in the face, as though nothing had happened; and then I shall be willing to lend him again."

No Use for Pistols.

On a certain occasion, a French merchant from Bordeaux, who had a house at Barcelona, where he resided, received, in the course of business, a large sum of money from a Spanish trader, at a time when he was much embarrassed in his affairs; he was, therefore, unwilling to receive the money, and yet fearful to refuse it, lest his credit should be shaken. Shortly afterward, he failed and absconded. His creditor traced him to Gibraltar, and thence to Cadiz. There he found him lying sick, without attendants, in a garret. On entering the room, the Spaniard sternly demanded his debtor's books. Receiving them, he sat himself down, and spent several laborious hours examining them, referring to the Frenchman merely upon points where he wanted information. When he had completed this investigation, he returned the books without comment, and departed. Shortly afterward he returned, accompanied by a physician, and had his debtor removed to a comfortable apartment, and then addressed him thus: "I am satisfied that you have not been guilty of fraud, but you have done me a great wrong: had you been frank, I should have enabled you to hold your ground. Now that we are in the same boat, let me know how much will enable you to recommence business." The sum being specified, he said, "Well, you shall have it, on condition that you pledge me your word of honor that you will not leave Spain without

my permission." The debtor was about to give vent to expressions of gratitude, when his creditor stopped him: "It is you," said he, "who have rendered me a service," and, unbuttoning his coat, showed him a brace of pistols, adding, "one of these was for myself."

"Credit."

AMONG the piquant aphorisms upon this somewhat shaky topic may be mentioned Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills;" Lord Orford's definition of timber, "an excrescence on the face of earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts;" and Pelham's argument, that "it is respectable to be arrested for debt, because it shows that the party once had credit."

"What is Sauce for the Goose is," &c.

EVERYBODY in the city of New York, and many outside of that village, remember how actively Mayor Kingsland exerted himself in causing various city nuisances to be abated, during his term of office. Among his various reforms, he caused the various boxes, bales, and barrels which had so long encumbered sidewalks, in the business portion of the city, to be removed, and any merchant caught using the sidewalk as a storehouse was forthwith made to pay a penalty for his violation of the city ordinance. Many merchants were victims of the mayor's unrelenting adherence to the laws, and a vast improvement was certainly manifest in the regions of the old "burnt district." But it proved the mayor's lot to play in the same meshes which had thus involved others. While the persons employed by him at his oil store were engaged in receiving a large consignment of oil, his neighbors were taking notes and entering complaints at the mayor's office for *his* violations

of the city laws. The complaints were well founded, the proofs abundant, and before the well-directed wrath of Kingsland the mayor could be appeased, Kingsland the merchant enriched the city treasury some three hundred dollars.

Buying a Pianoforte Establishment.

ON the death of Mackay, of the firm of Chickering & Mackay, the Boston pianoforte makers, Mr. C. was the purchaser of the whole concern, amounting, it is believed, to more than half a million of dollars. The condition of sale was, Mr. Chickering was to give his own notes, secured by mortgage on the premises. Thus the security was good, although perhaps the best friends of Mr. Chickering scarcely dared to hope he would ever be able to pay a sum so large. It was divided into instalments, for each of which a distinct note was given, payable "on or before" a specified day. This mode of making the notes was indicated by Mr. Chickering, and to which, of course, no objection was offered. The legal adviser, however, of Captain Mackay, a shrewd lawyer and a friend also of Mr. Chickering, intimated his scepticism in regard to the utility of the permission to pay the notes "before" they came due, by playfully asking the maker of them, if he *ever* expected to pay them! Mr. Chickering without hesitation replied in his wonted simplicity, that he should not have given them, did he not expect to pay them. Accordingly, all of these notes were paid, as they became due, till the agent of Captain Mackay's estate requested that they might remain, desiring no better investment than the notes themselves. Yet, shortly subsequent to the great fire, notwithstanding this request, the notes were all paid.

Saving the Credit of a City: Theodore Payne.

IN the gloomiest days that San Francisco has ever known—when the city

was involved in debt to an immense amount, and very few could discern by what means its liabilities could ever be met, or its difficulties overcome—when many lost all confidence, and even left the place in despair—when real estate had deteriorated in value to almost nothing—when the corporation scrip could not be sold for one third its face value—when, in fact, the great mass of the population were fast relinquishing all hopes of its future prosperity—there was one merchant prince, Theodore Payne, a clear-sighted and therefore far-seeing citizen, who doubted not its subsequent greatness. A large portion of the city property had been sold at sheriff's sale under executions in favor of the creditors, at mere nominal prices, redeemable six months after date of sale. The limited time expired, but the commissioners were without funds to redeem the property. Mr. P. took a deep interest in matters thus vitally affecting the credit and honor of the city, and perceiving that this large amount of property was likely to be inevitably sacrificed, nobly stepped forward and offered the needed relief—drawing his check for the whole sum, which was gladly accepted. With great exertion and persevering tact he succeeded in calling the attention of capitalists to the true condition of things, and the ultimate destiny of the city as a great commercial metropolis; and the advice he gave to others he followed himself, and thus became one of the wealthiest citizens of the place.

Death of an old Business Favorite.

CORGAT, in his "Crudities," says that he saw the following quasi-obituary inscription, which some witty rogue had posted up: "On ne loge pas céans à crédit: car il est mort—les mauvais payeurs l'ont tué."—"Here is no lodging upon credit: for credit is dead—bad payers have killed it."

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA



AFRAID OF SHERIFF'S HAT.

Friuli, the Florentine Merchant, and his Lost Purse.

A PEASANT once entered the hall of justice at Florence, at the time that Alexander, duke of Tuscany, was presiding. He stated that he had the good fortune to find a purse of sixty ducats; and learning that it belonged to Friuli the merchant, who offered a reward of ten ducats to the finder, he restored it to him, but that the latter had refused the promised reward. The duke instantly ordered Friuli to be summoned into his presence, and questioned him as to why he refused the reward. The merchant replied, that he conceived the peasant had paid himself; for although, when he gave notice of his loss, he said this purse only contained sixty ducats, it, in fact, had seventy in it. The duke inquired if this mistake was discovered before the purse was found. Friuli answered in the negative. "Then," said the duke, "as I have a very high opinion of the honesty of this peasant, I am induced to believe that there is indeed a mistake in this transaction; for, as the purse you lost had in it seventy ducats, and this which he found contains sixty only, it is impossible that it can be the same." He then gave the purse to the peasant, and promised to protect him against all future claimants.

Wine Merchant at his Debtor's Table.

CHALIER, the wine merchant, was Sheridan's creditor to a large amount, and had stopped supplies. Sheridan was to give a grand dinner to the leaders of the Opposition, and had no port or sherry to offer them. On the morning of the day fixed, he sent for Chalier, and told him he wanted to settle his account. The importer, much pleased, said he would go home and bring it at once. "Stay," cried the debtor, "will you dine with me to-day? Lord ———, and So-and-so

are coming." Chalier felt flattered, and readily accepted. Returning to his office he told his clerk that he should dine with Mr. Sheridan, and therefore leave early. At the proper hour the merchant arrived in full dress, and was no sooner in the house than his host dispatched a message to the clerk at the office, saying that Mr. Chalier wished him to send up at once three dozen of Burgundy, two of claret, two of port, etc., etc. Nothing seemed more natural, and the wine was forwarded, just in time for dinner. It was highly praised by the guests, who asked Sheridan who was his wine merchant. The host bowed graciously toward Chalier, gave him a high recommendation, and impressed him with the belief that he was telling a polite falsehood, in order to secure him other customers. Little did Chalier think that he *was* drinking his own wine, and that it was not, and probably never would be, paid for!

Afraid of the Sheriff's Hat.

C—— was an unfortunate man, so far as financial and business matters were concerned. Bills were presented to him for payment, and writs served upon him so often, that he finally became desperate. One warm summer day, he was passing by the Skinpenny North American Hotel, on the steps of which he all at once discovered the sheriff standing. Now the sheriff was a portly man, and perspired freely. Accordingly he took off his hat to wipe his brow, just as the unfortunate individual came alongside. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sheriff, don't!" shrieked C——; "shoot me, stab me, but *don't* let me see *them 'are papers!*"

"Them 'are papers" didn't happen to be in the hat *that* time, and C—— bore the laugh willingly.

Jobbing in Debtors' Shop-Leases.

SPECULATION in shop-leases is a favorite species of excitement and traffic with a certain class of jobbers in London. The plan is to lend money at a usurious interest upon the lease of a tradesman in difficulty; if he recovers his position, and pays off the loan, it is not a bad stroke of business for him; but if he fails, and goes into the "Gazette," it is a better one, as the lease is sure to be bought at a good profit by some one in the same line of business, who on the strength of the bankrupt's connection added to his own, hopes to do better. A tradesman who has a lease can always make money upon it; and there are a prodigious number of leases at all times in the hands of the money lenders. Sometimes it comes to pass, at the failure of a trader, that the lease of his shop forms the sum total of the assets of the bankrupt, and even that, it may be, is mortgaged for its full value.

Cabinet of Debtors' Autographs.

THE man who, in the late "tin panic," or crisis, replied to the remark of a polite notary "that he had brought a notice of protest for five thousand dollars, probably a mistake,"—"Oh! no, a regular bu'st!"—*that* man is almost equalled by the editor of a western paper, who owes a bank a thousand dollars, for which they hold his note. The wag of a debtor announces it thus in his paper:—"There is a large and rare collection of autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe-keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each possessing an additional associative value from being accompanied with a note in the hand-writing of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is exercised

in preserving these capital and interesting relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be easily collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times,—a gain of five hundred dollars to the bank, considering that they had to pay us a thousand for our first autograph!"

"Wouldn't Steal Indiana Money at Par."

By the laws of Indiana, the jury are obliged, in the trial of all indictments of larceny, if they find the defendant guilty, to estimate the value of the property stolen; when, if the amount is five dollars, or over, the penalty is imprisonment in the State penitentiary. If under five dollars, the culprit is only confined in the county jail.

A fellow was under trial for stealing a five-dollar note of the State Bank of Indiana; and his counsel, finding an acquittal hopeless, called several brokers to testify that the note was at a discount of one per cent. for specie, which testimony the prosecuting attorney rebutted by calling several business men, who testified that they were always in the habit of receiving and paying such notes at five dollars.

In summing up and giving the case to the jury, the prosecutor, a man of little cultivation but considerable shrewdness, told the jury that this defendant was "the meanest man he ever saw. Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I have practised in the courts of this state twelve years, and have prosecuted criminals guilty of all sorts of crimes and meannesses, but I never before found a rascal so 'all fired' mean, that he wouldn't be willing to *steal Indiana money at par!*"

Honest Quaker Bankrupt.

A PROMINENT Quaker merchant, having through accumulated reverses

become insolvent, and not being able to pay more than about fifty per cent. on his creditors' demands, formed a resolution, if fortune favored his future endeavors, to pay the whole amount, and in case of death he ordered his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. His life, however, was spared, and, after struggling with a variety of difficulties,—for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labor,—he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand. One day, the old man went with a very considerable sum to the surviving son of one of his creditors, who had been dead thirty years, and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did with heartfelt satisfaction.

Wiping out an Old Score.

Mr. —, a Boston merchant, who was unfortunate in business thirty years ago, and consequently unable at that time to meet his engagements with his creditors, after more than twenty years of toil, succeeded in paying every creditor, except one whose residence could not be ascertained, the whole amount due them. During those twenty years he brought up and educated a large family; but still he owed one of his former creditors. He was not satisfied to thus keep another's property; he made inquiry, and received information that the party had died some years since. He then pursued his inquiries respecting the administrator, and ascertained his name and residence, wrote to him, explained the circumstances of the debt, and requested him to inform him of the manner in which he would receive the money. The answer to this was responded to by a remittance of the whole amount, principal and interest.

James G. King, the Banker, and Lord Ashburton: Cause of Merchants Failing.

In the year 1832, James G. King, the renowned banker, took up his residence on the heights of Weehawken, on the Hudson river, where he had previously bought some fifty acres of land and built a substantial house. The beauty of the spot, rough and unimproved as it was when he purchased, its fine natural forest, and its great capabilities, gave ample employment to his taste and his means, yet never tempted him into hasty, excessive, or other than gradual and measured outlay and improvement—a sure test of his calm and sober judgment.

The late Lord Ashburton, when walking round these grounds with Mr. King, and listening to his description of what he had done and how long he had been doing it, and of what yet might be done, and the time it would require to accomplish it, said to him: "Half the failures of eminent London merchants have been occasioned by the ambition to have a fine place, and by undue, excessive, and hasty expenditure thereon; but I see, by the manner in which you have gone about your improvements, that you are in no danger from that source."

Helping Girard to Collect a Debt.

MR. GIRARD was once waited on by a gentleman, who said: "Mr. Girard, if I can tell you how you can make a thousand dollars, will you give me five hundred toward our new church?" To this Mr. Girard readily assented. The gentleman then told him of a debt of a thousand dollars, which he, Girard, had long considered dead, but which might be recovered by taking certain steps. The debt was recovered by the means thus pointed out, and Girard subscribed the five hundred dollars.

English Booksellers and American Customers.

DANIEL APPLETON was almost the pioneer American bookseller who visited England, for the purpose of opening a commercial credit in that country, and the result proved that he was equal to what he undertook.

He found that Americans were in bad odor, and it was difficult to produce any impression which would counteract that feeling. He called on one large firm, with whom he wished to open an account, but was met by the cold reply, that they had lost too much by Americans, and made up their minds not to trust any more dealers from that country.

Mr. Appleton at once replied, "You say you have lost money by Americans! Will you be kind enough to turn to the accounts, and make out bills for all the goods sold to Americans, and I will give you a check for the amount on the spot."

The English publisher was completely taken aback, and could not believe what he had heard.

"Turn to the accounts," says Mr. Appleton, "and I will pay every bill that you have lost by trusting an American." The bookkeeper was called and told off the debit amounts and names, but not one single American firm was found. They were all Englishmen!

After that, Mr. Appleton had no difficulty in procuring credit.

John J. Audubon and John J. Astor.

AMONG the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was one thousand dollars a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was exceedingly expensive, Mr. Audubon, of course, called upon several of his subscribers for pay-

ments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the the letterpress and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another.

"Ah, M. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds."

At length, for the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art, than he began—

"Ah, M. Audubon, so you have come again after your money. Hard times, M. Audubon—money scarce." But just then, catching an inquiring look from his son, he changed his tone: "However, M. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. William," he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?"

"Yes, father," replied the son, supposing that he was asked an earnest question relating to a matter which they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in, "we have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the Bank of New York, seventy thousand in the City Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants', ninety-eight thousand four hundred in the Mechanics', eighty-three thousand—"

"That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed his father, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."

Crinkles in the Credit System.

THE advantage of the credit system is pretty well illustrated in the follow-

ing item : In one of the interior villages of Wisconsin is a tavern keeper, and in the same place an honest old German blacksmith, of whom the former relates that he employed him to do some iron work, and paid him cash for it at the time ; but afterward that a neighbor had some similar work done on *time* for a less price ; he inquired the reason therefor, and the reply was as follows : " You zee, I 'ave zo much scharge on my book, and I zometimes lose um, and zo ven I 'ave a goot cash customer I scharge goot price ; but ven I puts it on my book I do not like to scharge zo much, zo if he never pay um I no lose zo much."

Confidence in a Debtor's Promise.

IN —, Connecticut, Mr. Ewing had borrowed twenty dollars of his neighbor, Squire Robinson, and had failed to make payment according to promise. Two or three times he had failed ; and at length he told the squire that he would certainly pay him on Saturday next, *if his life* was spared till that day. The day came and went, and no money came. The next morning, bright and early, the squire sent word to the sexton of the church that Mr. Ewing was dead, and, as was customary in those days, the bell should be tolled. The sexton tolled forty-nine times, the deceased being in his fiftieth year. " Who is dead ? " the neighbors asked. " Mr. Ewing," said the sexton. But in the course of the morning Mr. Ewing was out as usual, on his way to church, and learned that he was dead, and the town had been told of it when the sexton tolled the bell in the morning. The joke soon leaked out, and the next day the squire got his money.

Staying his Own Debt.

ONE of the kindest-hearted men in the world, probably, is Squire Paul, of Nashville. The squire is a rich man,

and has tenants, sells property, and has many debts owing to him. His agent sued a man for a debt, and according to law the debt must be paid when judgment was rendered, or " stayed " by some good man becoming security for the payment of the debt, interest, and costs at the end of eight months. The " poor party " applied to Squire Paul to stay a debt for him, and, according to custom, the squire could not say no, but complied ; and thus, much to the agent's disgust, became the stay-er of his own debt.

Jury Deliberations on a Railroad Case.

" ONCE on a time," a case was tried before the Wisconsin Circuit Court, against a railroad company. The plaintiff had sold to the company in former years a piece of land for about \$1,000, and was to take his pay in the stock of the company, if delivered within a certain time. It was proved on the trial of the cause, that the stock was delivered to the agent of plaintiff, but not till long after the time agreed upon, and it had thus depreciated, so as to be almost worthless. The plaintiff, in consequence, refused to accept it as pay, and brought his suit for the value of the land. There was considerable said in the progress of the cause about this stock, etc., but the attorney for the defendant contented himself with excepting to certain rulings of the judge, and when the case went to the jury, knowing that under the rulings of the Court the plaintiff had made a complete case, declined making any argument to the jury. The jury retired. To the astonishment of the bar, and everybody else, they were out a long while, but they finally returned a verdict for the plaintiff for all he claimed. Considerable curiosity was manifested to know the reason why the jury delayed so long in finding a verdict in so plain a case. One of the jury

finally let the secret escape. It appears that Jemmy Mann was on that jury. Jemmy had dealt some in cattle, etc., but not largely in law, nor did he know much about railroads. After the jury retired, the first ballot showed eleven to one—eleven for plaintiff and one for defendant. Several ballots were taken with the same effect. After some investigation, it was ascertained that Jemmy was the man who was for the defendant. His reason for voting in this way was demanded. "And sure," replied Jemmy, "would you be after paying a man twice for his land? Didn't the witness say that the plaintiff had received his pay in *stock*; and wouldn't I like to know what he did with the *cattle*, before, as an honest man, I can vote for giving him any more?" It took some time to make Jemmy understand the difference between railroad *stock*, at fifteen cents on the dollar, and horses and cattle, etc.; but he finally yielded to the persistency of the eleven obstinate men who were for the plaintiff, and who didn't seem to care what he had done with the "cattle."

Stealing Goods at the Retail Price.

At a session of the Circuit Court in Pepin County, Wisconsin, a criminal was on trial for grand larceny—the indictment charging the stealing of sundry articles of dry goods, clothing, etc.—and the amount proved to be stolen was but little more than sufficient to make the required amount necessary to sustain the indictment for grand larceny. The jury found him guilty; and Judge W—, presiding, asked him if he had anything to say why he should not proceed to pronounce sentence. The prisoner quietly remarked that he thought the goods were valued too high, and that they ought to charge them at *cost*. Judge W— replied that the construction of the law was such that a prisoner

could not steal at *cost*, but only at the *retail price*; and he was thereupon sentenced to be sent to the State prison for two years.

Certificates of Solvency.

THE moral of the following is to pay as you go; and if you can't, don't go at all. (*Vide* "HARPER.")

One of the legal fraternity of the village of Cohoes is a man who not many years ago earned his bread and butter by making boots and shoes; but having been assured by an itinerant phrenologist that he had mistaken his calling, he applied himself to the study of law, and in due time "descended from the bench to the bar." Finding it impossible in his new vocation to make both *ends* meet, he was not unfrequently annoyed by brief and uncourteous notes, reminding him of long-forgotten notes that needed something to place them *in equilibrio*. One of these was (unfortunately, as the sequel will show) thrust in his coat pocket and forgotten. Having exhausted his credit among the tailors of Cohoes, he attempted to "stick" Messrs. Tape and Linen, of Albany. A coat having been made according to his order, he called to take it away, at the same time remarking that "he would send his check for the amount next week." To this the senior partner replied that, "although it was probably all right, yet, as he was an entire stranger, they could not be considered unreasonable if they required some sort of reference before allowing the coat to be taken from the shop." The propriety of this was, after a slight affectation of wounded pride, admitted; and our seedy counsellor left in search of a certificate of solvency. Having finally secured the necessary document, he returned to the scene of his late discomfiture, and with an air of triumph drew an envelope from his pocket, threw it on the coun-

ter, and requested Mr. Tape to "read that." The latter gentleman complied, and read as follows:

"COHOES, October 25, 1853.

"J—— M——, Esq.:

"SIR: Inclosed find our bill of \$43 against you, for clothing furnished nearly two years ago. Unless paid at once, it will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

"Yours, etc., JONES & MASON."

It is needless to say that when the above note was handed back with the remark that there had evidently been some mistake, the counsellor left the store very abruptly, and in a style that contrasted most ludicrously with that in which he entered.

Suit against a Railroad Company.

In a city not one hundred miles from New York, the president of one of the city railroads was informed by his counsel that a suit was commenced against his company by a neighboring corporation. The counsel stated that the suit was by *bill in equity*. Not being familiar with law terms, he was heard informing a number of his brother presidents of the suit in question, which he said most sincerely was *by bill of iniquity!* That he came so near the truth in the novel statement, made some amusement to the parties listening to him.

Unexpected Judgment against Bank Directors.

ONE of the most curious legal and criminal events in the history of the Bank of England occurred in the year 1819. Mr. Ransom, an engraver, having paid a one-pound note to a Mr. Mitchener, the latter found it was detained by the bank, upon the ground of its being a forgery. Upon this, Mr. Mitchener claimed a repayment of the amount from Mr. Ransom, which was

refused until the return of the note. Mr. M. immediately summoned him, and procured the attendance of Mr. Fish, an inspector of the bank, with the note in question. Ransom requested to look at it, and permission having been granted, he deliberately placed it in his pocket, and avowed his intention of keeping it. An appeal to the magistrate was of no avail, as he declined to interfere; on which Ransom went to Mitchener's house, and paid the twenty shillings.

This style of treatment was rather too decided for the bank quietly to permit, and Fish—it is presumed at the instigation of the directors—made a charge in writing against Ransom, for knowingly having a forged note in his possession. On this the magistrate committed him, to remain till duly discharged by law. After a few days' incarceration, he was liberated on bail. Mr. Ransom, however, was not to be so quietly dismissed. He, in turn, brought an action for false and malicious imprisonment against Fish; and, after producing several witnesses, the evidence of whom went to show that the note was genuine, and no person being present from the bank to prove the contrary, as the directors were quite unprepared for this statement, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of £100. Previous to this period, it had always been the practice of the bank to detain the forged notes which were offered to them for payment, with the view of saving the public from being again imposed upon. Since the circumstances enumerated, however, the notes have been returned to the parties presenting them; the same beneficial result being obtained by stamping the word "forged" upon them in several places.

Deciding a Case in Botany before a Dutch Magistrate.

AN English amateur botanist, while travelling in Holland when the tulip

fever was raging, and being quite a novice in tuberous plants, happened one day to see a tulip root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutch merchant. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his penknife and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearance of the unknown bulb. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him, and with fury in his eyes, and stamping with excitement, asked the amazed botanist if he knew what he had been doing?

"Peeling a most extraordinary onion," replied the philosopher.

"*Hundert tausend duyvel*," said the Dutchman, "it's an Admiral *Van der Eyck*!"

"Thank you," replied the traveller, taking out his note book to make a memorandum of the same; "are these admirals common in your country?"

"*Death and the devil*," said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar, "come before the syndic, and you shall see."

In spite of his remonstrances, the traveller was led forthwith through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been quietly experimenting was worth four thousand florins; and, notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum.

Artifice to Escape Bankruptcy.

THE expedition of Charles Edward fills a conspicuous page in the history of England. It was as romantic as it was remarkable, and struck a panic into the commercial heart of England. Landing in the wilds of Moidart, at-

tended by only seven devoted men, the prize at which he aimed was a kingdom. His march was one scene of triumph. With but a solitary guinea in his pocket, the gallant adventurer entered the fair city of Perth. From Perth he passed on to the capital of Scotland—the lofty loyalty of the people of Scotland responding to the claims of the unfortunate house, and the tartan of the clan Stuart waving a joyous welcome from street and square of the city of palaces. The person of the Pretender, his chivalrous adventure, his princely bearing, won him golden opinions. Men fought for him. Women embraced him. At Doune some Scottish lasses kissed his hand; and one, with the romantic enthusiasm of girlhood, begged permission to kiss the royal lips. The favor was graciously granted by the young chevalier, who, taking the loyal lady in his arms, kissed her blushing face from ear to ear, to the great vexation of the other ladies, who had been contented with a less liberal allowance of his princely grace. When, therefore, Carlisle had capitulated, when Perth was invested, and Manchester, with its thirty thousand inhabitants, "was taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl," dismay possessed all hearts. London expected, at once, to witness the triumphant entry of the rebel army, the seizure of her treasure, and the plunder of her citizens. Substantial traders exaggerated the alarm thus spread throughout the shops and the counting houses; and the merchants outvied each other in liberal subscriptions—for the Pretender was already at Derby.

The effect of this alarming state of things upon the national bank was as usual. Its interests were closely involved in those of the State; and the creditors flocked in crowds to obtain payment for their notes. The directors, unprepared for such a casualty, had recourse to a justifiable artifice. The Chevalier Johnston, whose evi-

dence was collected immediately after the battle of Culloden, says, that the bank *only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem*. Payment was not refused, but the corporation retained its specie, by employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back to another, so that the *bona fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. By this artifice, the bank preserved its credit, and literally faced its creditors. History records the retreat of the young Pretender from Derby, the news of which stopped the run.

Failure of the Governor of the Bank of England.

IN 1834 a great sensation was created throughout England by a circumstance which was only important from its incidental connection with the Bank of England. Mr. Richard Mee Raikes, governor of the bank, a gentleman universally respected, was compelled, from various unforeseen events, to announce a suspension of payments, which was followed by the appearance of his name in the list of bankrupts. The rumor spread among the less-informed class—among the dwellers in the suburbs, and the inhabitants of the country, that the governor of the bank had failed. The annuitants and small class of fund-holders, who look upon the head of the establishment as an integral part of the corporation, regarded their fortunes gone, and their property forfeited. The autumn dividends were just due; and it was remarkable to witness the earnestness with which they were applied for. The offices were crowded with applicants; and, if the slightest delay occurred, though occasioned by their own ignorance, they regarded it as an invidious delay

of their rights, and a confirmation of their fears. Time, however, in this as in other things, brought “healing on its wings,” and confidence to the breasts of public creditors.

Subscriptions for the Government by Philadelphia Merchants.

AT a critical period of the Revolutionary War, when there was great danger of the dissolution of the American army, for want of provisions to keep it together, a number of patriotic gentlemen in Philadelphia—principally the bankers and merchants—subscribed to the amount of some two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, payable in gold and silver, for procuring them. This movement was considered nearly equivalent to assuming the debt of the Government, and was in the highest degree creditable to the mercantile community. The provisions were procured. The two highest subscriptions were those of Robert Morris, for £10,000, and Blair McClenachan, £10,000. Thomas Willing subscribed £5,000. Mr. Willing, and his associate in commerce, Robert Morris, as well as his connection, Mr. Clymer, were all members of Congress of 1776. To the great credit and well-known patriotism of the house of Willing & Morris, the country owed its extrication from those trying pecuniary embarrassments so familiar to the readers of our Revolutionary history. The character of Mr. Willing has been thought to resemble, in many respects, that of Washington; and in the discretion of his conduct, the fidelity of his professions, and the great influence, both public and private, which belonged to him, the destined leader (Washington) was certain to find the elements of an affinity by which they would be united in the closest manner.

Lafayette's Loan to Matthew Carey.

AFTER passing through many striking experiences as a politician and

journalist abroad, Matthew Carey landed in Philadelphia on the 1st of November, 1784; and, while he was yet contemplating a removal to the country, until sufficient funds should be received from the sale of his newspaper in Dublin (which place he found it prudent to leave, in view of the Government prosecution for libel which hung like a drawn sword over his head) to enable him to engage in business, the Marquis de Lafayette, having heard of his arrival, desired that he should call upon him. The marquis, previously aware of the persecutions he had suffered, and admiring his noble spirit, made inquiries of him as to his future plans and prospects. On stating that it was his intention, at as early a day as possible, to establish a newspaper, Lafayette entered fully into the project, and promised him such influence as he could command with Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsim-

mons, and other leading men in that region.

On the following morning, Mr. Carey was surprised at receiving a letter from Lafayette, containing the sum of four hundred dollars. This was the more remarkable from his not having said a word about desiring to borrow, or in any way to receive money from the marquis—no such thought having entered his mind. This sum of money—the fabric upon which it may be said Mr. Carey built his fortune, first as a journalist and then as a printer and bookseller—he considered it a solemn duty to repay, in assisting Frenchmen in distress; which he did, fully and amply. While it was not the desire of Lafayette that it should be regarded in the light of a loan, but as a free gift, Mr. Carey, in after years, consigned to him an invoice of tobacco, besides, on his arrival in New York, in 1824, repaying him the entire amount.

PART NINTH.

*ANECDOTES OF MERCHANTS, BANKERS, TRADERS, AND
MILLIONNAIRES, IN THEIR DOMESTIC RELATIONS.*

THE END

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PART NINTH.

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PERSONAL APPEARANCE, MANNERS, CONVERSATION, TASTES, SOCIAL TRAITS AND HABITS; PECULIAR EXPERIENCES; GENIAL SALLIES, JESTS, AND JOULARITIES; LAST HOURS, WILLS, ETC.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that hath survived the fall!

COWPER'S "TASK."

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction.—JOHNSON.

A man that knows how to mix pleasures *with* business, is never entirely possessed by them.—ST. EVREMOND.

He is so full of pleasant anecdote—
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit.

BAILLIE'S "DE MONTFORD."

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy; else the lawyers will be your heirs.—OSBORN.

The grave is the common treasury to which we must all be taxed.—BURKE.

Baring's Daughter and M. Labouchere.

IN 1822, M. LABOUCHERE, then a clerk in the banking house of Hope & Co., Amsterdam, was sent by his patrons to Mr. Baring, the London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability, as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the great English financier.

"Faith!" said Labouchere one day to Baring, "your daughter is a charming creature; I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand."

"Young man, you are joking; for seriously, you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk."

"But," said Labouchere, "if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope?"

"Oh! that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all other deficiencies."

Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere

said to his patron, "You must take me into partnership."

"My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible. You are without fortune, and"—

"But if I became the son-in-law of Mr. Baring?"

"In *that* case the affair would be soon settled, and so you have my word."

Fortified with these two promises, M. Labouchere returned to England, and in two months after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership; and he thus became allied to the house of Hope & Co. His was a magnificent career.

Domestic Trouble of Rothschild.

At the time of the decease of Baron ROTHSCHILD'S grandson, a very young child, the Baron was so much afflicted, that for some time he gave up the care

of his affairs, and neglected his vast business enterprises. During this season of grief, a friend came to offer him his condolence; the Baron recalled, with a melancholy tenderness, the winning ways of the lost little child: "They brought him to me every morning," said he, "here is my cabinet, and I think I see him now, on my table, overturning all my papers."

At this moment, an agent from the exchange came in. It was the hour when he came to take the orders of the prince of finance, and to render him an account of the movement in the funds, and the aspect affairs had taken on the Bourse down to the latest period. Interrupted in the overflowings of his memories and regrets, M. de Rothschild fell into a melancholy reverie, while the agent launched bravely into the subject of his habitual visit, and continued, with the most minute detail, his exposé of the state of financial matters, without being disconcerted by the silence of his auditor, which he attributed to continued and deep financial calculation.

Having thus finished his report on the state of all the various stocks negotiated on 'Change, the agent added: "A new advance in the public funds is expected—do you believe in it, M. le Baron?" M. de Rothschild, aroused from his reverie, raised his head, and replied, with an accent full of sadness and gravity, "I, sir? I believe only in God."

Coutts, the Great Banker, choosing a "Partner."

Nor a partner for his counting-house, but for the domestic circle. When a single man, and known to be a banker of such great wealth, Mr. Coutts was an object of attraction to more than one noble family having portionless daughters, in the hope that such an alliance would be the means of relieving them from their pecuniary necessities; but these aristocratic matrimonial spec-

ulators were all self-deceived and confounded by the choice Mr. Coutts made of a wife—falling, as it did, upon Elizabeth Starkey, a superior domestic in his brother's service, with whom he lived many years in the enjoyment of every domestic comfort. The result of this union was, three daughters, who respectively married the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Guilford, and Sir Francis Burdett.

On the death of his wife, Mr. Coutts married Miss Mellon, an actress—a marriage which caused both Mr. and Mrs. C. much ridicule. These attacks, however, were mainly directed against the lady; but they only tended to strengthen the confidence Mr. Coutts had placed in his wife, and this confidence was in the end displayed in a most remarkable manner. When he died, he left the whole of his vast property—nine hundred thousand pounds—to Mrs. Coutts, for her sole use and benefit, and at her own disposal, without even mentioning any other person, or leaving a single legacy, large or small, to any individual or for any object.

Mrs. Coutts subsequently married the Duke of St. Albans, but under her marriage settlement reserved to herself the sole control over the property left by Mr. Coutts; and on her death, true to the confidence placed in her by Mr. C., she left the whole of his great wealth to his favorite grand-daughter Angela Burdett, now Miss Angela Burdett Coutts, who is the principal proprietor of the Coutts Bank, the business being conducted by trustees for Miss Burdett, under the old style of Coutts & Co.

Personal Appearance of Stephen Girard.

GIRARD's form was low and square, although muscular, with feet large, and his entire person and address exhibiting the aspect of a rough old sailor. Nor was his countenance calculated to

alter the impression that would be likely to be produced by the appearance of his person.

A face dark, and colorless, and cold, although deeply marked with the lines of thought, indicated a man who had been accustomed to the hard fare of life; and it possessed an iron, or, as it has been, perhaps, more properly designated, a stone-like expression. His "wall-eye" seemed to add to that air of general abstraction, which was evinced by his general demeanor, whether engaged in his domestic affairs, or the more active business of his banking operations. But the dull eye, which seemed ordinarily to sleep in its socket, and whose predominant expression was cunning, sometimes kindled as if with fire, when any topic adapted to his taste was pressed upon his attention. His mouth, when not relaxed by an insinuating smile, expressed unutterable determination. His high cheek bones, and breadth of face, gave indications of the extraordinary character of the man; and this was not diminished by his wearing a queue.

His mind appeared to be engaged less upon the little details of business than in devising those great projects of mercantile speculation which tended so directly to swell his coffers, and yet he was scrupulous in his devotion to all those minute points of business which fell within the wide circle of his enterprises. But if a ship was to be built, or a house constructed, or a vessel to be freighted, his presence was seldom wanting to superintend and direct the most unimportant details.

From the year 1812, he was partially defective in the hearing of one ear, and as he could only speak in broken English, and seldom conversed, excepting upon business, this circumstance threw around his appearance an air of even greater mystery. His ordinary style of dress was in exact keeping with his plain and homely traits. He constantly wore an old coat cut in the French

style, and remarkable only for its antiquity, generally preserving the same garment in use for four or five years. Nor did he maintain a *very* costly equipage. An old chair, distinguished chiefly for its rickety construction, as well as its age, which he at last caused to be painted and marked with the letters S. G., drawn by an indifferent horse, suited to such a vehicle, was the style he preferred in this respect.

Astor's Appearance and Manners.

CONSIDERING his extraordinary activity until a late period of his life, Mr. Astor submitted to the helplessness of age with uncommon resignation. When his impaired eyesight no longer permitted him to read, his principal relief from the wearisomeness of unoccupied time was in the society of his friends and near relatives. All who knew him were strongly attached to him, and none but those who were ignorant of his true character believed him unamiable and repulsive. His smile was peculiarly benignant, and expressive of genuine kindness of heart, and his whole manner candid and courteous to every one entitled to his respect. There was something so impressive in his appearance, that no one could stand before him without feeling that he was in the presence of a superior intelligence. His deep, sunken eye, his over-arched brow, denoted the prophetic mind within. Although he lived to a great age, and was the victim of much suffering, he did not murmur, nor did he become unreasonable and peevish. He was not wont to talk much on the subject of religion, or freely communicate his views in relation to the life beyond the grave. With regard to his religious views, it is known that he was a member of the German Reformed Congregation in New York.

De Medici, the "Magnificent Merchant," when a Child.

LORENZO DE MEDICI, the "magnificent merchant" of his time, was, when a child, presented one day by his father to a royal ambassador, to whom he was talking of him with the natural fondness of a parent, and desired the ambassador to put some question to his son, and thus see by his answer whether he was not a boy of parts. The ambassador did as he was desired, and was soon convinced of the truth of what the father had told him; but added, oracularly, "This child, as he grows old, will most probably become stupid, for it has in general been observed that those who, when young, are very sprightly and clever, hardly ever increase in talent as they grow older." Young Lorenzo, hearing this, crept gently to the ambassador, and looking him archly in the face, said to him, "I am certain that when you were young, you were a boy of very great genius." Lorenzo being then asked, "Who are the greatest fools in the world?" replied promptly, "Those, surely, who put themselves in a passion with fools."

Slightly Personal.

FROM some cause or other, Lord Allen had taken it into his head to make a butt of a certain banker, who belonged to the same club as himself; and hearing that this banker had petitioned for the removal of a monument which had been placed opposite to his place of business, asked him, one day, in rather an imperious manner, his motive for joining the inhabitants of the district in such a petition.

The banker replied that it collected a throng of idlers and dirty boys about the spot, to the great hindrance of business, and the annoyance of his neighbors.

"Oh," said his lordship, "of course every man knows his own business best,

but I should have thought it rather advantageous to you than otherwise."

"How so, my lord?" rejoined the banker.

"Because," said his lordship, "while you are standing idle at your own shop door, it would prevent your seeing the crowds of people that flock to the respectable banking house of Messrs. Bullion & Co., on the opposite side of the street!"

Of course his lordship's spleen was now gratified, for the whole club was convulsed with laughter; but the triumph was only of short duration, for the banker soon learned that his lordship—whose peculiarly pompous manner had obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "King," by which title and no other was he commonly known among his most intimate friends—had previously arranged with his creditors by the payment of ten shillings on the pound. The banker was determined to be revenged, and within a few hours, before the novelty of King Allen's last had subsided, he went to the club, when it was crammed with members, and having got their attention, observed that "if 'King Allen's' coronation was to take place, and his champion were to throw down his gauntlet in Westminster Hall, he would pick it up."

"Why, why?" resounded from all the members of the club.

"Because," said the banker, "I find he has assumed a title to which he has no claim, for he has compounded with his creditors, and paid them ten shillings in the pound; he is therefore no king, but merely a half-sovereign."

Baron Rothschild Defending Himself with a Big Leger.

THREATS of murder were frequently sent to Rothschild by persons intent on obtaining from him sums of money. A stranger once waited upon him with the information that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans

which he had made to Austria, and his connection with Governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, had marked him for assassination; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged.

But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at this and similar threats, they said, who knew him best, that his mind was often troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall, mustachioed men were once shown into his counting house. Mr. Rothschild bowed; the visitors bowed, and their hands wandered first in one pocket, and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire they assumed the appearance of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed for thought; a big leger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and, in a paroxysm of fear, he called for assistance, to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly.

"You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the more than regal sumptuousness of the appointments of the mansion.

"Happy! *me* happy!" was the reply. "What! happy, when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you don't send me £500, I will blow your brains out! Happy! *me* happy!'" And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols at the side of his gilded bed, is comment enough upon the happiness of the richest man on the face of the globe.

Francis Baring at the Virginia Inn.

WHEN a young man, Mr. Baring travelled through the western part of Virginia, which was at that time peopled, in some of its localities, by a pretty rough class, and the vehicle he used was a very handsome and newly varnished travelling carriage, in style comporting with his high personal and business character. In accordance with the favorite custom of those wild fellows, who usually carried a penknife or nail in their pockets, one of the idlers, who stood and leaned about the door of the tavern, when the banker had alighted for refreshment, amused himself by scratching, with a nail, all sorts of ridiculous figures on the varnished surface of the carriage door. Baring, who came out of the inn, and caught our friend engaged in this agreeable and polite occupation, the instant he saw what was going on, very sharply expressed his disapprobation. The loiterer responded as quickly:

"Look here, *sir*! don't be saucy; we make no ceremony. T'other day we had a European fellow here, like yourself, who was mighty saucy, so I pulled out my pistol and shot him dead, right on the spot. There he lies!" The banker rejoined, in the coolest manner imaginable, by asking:

"And did you *scalp* him, too?"

The fellow was so struck with this, and felt the reproach upon his savage rudeness so keenly, that, after gazing at Baring suddenly and earnestly for a moment in silence, he exclaimed:

"By ——! *sir*, you must be a clever fellow! let's shake hands!"

It would not have been easy to give a sharper lesson.

Palace of Lafitte, the French Banker.

THE long-celebrated "Rue Lafitte," in Paris, was originally christened Rue d'Artois, in 1770—in honor of the ill-

fated prince whom, after sixty agitated years, the great banker Lafitte was, by his masterly combinations, to drive from the throne. After a while, the name of Cerutti was substituted. At the end of the street rose the magnificent Hotel Thélusson—a residence of the Genevese banker, the patron of Necker, whose fortune and less ambitious popularity survived those of his more illustrious junior partner. It became the headquarters of the luxury of the day. In course of time, Murat took this palace; and not long after it fell into the hands of Berchut, an army tailor, who had made a fortune by selling uniforms, in days when their first owners seldom had the good luck to wear them out. He invested it in the erection of buildings on speculation, and, in the carrying out of these schemes, the hotel which had become so famous in the annals and chronicles of its occupants was at last demolished.

Here, in this memorable quarter, lived Jacques Lafitte, whose financial greatness was felt in both hemispheres, at times overtopping the influence and power even of crowned heads. Hither, on the 29th of July, 1830, when the battle was well-nigh decided, flocked the courtiers of his provisional majesty, the populace, and who seemed on the eve of a definite reinstatement in his anarchical rights. The sordid intriguer, the waiter on Providence, the timid capitalist who sought protection rather than promotion—all eagerly crowded these approaches, now so solitary, with urgent advice and covert solicitations. It was a trembling and undignified assemblage in such a place; for the result of affairs out of doors yet hung in the balance; the fear of being too late was in ludicrous conflict with that of being too early; at any moment a few files of infantry might direct their steps thitherward, become the focus of insurrection—and then the game was up!

It is due to the brilliant and cour-

ageous banker to say, that he stood firm, as became the representative of the great moneyed interest, in this its crowning struggle. On one occasion, the sound of musketry in the neighborhood actually cleared the palace of all its visitors; it proved to be only the discharge in the air of a regiment fraternizing with the mob—but Lafitte, unterrified and unconquerable, remained at his post, and profited by the interval of domestic solitude to get his sore leg dressed.

But Lafitte was ruined by this revolution, as is well known. His palace was repurchased for him by subscription; and an inscription on the front long recorded this fact to passers by. It has, however, now been removed into the courtyard. Surely, it was not a thing to be ashamed of. The genius of finance, however, in its domesticity, has not quite abandoned its favorite quarter. M. Rothschild himself long lived in the Rue Lafitte, and now and then illumined the locality with a splendor of Hebrew hospitality which reduced the Christendom of Paris to envy and despair.

“Merely a Family Dinner.”

THE maxim “All is not gold that glitters,” if not purely English in its origin and application, is at all events not much recognized in France. In the latter country, the reputation of a man for wealth is about in proportion to his display of it. A showy house of business, and an elegant style of living, indicating that the proprietor has abundant wealth himself, are essential prerequisites to his being intrusted with the wealth of others.

The contrast which prevails to this state of things in England, is strikingly illustrated by the following domestic incident: A retired merchant, of enormous fortune, and living in great seclusion, is said to have kept his money account with a banking firm headed by

a baronet. His balance in the bank was generally from thirty to forty thousand pounds, and the baronet deemed it only a proper attention to so valuable a customer, to invite him to dinner at his villa in the country. The splendor of the banquet, to which the old man reluctantly repaired, impelled him to indulge in an apology to his host for subjecting the latter to so much domestic inconvenience. The baronet replied that, on the contrary, it was incumbent on him to apologize, for taking the liberty of asking his guest to partake of a *merely family dinner*. Nothing further passed; but the next morning, the customer, who had thus partaken of only a "family dinner" at his titled banker's, drew his whole balance out of the bank. It would not be safe to estimate the customer's "spec" by that invitation to dinner at much less than "thirty to forty thousand pounds," the amount which he shrewdly drew out the next morning.

Scene at a Banker's Dejeuner: Robert Morris and his Father.

In the zenith of Robert Morris's mercantile fame, a friend had presented him with a fine turtle. Unwilling to incur the trouble of dressing it at home, Mr. Morris sent it to a celebrated refectory a few miles from the city of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill, and gave quite a general invitation to ladies and gentlemen to partake of his hospitality.

Festivity was at its height; every countenance was clothed in smiles, when suddenly the countenance of the lively host grew pale, his gayety forsook him, and every attempt to rally his paralyzed spirits was ineffectual. A general anxiety to discover the cause of this change was evident through the whole circle; yet a restraining delicacy prevented a too minute inquiry; until, at length, Mr. Morris himself, taking one of the company aside, addressed

him thus: "A circumstance has occurred which has greatly affected me. I am this moment informed that the man who killed my father is in this house." The association of ideas produced by this accident was too powerful to be subdued; and he added, to the information of the cause of his distress, a request that his friend would apologize for his weakness, and retired from a scene, the cheerfulness of which was now become irksome, and its mirth a scene of intolerable anguish.

The circumstances of the event in question were, in brief, as follows: About two years had elapsed since his father's establishment in this country as a merchant. On the fatal morning, he had received information of the arrival in the Delaware of a ship from Liverpool, consigned to himself; he immediately went on board, and having made the necessary inquiries and arrangements, left the vessel to return to the shore. At this moment, just as he had reached the boat, the captain, as a tribute of particular respect to his visitor, ordered a gun to be fired—it was the flattery of death; the wadding of the gun lodged in his shoulder, and, notwithstanding the promptest and most able exertions of medical skill, a mortification took place, which, in a few days, terminated his existence, leaving Robert, in his fifteenth year, fatherless.

Unfortunate Polly Lum, the Wife of Girard.

At the early age of nineteen, Girard appears to have been susceptible to the "tender passion;" for at that period his affections became warmly interested in the daughter of an old caulker, or shipbuilder, who resided in that section of the city where Girard kept his shop. The object of his attachment was Mary, or Polly Lum, as she was then familiarly called, a damsel who was then but very young, distinguished for her plain comeliness, and who resided as a servant

girl in the family of one of the citizens. As soon as it was found that affairs were hastening to a crisis, and Girard harboring serious designs of making her his wife, a feeling of downright opposition was aroused, and he was forbidden an entrance to the house. This difficulty was, however, encountered with success, and Polly Lum became his wife. The matrimonial alliance thus formed, was attended with anything but domestic happiness. A want of congeniality in their dispositions, a neglect of duty on her part, or an austere and morose temper in himself, appears to have prevented any portion of domestic bliss, which ended in his application to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce, but unsuccessfully. She was subsequently received into the hospital as a lunatic, where she remained twenty-five years, till her death. His only child, a daughter, born in the hospital, died in infancy. On receiving information of her death, her husband selected the place of her interment, and requested that as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral had been completed, he should be called. At the close of the day, her coffin was seen moving along the avenue to the grave, and was there deposited in the manner of the Friends. Among the group of mourners was her husband, whose countenance remained unchanged as monumental bronze while the funeral obsequies were performing. He shed no tear; and after bending over the remains of his wife, as if to take a last look, he departed, saying to his companions, in the tone of a stoic, as he left the spot, "It is very well," and thus returned home. Some reparation was, however, made for this unfeeling spirit by a gift to the hospital, about this time, of three thousand dollars, besides suitable presents to the attendants; and also a considerable sum that was originally granted, including his fee as a member of the corporation. It is related that he first saw

Polly Lum, when she was a servant girl, going to the pump, without shoes or stockings, but with rich, black, and glossy hair, hanging in dishevelled curls about her neck. On applying to the Legislature for a divorce—because the condition of his wife was a great inconvenience to him in the management of his vast real-estate property—he offered a large sum, for the use of the State, if it might be effected, but unavailingly.

Boston Merchant's Reason for not Marrying.

JOHN BROMFIELD, a wealthy Boston merchant, remained, through life, proof against the binding charms of "the silken cord." It was a subject seldom touched upon by his friends, as they knew it rather annoyed him. Occasionally, however, the matter would be brought up—as is almost inevitable; and, when questioned as to his motives for remaining in a state of "single blessedness," he would treat it pleasantly, and reply, in substance, that he regarded the other sex too highly to inflict upon any one of them such a husband as he should make. "No woman," he would say, "who has a grain of discretion, would consent to bind herself to such a nervous old bachelor as I am; and a woman *without* discretion would be—not to my taste."

Thirty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Sleep by a Boston Merchant.

ONE of the wealthy merchants of Boston, now dead, often told his friends an anecdote in his own experience, and which he recommended to all those who desired to enjoy a serene old age, without allowing their wealth to disturb their peace of mind. He said that when he had obtained his fortune, he found that he began to grow uneasy about his pecuniary affairs, and one night—when he was about sixty years of age—his sleep was disturbed by un-

pleasant thoughts respecting some shipments he had just made. In the morning, he said to himself: "This will never do; if I allow such thoughts to get the mastery over me, I must bid farewell to peace all my life. I will stop this brood of care at once, and at a single blow!" Accordingly, he went to his counting room, and upon examination found that he had thirty thousand dollars on hand. He made out a list of his relations and others he desired to aid, and before he went to bed again he had given away every dollar of the thirty thousand. He said he slept *well* that night, and for a long time after his dreams were not, as formerly, disturbed by anxious thoughts about vessels or property. There may perhaps be some among the relatives of other such rich but anxious merchants, who would like to have the sleep of the latter promoted by just such means!

Glut in the Market.

A WEALTHY London merchant, who resided near Windsor, and lately retired from business, called upon Sir Astley Cooper, to consult with him upon the state of his health. The patient was not only fond of the good things of this world, but indulged in high living to a great excess. This was soon discovered by Sir Astley, who thus addressed him: "You are a merchant, sir, and therefore must possess an extensive knowledge of trade; but did you ever know of an instance in which the imports exceeded the exports, that there was not a glut in the market? That's the case with you, sir; take more physic, and eat less!" The gentleman took the hint, and has since declared that Sir Astley's knowledge of the "first principles of commerce," and the mode of giving his advice, rendering it "clear to the meanest capacity," has not only enabled him to enjoy good health since, but has probably prolonged his life for many years.

W. B. Astor and his Clerical Classmate.

AMONG the classmates of William B. Astor, in Columbia College, was a young man who became a preacher. The students separated—the one to handle millions and to touch the springs of the money market, and become the colossus of wealth; the other to his flock, as a poor domestic missionary, whose history was indeed a "shady side." The latter struggled on, through thick and thin, and never in all his privations thought of sending a begging letter to his old classmate. But being once on a time in New York, he yielded to the inclination to make him a visit. Mr. Astor received him courteously, and the two conversed on the scenes of their early days. As the pastor rose to depart, an idea struck the capitalist's heart, which may be mentioned to his credit. "*Can I do anything for you?*" he inquired. He had, in fact, misconceived the object of the visit, and supposed that under the guise of a friendly call, lurked an inclination to beg, which fear of refusal had repressed. The poor clergyman at once perceived the drift of the question. Nothing could have been further from his mind, and, blushing at the thought, he acknowledged the suggestion with gratitude, and retired.

Making a Will: Samuel Appleton.

THE practical form which Samuel Appleton's faith in a spiritual life assumed was touchingly illustrated in an incident that occurred during the year preceding his own death. A favorite nephew, to whom he had bequeathed in his will a large proportional amount of his estate, died before him; and by the terms of the will, a half sister, between whom and Mr. Appleton there was no blood relationship, became entitled to these bequests. The executor called Mr. Appleton's attention to the fact, thinking that he might wish to

make some change in the disposition of his property. After taking the subject into full consideration, his reply was: "If in the other world there is any knowledge of what is done in this, I should not like to have my nephew, whom I so loved and trusted, find that my first act, on learning his death, was the revocation or curtailment of a bequest made in his favor, and which, if he had survived me, would have eventually benefited her who was nearest and dearest to him. The will must stand as it is."

Will of Guyot, the French Millionaire.

AN old man, of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought that he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace often pursued him with hootings and execrations, and the boys not unfrequently amused themselves by throwing stones and other missiles at him, all of which treatment he bore without the least resentment. He at length died, and in his will were found the following calm and generous words: "Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored, the whole of my life, to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

Anselm Rothschild's Will.

ANSELM Rothschild, who died in 1855, left no issue, but a fortune valued at some twenty-five to thirty million dollars. He bequeathed the sum of five hundred thousand dollars to con-

tinue the alms which he was in the habit of distributing every week, as well as for the distribution of wood to the poor in winter. To the fund for giving a dowry to Jewish maidens, he left twenty-five thousand dollars; to the fund for the sick, as well as to the Jewish hospital, five thousand dollars each; to the Jewish school, twenty-five thousand dollars, and sums of twelve to fifteen hundred dollars each to the several Christian establishments. To the clerks who were more than twenty years in the employ of the firm, he left one thousand dollars each; to the others, five hundred dollars each; to the juniors, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars each; and many legacies to servants. It is said that he left to his godson, Sir Anthony Rothschild, of London, ten million dollars, and an equal share with the other nephews and nieces in the residue of his estate.

Gastronomic Feats of a Merchant.

THERE are some curious anecdotes told about the awful eating habits of "Old Salles," so well known in former times as an eccentric and wealthy New York merchant. At one time he went to a boarding house in Pearl street, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Conrad. He had been turned out of various places, where his voracity became too great for any profit. At the new place he was unknown, and terms were agreed upon for one month. When it expired, the bill was handed to him, with a request to leave. The proprietor informed him that he could not afford to keep him at *that* price.

"Is dat de matter? Den chargee more," said Salles. The previous price was four dollars a week; two dollars were added, making it six dollars per week, and another month was commenced." At its expiration, a bill was presented to Mr. Salles, and he was again told he must leave. The bill

was paid. Another month was entered upon at eight dollars a week. Another month, and it was raised to ten dollars per week. When that expired, the unhappy landlord received the sum due, and again besought Mr. Salles to leave. Salles said, with an oath, "Chargee more. Chargee all you want."

With tears in his eye, the man replied: "It is no use, Mr. Salles. I will not have you any longer, anyhow. The more I charge, the more you eat."

Cope, the Quaker Merchant, mistaken for a Major-General.

SOME years since, Thomas P. Cope, the eminent Quaker merchant of Philadelphia, was travelling in the Western States with General Cadwallader, who was indeed "every inch a general." On arriving at a hotel, the names of the travellers were of course registered. Having, perhaps, some business with, or, more probably, desiring to be hospitable to General Cadwallader, a resident of the place where the travellers were spending the night, after examining the record of the names, stepped to the porch, and observing a gentleman walking up and down, with a quick, firm step, and *wearing a surtout with an upright military collar*, he thought he could not be deceived as it regarded the official title of the visitor, whom he immediately saluted as "General," and proceeded at once to introduce himself and his business. It was not an easy matter to satisfy him that he had mistaken a worthy member of the "Society of Friends," in the full dress of that peaceable sect, for a United States "Major-General."

William Sturgis in the Legislature.

THE name of William Sturgis is well known as that of a Cape Cod man who became, in due time, one of the "solid men of Boston"—in early days captain of a ship trading on the northwest

coast, and afterward of the firm of Bryant & Sturgis. A man of indomitable energy and unerring sagacity, he amassed a large fortune, and then enjoyed in his old age the luxury—the greatest luxury for which the affluent are to be envied—of doing good. Years since, Mr. Sturgis was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. On one occasion a somewhat pretentious member interlarded his speech with Latin quotations, to the annoyance of the practical merchant, who was interested in the matter under discussion, and meditated taking part in it. To his request that the learned gentleman would confine himself to the vernacular, he received a curt response. But in making his reply, he put his adversary to utter confusion by a long *harangue in Indian*, with which language he was familiar through his commercial dealings.

Too Much Money.

MR. P., a wealthy man retired from business, was urged by a friend to engage in a mercantile scheme, from which the realization of large profits was very apparent. "You are right," said he, "as regards the probable success of the speculation, but I shall not embark in it. *I have too much money now.*"

He was naturally asked for an explanation of this very unusual remark, and said, in reply: "Yes, I would not cross the street to gain thousands; I should be a happier man if my income were less. I am old, and, in a year or two, whatever I possess will avail me nought—my daughters are dead, and I have three sons upon whom I look with a father's fondness. My own education had been neglected; my fortune was gained by honest labor and careful economy; I had no time for study, but I resolved that my sons should have every advantage. Each had the opportunity of gaining a fine classical educa-

tion, and then I gave them the choice of a profession. The eldest would be a physician; the second chose the law; the third resolved to follow my footsteps as a merchant. This was very well—I was proud of my sons, and hoped that one day I might see them distinguished, or at least useful to their fellow men. I had spared no expense in their training; they had never wanted money, for I gave each a liberal allowance. Never had men fairer prospects of becoming honored and respected—but look at the result. The physician has no patients; the lawyer not a single client; and the merchant is above visiting his counting room. In vain I urge them to be more industrious. What is the reply? ‘There is no use in it, father—we never shall want for money; we know you have enough for all.’ Thus, instead of being active, energetic members of society, my sons are but idlers, men of fashion and display. Had they been obliged to struggle against difficulties, to gain their professions, and were they now dependent on their own exertions for support, my sons would have gained honor to themselves and me.”

Experience of a Levantine Merchant.

MATTHIAS, the renowned Levantine merchant of former days, had spent his whole life, from his boyhood upward, in travelling, for the sake of gain—to the east, and the west, and to the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigor of manhood, and in possession of the vast wealth which his commercial enterprise had enabled him to amass. His first step was to make a respectful call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good will. Then he built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden of unvarying beauty on the borders of an enchanting stream, and began to

lead a quiet life—so congenial after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of men and merchants; but those intimate with him knew that his constant companions were sadness and discontent. When he had departed, in youth, in quest of fortune, he had left his father, and his brothers and sisters, in health, although poor; but when he returned, in hopes to brighten and gild the remainder of their days, he found that during his years of absence the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity. The blight that came over his heart no wealth of gold or brilliant surroundings could remove or make up for.

Going to get Acquainted with his Family.

SOME men devote themselves so exclusively to business concerns, as to almost entirely neglect their domestic and social relations. A gentleman of this class having at last failed, was asked what he intended to do: “I am going home to get acquainted with my wife and children,” said he.

Girard's Reception of Mr. Baring.

WHEN one of the head partners of the house of Baring,—Francis, the second son of Lord Ashburton,—visited Philadelphia, his birthplace, in 1818, he supposed that he might excite an agreeable surprise to Mr. Girard, by informing him of the safe arrival of his ship, the *Voltaire*, from India. Accordingly, he called at the counting room of Mr. Girard, whom he, however, did not find there at the time. The clerk told him, that if he wanted to see Mr. Girard himself, he must visit him early in the morning, at his large farm, in the neighborhood of the city. Having engaged a carriage, Mr. Baring proceeded to the farm of the banker, in Passyunk, and imme-

diately asked for Mr. Girard. He received in reply, "Yonder he stands." They pointed out to him a small, low-set man, of about sixty, with gray hair, bare-headed, without coat or jacket, and in his shirt sleeves, rolled up above the elbows, who stood with a hay-fork in his hand helping to load hay on a farm-wagon. He said, "Is *that* Mr. Girard?" "Yes," they answered; whereupon he stepped up to him and gave his name.

"So, so!" remarked Mr. Girard; "then you are the son of the man that got married here?"

"I came to inform you," said Mr. Baring, "that your ship, the *Voltaire*, has arrived safely."

"I knew that she would reach port safely," replied Girard; "my ships always arrive safe; she is a good ship. Well, now, I am very glad to see you, but I have no time to talk with you at present; it is harvest time, and I have a great deal to do. There, walk around yonder a little, look at my cows, and get some of the folks to give you a glass of milk, for you can't get such milk in all London."

Baring complied with Girard's blunt invitation; and, as he himself was something of an eccentric, and, consequently, liked eccentrics, he was not a little amused at thinking what a curious reception was this, for one of the heads of the first house in London to meet with, at the hands of one who was at the head of the American commercial world!

German Merchant of One Hundred Houses.

At Hanau a merchant resided, whose history was somewhat curious. A quarrel with his stepmother induced him to "leave his father's house," when young, and embark for England. Having acquired in trade, in London, a fortune sufficient for comfort in Germany, he married, and returned to his native town, where he found that his

parents were dead, and that their property had fallen to him. A large rambling house containing thirteen rooms on a floor, and adorned with pictures of old electors and landgraves was a part of his patrimony. The house goes by the name of Noah's Ark, from the singularity of its construction, arising, as the story goes, from a cause not less singular. The upper story is a complete second house, erected on the first. The builder, an opulent citizen, who possessed ninety-nine houses in Hanau, was ambitious of rounding his number to one hundred, but the jealousy of the citizens opposed his whim, unless he consented to pave a path to the church, some hundred yards long, with rix-dollars. He declined this exorbitant tax to gratify *their* "whim;" but unwilling to forego the distinction of owning one hundred houses, he contented himself with a hundredth placed on the top of one of the ninety-nine.

Stock Broker and his Family in the Studio of Hoppner.

A WEALTHY stock broker once drove up to the door of Hoppner, the celebrated painter—and who was one of the *genus irritabile*—and two carriages emptied into his hall, the party comprising a gentleman (the said broker) and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *pa* and *ma*, as well fed and as city bred and comely a family as any within the sound of Bow bell.

"Well, Mr. Painter," said the stock broker, "here we are—a baker's dozen. How much will you demand for painting the whole *lot* of us—prompt payment for discount?" "Why," replied the astonished painter, who then might be likened to a superannuated elephant,—“why, sir, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and——” "Oh, that is settled," quoth the enlightened broker: "we are all to be touched off in one piece

as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God save the King.'"

"These things," said Hoppner, in relating the circumstance to his editorial friend and crony, Gifford,—“these things—and be hanged to you scribblers! are part and parcel of the delectables of portrait painting.”

The Merchant and his Distinguished Valet, John Philpot Curran.

ONE morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman who was travelling on mercantile business, came running down stairs, a few minutes before the appearance of a stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly looking little fellow leaning against the door post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him, and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeded rather slowly; the impatient merchant cursed the lazy valet as an idle, good for nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat, and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow.

The merchant went to the bar, and paid his bill just as the expected vehicle arrived at the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, his quondam valet, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming—

“Oh, never mind; make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way.

I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job. My name, sir, is John Philpot Curran; pray what is yours?”

The merchant was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveller never rejoiced more at the termination of a long journey than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glittering in the light of a setting sun.

Polly Kenton and Girard's Doctors.

CONSCIOUS, on one occasion, of being overtaken by a violent disease, Girard called to him Miss Polly Kenton, who had lived with him for upward of thirty years, and said to her, “Polly, I am about to be sick. I shall probably become deranged or delirious, and the doctors will be called in, and they will stuff me with medicine. Now, I wish you to swear that you will taste everything they prescribe, before giving it to me, and don't allow me to take anything except camomile tea, and senna and manna.” She was accordingly sworn; and in the result the patient recovered.

A short time before his death, Miss Kenton, in putting up a curtain, fell and dislocated her wrist. Upon Girard being informed of it, he directed her to place her arm in a bucket of ice water, which she did; but the pain became so excessive, that she was induced in her situation to send for a physician; unluckily, Girard returned, discharged the physician, and followed that up by discharging Miss Kenton, who had been so many years his indispensable attendant. He afterward, it is true, left her, in his will, three hundred dollars a year, but he never forgave the disregard of his orders.

He had an agent and a confidential clerk, Mr. R., who had been years with him, and who was what might be called his right-hand man. Mr. R. was sick

with typhus fever. Of course Mr. Girard was *his* only doctor also; he prescribed, as a cure, Holland gin, and of course the patient died.

Italian Banker's Bargain for a Fish.

A WEALTHY banker in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious to his purpose, except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of a fish "course."

On the very morning of the fête, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance, with a turbot so large, that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. There was much satisfaction at its appearance, and the fisherman was ushered with his splendid prize into the saloon, where the banker, in the presence of his gay visitors, requested him to put any price he thought proper on so rare an object, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain."

The banker and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the banker exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the banker; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly!"

"You need not go for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of

whatever I might receive for my turbot."

"Oh, oh!" said the banker; "I now see through it—bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice."

The ceremony being finished, the porter was discharged, and the banker amply rewarded the fisherman.

Dress and Personal Peculiarities of Longworth.

MR. LONGWORTH was of small stature, his height being five feet and one inch, an evident stoop in his figure making him appear shorter than he really was. His hair was partially gray, thin, and scattered over the sides and back of his head. It was to him a matter of thorough indifference whether his clothes were new or old, or in any possible resemblance to style and fit; and if they became somewhat overworn, or soiled by labor in his garden, or here and there torn a bit, it was to him no matter. He might, when the dilapidation was a little excessive, and the company more elegant than he expected, get off a sly joke or two about his appearance in such fashionable company, and say that his wife would scold him for not brushing up a little when he was going out among gentlemen; but he felt not the slightest personal concern about it, and the very consciousness of it would pass away with the quizzical smile that always accompanied his apology.

He was always regular and temperate in his habits, vigorous and active in body, and gave daily personal attention to his business, spending much of his time with strings and pruning knife in his grapery and garden. Until a few years before his death, when a stroke of disease somewhat impaired the faculty, he was possessed of a remarkably comprehensive and tenacious memory, forgetting nothing he ever knew, and nothing he ever said. He repeated his

quotations and told his stories, of which a varied and endless store seemed at his command, always in the same invariable words. He finally found frequent occasion to complain, when at a loss for a name or a date, that "Old Longworth has got so forgetful." To aid his memory in matters relating to his business and his daily engagements, he usually carried a miscellaneous assortment of papers in the crown of his hat, and a small paper memorandum pinned upon his coat-sleeve.

Mr. Longworth was exceedingly talkative and companionable, perfectly sincere, and in his hospitality knew no distinction of persons. He was sharp and sarcastic in repartee, thoroughly informed in his facts, facetious and cheerful in his humor—which was one of his most characteristic traits—and abounded in quizzes and anecdotes of the most enlivening description. He was particularly fond of banter, and sly, jocular personalities, and of speaking of himself in the third person—most commonly as "Old Longworth."

His house was a plain, capacious, home-looking building, its fine locality and beautiful garden and surrounding grounds rendering it the most popularly attractive spot in the city—universally known throughout the western country, and freely used by citizens and strangers as a place of visit and promenade.

Extravagance of French Bankers in Private Life.

THE enormous accumulations of the French bankers and financiers of the old school were, in many instances, dissipated in a manner which, at least, showed the easy method by which their gains were obtained. M. de Calonne, one of the great bankers of his day, furnishes a notable example of this. For a New Year's gift, he gave a favorite lady a handful of pistachio

nuts, wrapped up in papillotes; and in presenting them, he warned her not to destroy the papillotes without proper precaution. The lady wanted a comfit-box to contain the pistachios. The extravagant and enamored financier offered her, for the purpose named, a superb gold box enriched with diamonds; but what was the surprise of his mistress when, opening the box, she found it full of new louis, and, unfolding the multitude of papers, discovered each of them to be a cash note for three hundred livres.

Another banker, M. Baudard de Saint James, affords a similar case of reckless prodigality in his personal habits. This renowned financier, having more money than taste or principle, spent enormous sums on the noted cyprian, Mademoiselle de Beauvoisin, who had long held his heart by her captivating spell. The weak-minded millionaire gave her, in jewels and other presents, nearly two million livres, besides an annuity of sixty thousand livres. At her death, the sale of her effects, derived from her connection with the banker, furnished some curious developments touching her past relations to that monarch of the money mart. Among the numberless articles pertaining to her toilette were some two hundred rings, each rivaling the other in value; there were above one hundred suits of the most elegant dresses; linen of choicer quality than any known in court circles; and her collection of loose diamonds, like the shop of a jeweller, were amassed in papers. This sale made a great noise in Paris; and every frail one aspired to become the mistress of the bereaved millionaire. But M. de Saint James—whose real name was Saint-gemme, which he had thus anglicized—shortly afterward became bankrupt, and finally insane.

Magnificent Residence of Rothschild in Paris.

THE French chateau or palace of M. Rothschild—the Ferrieres domain, once the property of Fouché—was built by Sir Joseph Paxton; it covers an immense surface, and is all in a style of kingly splendor.

The internal decorations have all been executed after the designs of Eugene Lami, architect. Independent of the auxiliary buildings and stables, which are all that wealth can make them (the stables being made to accommodate eighty horses), the chateau is a magnificent establishment, the service of which is carried on by one hundred and fifty servants. Besides the private apartments of the Rothschilds, there are eighteen complete suites of apartments for visitors.

An extensive porch, remarkable for candelabra in Italian earthenware, forms the entrance. A winding staircase leads into the hall—a room which is always unique in France—and which occupies the grand centre of the building; it is about one hundred and thirty feet long, and of nearly the same width, seventy feet high, and is covered in by a glass roof. It is in this vast apartment that the chief portion of the artistic riches of the chateau is to be found, and the number and value of which is so great, that it has as yet been found impossible to catalogue them. A library containing thousands of superb volumes, Italian cabinets, a collection of gems and medals, noble canvases by Velasquez, Vandyke, Giorgione, etc., are arrayed round the walls, the upper part of which is surrounded by a gallery hung with tapestry from the Gobelins. This gallery is reached by an immense stone staircase, protected by a richly-carved ebony balustrade, and decorated with pictures by Snyders. Underneath runs a frieze of Limoges enamels, let into the wall.

The staircase leads to the hall gallery on one side, and on the other to a

sumptuously decorated lobby, which communicates with the private and reception rooms, the splendor of these latter being almost beyond description. The style of the dining room is similar to that of the great Garter Room at Windsor Castle, only it is more splendid, and in better taste. It opens into a smaller family dining room, decorated with fresco-paintings by Rousseau. It would fill a volume to describe the grandeur of the furniture, the gold and silver plate, and other appointments of this palace of wealth and luxury.

Louis d'Ors and Razors; or, Bankers and Barbers.

SHORTLY before the French Revolution, a perruquier attending a banker in Paris, had dressed his hair, and was proceeding to shave him, when he suddenly quitted the room in great haste and apparent embarrassment. After waiting some time, the banker sent to the house of the hair dresser, to inquire why he had left him without finishing his dressing. The poor fellow was with much difficulty induced to go back, when at last he consented, and was interrogated as to the cause of his quitting the room so suddenly. "Why, sir," said the poor fellow to the banker, much agitated, "the sight of those rouleaus of louis d'ors on your table, and the recollection of my starving family, so wrought upon me, that I was strongly tempted to murder you; but I thank God that I had resolution to quit the room instantly, or I fear I should have committed the horrid crime." The banker, sensible of the danger he had escaped, inquired into the circumstances of the barber's family, and, finding them embarrassed, settled an annuity on him of one thousand livres.

Bleeding a Banker by the Job.

MONSIEUR VAUDEVILLE, the banker, was one of the most remarkable men in

Paris on the score of avarice, though rated at one million sterling. At the age of seventy-two he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send—the first time in his life—for a surgeon to bleed him, but who, asking him tenpence for said operation, was forthwith dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He then sent for a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for threepence each time. “But,” said the stingy old fellow, “how often will it be requisite to bleed?” “Three times,” answered the barber. “And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?” “About eight ounces,” was the reply. “That will be ninepence—too much, too *much*,” said the miser; “I have determined to adopt a cheaper way: take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at once, and it will save me sixpence.” This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days. He left his immense property to the king.

Marriage Suit by Colston, the Millionaire.

THE well known charitable inclinations of Colston, the English millionaire and merchant, were put to a very peculiar test, at a time when he entertained some thoughts of “changing his condition”—as even rich men will, sometimes. He paid his addresses to a lady with whose attractions he had become somewhat smitten, but being somewhat timorous lest he should be hindered in his favorite charitable designs, he thought he would once for all make a trial of her temper and disposition; he therefore, one morning, filled his pockets with gold and silver, in order that, if any object presented itself in the course of their tour over London Bridge, he might satisfy his intentions. While they were walking near St. Magnus’ church, a woman in extreme mis-

ery, with twins in her lap, sat begging; and, as he and his interested lady were arm in arm, he beheld the wretched object, put his hand into his pocket, and took out a handful of gold and silver, casting it unhesitatingly into the poor woman’s lap. The lady, being greatly alarmed at the profuse generosity, colored prodigiously; so that, when they had gone a little further toward the bridge, she turned to him and said, “Sir, do you know what you did a few minutes ago?” “Madam,” replied Mr. C., “I never let my left hand know what my right hand doeth.” He then took his leave of her, and for this reason he never married to the day of his death, although he lived to the age of fourscore and five.

Gideon Lee and His Library.

WHEN Gideon Lee commenced business in New York, on his return from the South, his health was impaired and feeble, yet he was compelled to labor by the strong law of necessity. “I remember,” said he, “one day, while lifting and piling up leather, my strength failed me, and I fell on the floor. I wept. My spirits were so broken by the thought that I *must die* in the day-spring of life, and leave my family unprovided for; it seemed to be so cruel a fate. I got home and sent for my physician. He was a man of sound sense, and knew me well. I asked him if he thought I could recover? ‘Why, yes, if you choose.’ ‘Well, I do choose.’ ‘Then send that library of yours to the auction—that will stop your reading; eat a fresh beefsteak every day, and with it drink a glass of brown stout; buy yourself a horse—’ ‘Why, doctor, I am unable to incur the expense.’ ‘Then die; for die you will, if you don’t do so.’ I sent every book in my possession, except the Bible, immediately to the auction. I bought an old horse, and lived as he had directed. I did not suffer myself for years to *look*

into a book, nor did I omit to take my exercise each day. I gradually got better, but I had a long and tedious time of it."

The independence and steadiness of Lee's character were manifested on a tour of travel which he had undertaken on foot, when wanting a supper and night's lodging, and having no money to pay for them. He knocked at the door of a farmer, and, after explaining his circumstances, he proposed to chop enough wood to pay for his meal and lodging; which, being assented to by the farmer, he went to work and earned what his self-respect forbade him to accept as a charity.

Jewish Banker's Free Table.

It is one of the many interesting anecdotes told of the domestic life of Abraham Goldsmid, of London, so eminent as a banker in the last century, that he was unstinted in the hospitalities of his house, manifesting this trait sometimes in a peculiar manner. Being an extraordinary early riser—generally the first in his family—it was his constant habit to call up his numerous visitors by four o'clock on summer mornings, and after taking a refreshment of the choicest tea and coffee, etc., he would take them round his grounds and garden till the hour of breakfast, after which he dressed for the day, and was in his town counting house generally by ten o'clock.

Notwithstanding the vast extent and responsibilities of his business, no man seemed to take more delight in domestic pleasures and hospitalities. According to the tenets of his religion, he strictly observed the Jewish Sabbath; and that of the Christians, on the following day, was kept by him, at his country house, with a general and luxurious hospitality, open to all who had ever been once introduced to him.

On these occasions, the table was furnished with everything in its season,

cooked both according to the Dutch and English fashions, the latter of which he never partook of himself, but his visitors—generally as many Christians as Jews—were at liberty to indulge themselves either according to fancy or religion; and the great banker seemed never happier than when, mingling in this social company, he divested himself of all ideas of "*five per cent.*!"

Pleasant Parlor Voyages.

A MERCHANT well known for his facetiousness, was dining with an English nobleman, and as the company were talking of a voyage to India, some glasses of Cape wine were handed round the table. All the guests expressed their praises of its exquisite flavor, and wished much to have a second taste of it. When the merchant found it was in vain to indulge this hope, he turned to the person who sat next to him, and, happily alluding to the voyage to India, said, "As we cannot *double the Cape*, suppose we go back to Madeira."

Rothschild's Purchase of a Painting.

THAT Rothschild's liberality was not commensurate with his wealth, is attested by an anecdote related by Margoliouth, who had a particular knowledge of the great Hebrew. There was, he says, a Mr. Herman, in London, an Israelite, who dealt in fine pictures and paintings. He used to know Rothschild, when in Manchester. They used frequently to meet together at the same dining rooms. When Mr. Herman subsequently established himself in London, he called upon the then chief rabbi, Dr. Herschell, and asked him for a line of recommendation to Rothschild, with a view to disposing of a couple of most valuable paintings. The rabbi vouchsafed the recommendation. Mr. Herman called upon the

millionnaire, his co-religionist, with the precious objects of art. Rothschild seemed startled when Mr. Herman asked £300 for a picture, which was really cheap at that price. "What! three hundred pounds! I cannot afford to spend so much money on pictures; I must buy ponies for my boys, and such like things, which are either useful or profitable; but I cannot throw away money on paintings. However, as the rabbi recommends you to me, I will buy a picture from you for one hundred and thirty pounds. I do not care what sort of a thing it is—I want to make it a present to some one. Choose one from among your collection for that amount."

**"The Stone that was Rejected:"
Judah Touro's Benefactions.**

AN instance of the disinterested character of Judah Touro's religious benefactions is thus related: Some poor wandering Orientals, professing to be agents to collect funds for the relief of the persecuted Christians in Jerusalem, had applied in vain to several rich men in New Orleans. At last, a gentleman, of rather a jocular turn of mind, suggested, as a joke, that the poor Christians, who desired to raise funds to build up their church in Jerusalem, should seek the aid of Mr. Touro (who, though a most wealthy and benevolent merchant, was *a strict Jew*), in behalf of their object. The missionaries acted upon the suggestion, and soon returned to thank the gentleman who had directed them to so "liberal a Christian." Mr. Touro had subscribed two hundred dollars to their cause!

Under Medical Treatment—Jacob Barker as a Patient.

JACOB BARKER having occasion to expose himself to peculiar danger, when the yellow fever was raging in New Orleans in 1837, and not being

acclimated, asked his physician, Dr. Kerr, for a prescription to be used in case of attack; the doctor prepared the medicine, and instructed Mr. B. under no circumstances to have a vein opened—that as soon as the approach of the enemy was perceptible, usually indicated by a chill, to resort to cupping of the head and ankle, baths of warm water strongly impregnated with cayenne pepper and mustard, drinking warm lemonade, and as soon as the skin became a little softened, to take the medicine. Should there be much pain in the head or back, which is usual, ice to be applied constantly, refraining from all food save ice, and eating as much of this as inclination dictated. If the fever continued or returned, twenty grains of calomel to be taken the following day, in either case in a day or two a large dose of castor oil. Mr. Barker was taken at Plaquemine, in the office of the clerk of the court. He immediately repaired to the hotel, pursued the course recommended by Dr. Kerr, sending for Dr. Cummings, a highly respectable physician of that place, to visit him with his cupping apparatus. He came, said he had no such apparatus, and proposed to open a vein, which Mr. Barker, of course, declined.

"Sir," said the doctor, "you are a very sick man, and ought to have some medicine immediately."

"I know that, but not until I have been cupped."

"Then, for what have you sent for me?"

"To cup me."

"You might as well have sent for a barber."

"Provided he could cup me as well."

Cupping apparatus not being found in Plaquemine, an express was sent to Baton Rouge. Dr. Ogden came provided, and the operation being performed, the doctor remarked:

"You are a very sick man, and

ought to take some medicine immediately."

"I intend to do so," replied Mr. Barker, "for which purpose I have it in my pocket."

"I suppose," said the doctor, "you have no objection to letting me see it;" and who, having seen it, said, "I do not think it will do you any harm, although I should not give you half the quantity."

Mr. Barker took it, believing it to be fifty grains of calomel, when the doctor remarked, "You seem to love it." "Oh, no," said Mr. Barker, "I do it mechanically, because it is to be done." Mr. Barker was well again in ten days.

Hancock, the Patriot Merchant.

DURING the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock, a distinguished merchant, was the President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested, from having all his estate in Boston, which estate was very large and valuable.

After Mr. Hancock had left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole, in the following words: "It is true, sir; nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of the country, require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately."

Friend Coates's Management of Girard.

GIRARD insisted on being the sole and immovable judge of his benevolent

duty. If rightly approached, he would give largely, but if dictated to or treated with impertinence, he would not give at all. Samuel Coates, one of the old Friends, knew how to manage Girard, while many, from want of this specific knowledge, sought aid from him unsuccessfully. Mr. Coates was one of the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, which was then much in need of funds. He undertook to get a donation from Mr. Girard, and meeting him in the street, stated his object. Mr. Girard asked him to come to him the next morning.

Mr. Coates called, and found Girard at breakfast. He asked him to take some, which Mr. Coates did. After breakfast, Mr. Coates said, "Well, Mr. Girard, we will proceed to business." "Well, what have you come for, Samuel?" said Mr. Girard. "Just what thee pleases, Stephen," replied Mr. Coates. Girard drew a check of two thousand dollars, which Mr. Coates put in his pocket without looking at it. "What! you no look at the check I gave you?" said Mr. Girard. "No; beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," said Mr. Coates. "Hand me back again the check I handed you," demanded Girard. "No, no, Stephen—a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," responded Mr. Coates. "By George," said Girard, "you have caught me upon the right footing." He then drew a check for five thousand dollars and presented it to Mr. Coates, observing, "Will you now look at it?" "Well, to please thee, I will," said Mr. Coates. "Now give me back the first check," demanded Mr. Girard—which was accordingly done.

John J. Astor's Board and Clothes.

It is said that when John Jacob Astor was once congratulated by a certain person for his wealth, he replied by pointing to his pile of bonds, and maps of property, at the same time in-

quiring, "Would you like to manage these matters for your board and clothes?" The man demurred at the idea. "Sir," continued the rich man, "*it is all that I get!*"

Seventy-Five Thousand Dollars at one Draught.

ONE of the most singular anecdotes is related of Thomas Gresham, the princely merchant of Queen Elizabeth's time. The Spanish ambassador to the English court having extolled the great riches of the king his master, and of the grandees of his kingdom, before the queen, Sir Thomas, who was present, told him that the queen had subjects who, at one meal, expended not only as much as the daily revenues of his king, but also of all his grandees; and added, "this I will prove any day, and lay you a considerable sum on the result."

The ambassador soon after came unaware to the house of Sir Thomas, and dined with him; and, finding only an ordinary meal, said, "Well, sir, you have lost your wager." "Not at all," replied Sir Thomas, "and this you shall presently see." He then pulled out a box from his pocket, and taking one of the largest and finest eastern pearls out of it, exhibited it to the ambassador, and then ground it, and drank the powder of it in a glass of wine, to the health of the queen his mistress. "My lord ambassador," said Sir Thomas, "you know I have often refused fifteen thousand pounds for that pearl; have I lost or won?" "I yield the wager as lost," said the ambassador, "and I do not think there are four subjects in the world that would do as much for their sovereigns."

New Orleans Broker Renouncing a Fortune.

WHEN Mr. Lefevre, the wealthy Louisiana sugar planter, died, his es-

tate was appraised at about seven hundred thousand dollars. He died without issue, and his wife had some time previously preceded him to the grave. On his will being opened, it was found that he had left the whole of his property to be divided equally between two gentlemen of New Orleans, one a nephew of the testator's wife, and the other the broker who had transacted his business in that city—a man in no wise related to him, only in the way of business. To the astonishment of his friends, this broker, on finding that he had been made legatee to half the millionaire's vast estate, went before a notary public and renounced the whole legacy, making it over in favor of the relatives of the deceased in France, consisting of nephews and nieces to the number of twenty or thirty, and all humbly situated in life. The old man had previously made a will, in which his French relatives were handsomely remembered; but, on returning from a visit from them, for some reason known only to himself, he tore the will to pieces and wrote a new one, leaving everything to his wife's nephew and his broker. The broker who thus so magnanimously renounced his share of the estate, gave as his reason for so doing, that he was already as rich as he wished to be, and felt so independent that he did not wish it to be in the power of any one to say that any part of his fortune was not of his own making.

Amos Lawrence's Opinion of Marriage.

THIS distinguished and excellent merchant was an advocate of early marriages, but was strenuously opposed to any man's marrying a fortune. Speaking of a desirable match for a friend, he said, "My only objection to her is, she has a few thousand dollars in cash. This, however, might be remedied; for after purchasing a house, *the balance*

might be given to near connections, or to some public institution." As this benevolent millionaire was in the habit of illustrating and giving point to his opinions by pleasing reminiscences, the absence of anything of the kind in connection with the above remark, is evidence that the good man was unable to cite any!

Ebenezer Francis and the Students' Table.

WHEN the late Ebenezer Francis, one of the heaviest of Boston bankers, was treasurer of Harvard College, he used occasionally to visit the Commons' Hall, and from the first was disagreeably struck with the ordinary appearance of the table, both the food and the equipage. He saw only a bare pine table, on which no cloth was ever spread, the cheapest kind of crockery, iron spoons, and the poorest description of knives and forks. Of this forbidding scene he gave a lively picture to the corporation, and proposed an entire reform. Induced by his representations, some of the faculty made a personal inspection, which convinced them of the justice of Mr. Francis's dissatisfaction, and rendered them equally displeased with the condition of things in the Commons' Hall. But with an impoverished treasury, there seemed to be an insuperable bar to effecting the needed changes. Indeed, much hesitancy was felt as to the expediency of the proposed reform, both on account of the cost, and the liability to destruction of the property by a set of unruly young men. These objections were met by Mr. Francis, by the declaration that, as to the cost, he would see that the college was not the poorer by the reform, and as to the destruction of the property, he would trust to the students' honor. Immediately he purchased, at his own expense, a suitable supply of good table linen; ordered from England the necessary quantity

of tableware of the best kind, and, to give it a distinctive character, had it decorated with views of the college buildings; he also sent an order to Sheffield for the best knives and forks, and procured from Boston a supply of spoons. Such decided improvements naturally astonished the students, who could scarcely believe their own eyes. So great was the contrast, that they doubted the reality of the scene, and suspected the spoons to be only the old iron ones, slightly coated with silver. To satisfy their doubts, a student carried one of the spoons to an assayer in Boston, who pronounced it the best of silver. There was, as Mr. Francis had predicted, no destruction of the table wares. So carefully, indeed, was it kept, that a part of the same service is now in use at the commencement dinners.

Unparalleled Will of Thelluson, the London Banker.

PETER THELLUSON was a London banker whose ruling passion was an insatiate love of money. He died in July, 1787, worth upward of seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. By his singular will, after bequeathing to his wife and children about one hundred thousand pounds, he directed that the residue of his property should be vested in the purchase of estates, to accumulate until such time as all his children, and the male children of his sons and grandsons, shall die, and then the lineal male descendants, who must bear the name of Thelluson, shall inherit in three equal lots—the number of his sons—thus creating prospectively three large landed estates. In case of failure of male descendants, the estates to be sold and the proceeds applied toward the paying of the national debt. Many attempts were made to upset this singular will, but they all failed. It has been calculated that ninety or one hundred years must

elapse, from the date of the will, before the lineal male descendants can take possession of the property; and if, during that period, the sums of money left by the testator could have been invested at five per cent., compound interest, they would amount to more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. No more wills of this kind can be made, for a subsequent act of Parliament limits the power of bequest to a life or lives in being, and twenty-one years after the death of the survivor.

Business and Something Else.

A YOUNG man went from New York city to the far West, where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His former business associates in the city were interested in his "luck," and when a merchant of that city was about to journey to the place where the young man had located, he was requested just to visit the emigrant trader, and ascertain how things were getting along. Accordingly, the New York Paul Pry ascertained the whereabouts of the young man, and called on him quite early in the morning. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off hand and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated, and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit, and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading-board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the meal, and by and by took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends as to how he found their former comrade living, he described the style as "magnificent!"—and for explanation of the superlative, he said that, "were he the owner of that young man's furniture, *he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table!*"

Medical Practice as viewed by Girard.

GIRARD'S belief in the many simple, though not always adapted remedies with which he was in the habit of treating the sick, was accompanied, as is not unusual in such cases, with a rather disparaging opinion of the medical profession. In the annual recurrence of the fever which followed for many years the epidemic of 1793, and in which his services were always freely rendered to the sick and poor, he attributed much of the severity of the disease to the ignorance of the local physicians about the nature of the pestilence. The following humorous allusion to the doctors is found in a letter written in January, 1799, to his friend Devize, then in France, but who had been associated with him as physician of the Bush Hill hospital in 1793. After describing the effects of the epidemic, he says: "During all this frightful time, I have constantly remained in the city, and without neglecting my public duties, I have played a part which will make you smile. Would you believe it, my friend, that I have visited as many as fifteen sick people in a day, and what will surprise you still more, I have lost only one patient, an Irishman, who would drink a little. I do not flatter myself that I have cured one single person, but you will think with me, that in my quality of Philadelphia physician, I have been very moderate, and that not one of my confrères has killed fewer than myself."

An old Merchant's Style and Equipage.

AMONG the most eminent New England merchants of the last century was Thomas Russell, who was one of the first who engaged in the American trade with Russia at the close of the revolutionary war, his place of business being Boston. He was of an old

Charlestown (Mass.) family—if anything relating to family can be called old in this country, especially in reference to the middle of the last century—and resided there a part of the year till his death. Mr. Russell was regarded, in his day, as standing at the head of the merchants of Boston. According to the fashion of the day, he generally appeared on 'Change in full dress—which implied at that time, for elderly persons, usually a coat of some light-colored cloth, small-clothes, diamond or paste buckles at the knee and in the shoes, silk stockings, powdered hair, and a cocked hat; in cold weather, a scarlet cloak. A scarlet cloak and a white head were, in the last century, to be seen at the end of every pew in some of the Boston churches. Though living on the bank of Charles river, on great occasions, before the bridge connected Charlestown with Boston, his family drove to town in a coach drawn by four black horses, through Cambridge, Brighton, and Roxbury. Mr. Russell, at his decease in 1796, is supposed to have left the largest property which had at that time been accumulated in New England.

Tavern-Waiter and his Banker.

To be a tavern-waiter and yet have a banker is what falls to the lot of but few. Indeed, such a case, if existing at all, must be found to stand quite by itself. Old Mr. Goldsmid, the millionaire banker, was for many years accustomed to dine in a plain and simple way at the London Tavern, and was usually served by the same waiter. This waiter had always been remarkable for his civility and attention. One day, however, Mr. G. observed that he was very inattentive, and seemingly absent-minded.

"What's the matter with you to-day, John?" inquired the banker, just as he was about to quit the house.

"Nothing, sir; that is to say, sir,

nothing very particular," observed John, in a somewhat faltering tone.

Mr. G. was strengthened in his conviction, by the waiter's confused manner of speaking, that something particular was the matter.

"Come, come, John, just tell me what makes you so absent-minded and unhappy like?" said Mr. G.

"Well, Mr. Goldsmid, since you are so pressing in your kind inquiries, I am sorry to say that about half an hour ago I was arrested for debt, and must go to prison this evening, if I cannot pay the money."

"Arrested for debt, John! What induces you to get into debt?"

"Why, sir, to tell the truth, I am not able to support my wife and five children with what I can make in this house," said the waiter, in very touching terms.

"And what may be the amount for which you are arrested?"

"I am ashamed to mention it, sir."

"Let me hear it," said Mr. G.

"Why, sir, it's for fifty-five pounds," stammered the waiter, in broken accents, and looking steadfastly at the floor.

"Bring me a pen and ink," said Mr. G. A pen and ink were immediately brought, when Mr. G. drew from his pocket his check book, and having written a check for one hundred pounds, put it into the waiter's hand, saying, "Here, go with that, John, to my banking house, and you will get as much for it as will pay your debt, and be a few pounds to your family beside."

"One among Ten Thousand."

ABOUT the year 1772, the well-known London grocer Higgins died, and left a considerable amount to a merchant in that city, saying to him at the time that he made his will, "I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident hear of such, give

them some relief." The merchant, though thus left in full and undisputed possession of a large fortune, on which no person could have any legal claim, advertised for the next of kin to the deceased, and after some months were spent in inquiries of this sort, he at length discovered some scattered links in the genealogical chain. He called these distant relatives together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money, according to the different degrees of consanguinity, paid the expenses of advertising out of his own pocket. The fact of such conduct on the part of a man no more than human is almost beyond credence.

Mansion of Morris, the Philadelphia Financier.

It has been remarked as somewhat striking in the personal history of Robert Morris, that while his financial operations for the Government were pre-eminently characterized by a wise and successful management, his direction of his own private affairs was attended with little else than error and ruin. This was strikingly manifested in the building of his palatial residence, the grandest ever attempted in Philadelphia. The whole proved, by the miscalculations of his architect, Major l'Enfant, a ruinous and abortive scheme. A gentleman was present at Mr. Morris's table when l'Enfant was there, and first broached the scheme of building him a grand house for \$60,000. Mr. Morris said he could sell out his lots and houses on High street, for \$80,000, and so the thing was begun.

Mr. Morris purchased the whole square, extending from Chestnut to Walnut street, and from Seventh to Eighth streets, for \$50,000—a great sum, for what had been, till then, the Norris family's pasture ground. Its original elevation was twelve to fifteen feet above the present level of the adjacent streets; and with such an extent

of high ground in ornamental cultivation, and a palace fronting on Chestnut street, the effect could not but be signally grand.

Immense funds were expended before the structure reached the surface of the ground, and the arches, vaults, and labyrinths were numerous. It was finally got up to its intended elevation of two stories, presenting four sides of entire marble surface, and much of the ornamentation worked in costly relief. It, however, failed to meet the owner's taste, and, as he became more and more sensible of the ruin thus brought upon him by the undertaking, he was often seen contemplating it, and heard to vent imprecations on himself and his lavish architect. He had, besides, provided by importation and otherwise the most costly furniture—all of which, together with the marble mansion itself, had to be abandoned to his creditors.

He saw the mansion raised enough to make a picture, and to preserve the ideal presence of his scheme; but that was all. The magnitude of the establishment could answer no individual's wealth; and the fact was speedily realized, that what cost so much to rear, could find no purchaser at any reduced price. The creditors were therefore compelled, by slow and patient labor, to pull down, piecemeal, what had been so expensively got up. Some of the underground labyrinths were so deep and massive as to have been left undisturbed, and at some future age may be discovered, to the great perplexity of archæological quidnuncs.

"Old Ben Russell."

PROBABLY no man was better known in the business and social circles of Boston, at a former period, than the above-named worthy. He was a good joker, but "once on a time" was fairly caught in his own trap. He was perhaps better known as Major Ben.

Russell, and being met one day by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand, and "How do you do, old Ben. Russell?" "Come, now," said Major Ben., "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute." "Upon my word," said Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years." "Not at all, friend Busby; and, if you please, we will determine that question very soon—just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect?" "Well, the *very first* thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say, 'There goes old Ben. Russell!'"

Girard and the Beggar.

A POOR beggar, on a stormy winter evening, called at Mr. Girard's office, and stated that his family was in want of bread. Girard refused to give him anything, but took a memorandum of his residence, and dismissed him. Upon the poor man's leaving, Girard told one of his clerks to follow him and ascertain whether his story was true. Upon the clerk's return, with the information that the statement was true, Girard gave orders, that his baker should leave four loaves of bread a day for the poor man's family, as long as it might be necessary, and send the bill to him.

Samuel Appleton's Disposition of his Income.

AMONG the resolutions formed by Samuel Appleton, of Boston, as found among his papers, was the following: "I promise during the following year, to spend the whole of my income, either in frivolity, amusement, public utility, or benevolence." Although the last object is introduced so casually, those who were acquainted with him will understand how large a place it held in his thoughts.

Another similar paper was found, of a subsequent date, in which, after saying in general terms that he has observed men, as they have grown old in years, growing anxious about property till they have seemed to think of little else—and wishing himself to avoid that state of mind, he promises that during the ensuing year he will *spend the whole* of his income; making, however, with the careful forethought of one who meant to perform what he resolved, the single reservation of such a part of the dividends on his manufacturing stocks as should be required to pay any new assessments. How large and liberal were his ideas of one's duty to promote the welfare of others, is attested by the fact that the amount which he gave away during his life was scarcely less than what he had retained for himself.

A Millionaire on Giving Away Money: Peter C. Brooks.

PETER C. BROOKS, one of New England's most noted millionaires, made it a systematic practice to give away considerable sums of money, both for public and private purposes, though always in the same way that he did everything else, namely, without any parade. It appeared from his books, that he annually expended, in this way, large amounts, but known at the time only to "Him who seeth in secret." He remarked to one of his sons, not long before his death, that "of all the ways of disposing of money, giving it away is the most satisfactory."

Mr. Girard and the Baptist Clergyman.

REV. DR. STOUGHTON called on Mr. Girard for aid in behalf of the Sansom street new Baptist church edifice, Philadelphia, Dr. S. being pastor, and very highly distinguished at the time. Girard received him, as he usually did beggars, coolly and courteously, and gave him a check for five hundred dollars.

Dr. Stoughton received it with a low bow; but upon examining it, expressed his astonishment, adding: "only five hundred dollars: surely you will not give us less than a thousand!" "Let me see the check, Mr. Stoughton," said Girard; "perhaps I have made one mistake." The doctor returned him the check. With the utmost *sang froid* Girard tore it into fragments, observing, "Well, Mr. Stoughton, if you will not have what I give, I will give nothing."

Religious Opinions of Girard.

THE religious sentiments which Girard maintained, and which he was unwilling to disguise, were of the school of Rousseau and Voltaire; and so deeply did he venerate their characters, that the marble busts of these two scholars were, it is stated, the only works of art that adorned his confined chamber, and a complete set of the writings of the latter author, together with a few treatises on gardening, were the only volumes which constituted the library of his dwelling house. The respect with which he regarded the names of these individuals is evinced in the beautiful ships which, from time to time, were dispatched by him from the port of Philadelphia. He appears, indeed, to have preserved throughout life a stoicism in his merely speculative opinions, which referred all surrounding circumstances to second causes, rather than to their true source. A total disbeliever in the Christian system, he was still willing to bestow large sums upon different Christian denominations, bounties which took effect while he was yet alive.

Suspected Religious Fidelity of Rothschild: Remarkable Scene.

THERE has long been a curious story current amongst the Jews, to the effect that Baron Rothschild was at one time

thinking of renouncing Judaism and of embracing Christianity. His eldest brother, Anselm, was informed of the report; he immediately wrote letters to his four brothers, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James, urging upon them to repair with the least possible delay to Frankfort. The brothers obeyed the summons. When all met, Anselm said: "I want you all to accompany me to our father's grave." When there, the first-born said: "I insist upon all of you taking a solemn oath at this solemn place, that you will never renounce the religion of your father, nor ever embrace Christianity." The brothers were taken by surprise, and of course took the required oath. Whether the precise details of this story be true, it at least shows that Baron Rothschild was looked upon with suspicion by his Jewish brethren, since they could conjure up a fiction of this kind, and give it the widest circulation.

Judah Touro and Dr. Clapp.

ONE of the personal legacies in Judah Touro's will, was the sum of three thousand dollars to Rev. Dr. Clapp, the prominent Universalist divine, who so long officiated in the first and only church of that denomination in the State of Louisiana. The personal relations of Dr. Clapp and this Hebrew merchant were of a very interesting nature, and strikingly illustrate the liberality and expansiveness of Mr. Touro's religious character. The church erected many years ago for Mr. Clapp's society became incumbered with debt, and was sold by the sheriff. The rapid growth of the second municipality, in the most central part of which this church stood, had rendered this a very desirable site for stores. It was apprehended by Mr. Clapp's friends that the church would be bought by parties inimical to him, and that this then small congregation would be left without a suitable place in which to hold their

worship. Great sympathy and interest were exhibited in behalf of the popular divine, but the great value of the property placed it beyond the power of his friends to save it from passing out of the hands of the pastor and congregation. Mr. Touro having received a hint of the state of affairs, appeared at the sale, in his usual quiet, modest manner, and without intimating to any person his intention, bid off the church. He then informed Mr. Clapp, that he could continue to worship God in his own way as long as the edifice stood, "with none to make him afraid." And so, for twenty years, the Universalists of New Orleans, with their eloquent minister, were indebted to the kindness and liberality of a strict Israelite, for a temple in which to perform their religious duties. All this time, the property occupied by the church was of the value of fifty or eighty thousand dollars. Not a cent of rent was ever demanded by Mr. Touro, for the use of the property, and the pastor was allowed to receive the pew rents for his own remuneration.

John McDonogh's Personal Appearance.

JOHN McDONOGH, the eccentric millionaire of New Orleans, is thus described by a most pleasing writer in the *Continental Magazine*, who also furnishes some other most readable memorabilia concerning this and other noted capitalists, which have been transferred to these pages :

In the year 1850, and for nearly forty years previous, there could be seen almost every day in the streets of New Orleans, a very peculiar and remarkable-looking old gentleman. Tall and straight as a pillar, with stern, determined features, lit up by eyes of uncommon, almost unnatural brilliancy, with his hair combed back and gathered in a sort of queue, and dressed in the fashion of half a century ago—to wit, an old blue coat, with high collar,

well-brushed and patched but somewhat seedy, pantaloons of like date and texture, hat somewhat more modern, but bearing unmistakable proof of long service and exposure to sun and rain ; old round-toed shoes, the top-leathers of which had survived more soles than the wearer had outlived souls of his early friends and companions ; a scant white vest, ruffled shirt, and voluminous white cravat, completed the costume of this singular gentleman, who, with his ancient blue silk umbrella under his arm, and his fierce eye fixed on some imaginary goal ahead, made his way through the struggling crowds which poured along the streets of New Orleans.

The last time this strange and spectral figure was seen making its accustomed rounds was on the 26th of October, 1850. On that day, a very remarkable event occurred, which attracted the notice of passers-by, and was even snatched up as an item by the ever-vigilant reporters of the daily press ; this consisted simply in a notable variation from the routine and habits of the old gentleman in the long-tailed blue. He was seen to stop on Canal street, to hesitate for a few moments, and then deliberately enter an omnibus bound for the lower part of the city. Such an occurrence created quite a sensation among street-corner gossipers. There must really be some new and pressing emergency, which could produce this departure from the custom and invariable habits of forty years : so said every one who knew the old gentleman. The omnibus stopped at the court house ; the subject of these observations and his blue umbrella emerged from it, and both soon disappeared in the corridor leading to the so-called "halls of justice."

That was the last that was ever seen of the strange old gentleman on the streets of New Orleans. The evening journals of the next day contained the following :—

"Died, this morning, the 27th of October, 1850, at McDonoghville, opposite the city of New Orleans, after a short illness, John McDonogh, a native of Baltimore, but for forty years a resident of Louisiana."

Looks and Manners of Rothschild.

ROTHSCHILD'S beauty of countenance was in no sort of equality with the perfection of his finances. He was, indeed, a butt in this respect, for the satirists of the day, who "loved a shining mark" then, as now. His huge and somewhat slovenly appearance; the lounging attitude he assumed as he leaned ponderously against his pillar in the Royal Exchange; his rough and rugged speech; his foreign accent and idiom, made caricature fasten upon and claim him as its own—while even ridicule lost all power, in the end, over a subject which defied its utmost skill.

Taking Care of His Umbrella.

A MERCHANT in the Dutch trade, who had been a resident of New York some fifteen or twenty years, had in his possession a silk umbrella of rather antique appearance and uncommonly large proportions, which attracted the notice of a friend in company, who said to him in jest: "I should not be surprised to hear you had brought out that ancient umbrella with you from Holland." "You have guessed right," he replied; "I did bring it when I came to this country, and have had it in constant use ever since; but I sent it once during the time to Holland to be newly covered." This merchant was liberal and charitable, but he took good care of his umbrella, as of other things, and died worth a million of dollars.

Wealthy Men Imagining Themselves Poor.

MEN who have accumulated large fortunes from small beginnings, when

they have passed the middle age of life, often imagine themselves in poverty. A singular case of this kind is related of an Englishman, as follows: A large manufacturer residing in Yorkshire, one day called on the relieving officer of the district, and pleaded for relief. Appreciating instantly the state of mind in which the well-known applicant was, the officer replied, "Certainly, Mr. —; call to-morrow, and you shall have it." Satisfied, the applicant retired, and the officer hastened to the gentleman's son, stated the case, and expressed his opinion that the relief demanded should be given. "Give it," said the son, "and we'll return you the money." Accordingly, this wealthy manufacturer next day received relief, and for many weeks regularly applied for his five shillings per week; until at last the hallucination vanished, and his mind was completely restored.

Death-bed Surroundings of the New Orleans Cæsus.

IN a cold, desolate, dreary, brick building, constituting almost the only visible sign of the existence of the town of McDonoghville, situate on the right bank of the Mississippi, opposite to the centre of New Orleans, and in a large room, the furniture of which was old-fashioned, worn, and time stained, there lay on a small hard mattress the gaunt figure of John McDonogh, the millionaire, tortured with pain and fast sinking under the ravages of that terrible disease, the Asiatic cholera. The only beings near were negroes; no white persons were ever allowed to spend the night under that roof. Those negroes were the rich man's slaves in law, but companions and friends in fact. His immense business, his vast estates were administered through them. Even his documents were copied by them. They were true to him in his moment of distress and sickness. All that their limited knowledge of medicine could

suggest was done for his relief. At last, in disregard of his command, a physician was brought from the city, who pronounced his condition a very critical one. The doctor's first demand was for brandy.

"Massa, there a'n't bin no brandy in this house for twenty years," was the reply of an old, gray-headed domestic.

A servant was despatched to the nearest grocery, but it proved to be too late. The dying man perceived his condition, and requested that his lawyer should be sent for. In an hour that gentleman arrived. He was just in time.

"Roselins," he said, addressing one of the most eminent of the lawyers of the New Orleans bar, as he held his hand, "you see I am going; you see I am not afraid to die. Take care of the estate; 'tis not mine, 'tis God's and the poor's." And thus, without a struggle, the soul of John McDonogh passed to its Maker.

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**Signora Almonastre and John
McDonogh.**

IN his early manhood, John McDonogh was styled the handsomest of his sex in New Orleans. That such a young man should attract the favorable notice of ambitious Creole beauties, who then composed the only female society in New Orleans, of managing mothers, desirous of providing for their daughters, or of fathers, who, in addition to the latter motive, might also desire to secure a connection which might promote their own business prospects, was quite natural. The handsome American merchant, with his still handsomer fortune, was, therefore, much courted. Though always gay, gallant, and polite, Mr. McDonogh proved for some time invulnerable to even the charms of Creole beauty. At last there were indications that a young Orleanoise, of fortune equal to his own, and of personal charms that were the theme of general praise and admiration, had

captured the obdurate Crcesus. This young damsel was then emerging into sweet sixteen. She was the toast and heiress of the city. Her name and family were among the oldest in the French and Spanish colonies. Her father was Señor Don Pedro Almonastre, an old official under the Spanish Government, who, by prudent investments, accumulated a large property in the very centre of New Orleans. He it was who donated the ground on which the Cathedral of St. Louis now stands. It is for the rest of his soul that mass is offered up and the bells are tolled every Sunday afternoon in that venerable temple.

This daughter and only child of Almonastre was born in the colony, of a French Creole mother. She had attained the age of sixteen about the year 1811. It was then that Mr. McDonogh's propositions for an alliance were favorably considered, and all the arrangements were made for the betrothal of the parties.

Suddenly, however, a new actor appeared on the stage, who overturned this well-arranged scheme. There resided in the city a grim, austere, and wealthy man, who had served in the French and Spanish armies, and was noted no less for his ferocity and pride—which had been displayed in several sanguinary duels—than for his wealth. He had an only son, a handsome, graceful, and fascinating young man, who, at the suggestion of his father, and perhaps at the prompting of his own heart, stepped forward to lay his claims at the feet of the lovely heiress of Almonastre. Fortunately for the cause of humanity, though unfortunately for the American merchant, the young Frenchman supplanted him in the regard of the fair Creole.

The alliance of two such wealthy families as the Pontalbas and Almonastres, was a great event in the city, and it was duly celebrated by many brilliant festivities, at the close of

which the happy couple departed for Paris, accompanied by the father of the young man. Purchasing a splendid hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, the Pontalbas gave themselves up to all the fashionable dissipations of that gay city. The younger Pontalba was appointed by Napoleon one of his pages, with the title of count. But in course of time, discontent, contention, and jealousy swept like a storm through that household; the husband, thinking he had been dishonored, left his own roof for the chateau of his father, where they both lived morose and secluded. On the occasion of a visit of the countess, on business, one day, to her father-in-law, during the absence of her husband, a terrible tragedy ensued—the blowing out of the elder Pontalba's brains by his own hand, and the almost fatal wounding of the countess in her breast and hand, by shot and bullet, probably by the same pistol as that in her father-in-law's grasp. After her recovery, she lived in Paris, in great elegance, until 1830, when the Revolution finding her a fierce Bourbonite, she returned to New Orleans for a short time, when finding Louis Philippe's dynasty an unproscriptive one, she left for Paris again. Here she resided until 1840, when she came back to New Orleans once more, directing her attention to the improvement of her splendid property, which encloses Jackson Square, where she built some forty elegant houses, and otherwise beautified that locality.

Disposing of One's Surplus Income.

NATHANIEL RIPLEY COBB, of Boston, displayed the character of a conscientious merchant in a remarkable degree. He was one of those noble-hearted men of wealth whose affluence is constantly proved by their munificence. Yet it was not always proved from what is strictly denominated "affluence" that he was so benevolent, inasmuch as the

most solemn vows, voluntarily assumed, were upon him, that he would never become rich. Thus, in November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document:

"By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth thirty thousand, I will give three fourths—and the whole after fifty thousand. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside.—N. R. Cobb, Nov., 1821."

He adhered to this covenant with strict fidelity. At one time, finding that his property had increased beyond fifty thousand, he at once devoted the surplus, seven thousand five hundred, as a foundation for a professorship in an institution for the education of ministers, to which he also gave, on various occasions, during his short life, twice that amount. He was likewise a generous friend to multitudes of young men, whom he assisted in establishing themselves in business, and to many who were unfortunate.

Girard's Treatment of "Splendid Church" Projects.

It is known that Mr. Girard had no preference for one sect more than another, and he not unfrequently contributed considerable sums toward building churches, sometimes of one denomination and sometimes of another.

The Methodists wished to build a church in Tenth street, just north of Chestnut. Thomas Haskins, a merchant, and a neighbor of Girard, called on him, and urged his suit for aid in very modest terms. Girard replied, "I approve of your object," and presented him with a check for five hundred dollars. The Methodist society failed, and

the house was bought by the Episcopians, who wished to alter it into the splendid Gothic house now called St. Stephen's Church. A committee waited upon Mr. Girard, told him their plan, and asked his aid. He gave them a check for five hundred dollars. They were disappointed, and said, "Why, you gave the Methodists five hundred dollars for their little church, and we are going to build a more splendid edifice, and surely you will give us something comporting with the grandeur of our design. Have you not omitted a cipher?"

They returned the check, asking Girard to make it five thousand dollars. Girard tore it in pieces, and added, "*I will not give you one cent.* Your society is rich—the Methodists are poor. You remind me of the rich man in the Gospel. He would pull down and build greater. Profit by his fate, gentlemen. I have nothing to give for your splendid church."

Last Days of Business and Financial Celebrities.

PETER C. BROOKS, the Boston millionaire, who lived to the age of eighty years, retained the management of his affairs in his own hands, till about a month before his decease. Finding himself, one morning, somewhat at a loss to understand a matter of business which required his attention, he calmly said to a son who was with him, "It is time for me to abdicate," and having executed a power of attorney to dispossess himself of the management of his property with as little concern as he would have signed a receipt for a few dollars, never spoke of affairs again. Mr. Brooks was for many years a prominent Unitarian, as have also been his sons-in-law, Hon. Edward Everett (formerly a Unitarian preacher), Rev. Dr. Frothingham, and Hon. Charles Francis Adams, now Minister to England.

SAMUEL APPLETON had always dreaded a lingering dissolution, and his desire that the last hour might come suddenly was granted. On the last morning of his life he enjoyed his usual health. During the day he had suffered some pain and uneasiness, but the remedies applied had relieved him, and he said, "I will now try to sleep." He composed himself for this purpose, and sank into slumber. In a few minutes, however, his companion was alarmed by his louder breathing; she ran to his bedside and summoned an attendant. He was lying in the same attitude of repose, but it proved to be the repose of death. His gifts to religious and benevolent objects, through his long life, were constant and generous, and in his last will and testament there was abundant evidence of his desire that at his death "his works should follow him."

GIDEON LEE spent his last moments in a dying charge to his sons, in which he enjoined them always to "fill up the measure of time." "Be," said he, "always employed profitably in doing good, in building up; aim to promote the good of yourselves and of society; no one can do much good without doing some harm, but you will do less harm by striving to do good; be industrious, be honest."

JACOB LORILLARD, when he perceived that his death was approaching, which he had not expected until it was near at hand, exhibited no agitation nor fear. He called his children around him, and, beginning with the youngest, he gave, in an affecting and impressive manner, to each of them, according to their respective dispositions, characters, and habits, the particular kind of counsel appropriate to the case. After doing this, he gradually passed away.

LORENZO DE MEDICI sustained the last conflict with equanimity. It appeared from his conduct as though it were

those about him who momentarily expected that fate, and that he alone was to be exempt. Even to the last, the scintillations of his former vivacity were perceptible. Being asked, on taking a morsel of food, how he relished it, "As a dying man always does," was his reply. Having affectionately embraced his surrounding friends, and submitted to the last ceremonies of the church, he became absorbed in meditation, occasionally repeating portions of Scripture, and accompanying his ejaculations with elevated eyes and solemn gestures of his hands, till the energies of life declining, he pressed to his lips a magnificent crucifix, and calmly expired.

GIRARD, in his eighty-second year, had nearly lost the use of his eye, and was frequently seen groping in the vestibule of his bank, disregarding the assistance of others, a species of temerity which, as it proved, nearly cost him his life; for, crossing Second street and Market, a dearborn wagon rapidly drove by, and nearly took off his ear, and bruised his face, having struck furiously against his head, and prostrated his person; an injury which proved serious and permanent. By this accident the whole of his right ear was nearly lost, and his eye, which was before but opened slightly, was entirely shut; and from that time his flesh was gradually wasted away, and his health declined. Mr. Girard had long regarded death with apparent indifference, having stated many years previously that it fell within the course of nature that his life should terminate, even at that period. And this event was soon to be realized. During the month of December he was attacked with a species of influenza, and the disease undermined his system until the 26th of that month, when he expired, in a back room of the third story of his house in Water street. A short time before he died, he got out of bed

and walked across the room to a chair, but almost immediately returned to his bed, placing his hand to his head, and uttering the words, "How violent is this disorder! How very extraordinary it is!"—being the last intelligible words that ever fell from his lips.

JUDAH TOURO, a few days before his death, sent for a notary public, and dictated the remarkable will, in which he made so noble and philanthropic a distribution of his large wealth. The bequests were all conveyed in such calm and specific terms, and were so entirely free from all conditions or saving clauses, that there could not be the slightest prospect of any dispute or litigation growing out of them. Of all things, he most disliked lawsuits and controversies of every kind. He had provided in his will that his mortal remains should be deposited by the side of the other members of his family, in the Jewish cemetery of Newport, R. I. Almost in his last moments he renewed this injunction, and said to those around his dying couch, "When I am dead, carry me to the spot of my birth, and bury me by the side of my mother."

ROTHSCHILD'S sickness and death proved that a millionaire—though the greatest under the sun—is but a man. His affairs called him to Frankfort, and he was there seized with his last illness. The profession there could do nothing for him, and, scarcely even as a last hope, Mr. Travers, the eminent surgeon, made a rapid journey to see if English science could avail the dying Cræsus. The effort was vain, and the inevitable fate was well and worthily met. There appears even a certain degree of dignity in his resignation to the last struggle, and something touchingly manful in the wording of the will which was to surrender to others the gold won by the sweat of his brain. Breathing an almost patriarchal simplicity, it recommends his

sons to *undertake no great transaction without the advice of their mother*, of whom he speaks with tender and even touching affection: "It is my special wish that my sons shall not engage in any transaction of moment, without having previously asked her maternal advice." The first intelligence of the death of the great financial monarch was received by the same method which had so often contributed to his success. Beneath the wings of a pigeon, shot in sport at Brighton, were discovered the words, "*Il est mort*" (He is dead). His remains were carried to England. The Austrian, Prussian, Neapolitan, and Portuguese ambassadors assisted at his funeral. The coffin or casket which contained his massive remains was elaborately carved and gorgeously ornamented, looking like some splendid piece of artistic skill, destined for the boudoir of a lady, rather than for the damp of the grave.

Rekindling of the Old Spark.

THE youthful flame of John McDonogh, of New Orleans, when he was a young and prosperous merchant of that city, was the Countess Pontalba, or Miss Almonastre, as was her maiden name. It happened one day, many years after, while the countess was in a notary's office, for the purpose of signing some deeds, that a tall, grave, and eccentric-looking old gentleman entered, and seeing the notary engaged, took his seat to wait his turn. After completing her signature of the deeds, the countess, raising her eyes from the parchment, perceived that she was the object of close and keen observation of the eccentric old gentleman with the very brilliant and piercing eyes. A single glance served to bring that face and form distinctly back to her memory. Rushing up to the old gentleman, she threw her arms around his neck, in an affectionate embrace, exclaiming:

"Oh, Mr. McDonogh! is it you? I have not forgotten you during our long separation." And after a pause, her emotions checking her utterance, she continued: "We were once betrothed; it would have been better for both if we had married. Is it too late to repair that fatal error?"

For the first time for forty years, the old man was deeply affected by a tender and human feeling. The ancient love was aroused from the deep recesses of his heart, where it had lain dormant and forgotten, and for a moment triumphed over the passion which had been growing and expanding for the half of his lifetime, until it had gained the entire mastery of his soul. Greatly moved by this penitence of his once-loved and betrothed, Mr. McDonogh begged to be permitted to consult his better judgment, and tearing himself away from the bewitchments of the countess, he repaired instantly to the office of his lawyer. Walking in with the appearance of great excitement, he paced the office of the lawyer in an anxious and excited manner for some time, to the profound astonishment of his ancient counsellor. At last the cause of this emotion was explained, when, turning to his lawyer, Mr. McDonogh confessed that he was under a great excitement produced by meeting his old love, the countess. "And what would you think now, R——, if I were to marry her?"

"I should think," replied the unsentimental counsellor, "that you had become crazy."

"Ah?" replied the millionaire interrogatively, and then pausing thoughtfully, he continued: "And you would think right—you would think right; so let us to business."

Edinburgh Merchant Finding a Purse.

WHILE prosecuting his accustomed morning tour in the suburbs of Edinburgh, a merchant of that city found,

as he walked along, a purse containing a considerable sum of money. He observed a lady at a considerable distance, who, he thought, might be the owner and loser. Determined to be correct as to the party to whom he delivered it, he fell upon a strange yet ingenious plan to effect this. He resolved to act the part of a "poor, distressed tradesman," and boldly went forward, hat in hand, and asked alms. This was answered with a polite "Go away! I have nothing to give you." The *poor* man, however, persisted in his entreaties until he had got assistance for his "famishing wife and children;" the lady, from reasons, no doubt, similar to "Mrs. Maclarty's," at last condescended—but, to her dismay, found that the wherewith was minus. The good merchant, now satisfied that he was correct, with a polite bow returned the purse, with a word of advice to her, that in future she should be more generous to the distressed and destitute.

The Merchant Family of Medici, Resurgam.

As whatever relates to the illustrious merchant family of the Medici is of universal interest, the following remarkable account of the disinterment, a few years ago, of about sixty of its members, who were buried in the crypt of the stately pile of San Lorenzo at Florence, is peculiarly noteworthy.

The wooden coffins of the vaults having been found mouldering away, orders were giving to have them replaced, and consequently all the bodies, with the exception of two, were transferred into new receptacles.

During these operations, the remains of the famous Giovanni delle Bande Neri, and his son Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, were once more exposed to mortal gaze. The bodies of Eleanora di Toledo, wife of the latter, and her son Francis the First,

were found to be so fresh as to appear only recently laid in the sepulchre; that of Francis, especially, warranted the supposition of his having died from some strong arsenical poison. By the side of Cosimo lay his dagger, possibly the one which he plunged into the breast of his son Garcia, the fratricide. Each body was accompanied with a medal, and ticketed and labelled with the most business-like precision; and all were arranged in the state costume of their day. Giovanni, the father of Cosimo, was the only one covered with a helmet. Gaston, the last of the house, closed the series.

Household Magnificence of Portingua, the Great Chinese Merchant.

PORTINGUA, the famous Chinese merchant of Canton, has an estate on which he spends half a million dollars a year—an immense sum in a country where labor is to be had almost for nothing. The property is larger than a king's domain.

This China merchant made his fortune in the opium trade, and is said to possess more than twenty million dollars. He has fifty wives and eighty domestics, without counting some thirty laborers, gardeners, &c., and owns in the north of China a still finer estate. In front of his residence is a fine garden of vast extent, in which are the rarest flowers, and a wide alley leads to the principal entrance. The apartments of the house are magnificent in size, and the floors are in marble; the rooms are also ornamented with columns of the same material and of sandal wood, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, and precious stones. Splendid mirrors of unsurpassed height, furniture in rare and costly wood covered with Japan lacquer, and sumptuous carpets of velvet and silk, decorate the rooms. The apartments are separated from each other by movable partitions of

cypress and sandal wood, which partitions are ornamented with charming designs, cut right through the wood, so as to permit one room to be seen from the other. From the ceilings are suspended the most gorgeous chandeliers, glittering with gems of every hue.

There are more than thirty piles of buildings in the whole of this private palace, which are united by covered galleries, with columns, and pavements in marble. The lodgings of the women are decorated with more than Eastern splendor. An entire army might be lodged in the house and grounds. Watercourses, upon which are gilded junks, traverse in all directions; and at intervals are prodigious basins, in which are swans, ibices, and an infinite variety of birds. In front of the women's apartments is a theatre, in which a hundred actors can perform, and so placed that those who are in the apartments can see without difficulty. Near the outer door is a printing office, in which Portingua causes the memoirs of his family to be prepared for posterity.

Doctrine of Benevolence held by Girard.

ALTHOUGH Girard granted large aids to large objects, he withheld assistance from deserving subjects of individual benevolence. No man sought his alms with a prospect of relief, and beggary, in most cases, departed from his door as hungry as when it came. His doctrine appears to have been this: that the granting of small sums to obscure objects, that the opening of his heart to those appeals which would naturally be made upon the wealth of so opulent a man, would have diminished his chances of bestowing his bounties upon those important subjects which would redound to his fame. And it was necessary to understand his peculiar self-will, and the character of his temper, to obtain aid at all. The so-

licitor for aid who made small demands upon his charity, was relieved with thousands; the individual who came before him in the spirit of exactation, was put away with nothing.

Lorillard and the Load of Wood.

It was an opinion entertained by many persons, that Lorillard was too free and indiscriminating in the exercise of his bounty, for "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." On one occasion, in the depths of winter, a woman, whom he had often relieved, called upon him for a little assistance to procure some wood. Having some doubts of her worthiness, he said that he would inquire about her, and dismissed her without any relief.

A short time after, he left his office in company with a gentleman who had been present at the interview, and observing a cartman with a load of wood on his cart, he asked the price of it, and directed him to take it to a certain street and number, which was the place where the disappointed petitioner resided. His companion remarked, with some surprise, "Did you not say that you intended to make some inquiry about her?" He replied, "While I should have been inquiring about the matter, the poor woman might have frozen to death."

Colston, the Benevolent Millionaire Merchant.

EDWARD COLSTON, at the age of forty years, became a very eminent East India merchant, prior to the incorporation of the great East India Company, and had forty sail of ships of his own, with immense riches flowing in upon him. He still remained uniform in his charitable disposition, distributing many thousand pounds to various charities in and about London, besides private gifts in many parts of the kingdom. In the year 1708, he instituted a very magnificent school in Bristol,

which cost him an immense sum, and endowed the same with a large annual income. He likewise gave ten pounds for apprenticing every boy in that place, and, for twelve years after his death, the same amount to put them into business. His private charities, however, are believed to have far exceeded those in public.

A most interesting act of beneficence on the part of Mr. C. was the following: It appears that one of his ships, trading to the East Indies, had been missing upward of three years and was supposed to be destroyed at sea, but at length she arrived, richly laden. When his principal clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board, he said, that as she was totally given up for lost, he would by no means claim any right to her; he therefore ordered the ship and merchandise to be sold, and the proceeds thereof to be applied toward the relief of the needy, which directions were immediately carried into effect.

Returning a Favor.

A PHILADELPHIA merchant, in former times, whose wealth and standing were only equalled by the uprightness of his principles and the benevolence of his acts, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and, what was worse in those days, from the hands of the sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young at this time, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant himself fell into difficulties; and at the most trying moment, when all his friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son, now comparatively wealthy, stepped forward to his relief. "I am much indebted to you," said the reduced merchant. "By no means," was the reply; "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted, at the corner of Chestnut street, thirty years ago, when I was just old enough to know the

cause of my poor mother's grief." The merchant, at this allusion to that by-gone but touching reminiscence, grasped his hand, while the tears were allowed free course down his cheek.

Settling a Knotty Account: Quaker Philosophy.

A MERCHANT had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker very earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the merchant was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home; the merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, quietly looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, the Lord put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterward with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and, after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you--how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I also found that it was unprofitable. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my nat-

ural tongue." Such good, frank philosophy was not lost upon the merchant in after years.

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Why Guy the Millionnaire never Married.

THOMAS GUY, for many years a bookseller carrying on business at No. 1 Cornhill, London, known as the "lucky corner," and afterward a broker and banker, made his immense fortune by shrewd speculations in stocks and Government securities. Among the various anecdotes related of this marvellous money-getter, is one of a somewhat domestic nature, and which not only illustrates his personal traits, but also confirms the homely adage, that "there is many a slip," &c.

After he had, as he thought, discovered in the conduct of his maid servant, in addition to a frugal disposition, one who would at all times conform to his rules and regulations, he on a particular occasion intimated to her that it was his intention to make her his wife; and, having taken the necessary steps toward the completion of that interesting ceremony, the wedding, and, as a preparative, given particular instruction to a stone mason to repair the pavement opposite his house, it chanced that Sally, the intended bride, observed a dilapidated stone, not exactly within the line of her master's house, but very near it; she, therefore, heedless of Guy's positive orders to the contrary, directed the man to remove it, and to replace it by a new one, which was accordingly done.

On Guy's return—for he had been absent during the day—his eye caught sight of the new stone, and in an angry tone he desired to know why his orders had not been obeyed, and why that stone, pointing to the new one, had been placed there. The mason replied that it was by his mistress's orders. Guy immediately called poor Sally, and told her that she had overstepped her duty, adding, "If you take

upon yourself to order matters contrary to my instructions before we are married, what will you not do after? I therefore renounce my matrimonial intentions toward you." So Sally failed to become the banker's wife, and as the day for "breach of promise" cases did not belong to that period, the matter here ended.

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Sir Thomas F. Buxton's Conversations with Rothschild.

SIR THOMAS F. BUXTON, in a letter to his daughter, says: "We yesterday dined at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. "There was not," he said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England, the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made good profit."

"I hope," said —, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that."

"I am sure I would wish that," said Rothschild; "I am sure I would wish that. *I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and every-thing to business; that is the way to be happy.* Stick to one business, young man," said Rothschild, addressing Edward; "stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. But be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette*."

Robert Barclay becoming a Banker instead of a Courtier.

THE celebrated financial house of Barclay, in London, narrowly escaped never coming into existence—no less a personage than the king himself standing in near and peculiar relation to this fact, as the following will show :

On the occasion of the state visit of George the Third to the city, on the first lord mayor's day after his accession to the throne, and when the cavalcade had reached Cheapside, the acclamations of the people were so great as to pierce the air with their shouts; added to which the dismal noise made by the creaking of the various signs which then hung across the streets, caused one of the horses attached to the king's carriage to become unmanageable, causing considerable confusion to the procession, and alarm to their majesties.

Just at this moment, a certain Quaker, named David Barclay, a linen dealer in Cheapside, and who was viewing the procession from the balcony of his first-floor window, perceived the critical situation of the king and queen, and at once descended to the street. The procession had now halted, and the Friend, approaching the carriage, calmly addressed the king, saying, "Wilt thee alight, George, and thy wife Charlotte, and come into my house and view the mayor's show?" The king, who had on many occasions before he came to the throne evinced a strong partiality for Quakers, and who, from the plainness of his manner, would very likely have been one himself, had he not been born to a throne, condescended to accept the invitation of the worthy shopkeeper, and in the balcony of the first floor of that house, the king and queen stood during the remainder of the pageant.

David, with simple gravity of manner, introduced to their majesties the whole of his family. His eldest son,

Robert, who was then a young man about twenty years of age, received especial notice from their majesties. On taking their leave to proceed to Guildhall, his majesty said, "David, let me see thee at Saint James's, next Wednesday, and bring thy son Robert with thee." Accordingly, plain David Barclay and his son Robert attended the court levee, and on approaching the royal presence, the king, throwing aside all regal restraint, descended from the throne, and giving the Friend a hearty shake of the hand, welcomed him to St. James's. He said many kind things both to the father and to his son—among the rest he asked David what he intended to do with Robert? and without waiting for a reply, said, "Let him come here, and I will provide him with honorable and profitable employment."

The cautious and self-possessed Quaker, with many decorous apologies, and with much humility, requested permission to reject the proposal, saying, "I fear the air of the court of your majesty would not agree with my son." The king, who had seldom or never witnessed a similar rejection of intended royal favor, said, "Well, David, well, well, you know best, you know best; but you must not omit to let me see you occasionally at St. James's."

Soon after this, "David" saw his son Robert established as a banker in Lombard street; and who, instead of becoming a courtier, under such flattering favoritism of the king, became the founder of one of the most eminent and powerful banking firms of the day.

Hospitality of Stephen Girard.

EVERY day, Mr. Girard performed a journey to the "Neck," where lay his farm, and to the laborious cultivation of which he devoted the greater portion of his leisure time. But even here, where it might be supposed that he would have exercised at least the

ordinary rites of hospitality, no friend was welcomed with a warm greeting. In one instance an acquaintance was invited to witness his improvements, and was shown to a strawberry bed which had been, in the greater part, gleaned of its contents, and told that he might gather the fruit in that bed, when the owner took leave, stating that he must go to work on a neighboring bed. That friend, finding that this tract had been nearly stripped of its fruit by his predecessors, soon strayed to another tract, which appeared to bear more abundantly, when he was accosted by Mr. Girard. "I told you," said he, "that you might gather strawberries only in *that* bed." Such was his hospitality.

M. Rothschild at Home.

As might be expected, the entertainments given by the elder Rothschild, the charities to which he occasionally subscribed, and the amount and character of his transactions in the money market, afforded constant material for everybody's talk. Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table, clergymen and laymen bowed before him, and they who preached loudest against mammon, bent lowest before the mammon worshipper. Gorgeous plate, exquisite furniture—an establishment such as many a noble of Norman descent would envy—graced his entertainments.

Without social refinement, with manners which, offensive in the million, were considered but *brusque* in the millionaire, he collected around him the fastidious members of the most fastidious aristocracy in the world. He saw the representatives of all the states in Europe proud of his friendship. By the democratic envoy of the new world, by the ambassadors of the imperial Russ, was his hospitality alike accepted; while the man who warred with slavery in all its forms and phases was

himself slave to the golden reputation and gracious favors of the Hebrew. Though never having cultivated a taste for literature or the fine arts, his palace contained in abundance the richest volumes of the European press, in the different languages, and he deferred to the exactions of his position by possessing himself of the rarest and costliest productions of painter and sculptor for the adornment of his halls and drawing rooms. Yet, in respect to these, he was in no sense a connoisseur, for his taste and perceptions lay in an entirely different direction. It is not known that he ever exhibited any reluctance to gratify the wants of his household, no matter what the expense, nor how widely their preferences might differ from his own.

Mr. Vanderbilt's Holiday.

EARLY in the spring of 1854, the attention of the public was directed to an item in the New York papers, containing information that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the enterprising and opulent merchant, was constructing an immense and magnificent steamship, which he intended as a yacht for the accommodation of his family and some invited friends in a voyage to the principal seaports of Europe. The announcement of this project excited no little interest in the public mind, and the excursion became one of the pleasant topics of conversation of the day. Mr. Vanderbilt was known—and still continues to be—as a thoroughly practical man, whose energy and perseverance, combined with strong intellect and high commercial integrity, had given him immense wealth; all his undertakings had been crowned with signal success, and his great enterprise in opening a communication with the Pacific by the Nicaragua route made him a reputation in Europe. A general expectation was naturally excited, therefore, that he would carry out his plan,

in connection with the noble vessel in process of construction, in a manner that would redound to the honor of the country, and of the mercantile profession, of which he was then and is now so prominent a member.

Various opinions were entertained as to Mr. Vanderbilt's ultimate designs. Many imagined that he purposed to effect some great commercial operation—he was to sell his ship to this monarch or that Government; or, that he was to take contracts for the supply of war steamers: all sorts of speculations were entertained by that frequently misinformed character—the public. In February, Mr. Vanderbilt gave to a friend who was sitting with him in his library, the first information of his intention in respect to the vessel, and invited his guest to accompany him to Europe in the month of May.

The ship was then on the stocks, but the owner named the very day on which he should sail, giving the details of his proposed route, and from which few deviations were afterward made. Mr. Vanderbilt expressly stated that his sole object was to gratify his family and afford himself an opportunity to see the coast of Europe, which he could do in no other way—remarking that, after more than thirty years' devotion to his business, in all which period he had known no rest from labor, *he felt that he had a right to a complete holiday.* It is well known that the cruise of the North Star—a most superb craft of twenty-five hundred tons burden, and most sumptuous in all its appointments—was peculiarly pleasant and successful, and did high honor abroad to the merchant who thus, in the style of a sovereign, visited the four quarters of the globe.

Costly Banquet by a Merchant to Charles the Fifth.

M. DANIELS, a Jewish merchant of Anvers, gave a dinner one day to Charles the Fifth, and had served up

for him, at the dessert, pies cooked upon a cash bond for two millions, which the emperor had given him for that sum, borrowed of the Jew some time previously, when the monarch was "hard up." As the company were in ecstasies at so rich a hospitality, Daniels said that he did not pay too dearly for the honor which the emperor had done him, a simple merchant, in dining at his table. "You esteem yourself too little," interrupted the imperial visitor; "for, while the nobility ruin me, the men of learning instruct me, and the merchants enrich me."

Parlor Talk between James Rothschild, the Banker, and the Poet Heine.

BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD had, like his brother Nathan, the reputation of being a boor—or brute, socially; at any rate, when he took a whim to be. He seemed, when in this mood, to delight in showing off his *parvenu* vulgarity, and assumed the airs of a nabob with every one for whom he did not particularly care. One or two good anecdotes are told of his encounters with men of mind. Having quizzed the poet Heine once rather sharply, at dinner, the latter betrayed his host into some remark on the name of the wine they were drinking—*Lacrima Christi*. "Curious name—I can't account for it," said the millionaire. "Oh!" replied the wit, "the etymology is very simple; Christ weeps that Jews should drink such excellent wine!"

On another occasion having been introduced to the famous lawyer, M. Crémieux—a coreligionist of the banker's, by the way, and slightly deformed—Rothschild rudely said: "Why, are you Crémieux? I should have thought the famous Crémieux would have been a better-looking man." Crémieux laughed, and after some remarks observed, "Well, I am glad I have met you, baron. You are sure, by the way, that you are Baron Rothschild?" "Of

course," replied the counting-house monarch; "why doubt it?" "Oh! only because I fancied the great Baron Rothschild would have been a better-bred man."

Commercial Advantage of a Blind Eye.

THE fact of Mr. Girard having one of his eyes blind is thought to have contributed—as Milton has expressed it under a similar affliction—to *drive his thoughts inward*, and thus to have engrafted upon his native stem of benevolence something of a morose and rugged spirit, under the dissatisfaction which he would naturally feel with his destiny, and panting after a recompense for his loss.

This defect in his vision, and which subsequently increased so as to cause total blindness, was not observed or felt by him until he was in his eighth year. At that time, his attention was first directed to it by the boys, who began to ridicule him for his blind eye, or what was then an obvious deformity to others, though unknown to himself. This ridicule from his playmates and companions he felt so keenly, that he resolved to go to a doctor, and take his advice how to cure it. The physician, after an examination of the eye, assured him the defect could easily be removed, by cutting the skin or film, which had grown over it; but Girard, always inclined to be self-willed and obstinate, and having a boyish repugnance to a surgical operation, declined to undergo such treatment. After that, he does not appear to have made any efforts to have it restored, until very late in life, when he resorted to a nostrum presented to him by one of his captains; he used it without success.

It is probable that his active life and incessant movements kept him from devoting any time to its cure; or that he early despaired of it, having made up his mind never to submit to the operation of the knife. Many supposed

that he had lost his eye entirely, and that it was closed up; but this was not the fact—the eye was entire, though deformed and blind. He himself confessed that the ridicule of the boys hurt him much. This bodily defect contributed, no doubt, in some measure, to sour his temper, and, at an after period, to *turn the current of his thoughts so shrewdly and with such concentration to the pursuits which he followed with such incomparable success*. At a later day, his eye was still further injured, while passing through the streets, by a blow from a snowball. This defect contributed to give a severe and harsh expression to his ample, and otherwise well-expressed and well-formed countenance.

Banker vs. Musician.

M. C—R, a German tenor singer of some note, resident in Paris, was injured by a fall, so as to be unable to use his voice professionally, until the lapse of a long time, and his recovery was attended with the presentation of medical and apothecaries' bills which he was unable to meet. On applying to Meyerbeer, the great composer, also a German, that brother introduced him to his friends, who afforded him temporary aid; but in order to meet all his necessities he projected a musical *matinée*, and was favored by Meyerbeer with a note of introduction to Baron Rothschild, whose countenance of the project was known to be very desirable in order to its success. M. C—r delivered the letter to Baron R., whom he found at breakfast. The baron invited his visitor to share his meal, and, at its conclusion, retiring for a few minutes to his cabinet, returned and handed him two papers—one a note for five hundred francs, and the other a note to M. Meyerbeer, as follows:

"M. GIACOMO MEYERBEER:—Dear and great friend: I am only an earthly

baron. You, on the contrary, are a prince of the harmonious spheres. I am more than a millionaire; you are more than I. Let us each give to our friend of our abundance—I of my bank-notes, you of your genius. I commend him to your high and mighty protection. He needs assistance toward a *matinée*. Were it a financial *matinée*, my bank-bills might aid materially toward its success; but it is a musical *matinée*, and this comes under your province. Do you as follows: Cause it to be announced that you will play a new composition. The *matinée* will bring in ten thousand francs—that is to say, nine thousand and five hundred more than I contribute. You are more than eighteen times as rich as

Yours, ROTHSCHILD."

Meyerbeer read the note, and exclaimed with anger, "What egotism this financier has!" but he forgave the point of the rather practical joke, and M. C—r's *matinée* brought him ten thousand francs, as the banker foretold.

Goldschmid's Comforting Sort of Hoax.

ABRAHAM GOLDSCHMID, "the benevolent Jew banker," as he was commonly and very justly termed, accidentally became acquainted with one of those simple and single-minded country curates, whose poverty was the disgrace, and whose piety was the glory, of the Establishment. This was the man for Abraham Goldschmid—Jew though he was—at once to approve and benefit. He obtained all the particulars, as was his custom in such a case, and in a few weeks a letter was received which told the curate he had been allotted a share of the new loan. Such a letter was indeed a mystery to the worthy clergyman, who indifferently put it aside, with a confirmed notion that some sort of a hoax was intended. He had not long to wait. The next day brought a

second letter, and with it comfort and consolation in the shape of a large sum which had been realized in the allotment.

Grand Scheme Disclosed in McDonogh's Will.

INTENSE was the curiosity of the public to know what disposition had been made by John McDonogh of his enormous property, when his will was probated and read in court. It was a curious document, written on stout foolscap by the testator himself, in a remarkably neat, clear hand, with the lines as close as type, and his autograph signed to every page. Being a holographic will, under the law of Louisiana it required no witness. Ever since 1838, the will had lain among certain old papers of the deceased. In its preparation, he had consulted the most eminent lawyers and studied the most approved law books bearing on his grand scheme.

After setting forth, in the usual form, his nativity, his present residence, his belief in God and the uncertainty of life, and that he has no heirs living in the ascending or descending line, and directing an inventory of his property to be taken immediately after his death, he proceeds to bequeath to the children of his sister, a widow lady in Baltimore, a ten-acre lot in that city, the usufruct to remain in the widow, with six thousand dollars in cash. He then emancipates his old servants, ten in number, whom he designates. The rest of his slaves he provides shall be sent to Liberia. Certain of them are to be sent after serving those who shall succeed to his estate for fifteen years. The slaves to be sent to Liberia are to be supplied with ploughs, hoes, spades, axes, clothing, garden seeds, etc.; also with letters of recommendation to the colonists, and with a copy for each of the Holy Gospel of the Old and New Testament.

The will then proceeds to declare

that, "for the more general diffusion of knowledge and consequent well-being of mankind, convinced as I am that I can make no disposition of those worldly goods which the Most High has been pleased so bountifully to place under my stewardship, that will be so pleasing to Him as that by means of which the poor will be instructed in wisdom and led into the path of virtue and holiness," he gives all the residue of his estate to the corporations of New Orleans and Baltimore, in equal proportions of one half to each, for the several intents and purposes set forth, and especially for the establishment of free schools for all classes and castes of color, wherein they shall all be instructed in the knowledge of the Lord, and in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, etc., provided that the Bible shall be used as one of the class-books, and singing taught as an art.

And now comes the ingenious scheme which had engaged the constant thought and study of the testator for forty years. Of his real estate, no part is ever to be sold; but it is all to be let out on leases never to exceed twenty-five years, to be improved by the tenants or lessees. At the expiration of those leases the property is to revert, free of cost, to his estate, to be thereafter rented out by the month or year. All his personal property is to be sold and converted into real estate, the aggregate of which is styled his general estate, and which is to "constitute" a permanent fund on interest, as it were, namely,—a real estate, affording rents, no part of which fund (of the principal) shall ever be touched, divided, sold, or alienated, but shall forever remain together as one "estate."

Home Luxuries of Ancient Merchants.

AN antique specimen of the trading craft from Norway, reproaching a Dutchman with luxury, "What is become," said he, "of those happy times,

when a merchant on going from Amsterdam to the Indies left a quarter of dry beef in his kitchen, and found it at his return? Where are your wooden spoons and iron forks? Is it not a shame for a sober Dutchman to lie in a damask bed?" "Go to Batavia," answered the man of Amsterdam; "get ten tons of gold, as I have done, and see whether you will not want to be a little better clothed, fed, and lodged!"

English Merchant's Wife Priced by a Mandarin.

NOT long since a young English merchant took his blooming wife with him to Hong Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the merchant, in broken English (worse than broken China): "What you give for that wifey-wife yours?" "Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars." This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken. "Well," said the mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to me; I give you *five* thousand dollars!"

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The mandarin, however, continued to press the bargain: "I give you seven thousand dollar," said he; "you *take* 'em?"

The merchant, who had no previous notion or thought of the *commercial* value of the commodity which he had taken out with him on his business tour, was compelled, at length, to inform his visitor that Englishmen were

not in the habit of selling their wives after they once came in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe. The merchant afterward had a hearty laugh with his young and pretty wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her; a very high figure, “as wives were going” in China at that time!

Disinterested Feat of a Merchant, and its Reward.

M. LOBAT, a notable merchant of Bayonne, ill in health, had retired in the beginning of winter, to a country house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading in his *robe-de-chambre*, on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse, from the opposite banks, into the midst of the torrent. M. Lobat was a good swimmer; he did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but ill as he was, threw off his *robe-de-chambre*, leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at the moment when, having lost all sensation, he must have otherwise inevitably perished. “O God!” exclaimed M. Lobat, clasping him in his arms, and recognizing with a transport of joy the individual he had saved, “sacred humanity! what do I not owe to thee? I have saved my son!”

Thomas Gresham's Curious Armorial or Crest.

THOMAS GRESHAM, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. While thus exposed, the chirping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay; and his life was, by this means, preserved. After Sir Thomas, had, by his unparalleled suc-

cess as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest; and becoming, under Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane or weathercock, in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.

Garden of a French Stock Broker.

M. DE LA BORDE, whose stock operations made him, at one time, a second Cæsar in the money circles of Paris, conceived the idea of displaying his opulence and taste by the formation of a garden of marvellous extent, beauty and cost. The spot, respecting which he formed this conception, appeared to be the most unfavorable possible, being an extensive marshy ground—a turfy earth surrounded by mountains, crossed by the river d'Etampes. The financier, however, said let there be a garden, and there was a garden.

To give this loose and muddy bottom a proper firmness, was the first command; about four hundred laborers were at once employed to trench a mountain, to smooth its fragments, and to spread it in a layer, after having cleared away the first bed of the marsh, of its immense accumulation of slime and mire. This marshy earth was then thrown over the smooth bed of the mountain which had disappeared; and the mingled soils thus produced one, equally adapted for the future plantations. The river, which ran in a straight line, was made to assume that of Hogarth's line of beauty, rolling its waters in serpentine brightness; they were ingeniously conducted, and were seen falling into a magnificent basin, and then passing under an immense artificial bridge, formed of irregular pieces of rock. They sometimes rolled into little cascades, by subterranean grottoes, where the velvet

turf lured the eye by its enchantment. Without, its sparkling brightness riveted the attention, and anon its deep-swellng reverberations engaged the ear; within, mystical murmurs lulled with their softness, and, at a farther distance, to vary the sensations of the traveller, a deep silence prevailed. In still another place, the effect was to startle with bewilderment and alarm. The rocks, piled above one another in a gloomy light, discovered their pointed and threatening fragments—everything appeared in a crumbling state, and every breeze, echoing through hollow arches, seemed to betoken disaster. And then more agreeable objects diversified the scene and delighted the vision. The way was studded with elysian beauties and winsome views. Floating islands displayed their variegated charms, and rarest gems of sculpture-art were liberally scattered about the lawns and green bowers.

Thus, the art of the banker vanquished nature. The cost—upward of a million dollars—was enormous, and the taste exquisite. Though seemingly wasteful, the employment of so many hundreds of persons, at a time when France was crowded with living skeletons for want of bread, was perhaps the most profitable financial “operation” (for others) which the great broker ever engaged in.

Wedding Gift of Rothschild to his Niece.

THE fashionable world of London, and indeed of all Europe, was, in 1853, in a state of the greatest ferment, on account of the marriage of Miss Leonora Rothschild, of London, daughter of Baron Lionel de Rothschild of that city, to her cousin, Baron Alphonso, of Paris, son of Baron James Rothschild, of the latter place. All the preparations were on a scale of magnificence comporting with the position of the wealthiest family in the world, and the

gifts from friends ranged all the way from ten-cent pincushions, from Jewish charity pupils who were made comfortable by the endowments of the bride's family, up to a set of jewels valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or as much as an East Indian loaded.

But strangest among all the gifts was a fat, rather dirty, strong, plain envelope with broken seal, and addressed to Madame la Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild. “What might this contain, pray?” said the bridesmaids, hustling each other excitedly. Thereon hung a tale. This marriage was the doing of Anselm de Rothschild, who loved his fair young niece Leonora, as though she had been his daughter. He it was who repressed the somewhat vagrant tendencies of young Alphonse—hankering after Parisian sweets—and forced him, by a gentle pressure, to carry out the Rothschild policy of intermarriage. So, when the old man had carried his point, there was a fluttering among the little breasts of the fair daughters of the kindred families, and a terrible curiosity to know how “Uncle Anselm” would testify his joy. Day after day it leaked out that this uncle had ordered that, and that that aunt intended to give this—but what Uncle Anselm was to give no living soul could divine. Even when the day came, and strong-backed porters arrived deeply laden with the treasures of this world, and the present-room was duly set out with gorgeous gifts, no word came from Baron Anselm, and a dreadful suspicion came over the minds of the family that he was going to disgrace himself by giving nothing. At the very last moment, when the old gentleman had depreciated immensely in credit with the female members of his family, there was a cry that he was coming. There was a strange mixture of twinkle in his eye—reminding one of the stories told of his father—and of quivering

about the corners of his lips, as he approached his pet and kissed her.

"Here, Leonora," said the old baron, "here is a letter for you." And he handed her a fat envelope, and sidled away.

"A letter, uncle! for me!"

"Yes," said the old man, with a stoppage in the throat, "a letter—good advice." And he disappeared.

Of course there was a rush to open the letter. *It contained bank bills for five millions of dollars.* This was the banker's present.

A Banker's Love of Birds—Girard's Little Songsters.

THE smallest means of adding to his fortune were never neglected or overlooked by Girard. To him nothing was a trifle, if a penny could be made by it. His breed of *canary birds* was among the most choice and extensive in the world, and he was careful to sell them at the highest price. The fondness of Girard for these little creatures was remarkable; he had his favorites among them, and doubtless enjoyed many a happy moment under the influence of the music of their songs—a sweet and singular solace from the distractions of trade, and which seemed to indicate, after all, a native trait of tenderness lurking at the bottom of his heart. True, he sold them, and they contributed to gratify his superlative passion in that way; but it would be ungenerous to suppose that he was not susceptible to feelings of delight from those winsome strains of melody which, at the same time, naturally commanded so high a price in the market.

Household Peculiarities of Girard.

THE private habits of Girard, and his manner of living, partook of that seclusion and simplicity which characterized him through life. Without being ostentatious, he was remarkable in his household arrangements for a neat-

ness that made up for lack of splendor, and an appearance of comfort and utility which nothing could exceed.

His dwelling house, in winter, was carpeted from the cellar kitchen to the attic story. His furniture, though plain, was substantial, and sometimes bearing an impress of the opulence of its owner. Thus, his drawing room was furnished with ebony chairs and sofa having crimson velvet seats, which though sombre, were rich, and capable of enduring for centuries. But the general aspects of his rooms was that of plain, simple, and uncostly character, which one would expect in the mansion of a respectable citizen, who had no reputation for wealth. His furniture, like his dress, exhibited a perfect contrast to the wealth of the man.

In his chamber there was nothing either sumptuous or elegant; on the table, he kept, unloaded, a brace of splendid blunderbusses, of Ketland's make, with brass barrels and steel bayonets—they were of admirable workmanship, but appeared never to have been used. In one corner of his bed chamber stood an old-fashioned small mahogany desk and bookcase, in which was contained his library of Voltaire's works. The walls were ornamented with colored prints, representing the female negroes of St. Domingo, and in one spot was a small print of his banking house, so situated that his first glance, when he awoke, as he lay in bed, must necessarily light upon it.

His meals occupied but a brief period. To his breakfast he gave but a few minutes, unless he had a guest, out of whom he was extracting information essential to business and conducive to profit. He generally dined about one; and though, when in robust health, a good feeder, yet he never gratified his appetite to the full extent. Supper, he took none, except occasionally a biscuit and a glass of water, previous to going to bed. At a more advanced period of his life, he varied his diet and mode

of living, so as to adapt them to his impaired vigor and altered constitution; and for the last seven or eight years of his existence, he abstained altogether from animal food, but dined liberally on bean broth, and similar vegetable and farinaceous preparations. He was a water drinker, with the exception of claret and cider, of both of which he was extremely fond.

With the society of children, Girard was excessively gratified, and nothing pleased him so much as to have some little prattler waiting on him—for he always made it a point to keep them employed on something useful. When his nephews arrived from France, engaging boys of twelve and fourteen, he expressed much satisfaction, and seemed ardently attached to them. But he appeared afraid to indulge this feeling, and hastily despatched them off to school, lest he might contract a habit toward them which would spoil them in the end.

Gideon, the Jew Banker, Catechising his Child.

SAMPSON GIDEON, the great Jew banker in London, and the founder of the house of Eardley, was, like most men whose minds are absorbed in one engrossing pursuit, not very advanced in literary or religious knowledge. He educated his children in the Christian faith, but said he was too old himself to change. Being desirous to know the proficiency of his son in his new creed, he asked, "Who made you?" to which the fitting reply was given, viz., "God." He then asked, "Who redeemed you?" and to this the Christian response was promptly made. Not knowing what else to say, he stammered out, "Who—who—who gave you that hat?" when the boy, with parrot-like precision, replied in the third person of the Trinity. The story was related with great unctiousness at that period, at the wealthy banker's expense.

Groceries and Literature.

A GROCER who, naturally enough for his trade, had retired on a "plum"—being the reverse of one making many, since in this case many plums had made one—took a literary turn, in order to amuse himself in his retirement. One day, at table, some of his commercial guests mentioned the town of Stockton-upon-Tees. "Bless me," said the grocer, "I never heard of that work before. I should certainly like to read Stockton upon Teas." Bent upon satisfying his literary taste, he on the same day took his way to the nearest bookseller, and inquired for the work, handing him the name of the book carefully written thus: "Stockton upon Teas." "There is no such book—never heard of it," said the bookseller. Still further to satisfy the grocer, he looked over his catalogue. "No," said the man of books, "no such work here, and I'm sure you wo'nt find it anywhere. There is a *city* called 'Stockton-upon-Tees'—perhaps it is that you mean." The man of ounces and pounds vamosed—a ray of light broke upon him—the first that had invaded his plodding cranium since he stood behind the counter weighing his codfish—the genus to which he himself belonged.

Business and Beauty.

THE deficiency in the practical part of female education is a fact which has been often but never too much deplored. The following notes of an examination instituted by a mercantile gentleman in search of a wife into a young lady's knowledge of business is testimony complete on this point.

Young lady examined: Has heard of the monetary question; should think it was a warning. Knew what Stocks were; regard them as the "highest" necessity in a gentleman's dress. A dividend was a sum in Long Division. A bonus was a sort of pill. Scrip was

a little bag—something like a reticule. Exchange was no robbery. Had read about Consols—they were ancient Romans; Julius Cæsar was one, so was Pompey. Supposed the Three Per Cents must mean the Triumvirate. A Bull was a horned animal, or an Irish mistake. A Bear was a cross, disagreeable person, like some people she could name. An Exchequer Bill was an instrument with a hook. The Bullionists were a religious sect. Was afraid the Inconvertibles were very wicked people. Gold was a metal; knew nothing more about it, except that it was the root of all evil, and that railway cuttings and branch banks come of the root.

Philanthropic Courage of Girard.

DURING the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, the individual who was seen with the badges of mourning upon his arm was avoided as the Upas tree, and almost every person was involved in the fumes of camphor or tobacco.

While this pestilence was raging at its utmost height, an individual, of low and square stature, was perceived alighting from a coach which drew up before a hospital where the most loathsome victims of this disease had been collected for the purpose of being attended by medical aid. The man entered this living sepulchre, and soon returned bearing in his arms a form that appeared to be suffering in the last stages of the fever—a being whose countenance was suffused with that saffron color which seemed to be the certain harbinger of death. The body was deposited in a coach, and the carriage drove away. The man who was thus seen performing this act was *Stephen Girard*. It might be, and indeed has been said, that having gone through the seasoning process in a tropical climate, he was proof against the disease. But whether that was or was not the case, it does not abate in

any measure the credit which is due in thus exposing, at least, his life in behalf of a fellow being. And it is a well-attested fact, that during the prevalence of the disease he continued a constant attendant at the hospital, performing all those offices which would seem revolting to the most humble menial.

Practical Eloquence of a Boston Merchant.

WHILE a committee of Boston merchants were collecting subscriptions in aid of the Boston testimonial to the San Francisco rescuers, a person was called upon whose benevolence was not usually commensurate with his pecuniary ability, and something of a "set-to" was therefore not wholly unanticipated by his visitors on the occasion in question. He hesitated about subscribing, averring that the testimonial should come from persons engaged in commerce, and he himself was not in mercantile pursuits. The member of the committee, with great promptness and justice, answered this quibble in the following terms: "Sir, your own family recently crossed the ocean as passengers in a ship. Had *she* met with a disaster, and a friendly boat come to take off those on board, and refused to save any persons but the sailors, as society had adopted the rule that each class of the community must take care of its own members and no others,—what would have been your feelings to have known that your daughters were lost on account of their father's advocating such distinctions in cases of relief?" This manly and felicitous appeal was successful—the right sort of a response coming at once from the gentleman's pocketbook.

Old-School Merchant's Offering to his Country: John Langdon, of New Hampshire.

WHEN the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached New Hampshire, the provincial legislature was in session at Exeter. It was a period when the re-

sources of the patriots were almost exhausted; the public credit was gone; and the members of the assembly were disheartened. John Langdon, one of the noblest and most thoroughbred merchants, was speaker of the assembly at the time. He rose in his place, on the morning after the intelligence was received, and addressed the house, in mercantile brevity, to the following effect: "My friends and fellow citizens—I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our fire-sides and homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, the property would be of no value to me." Langdon was an old-school merchant of the genuine stamp.

Samuel Slater on Extravagance in Living.

MR. SAMUEL SLATER'S habits of living was often the topic of remark among his townsmen. On a certain occasion, this subject was made the staple of quite an interesting conversation between himself and a few of his intimate friends, when he was a little more than fifty years of age, and estimated to be worth half a million of dollars. It was in the front room of the Bank, where they were accustomed to meet and discuss all sorts of things of interest. At that time he lived in an old wooden house which might have cost two or three thousand dollars—decent and comfortable, it is true, and much like the better sort of houses in the village, excepting perhaps half a dozen. He also owned a good horse and *chaise*, the common pleasure vehicle at that period in many parts of New England. His friends told him it was not right for a man of his property to live in that style; that he ought to build a better house and keep a *coach*.

Mr. Slater replied much in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I admit that I am able to have a large and costly house, rich furniture, and servants to take care of it; that I am able to have a coach, with a driver and footman to attend me. And it is not that I am miserly that I do not have them. But it is a duty in me to set an example of prudence to others, and especially to my children. The world is too much inclined to extravagance. If the style you recommend is to be considered an evidence of wealth, and I were on that account to adopt it, others not able might follow my example, in order to be thought rich. In the end it might prove their ruin, while prudent and honest people would have to suffer for it. And you know I have six boys. If they live, and have families, each will want to live in as much style as their father. Now, if I am able to live as you recommend, my property, when divided in six parts, might not be sufficient to support six such establishments; besides, business may not continue as good as it is at present. I wish to set a good example for my children. If they do not follow it, the fault is not mine."

Freaks of Wealthy Merchants.

THE wealth which now exists in Amsterdam is said to fall much short of what it was during the period of Dutch commercial preëminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after lavishing much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge.

Whims equally ridiculous, for disposing of an overplus of wealth, appear to have been far from uncommon in former times in Holland. There is, in Arnheim, an old, fantastical-looking dwelling, the original owner of which

was a Jew merchant, and he erected the house out of pure revenge. His coffers were so well replenished that he was at a loss how to employ his superfluous cash. At last he hit upon a fanciful expedient. He determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain, of the same costly material. Before carrying this plan into effect, however, it behooved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their faces against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town-guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, to be pulled down, and on its site he erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting, it is said, to three hundred and sixty-five,—one for each day in the year, to afford the city worthies both abundance and variety.

Sportive Death of the French Banker, Dange.

On the evening before his death, M. Dangé, illustrious on the roll of French bankers and millionaires, received visits of fashion in the most pompous manner. His apartment was embellished in the most luxurious style. Seated on a sumptuous couch, and dressed in a magnificent *robe de chambre*, which floated around him in folds shining with the most curious embroidery, and buttoned with a diamond of rarest size and brilliancy, he talked of quitting the world in the gayest manner possible. But this was not the effect even of French philosophy, but rather of that characteristic apathy of his nature, which had rendered him dead to every touch of sensibility—a quality quite in keeping with the requisites of an unscrupulous financier, as he was. He made his nephew his ex-

clusive legatee, on condition of his paying five millions of livres in legacies—a condition which that favored mortal very cheerfully complied with, and appropriated to himself the comfortable sum of eight millions, that being the remainder of M. Dangé's fortune.

That little Child in the Counting Room.

THE counting room of a well-known mercantile house in London was entered by a gentleman, just as some unfavorable intelligence had been received. The head of the firm, with his hard but honest features, looked at once stern and anxious. *A small hand twitched his coat behind!* He turned slowly around, with a sullen and almost savage brow. His eye fell upon the prettiest little human face that ever gleamed upon the earth. But the child's merry laughter was scarcely more delightful than the bland and radiant smile that kindled on the merchant's careworn cheek. His aspect underwent such an instantaneous and entire change, that he looked as if he had changed his nature also. Had a painter stamped his portrait on the canvas at that happy moment, it would have presented an exquisite illustration of amenity and love. Few, however, of his mercantile friends, would have recognized in that portrait the man of business. He was single and childless; but the fondest parent could not have greeted his own offspring with a sweeter welcome than he gave to that little child in the counting room.

Nicholas Longworth's Bread.

ONE of Mr. Longworth's permanent and quiet charities was the weekly distribution at his house, every Monday morning, of three hundred to eight hundred ten-cent loaves of bread to whoever would apply for them. Once, when flour was high, and the bakers had reduced the size of their loaves, Mr. Longworth thought he would be



THAT LITTLE CH'LD IN THE COUNTING ROOM.

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doing his beneficiaries a good turn by having the loaves made partly of rye, and thus considerably enlarging instead of reducing their size. His "patrons," however, as soon as they found it out, raised such a clamor, and called him so many disparaging names, and annoyed him so much with their threats and complaints, that he was glad to order a return to the pure wheat.

Religious Bearing of Judaism on Stock Operations: the Péréires.

THE name of the Péréire brothers, Jewish bankers in Paris, is well known. A member of some large stock company, of which one brother is a chief manager, fell into dispute with him concerning some of the operations, and being dissatisfied at the absorbing share which M. Péréire took in the management, as well as vexed at the rough way in which he treated his protestations, finally exclaimed, "Do you mean to eat me up?" "My religion," answered the banker, "prohibits me from doing that."

Out of Fashion.

A MERCHANT desired the most fashionable tailor in Paris to make him a coat in a particular way. "Sir," said the tailor, "that shape has been out of fashion these six months; pray, do have it of a proper cut." "I do not care for the fashion," said the merchant, "I will wear my coat in the way that is most agreeable to me." The tailor remonstrated, and begged in vain; but at last, unwilling to lose a good customer, he said, "Well, sir, I have only to entreat, as a return for executing your order, that you will keep it a secret who is your tailor, or I shall lose all my business."

Retiring from Business: "Melting Day."

ALMOST every man sets out in life with the determination, when a certain

sum has been accumulated, to retire from the cares of business and enjoy for the balance of his days "otium cum dignitate." Visions of sunny farms and rural retreats are ever before him; but, unfortunately, few men have the courage, when the required sum has been obtained, to be contented to retire. In the course of years, new tastes have been acquired, and new wants added to the humble catalogue with which he commenced life. The rural retreat has now become a suburban residence, with coach, horses, stable, &c., &c., and a few thousands more have become necessary. So he goes toiling on, his ambition widening and extending as he pushes and urges his way on to competence and fortune. During all this time he forgets that he is getting older—that his capacity for enjoyment is getting more contracted every day—that his tastes and habits are becoming unalterably confirmed in business life, so that when he does muster up the firmness to yield his place in the business world to younger men, he is about as unhappy a mortal as one could wish to meet on a summer's day. Here is a case in point:

A tallow chandler of London, after many years' devotion to his calling, accumulated a handsome fortune, and retired to his villa; but time hung so heavily on his hands that he used to have a *melting* day once a week, and made his own candles for amusement. He had neglected through his life to lay in any store of knowledge but what pertained to candles, had neglected a taste for reading, or otherwise to prepare his mind as well as his pocket for the purposes of a period of leisure. His great object had been to make enough to retire *on*, without caring to provide something to retire *with*.

Girard's Will: the Item about Ministers.

GIRARD's will contains the following memorable provision, which, it may

safely be asserted, is without a parallel in any document of the kind drawn up in a Christian land: "I enjoin and require, that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister, of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college."

Halifax, the English Banker's Opinion of "Lending to the Lord;" with a Personal Application.

THOMAS HALIFAX, the once noted millionaire, did not enjoy a high reputation for liberality. During a severe winter, when requested to join his neighbors in a subscription for the poor, and being pleasantly remarked to, that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he replied, "He did not lend on such slight security;" and it is curious that, when he himself afterward applied—on his becoming bankrupt—to a rich neighbor for assistance, a similar reply, couched in similar language, was given to his application.

Female Members of the Rothschild Family.

Most of the members of the Rothschild family have married, and lived in great splendor; and it is observed, as something characteristic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been very creditable. In London, the widow of Baron Nathan was held in great esteem on account of her inexhaustible charity; her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, was not less popularly known as a suitable helpmate for her philanthropic partner; and the same may be said of the sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore.

But there is another woman of this wonderful family who deserves to be mentioned in an especial manner. This

is the widow—since dead—of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men, whose fame has risen so proudly among the moneyed aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this remarkable and most venerated lady, written a short time before her decease, by a pleasant German author, is of peculiar interest:

In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance singularly cheerful and fresh. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains at the window are as white as snow, and the staircase—an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter—is always dry and shining. The traveller who, from curiosity, visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm chair behind the little shining squares of the window of the first story?" And this is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make: "In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

Reminiscences of Mr. Astor's Library Bequest.

In an account of the interviews of friendship which were held, not unfrequently, between John Jacob Astor and Washington Irving, a few reminis-

cences are given of the manner in which the former prince merchant was led to found the magnificent library which bears his name. According to Irving, Mr. Astor desired to leave to New York some memorial of his citizenship. He thought of several ways, and among others that of endowing a Professorship, but finally determined to found a library, and frequently consulted him concerning it. The plan met with his most hearty approval; and he frequently endeavored to induce him to establish it during his lifetime, in order that he might be witness to its good results. Mr. Astor frequently invited Irving to dine with him at his country residence at Hell Gate, and talk about the library. After dinner he would call for the city plot and discuss its location. The first intention was to locate it in Astor Place, which was finally changed for its present more eligible site in Lafayette Place. On one occasion he told Irving that he thought of altering his will in regard to the library. This intelligence completely dumbfounded Irving, who supposed that after all the whole project was to be abandoned. He was, however, quickly reassured by the information that Mr. Astor proposed to add to the original bequest of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars an additional fifty thousand dollars, making the legacy for the purpose four hundred thousand dollars. Irving was delighted, and proposed immediately to draw up a codicil to that effect, which he did on the spot. He afterward ascertained that the codicil containing this bequest was not the one written by him, but was drawn up by Mr. Astor's legal adviser.

Domestic Advantages of Commercial Decay.

THE city of Salem, Massachusetts, once rivalled Boston in the extent and importance of its trade, but within the

last fifty years it has fallen from its high estate, and dwindled into comparative commercial insignificance. The people of this ancient burgh are naturally sore on this point, and their sensitiveness gives the point to the following, which occurred not many years ago:

A merchant of Salem meeting a friend from the adjoining town of Marblehead told him that he had been over to that town to engage summer lodgings for his family by the seashore, that his children might have the benefit of the pure air and green fields; and, in playful allusion to the well-known propensities of the urchins of that town, he added, "And, strange to say, for once the boys didn't *mock* me as I went along." The Marbleheader, a little touched, humphed once or twice, and said, as he walked away, "I don't see why you want to run such risks in sending your children to our town at all; the air of Salem is pure enough, and there is grass enough for them to play on *in any of your streets.*"

Matrimonial and Financial Bonds in John Law's Time.

ONE of the lucky speculators in John Law's notorious Mississippi Scheme, of the last century, was a man of the name of André. Without character or education, this man had, by a series of well-timed speculations in Mississippi bonds, gained enormous wealth, in an incredibly short space of time. As a writer of that day expresses it; "he had amassed mountains of gold." As he became rich, he grew ashamed of the lowness of his birth, and anxious above all things to be allied to nobility. He had a daughter, an infant only three years of age, and he opened a negotiation with the aristocratic and needy family of D'Oyse, that this child should, upon certain conditions, marry a member of that house. The Marquis D'Oyse, to his shame, consented, and

promised to marry her himself on her attaining the age of twelve, if the father would pay him down the sum of a hundred thousand crowns, and twenty thousand livres every year, until the celebration of the marriage. The Marquis was himself in his thirty-third year. This scandalous bargain was duly signed and sealed, the stock-jobber furthermore agreeing to settle upon his daughter, on the marriage day, a fortune of several millions. The Duke of Brancas, the head of the family, was present throughout this negotiation, and shared in all the profits. M. Simon, in his account of this transaction, and who treats the matter with the levity becoming what he thought so good a joke, adds, that "people did not spare their animadversions on this beautiful marriage," and further states that the project fell to the ground some months afterward by the overthrow of Law, and the ruin of the ambitious Monsieur André. It would appear, however, that the "noble" family never had the honesty to return the hundred thousand crowns.

Executorship of Mr. Astor's Will.

THE personal friendship and intimate confidential relations which subsisted between those great New York merchants, John Jacob Astor and James Gore King, were well known. This continued without interruption, until death removed the former from among the living. It was a cherished wish of Mr. Astor, many years previously urged upon Mr. King, that he would consent to be one of the executors of his estate. Mr. King was very averse, however, to undertaking any such trust, of which the responsibilities would, as in this case, extend beyond the probable period of his own life; but after repeated requests he consented, and by the last will of Mr. Astor, Mr. King was named an executor and also a trustee of the public library, for the

establishment of which the will made so liberal provision. It so happened that owing to his change of residence, and consequently ceasing to be a citizen of New York, Mr. King could not, according to the laws of the State, enter upon the duty of an executor without giving bond in twice the amount of the personal property of the deceased, for the faithful performance of that duty. Mr. W. B. Astor, who well knew, and himself shared in, his father's strong desire that Mr. King should serve in that capacity, at once offered to give the required bonds himself, but Mr. King absolutely declined, not willing that any one should be bound in the penalty of millions for him. He, however, at the request of the executors, habitually met with them as a friend and adviser, but without any official character.

Down on the Doctors.

BENJAMIN FULLER was the most eminent ship broker of his time in Philadelphia, and was remarkable for his correctness in business transactions. He accumulated a handsome fortune, and died a bachelor. Like many other gentlemen of that day, he abhorred physic, and the visits of medical men in their official capacity. At one time, while lying dangerously ill, on his snug little bed, in his bachelor chamber, over his counting house, a consultation of physicians was held in his room. The doctors conversed together in an audible voice, and just as they had concluded him past recovery, and that nothing further could be done in his case, to their great astonishment he drew aside the curtains, and exclaimed, in his usual energetic manner:

"Gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you—I feel much better since you entered the room! You may go away now, gentlemen; I shall not want your services any longer."

While the physicians looked at each

other in amazement, he rang the bell, and addressing the servant, said,

“Show the gentlemen down stairs.”

The medical dignitaries assured the servant that his master was delirious, and presuming there was no hope of his recovery, were proceeding to give directions that he might be indulged in anything he might desire to have, when Mr. Fuller cut them short by calling out,

“John, John, turn them out, and fasten the doors after them; I’ll take no more of their infernal drugs.”

On the return of the servant, he had all the bottles and medicines thrown out of the window, and the crisis of his disease being then passed, he from that moment rapidly recovered. He lived for many years afterward, and when his friends joked with him on this treatment of the doctors, he would reply, “The scoundrels wanted to kill me with their cursed stuffs, but I lived to attend both their funerals.”

Incidents of William Bingham’s Domestic Life.

THE name of William Bingham was one of the most distinguished among the citizens and capitalists of Philadelphia, during the last half of the eighteenth century. He married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Willing, one of the early celebrated families of that city. He was well known in Europe, and his wealth and position introduced him to the notice of many eminent foreigners. Among the most distinguished were the Barings. Alexander and Henry Baring married daughters of Mr. Bingham, which gave to the family a very high standing—so much so, that Mr. Bingham carried an aristocratic

hauteur to the farthest extent. Alexander Baring married Anna, the eldest daughter; and the inheritance he had to thank her for, at the death of her father, amounted to \$900,000. She bore him nine children, of whom seven are still living. The eldest of these, called William Bingham, after his grandfather, became afterward better known as Lord Ashburton. His wife was Lady Sandwich, but their marriage was childless. Alexander Baring was just twenty-four years of age, in 1798, when he was married.

Mr. Bingham was the first person that gave a masquerade ball in Philadelphia, and, true to his predilections, the strictest measures were used to keep out mechanics and their wives. But it is in connection with his Mansion House that Mr. Bingham will most peculiarly be remembered, so far as his personal or social characteristics are concerned. The ground in the rear of the Mansion House, to Fourth street, was a vacant lot, inclosed by a rail fence, and to this the boys resorted to fly their kites. Mr. Bingham built the Mansion House about the year 1790; and it was considered, at the time, the finest house in the city. He inclosed the whole area with a painted board fence, and planted a line of Lombardy poplars around it. These poplars were the first ever seen in Philadelphia. The grounds generally were laid out in beautiful style, and variegated with clumps of shade trees. The fence, being very high, prevented the public from seeing this beautiful woodland scene; and, in consequence of this, William Bingham was much censured for doing what he chose with his own property. After his death, the whole was sold off in lots, and was soon covered with brick houses.

PART TENTH.



ANECDOTES OF CHANCE DEALINGS AND VENTURES.

PART TENTH.

Anecdotes of Chance Dealings and Ventures.

AUCTIONS, FANCY STOCKS, SHARE COMPANIES, LOTTERIES, AND QUIXOTIC SPECULATIONS; WITH
NOTICES OF WONDERFUL COMMERCIAL DELUSIONS, FINANCIAL MANIAS, BUBBLES, PANICS,
—THEIR CAUSES, ABETTORS, INCIDENTS, VICTIMS, AND RESULTS.

Mess. O yes! O yes! This, sirs, is to give notice,—
The auction of Menechmus will begin
The seventh of this month: when will be sold
Slaves, household goods, farms, houses, and—et cetera.
“TWIN BROTHERS,” *Act V. sc. 7.*

Hope! fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.—ANON.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—SHAKESPEARE.

Credulity's always in fashion:
For folly's a fund

Will ne'er lose ground
While fools are so rife in the nation.
FIELDING'S “FARCE.”

The *Tulip* next appeared; all over gay,
But wanton, full of pride, and full of play.—COWLEY.

Jack and the Dutch Tulip Speculator.

WHEN that greatest of all modern utopias—the Dutch tulip speculation—had blinded the eyes of the usually staid capitalists and circumspect bankers and traders of Holland, a man's wealth was estimated not according to any such vulgar standard as houses and lands, bonds and mortgages, etc., nor by the plebeian treasures represented by troy weight, but by the number of tulip bulbs or plants which he possessed—or perhaps had merely seen; so precious was the sight or touch of them regarded at that period of commercial fanaticism.

It happened, one day, that an English sea-captain had occasion to call at the residence of a distinguished capitalist of that country, at an early hour of the morning, accompanied by one

of his sailors, in the capacity of a servant, and the latter was told that he might walk in Meinherr's beautiful garden, till he was ready to return. After admiring the regularity of the walks, the extreme beauty of the shrubbery and flowers that bordered the bewitchingly attractive paths, as they led successively to sparkling fountains, parterres fragrant with the rarest exotics, and arbors rich with song birds and hanging vases, he noticed—in contrast with all this affluence of style—a slender stem of a plant which he took to be an onion; without hesitation he pulled it up, and devoured it, but found that he had mistaken its character on chewing it. Directly after, the man of the palace came into the garden to gratify the English shipmaster with a sight of the *basis* of his acknowledged wealth. On discovering

the fact of the destruction of his tulip—for this it was on which Jack had attempted to make his morning repast—the luckless man exclaimed, in an agony of mind, “I am ruined! I am ruined!”

—♦—

Panic Blunders—Wrong Certificate at the Bank.

IN the midst of one of the worst of our business panics, and at the moment when everybody thought all the banks were going to the dogs together, Jones—the inevitable Jones—rushed into the bank of which he was a stockholder, and thrusting the certificate into the face of the transfer clerk, he said, in great haste, “Here, please transfer half that to James P. Smith!” The clerk looked at it, and asked, “Which half, Mr. Jones?” “I don’t care which half,” replied Jones, puzzled at the inquiry. “You had better go to the courts; I can’t make the transfer without a legal decision. If you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith, we can’t do it here.” Jones was confounded. He knew the banks were all in a muddle, but this was too deep for him. He took his certificate from the hand of the smiling clerk, and, on looking at it, lo! it was his *marriage* certificate! Being a printed form, on fine paper, and put away among his private papers, it was the first thing that Mr. Jones laid hands on when he went to his secretary for his bank-stock scrip. He went home, kissed his wife—glad to find she hadn’t been transferred to Mr. Smith—and, taking the right papers this time, hastened down town, in season to get the matter all straight.

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Great “Spec.” on the Tapis.

AMONG the speculations at present in progress, is a Great Libyan Desert and West End Junction Arabian Sand Association, for the purpose of supplying England and the Continent of Europe with sand paper. Tables have already

been prepared, showing the daily consumption of this useful article in the metropolis alone; and it is suggested that, by the manufacture of scouring paper also, the Company will be able to take advantage of the present rage for travelling, and put it in the power of any person of moderate means to scour the whole continent. A sample of the sand may be seen at the Company’s temporary (very temporary) office in — street.

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Speculative Frenzy of the French, in John Law’s Time.

THE volatile and inconsiderate character of the French has perhaps never been so strikingly illustrated as in the frenzy which characterized their treatment of Law’s Quixotic Mississippi scheme. On his issuing the *fifty thousand new shares*, at five hundred and fifty livres each, the dirty street, Quincampoix, in which Law resided, was fairly impassable. People of the highest rank clustered about his dwelling, to learn their destiny, and delicate women braved all weathers with the hope of enriching themselves. Three hundred thousand applications were made for the fifty thousand shares; and the destiny of an empire, remarkable for its national hauteur, seemed in the hands of John Law, the son of a Scottish jeweller. Advantage was taken of this eagerness. Three hundred thousand additional shares were issued at five thousand livres each, and the regent availed himself of the popular excitement to pay off the national debt. The whole of the foreign trade was placed in the possession of the company, and the public ran with increased eagerness at each creation of stock. Prelates, marshals, and peers cringed to the lacqueys, and swarmed in the ante-chamber of a Scottish adventurer. A rumor of his indisposition sent the stock down nearly two hundred per cent., and the announcement of his re-

covery sent it up in the same proportion. The frenzy became general. A rage for shares infatuated every rank, and the air echoed with Mississippi and Quincampoix. From six in the morning until eight in the evening the street was filled with fervent worshippers of this scheme.

The dissolute courtiers of the yet more dissolute regent shared in this spoil. The princes of the blood were not too proud to participate. The antechamber of Law was crowded by women of rank and beauty—the mistress of Law was flattered by ladies as irreproachable as the court of the regent would allow them to be—and interviews with Law were sought with so much assiduity, that one lady caused her carriage to be upset to attract his attention, and another stopped before his hotel, and ordered her servant to raise the cry of “Fire.” The people emulated one another in luxury. Equipages more remarkable for splendor than taste rolled about the streets. Footmen got up behind their own carriages, so accustomed were they to that position. One of those who had done so, recollected himself in time to cover his mortifying mistake by saying he wished to see if room could be made for two or three more lacqueys, whom he had resolved to hire. The son of a baker, wishing a service of plate, sent the contents of a jeweller’s shop to his wife, with directions to arrange the articles properly for supper. The opera was crowded with cooks, ladies’ maids, and *grisettes*, dressed in the superbest style of fashion, who had fallen from a garet into a carriage.

At last, the Rue Quincampoix became too confined for the mighty fever which infested the metropolis, and the Place Vendome, chosen in its stead, soon presented the appearance of a fair. But Law was again compelled to move, owing to the complaint of the Chancellor, who could not hear the pleading of the advocates. The projector then

purchased the Hotel de Soissons, and in its beautiful gardens established his temple. In the midst, among the trees, about five hundred small tents and pavilions were erected. Their various colors, their gay ribbons and banners, the busy crowd which passed in and out, the hum of voices, the noise, the music, the strange mixture of business and pleasure, combined to give the place the air of enchantment.

“Down with your Dust!”

THIS is one of the patent phrases in sham auction establishments, and these establishments are now a decided institution in the mercantile making-up of large cities. They are composed of imaginary auctioneers, imaginary buyers, and “lots” of imaginary valuable property. They are to be found in various parts of our great city, and those who attend them out of mere curiosity are never known to complain that they were not enlightened to the full extent of their desire. The establishments generally present a large assortment of showy and tempting articles, whose real value is determined by what they will fetch. The casual visitor has only to wink his eye, rub his nose, yawn, sneeze, or cough, and if he will “down with his dust,” he is sure to find himself the fortunate purchaser of a pair of elegant cut-glass decanters, which cannot be matched—no, not even by one another; or a dozen of table knives, which could not be injured by opening oysters.

The Waterloo among Auction-Battles.

THE sale by auction of the Duke of Roxburgh’s celebrated library is acknowledged to have been the greatest auction contest that ever took place. The great passion and pursuit of the Duke’s life was the collection of rare and costly volumes. There were of it some ten thousand separate “lots,” as

auctioneers call them, and almost every book was one of rank and mark.

The most memorable event of this auction related to the *Editio Princeps of Boccaccio*, a book printed in Venice in 1474, but which, at the time of its being sought for by the Duke, was so extremely rare as to have been obtained by him only at a cost of several hundred dollars, and, a thorough bibliomaniac as he was, he prized it beyond any other volume in his collection.

When, therefore, after several weeks of the sharpest competition among the book-hunters for the various works already offered, the auctioneer arrived at this volume, the climax of the battle was reached. The moment of sale arrived. Evans, the knight of the hammer, prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated on its extreme rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the regret, and even anguish of heart, expressed by Mr. Van Praet, that such a treasure was not to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed this address.

The honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. "One hundred guineas," he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued, but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but marked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths.

A thousand guineas were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the Marquess of Blandford added *ten*. One could now have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing well-nigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard—and not a piece of steel was seen to wave or to glitter, except that

which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. At last the contest closed down. "*Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds*," said Lord Spencer. The spectators were at this absolutely electrified. The Marquess quietly adds his usual "*ten*," and so there was an end.

Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a short pause—and indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended in the mid-air. However, at last down dropped the hammer. Such a result naturally created excitement in commercial as well as book-collectors' circles, for here was an actual stroke of trade in which a profit of more than two thousand per cent. had been netted. *Eleven thousand dollars for a single volume!*

New York Pawnbroker's Customer.

It would be difficult to find a more readable sketch of a man's feelings and expedients when in a financial strait, than that which Kimball gives of Parkinson at the pawnbroker's. Here it is: Up to that time I had never visited a pawnbroker's shop. It seemed as if it were a species of humiliation to enter one. Disappointed of receiving a small sum I had that day counted on, and knowing I must not go home without some money, I determined to make the trial. I had in my pocket a valuable watch, of an approved maker. It had cost me \$200. I looked at it. Never did it seem so much of a companion as at that moment. I strolled slowly along Nassau street till I reached the Park, and stood quite undecided. It was here that Downer, on his way home, came up with me.

"What are you waiting for?"

I told him.

"It's of no use," he replied, "to pawn anything. You will lose it, that's all; and you will be just as bad off afterward. If you have anything to part

with, *sell* it; for you will keep on paying twenty-five per cent. per annum for two or three years, and it goes in the end."

"That may be," I said, "but there is no help for it; I must have the money to-night."

"Hold on, Parkinson," said Downer, as I started to cross the street; "let me go; I have been through with it; just as lief as not, I tell you."

I was on the point of assenting, and had partly raised my hand to my pocket, when I looked in his face, and saw his harsh, repulsive features betraying the strongest feeling. He seemed actually, as it were, in pain on my account. Had I been a child, about exposing myself to some great peril, he could not have appeared more apprehensive or considerate.

"No, my friend!" I exclaimed, "I will go through it too; better now than at any other time."

"Mind, you ask for as much again as you want," he said.

I nodded, and crossed over to where Simpson displays three golden balls, the arms of the Lombard merchants, who were the first in old times to lend money on pledge of chattel securities.

My heart beat violently as I entered. I would not thrust myself into one of the coffin-like stalls, but walked straight up to the counter, where a man was already engaged, attempting precisely what I proposed to do, to wit: to get a loan on his watch.

He had just handed it in. Behind the counter stood not a black-eyed, long-bearded, sharp-visaged Jew, as my imagination had pictured, but an intelligent, business-like looking individual, who carelessly opened one side of the watch, and shutting it again, without the least examination, said:

"How much do you want?"

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the man. "Will give you ten." "Can't you give fifteen?" "Only ten."

It was now my turn. My hand trem-

bled as I drew out my watch. The fate of my predecessor argued poorly for me.

The watch was speedily transferred to the hand of the pawnbroker. The same careless examination was passed—just a springing of one of the sides, as if by habit, and then the monotonous "How much do you want?" "I must have fifty dollars on it." "'Tis good for that," was the answer, "but we are not loaning over twenty-five dollars on any watch. The demand is so great, and we must give our small customers the preference." "I suppose so, but really I *must* have this money, and I beg you to accommodate me." There was a moment's hesitation; then he turned around, and took up two pieces of paper. What name?" he inquired. "Parkinson."

In just a minute a ticket was handed to me (the name written on it looked more like Frogson than anything else), fifty dollars was placed in my hand, and the transaction was closed. A newcomer took my place, and I marched away triumphant. I felt very grateful to the man behind the counter. I hardly knew why, but I stepped out on the pavement with a happy appreciation of the institution of pawnbrokers, since it could thus so suddenly bring relief to the suffering. Just then I cast my eyes up at the dial plate on the City Hall, and was surprised that it was so late, and unconsciously I undertook to compare the time with my own. My hand took its usual course to my watchguard, but it grasped vacancy; a slight pang, and it was over. After all, my friend of the three balls had a very perfect security, and an excellent rate of interest.

Female Strategy to obtain Bubble Stock.

ONE among the many ludicrous stratagems employed to obtain access to John Law, in order to secure shares in his Mississippi scheme—then the uni-

versal rage, and bearing a premium many times manifold the par rate—was that resorted to by a lady. She had striven in vain, during many long and anxious days, so much so as to put her in a state of despair of ever seeing him at his own house; she therefore ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience, and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly and watching intently for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, "Upset us now! for God's sake, upset us now!" The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed as only woman can, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into Law's Hotel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologizing to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Though so *honest* a man, Law smiled at the deception, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of his stock.

Financial Use of Saints.

IN Lima, there is a public lottery, which the Government farms to a private individual, for a considerable sum. The tickets are drawn weekly, and the price of a ticket is one real. The largest prize is one thousand dollars, and from that down to one hundred. A lottery on a larger scale is drawn every three months; the highest prize in this lottery is four thousand dollars, and the price of the ticket is four reals. To every ticket is affixed a motto, usually consisting of *an invocation to a saint*, and a *prayer for good luck*; and at the drawing of the lottery, this motto is

read aloud, when the number of the ticket is announced. Few of the inhabitants of Lima fail to buy at least one ticket in the weekly lottery. The negroes are particularly fond of trying their luck in this way, and in many instances they have drawn large sums.

Burlesque on Modern Business Utopias.

REYNOLDS'S inimitable burlesque of the "Universal Stone-Expelling and Asphaltum-Substituting Equitable Company" will answer for all that class of trading Utopias which so wonderfully ensnare both the simple and the wary alike, of the staid English public.

To commence with Captain Walsingham, who appears to have been the projector of this peerless Company, and who was taking measures to give it its due prominence before the public, will suffice. He began by hiring a splendid suite of offices in Bartholomew Lane, and forthwith purchased desks, tables, and chairs, to place in them. He procured a painter, who painted the words "Public Office" upon the door, "Waiting Room" upon another, "Committee Room" upon a third. He then hired three individuals, who, under the denomination of clerks, were to sit at a desk in the Public Office, chatter and read the newspapers when they were alone, and apply themselves like madmen to three great books with clasps, when a stranger came in. A servant in blue livery, with white buttons, was also engaged, to lounge about in the passage outside the entrance door which led to the offices; and a man with printed prospectuses to give away, was stationed in the street. A general meeting of the directors was then called and advertised, to discuss the business and dispose of the capital of the Company; but as there was as yet no business to occupy their attention, they discussed a capital luncheon instead.



Burlesque on Modern Business Utopias.

In a few days, a paragraph was drawn up by the excellent chairman and inserted—upon payment—in one or two of those accommodating daily papers which do not put the absurd word “Advertisement” at the beginning; and this paragraph stated that they—the papers—were informed upon the best authority that the materials which composed said Asphaltum were derived from Asiatic sources; whereupon Mr. Snuffery, as treasurer and secretary, wrote a letter to all the journals to contradict this report—and, as Mr. Snuffery’s letter was inserted for nothing, the Company gained its aim in obtaining publicity at the least possible expense.

Another paragraph, tending to show that the Asphaltum would never be applied to universal use, was then paid for and inserted conspicuously in the *Morning Teapot*; at this, the Company pretended to be in the most direful wrath—so much so, that Messieurs Rumrig & Sharp, the Company’s solicitors, were instructed to bring an action against the aforesaid *Morning Teapot*, which had thus been used to pour

hot water upon the heads of the association. But, after a great deal of public display, red-hot letter writing, pamphleteering, fending and proving, that eminent legal firm declared that it was not necessary to proceed with the suit; and so the whole business was announced, to the great relief of the *agitated* (!) public—to have been arranged in the most amicable manner possible.

A few shares were next issued, and private friends were sent round to purchase up these shares at a *premium*; so that the transaction took wind, and the Company succeeded in getting itself blamed for allowing only the acquaintances and favorites of the directors to get any of the stock and profit by the speculation. The demand for shares was therefore immediate and great; and when a piece of the pavement fronting the house in which the offices of the Company were situate, was robbed of its stone and subjected to the process of the Asphaltum, the enthusiasm and credulity of the public in favor of this great institution knew no bounds. A grand dinner was given by the directors at the City of London

Tavern; and Mr. Muggins was generously permitted by the worthy chairman to advance the Company another five hundred pounds.

Buying his own Goods at Auction.

OLD Colonel W., formerly one of the best known characters in a certain eastern city, was really remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery which came under the head of "miscellaneous," for the reason that it couldn't be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money by fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and outbuildings with a mass of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to conjecture what they were made for, or to what use they could ever be put. This, however, was but a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, couldn't resist his passion; and so he went on, adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies.

One day, while sauntering down the street, he heard the full, rich tones of his friend C., the well-known auctioneer, and as a matter of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group was assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock-indignant remonstrance with his audience: "Nine dollars and ninety

cents!" cried the auctioneer; "Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous, to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—good morning, Colonel! A magnificent lot of—of—*antiques*—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen! you'll *never* see another such lot; and all going—going—for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W., can *you* permit such a sacrifice?" The Colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and with a nod and a wink assured him that he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was the Colonel's, at ten dollars.

As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen everything packed up and on the way to his house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now at least he had made a bargain at which even his wife couldn't grumble. In due time he was seated at the dinner table, when, lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud upon his wife's brow. "Well, my dear?" said he, inquiringly. "Well!" responded his wife; "it is *not* well, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C., the auctioneer?" "Certainly," replied the Colonel; "and a very gentlemanly person he is, too." "*You* may think so," rejoined the wife, "but *I don't*, and I'll tell you why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up the house for the last twelve-month, and sent it to Mr. C., with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder, for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week, at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things: first, on having got rid of an intolerable nuisance—and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago.

And now, what do you think! This morning, about an hour ago, *the whole load came back again, without a word of explanation.* The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good wife was pacified only by the promise of a ten-dollar note beside that in the hands of the auctioneer—on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her word!

Hogarth's Plan of Selling Pictures by Auction.

HOGARTH supported himself by the sale of his prints: the prices, however, of his paintings kept pace neither with his fame nor with his expectations. But he knew the passion of his countrymen for novelty—how they love to encourage whatever is strange and mysterious; and, hoping to profit by these feelings, the artist determined to sell his principal paintings by an auction of a very singular nature.

To this end, he offered for sale the six paintings of the Harlot's Progress, the eight paintings of the Rake's Progress, the four Times of the Day, and the Strolling Actresses, on the following conditions:

First, that every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be entered his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for what pictures.

Second, that on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room, and when it has struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture, when the clock has struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on in succession, till the nineteen pictures are sold.

Third, that none advance anything short of gold at each bidding.

Fourth, no person to bid on the last

day, except those whose names were before entered in the book. As Mr. Hogarth's room is small, he begs the favor that no persons, except those whose names are entered on the book, will come to view his paintings, on the last day of sale.

This plan was new, peculiar, and unproductive. It was probably planned to prevent biddings by proxy, and so secure to the artist the price which men of wealth and rank might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius. A method so novel probably disgusted the town; they might not exactly understand this tedious formula of entering their names and places of abode in a book open to indiscriminate inspection; they might wish to humble an artist who, by his proposals, seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works; or the rage for paintings might be confined to the admirers of the old masters. Be that as it may, he received but little more than two thousand dollars for his nineteen pictures—a price by no means equal to their merit.

First Book Auction in England.

THE first book auction in England, of which there is any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences: "Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give the most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyer and seller, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

Bank Notes at Ten Cents a Yard.

THE failure of the Citizens' Bank, Memphis, some years ago, naturally

occasioned intense excitement, as well as severe hardship to many of those who were the victims of its ruinous career. When the crowd gathered around, composed mostly of mechanics and working men, with here and there a woman, and at intervals a poor market man, there was observed one wiry little fellow, with a wonderfully exaggerated nose, who had a package of the Bowleg's notes in his hands. Some one asked him how much he had. He said, "Those bills, amounting to \$300, are the profits of my labor for the last six months,—look at my hard hands, and see how I have toiled; I have a wife and children for whom I must buy bread, and for whom I must provide a shelter, and a home; but, gentlemen, it is all gone. They may be houseless wanderers and homeless beggars, if I should knuckle to this misfortune. It is all gone." The little gentleman, with the Slaukenbergius nose, which Tristram Shandy tells about, at this point in his speech, "humped" himself, and began to lay his wild-cat bills in a lineal row down in the centre of the street. When they were thus arranged, he turned to the crowd, saying, "Gentlemen and ladies, *I will sell this—infernal stuff at ten cents a yard, tape measure.*" The crowd roared, and good humor was thus substituted for the angry mutterings which had become pretty audible, and which, by any accident, might have resulted in the demolition of the bank building.

Virtuous and Touching Appeal.

"HERE, ladies!" said an auctioneer, "I have a very interesting picture to offer you—a representation of the murderer Robinson, in the very act of approaching his victim. The head of Miss Jewett is a portrait, taken from a plaster cast shortly after her death, and admitted by Robinson himself to be a most astonishing likeness. The figure of Robinson is a fac-simile—as

like him as two peas. I have been credibly informed that at the trial, two respectable old gentlemen, who had never seen the prisoner, recognised him at once from his resemblance to this picture. And the cloak, ladies! the cloak is the very identical one which the murderer wore! What shall I have for this valuable painting?"

"One dollar,"—from an old lady.

"Thank you, ma'am; one dollar, one dollar—half—two—two and a half—three, *three* dollars; three dollars are bid for this invaluable picture; only three; worth at least ten! Three dollars, three dollars—going at three dollars!—going, going! Ladies, this picture is invaluable as a *moral* lesson as well as a work of art. I would recommend it to all mothers who have grown-up daughters. Put this picture before them, and what temptation could ever induce them to leave the paths of virtue! Ladies, the owner of this picture has daughters; they have grown up from youth to womanhood; they have never left the paths of virtue; and their mother ascribes it to the influence of *this very picture!*"

This address produced a manifest sensation. There was quite a stir among the matrons, and one vixenish-looking old maid, with a sharp face, hooked nose, and iron spectacles, was heard to whisper to her neighbor, that "to be sure it was so; and that if *she* had'n't had just such a pictur, she did'n't know what might'n't have happened to her." The auctioneer put up the picture again, and the good ladies now vied with each other in purchasing this invaluable safeguard to female virtue; and as they were assured that there was not another to be had in the city for love or money, it was finally knocked down to Mrs. Chasteley,—a faded dame wearing green goggles—at three dollars and a half; having cost originally, frame included, the sum of three shillings.

Mr. Hume's Anxiety to Avoid a
Pecuniary Loss.

JOSEPH HUME was a heavy investor in the disastrous Greek loan, which he loudly advocated both in his position as a member of the government and as a speculator. He had £10,000 of the loan assigned him. The price fell sixteen per cent., and his ardor was said to have fallen in proportion. Alarmed at a loss so great, the senator endeavored to release himself from the burden; but when he applied to the deputies and contractors, he was met with the reply, that, had the stock risen, he would not have returned the gain. The argument was sound, but the head is obtuse when the purse is endangered; and Mr. Hume—clear-headed generally—"could not see" the fairness of the position.

After some correspondence, the deputies at last agreed to take the scrip off of Mr. Hume's hands, at thirteen instead of sixteen per cent. discount; thereby saving Mr. Hume £300 out of the loss of £1,600, which he at first feared. In time, the Greek cause grew prosperous, the stock rose to par, and Mr. Hume, with a singular power of perception compared with his *previous* notions, claimed the £1,300 which he had lost. The surprise of the deputies may be imagined. Mr. Hume, however, was powerful—he was a senator—and to him was accorded a privilege for which others might have looked in vain.

But a further question arose. Mr. Hume, remarkable for the closeness of his calculations, discovered that £54 was due for interest! This also he applied for, and this too was granted.

The defence of Mr. Hume in this transaction was comprised in the assertion, that, some of his public or political actions having been misinterpreted, because he was a proprietor of stock, he had determined to part with it. The deputies offered to save the friend of the cause so great a loss; and Mr. Hume thought the conclusion at which

they had arrived a sound one. After some correspondence, they agreed to take his stock at thirteen per cent. discount, the market price of sixteen per cent. being but nominal. Mr. Hume wished to be relieved entirely; but this the deputies declined. Shortly after Mr. Hume was definitely informed that those gentlemen would pay him the sum he was deficient; and, as he considered this but simply fair, and not as a favor, he also considered he was entitled to claim the interest. "The worst that any one can say of me," said this cunning casuist, "is, that I may have evinced an *over-anxiety to avoid a pecuniary loss.*"

Marking a Lottery Ticket.

A LONDON merchant, while staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired that he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped; the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten—when, most unexpectedly, the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds! Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend, the merchant, where he had kept the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterward." "But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?" "Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a *little mark in ink* upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon reopening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket."

Jonathan Hunt's Land Speculations.

THE late eccentric Jonathan Hunt, of New York, who accumulated a vast fortune South, was quite noted, a few years ago, for his dashing land speculations in New York, and his relatives actually served on him a warrant *de lunatico inquirendo*, with a view of preventing him wasting his estate. Subsequently, however, it turned out that these incessant purchases which had made him a leading man at the Merchants' Exchange, and an object of distrust to his family, were splendid operations. Poor Hunt's bid was subsequently refused by the auctioneers, on the score of insanity; while the lots he bought on Madison avenue and elsewhere, were, in fact, as speculations, superior to the operations of the most sagacious speculators.

Winners and Losers in Grant's Bubble.

THREE hundred thousand pounds—a most prodigious sum—was embarked by the marquis of Chandos, in "Grant's Bubble," and the duke of Newcastle advised him to sell when he could make the tolerable profit of cent. per cent. The marquis was greedy—hoped to make it half a million, and the advice was declined. The panic came, and the entire enormous investment went in the shock. Samuel Chandler, the eminent non-conformist divine, risked his whole fortune in the bubble, lost it, and was obliged to serve in a bookseller's shop for a number of years, while he also continued to perform ministerial duty. The elder Scraggs gave Gay one thousand pounds stock, and, as the poet had been a previous purchaser, his gain at one time amounted to twenty thousand pounds. He consulted Dr. Arbuthnot, who strongly advised him to sell out. The bard doubted, hesitated, and lost all. The doctor, who gave such shrewd advice, was too irrelative to act on his own opinion, and

lost two thousand pounds; but, with an amiable philosophy, comforted himself by saying, it would be only two thousand more pairs of stairs to ascend. Thomas Hudson, having been left a large fortune, was tempted to embark the whole of it in the scheme. After his loss, he went to London, became insane, and "Tom of Ten Thousand" as he called himself, wandered through the public streets, a piteous and pitiable object of charity. One tradesman, who had invested his entire resources in the stock, came to town to dispose of it, when it reached "one thousand." On his arrival, it had fallen to nine hundred, and, as he had decided to sell at one thousand, he determined to wait. The stock continued to decline; the tradesman continued to hold, and became, as he deserved, a ruined man. Others were more fortunate, but the great majority were of course involved in ruin.

"Our Lady of Hope."

IN the city of Barcelona, Spain, there is a peculiar pawnbroking establishment bearing the dainty name of "Our Lady of Hope," where loans are made without interest to necessitous persons, on the deposit of any articles in pledge. Two thirds of the value of the deposit are at once advanced, and the loan is made for six months and a day; but if, at the expiration of that period, the depositor should declare himself unable to redeem it, another period of six months is allowed. At the end of the second six months the pledges are sold, but if they yield more than the amount advanced, the difference is given to the original owner. This institution is very popular. Thousands are every year suitors for the favor thus afforded by "Our Lady of Hope."

"Tattersall's."

THE name of Tattersall's is familiar and respected throughout Europe, and



TATTERSALL'S AUCTION ROOMS.

it is the synonym for honorable horse-dealing by auction wherever known. The founder of this great auction mart was Richard Tattersall, who was training groom to the second and last Duke of Kingston, until his employer's death in 1773. He then appears to have opened his establishment, though the foundation of his fortune was laid by the sale to him of the race horse "Highflyer," for the enormous sum of twelve thousand dollars; and, it is supposed, on credit—an evidence of the purchaser's high standing for integrity. His mart is now, and has been from the outset, a place where gentlemen might congregate without breathing—or at all events in a greatly lessened degree—the bad vapor that usually surrounds the stable; where men of taste might enjoy the glimpses afforded of the most beautiful specimens of an exquisitely beautiful race, without being continually disgusted with the worst of all contacts—a merely professional jockey or horse dealer.

There is an area or tap room set apart for the throngs of grooms, jockeys, and poorer horse dealers and horse fanciers. At another point is the subscription room, fitted up in the interior with desks, and ornamented with a rare portrait of "Eclipse." Here the wealthier and more aristocratic classes, who, in a great measure, dispense law and fashion, and opinion in all that concerns horse breeding, racing, and betting, congregate in exclusive privacy.

The courtyard is the great business place of Tattersall's—renowned through all the length and breadth of horse-loving, horse-breeding, horse-racing Europe, and which from all parts sends hither its representatives. There is a bust of George IV., conspicuously displayed, because, when he was a prince, in his eighteenth year, he was a constant attendant at Tattersall's. Since then, there is no important name

in sporting annals but can be found among the list of visitors. Around three sides of the courtyard extends a covered way; and at the extremity of one side stands the auctioneer's rostrum, overlooking the whole area. The ranges of ordinary stabling are also admirable specimens of what has been done in modern times to serve the health and comfort of their stately inhabitants. The public days are the Mondays in each week, through the year, with the addition of Thursdays in the height of the season.

A more motley assemblage than the buyers or lookers on, during sale days, it would be impossible to find. Noblemen and ambitious peddlers, bishops and blacklegs, horse breeders, grooms, jockeys, mingling promiscuously with the man of retired habits and studious mind, fond of riding and breeding the wherewithal to ride, tradesmen about to set up their little pleasure chaise or business cart, and commercial travelers, whose calling has inoculated them with a passion for dabbling in horse flesh, and who, in the inns along their routes, talk with great gusto and decision of all that pertains to Tattersall's, on the strength of some occasional half hour's experience in the courtyard!

Last Word at an Auction: a Lady in the Case.

AN auction affords a rare opportunity for the exercise of that determined *penchant*, sometimes ascribed to ladies, for having "the last word." We cannot tell. But here is a stray example of the alleged peculiarity, as it exhibited itself at an auction sale of a large old-fashioned chest of drawers, in the offer of which no one at first seemed to take the least sort of interest.

The auctioneer of course enlarged on all its supposable excellences, directed attention to the size, soundness, and durability of the article, and eventually a low voice from the heart of the crowd

gave a bid, and but little below its actual value. The orator now tried, as usual, to get up an opposition, but in vain; and after repeated declarations that he would sell if there were no advance, the hammer came down. With its descent came a squeak from the opposite end of the room, offering two shillings more.

"Was ye in time, man?" demanded the auctioneer.

"Yes, and it's mine," replied a shrill whisper.

"Then, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "this splendid article must go up again, for justice is the motto of the sale."

Up it went, and the woman's offer was forthwith followed by a still higher bid from the man, who seemed determined on having the drawers; but she was equally resolute, and advanced proportionally. The contest was left to the pair, and they continued to bid against each other, being mutually irascible, till the drawers rose to a price considerably above that of their pristine beauty and fashion; then the deeper voice was silenced, and the lady, having the last word, was declared the purchaser.

The crowd opened a way to her prize; but as she advanced, a respectable looking artizan from the centre exclaimed with a most rueful tone, "Oh, Maggie, is it ye? Guid life, I wud hae had them an hour syne at thirty shillin' less!"

Bidding on Girard's Old Chaise.

In front of an auction store in Philadelphia, there was exposed, at high noon, a personal souvenir of old Stephen Girard, long the great merchant-millionaire of that city, in the shape of a strong-built, antique chaise, in which he used to ride about in the transaction of his business. As a memento of its former renowned owner, its sale was doubtless expected to attract great

competition; but no one appeared to be in sympathy with it or its associations. Occasionally a hasty glance would be directed toward it by a feverish broker, on his way to 'Change; and one stout countryman seated himself in it, and tried the springs. No antiquarians, no lovers of Girard or Mammon, no speculators appeared to be present. As the day advanced, however, and the imaginations of people became a little awakened, in justice to the mortified vanity of the chaise, it may be said that considerable excitement was manifested, and it was momentarily expected that a committee of little boys from the college, or a deputation of Third-street brokers, or the posterity of those whom Girard might have befriended, would be seen meeting on the hallowed ground, and magnanimously rivalling each other by high bidding, in their eagerness to obtain the cherished "vehicular." But no; the chaise was knocked down for less than half its real value, the Girard prestige to the contrary notwithstanding. There is a lesson in this, for all "poor-rich men."

Wager between a Stock Broker and a Capitalist.

A STOCK BROKER, shortly before his death, had laid a wager on parole with a rich capitalist at Paris. About two months after his decease, the latter made his appearance at the residence of the widow, and informed her that her late husband had lost a bet of sixteen thousand francs. Upon his proceeding to inquire whether she could rely solely on her informant's assurance that the transaction had taken place, and fulfil the engagement contracted by the deceased, the widow without hesitation produced a book from her secretary, and proceeded to count bank notes to the amount of sixteen thousand francs; when she did so, however, she was immediately interrupted by the

capitalist: "Madam," said he, "as you give such convincing proof that you consider the wager binding, I have to pay *you* sixteen thousand francs. Here is the sum, for I am the loser, and not your late husband."

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Perils of Stock Gambling: William Abbott.

THE late William Abbott, in his "Life and Times," gives a specimen of his stock-broking experience when in London. It is a passage worth noting:

"A friend of mine," says Mr. Abbott, "connected with the stock exchange, on one occasion pointed out to me the great advantage of occasionally purchasing five thousand consols on time, knowing that I had capital unemployed; the certain profits were placed before me in such an agreeable point of view, that I could not resist the bait. In the course of two days, I received a check for fifty pounds, a sum by no means unpleasant, considering that I had not advanced one farthing. The natural consequence was that I *repeated* the dose with various success, until I was ultimately well plucked. I sustained a loss of a thousand pounds. I then began to be very uneasy, until I fortunately discovered that by one *coup* I had made two hundred pounds. My broker had muddled, of course, without being able to make up his differences. The parties of whom I had purchased, through my agent, refused to pay me, as they had no knowledge of a third person, and were therefore considerable sufferers by the aforesaid broker. I could not understand the justice of this measure, for I always paid my losses to the moment; so I walked to Temple Bar, pulled off my hat most gracefully to that venerable arch, and vowed never again to pass it in the pursuit of ill-gotten wealth."

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Auctioneering in England and America.

AUCTION sales of books in London are not so numerously attended as in the United States, and there is no noise, no bustle, and rarely any disputing about who bids off the books. A table, some ten or twelve feet in length, is placed at the foot of the auctioneer's desk, around which the buyers sit or stand as they prefer; the books, as they are led out to the sacrifice, are placed on the table for inspection, and an offer being made in an ordinary tone of voice, the auctioneer takes it up in the same tone, repeating the bids pretty much in this way: "A pound—a guinea—two-and-twenty shillings—three and twenty—four and twenty—shall I say once more for you?—five and twenty shillings; are you all done?" etc., and a tap with his little ivory hammer gives notice that the victim is guillotined; and then another is brought to the block. Little or nothing is said by the auctioneer in commendation of his wares; he presumes that the bystanders know what they came for, and allows them to act for themselves. They sell more rapidly than is the case in the United States. In another respect, also, the usage is different; the bids are made for the lot, and not per volume; and where the books are of no peculiar value, fifteen or twenty volumes are put up in a lot—but, whether valuable or not, they are never sold by the volume. It is rare that the bookseller will allow a book to be knocked down at less than two thirds its shop price, unless it is one that is wholly decried.

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Allaying a Panic.

DURING one of the panics which overtook the trading community of the city of London, a committee of bankers, headed by Lord Overstone—but then plain Mr. Lloyd—waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and re-

requested him to authorize the Bank of England to issue a few millions more bank notes, such notes, as is well known, being regarded by the British public as the absolute equivalent of specie. They urged that such an issue would at once have the effect of allaying the panic, and that, without it, most of the mercantile firms must fail.

The Chancellor, a man of experience, replied: "No, gentlemen; the merchants and private bankers must take care of themselves." "Very well, my lord," replied Mr. Lloyd, "we *shall* take care of ourselves. Be so good as to examine that memorandum. You will there perceive that our balances in the Bank of England exceed the balance to the credit of the banking department by several hundred thousand pounds. We shall draw them out bright and early to-morrow morning, and before night the bank will fail. My lord, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

Lord John Russell happened to be in the room, and he begged the deputation to wait a few moments, while he withdrew to consult with the Chancellor. Mr. Lloyd waited. In five minutes the Chancellor stepped forward with a grim smile, and said: "Gentlemen, the order in council will issue to-morrow morning, and the bank will be authorized to make the extra issue you demand."

The deputation left; the promise of the Chancellor was kept; the order in council appeared, and the panic was allayed at once. Strange to say, *it was not necessary to issue one of the notes authorized*. Confidence was restored, and business went on as usual.

Selling a Dying Horse under the Hammer.

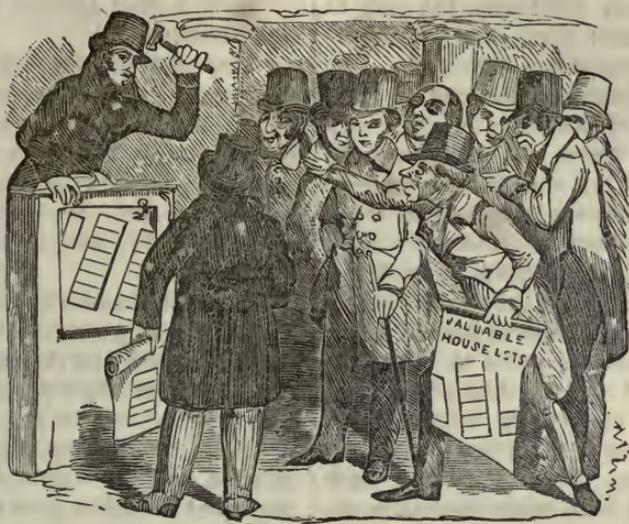
AN auctioneer, who kept a celebrated horse bazaar, and at which place he held regular weekly sales of said animals, was accosted by a thorough-bred

Green Mountain Yankee one day, about fifteen minutes before the commencement of a sale, in the following manner: "You!" says the Yankee, "how do you sell horses now?" "How do I sell horses now? What do you mean?" "'Cause I've got an *almighty* smart cretur I should like to sell at auction; but I shouldn't like to hove him away." "Well, my friend, you bring your animal along; I won't give him away. What do you expect to get for your animal?" "Well, if I should put him up to auction, I should calkulate to limit him at fifteen dollars, but you might sell him for five." "For five dollars! sell him for five! Why what kind of an animal is he? Is he sound?" "Sound as a dollar (whispering up to his ear)—I shouldn't like to warrant him." "Well, well, my friend, bring your horse along, and I'll see what I can get for him."

Accordingly, when the fellow's horse was put up, the greatest *bid* the auctioneer had on him was one dollar and a half. Thinking it too bad to sell the animal for less than five dollars, at which price he was limited, he stooped down to the Yankee owner, who was fidgeting at his elbow all the time, and said to him: "Friend, do you wish to sell this animal for only one dollar and a half?" (In the auctioneer's ear:) "Sell him, sir, he's dying!"

He had not been knocked down more than fifteen minutes before they led him a few yards, and he fell down dead.

After the sale, the Yankee came to the auctioneer, saying: "Well, rather bad business, that cretur's dying so. Well, now you've got the money for him, take out your fees, and I'll take the balance." "Oh, no!" says the auctioneer, "it will take all the money he brought to eat up the charges." "Well, I guess I got off pretty cheap—I couldn't *give* him away, last Tewdsday."



“Going—Going—Gone!”

THE difference between a person's main body and a person's mere ear, when they are respectively arrested, may be said to be this: that, whereas the former is immediately seized with a violent desire to run, the latter is only taken with agreeable curiosity to stop.

Accordingly, the above sounds of “Going—going—gone,” no sooner beat upon the drum of a city pedestrian's ear, than he suddenly pauses and looks about to see where the blow has come from, for it is but natural to turn round on receiving a blow—at least to see whom it is has been dealt to you by.

The dealer, on these occasions, is an auctioneer, and his dealings are so open to the scrutiny of the world that he plies his honest vocation in a shop, the front of which seems to have flown away. Indeed, there is such an air of openness about him and his business, that you involuntarily walk in. The greatest respect is shown to you as you enter. Dark-looking gentlemen creep backward to make room for you, and the auctioneer at once appeals to your judgment, in the case in hand, in the most flattering manner. The boy with the dirty apron and bags of sleeves,

that look as if they had been black leaded, is sharply directed to “hand the tray to the gentleman for his inspection.”

Every little article, from a boot jack downward, is held up admiringly under your nose, as if they were bouquets that only required to be sniffed to be appreciated; and the bidding, which, on your entrance, was only carried on in timid and fictitious whispers, breaks out now into that big, confident tone, which can only be inspired by some fresh source of encouragement. The auctioneer's manner grows twice as big—his hammer knocks twice as loud. You know this is all done in honor of yourself, and you feel called upon to do something to deserve it. A silver cruet stand is being eagerly disputed for (apparently) among the quack millionaire purchasers present. It is only twenty dollars. How remarkably cheap! It is true you do not want it, and you have a long fight within yourself whether you shall buy it. But the worthy auctioneer sees your distress, and relieves your embarrassment by knocking down the cruet stand to *you*, congratulating you, moreover, in the kindness of his heart, upon “the very great bargain you have got.” You

take it home covetously, but only to discover, alas! that your "bargain" would be dear at five shillings.

One can scarcely pass one of these mock-auction establishments, that only keep open house that they may the easier "take in" visitors, and not walk in for five minutes purposely to enjoy the popular farce of *Raising the Wind* that is being acted inside in the broad daylight. The company is invariably the same, having a large dash of Jews; and the Jews one meets at these auctions are allowed by their own race to be seldom particularly handsome. It would almost seem, indeed, as if their physiognomy, from attending such places, had been made especially *forbidding*

Very Hopeful Investment.

THE wit who put this leaf into Harpers' "Drawer" deserves a pension, and a good long life to enjoy it:

"Can you give me specie for this?"

"No."

"What can you give me?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why?"

"You are making 'a run' upon our institution—a *run*, sir. This species of presentation we are bound to resist. You are trying to break us, sir—to make us stop payment, sir. But you can't *do it*, sir."

"But *haven't* you stopped payment, when you refuse to redeem?"

"No, sir. Ours is a *stock* institution. Your ultimate security, sir, is deposited with the auditor. We *can't* 'break,' sir—we *can't* stop payment."

"But have you no specie on hand?"

"Yes, sir, and we are bound to *KEEP* it on hand; the law *obliges* us to keep twelve and one half of specie on hand. If we paid it out every time one of you fellows calls, how, sir, could we 'keep it on hand,' according to law? We should be in a *pretty* box."

"Then I shall proceed to have the note protested."

"Very well, sir, you will find a notary public at —, provided he is at home. He lives about one hundred and forty miles from here. But you'd better go home, sir, and rely upon your ultimate security. We *can't* pay specie; find it won't do—but you are ultimately secure."

The "ultimate security" is disregarded, the note is protested, "without regard to *expense*," and the notary directed to prosecute the "Squash Bank at Lost Prairie," to collection as soon as possible. "How long, by the way," asks the holder, "will it be before I can expect to realize upon the ultimate security of the institution? Thirty days, is it not?"

"Not quite so soon as *that*, sir. I shall forthwith give notice to the officers of the Squash Bank. If they pay no attention to it, I shall offer its securities in my hands for sale; but in discharging my necessary duty to *all* the creditors of the institution, I shall not proceed to offer any of its assets in this market until after at least ninety days' notice in New York, London, and Paris, so as to insure the largest and best prices for the securities—and not even then, if, in my opinion, the ultimate interests of all concerned will be promoted by a further extension! Hem!"

"But, my dear sir, how long will it be before I shall be able to actually realize upon my demand?"

To this pregnant question the notary replies, that "he couldn't say, indeed; it depends something on the fate of the war in Europe—even now more doubtful than ever. Still, you can rely upon your ultimate security."

"ULTIMATE SECURITY—but I—I want *my money*!"

"Oh, ay, ah! that's a different thing!"

This was what might be termed a very "hopeful" investment.

Furor for Chartered Companies.

THE following are *some* among the many companies which applied for charters, during the mercantile stock-jobbing excitement which possessed the minds of the English during the fore part of the last century, and which involved so many in the crash of financial ruin which followed soon after: For supplying London with sea coal—capital, £3,000,000; erecting salt works in Holy Island, £2,000,000; paving streets of London, £2,000,000; buying and selling lands and lending money, £5,000,000; carrying on the royal fishery, £10,000,000; erecting loan offices, £2,000,000; improving leasable lands, £4,000,000; exporting woollens, £4,000,000; for a grand dispensary, £3,000,000; purchasing lead mines, £2,000,000; importing walnut trees from Virginia, £2,000,000; dealing in lace, holland, etc., £2,000,000; trading in produce, £3,000,000; making looking glasses, etc., £2,000,000; paying pensions, £2,000,000; improving malt liquors, £4,000,000; purchasing fenny lands in Lincolnshire, £2,000,000; insuring masters and mistresses all losses by servants, £3,000,000; importing tobacco, £4,000,000; furnishing the cities of London and Westminster with hay and straw, £3,000,000; erecting hospitals for illegitimate children, £2,000,000; importing beaver fur, £2,000,000.

Chronicles of the "Black Day" in London.

THE terrible and long-to-be-remembered panic in London, of 1835, growing out of the foreign loan speculations, commenced on the 21st of May. Every one grew alarmed, and those who had bought as a permanent investment parted with all their interest at a mere song. Private gentlemen, who had been tempted to invest, hurried with heavy hearts to their brokers, and, to add to the distress, the greatest holder turned "bear."

At the close of the market in the evening the confusion was indescribable. Some were rejoicing at their deliverance, though suffering a large loss, while others were absolutely ruined. In many panics there had been hope. They were known to be clamors which time would rectify; but there was no hope for the holder of the Spanish and Portuguese stock, which had ridden over everything else in the market, and now engulfed so many fortunes—it was hopeless, beyond any future redemption. Every one felt assured that no dividend could ever be paid upon it; and when this was remembered, men cursed the fatuity which had led them to buy waste paper, and execrated the greediness which had lured them to ruin. Those who the week before possessed "securities" which would have realized hundreds of thousands, found themselves reduced to utter bankruptcy. Brokers who had kept to their legitimate business were defaulters; most who had bought for time were unable to pay their differences; while sedate and respectable men, who had laughed at speculation, and thought themselves too sagacious to be taken in by companies, had ventured their all on the faith of foreign Governments.

Establishments were reduced, families were ruined and scattered, delicately nurtured women were compelled to earn their bread. Death ensued to some from the shock, gaunt misery was the lot of others, and frantic confusion marked the money-dealers' haunts of business. Almost every third man was a defaulter. All foreign securities were without a price; the bankers—those who yet stood on their legs—refused to advance money; the brokers' checks were first doubted, and then rejected—nothing but bank notes would be taken; and, with a desperation which will never be forgotten, the jobbers closed their books, refused to transact any business, and waited the result in

almost abject despair. The various stocks bore no price, the brokers ceased to issue their lists, and the blackboard was found inadequate to contain the names. It was not the dark, but the *black* day of the London Exchange.

Atkinson, the Eccentric Speculator.

AT the close of the last century there flourished in England an adventurous but successful speculator, and whose fortune, at the time of his death, amounted to half a million pounds. A curious, and not at all a parsimonious man, he occasionally performed eccentric actions, but never to any one's hurt. One day, during one of the brief pauses in a dinner conversation, he suddenly turned to a lady by whom he was sitting, and said: "If you, madam, will trust me with one thousand pounds, for three years, I will employ it advantageously." The speculating but successful character of the speaker was familiarly known; the offer so frankly made was as frankly accepted; and in three years, to the very day, Mr. Atkinson waited on the lady with ten thousand pounds, to which amount his speculating sagacity had enabled him to increase the sum intrusted to him.

Our American Land Fever.

THE years 1835 and 1836 will long be remembered by the Western settler—and by not a few people at the East too—as the period when the madness of speculation in lands had reached a point to which no historian of the time will ever be able to do justice. A faithful picture of those red-hot days—the first gigantic bubble from which our country has suffered—would subject the most veracious chronicler to the charge of exaggeration. The whirl, the fervor, the flutter, the rapidity of step, the sparkling of eyes, the beating of hearts, the striking of hands, the utter *abandon* of the hour! The "man of one

idea" was visible everywhere; no man had two. He who had no money begged, borrowed, or stole it; he who had, thought he made a generous sacrifice if he lent it at cent per cent. The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; the clergyman his study—to join the general chase. The man with one leg, or he that had none, could at least get on board a steamer, and make for Chicago or Milwaukee; the strong, the able, but above all, the "enterprising," set out with his pocket map and his pocket compass, to thread the dim woods, and see with his own eyes. Who would waste time in planting, in building, in hammering iron, in making shoes—in commerce, in stocks—when the path of wealth lay wide and flowery before him?

A ditcher was hired by the job to do a certain piece of work in his line. "Well, John, did you make anything?" "Pretty well; I cleared about ten dollars a day, but I could have made more by *standing round*"—i. e., watching the land market for bargains.

The host of travellers on their Western speculating tours met with many difficulties, as might be supposed. Such searching of trees for town lines! Such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines! Such anxious care in identifying spots possessing particular advantages! And then, alas! after all, such precious blunders. These blunders called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as "land lookers." These were plentiful at every turn, ready to furnish "water power," "pine lots," or anything else, at a moment's notice. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not "personally surveyed." They would tell you, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil! Did you incline to city

property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequalled site, and your confidential friend, the land looker, able to tell you more than all about it, or to accompany you to the happy spot—though *that* he “would not admire,” on account of bad roads, nothing fit to eat, etc.—all from a purely disinterested solicitude for your welfare.

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**Mr. Barker's Auction Watch, and
what it brought him.**

WHEN Jacob Barker was quite young, he visited New York for the purpose of obtaining a situation in some commercial house, through the efforts of his brother Abraham. While thus waiting, he attended street auctions and other places of novelty to him. At one of those auctions, regardless of the admonition often heard from his seniors, to avoid dealing in old watches and old horses, he was tempted to bid twenty dollars for a gold watch; it was immediately struck off to him, when he supposed he had been taken in. It proved otherwise; for he parted with it at a smart profit, shortly after entering the counting house of Mr. Hicks. The circumstances of this trade with an auction-bought watch were as follows:

One day, Jacob was sent to Messrs. James & Samuel Watson, an extensive commission house on Front street, by Mr. Hicks, for a note for sperm candles sold them. Those extensive merchants playfully proposed to this small boy a sale of shipbread, saying that his fellow clerk, Mr. Samuel Hicks, often purchased the article of them in exchange for liver oil, for which article they frequently had orders from Virginia, and with which bread he supplied the ships consigned to Mr. Hicks to profit. Jacob replied that he had not any money wherewith to pay for bread; they proposed to give him credit—a confidence doubtless arising from his being in the employ of Mr.

Hicks. He thanked them, saying he dared not incur a debt—a squeamishness which did not last long—adding that he had not any liver oil, indeed nothing but a gold watch, which he should like to barter for bread. They asked to see the watch, which being exhibited, and the price named, payable in shipbread, they proposed to have it left, and they would decide in the morning, if he would call when he went to the post office for letters; to this he assented, saying, “You wish to have it examined by a watchmaker; I have had that service performed, and know the watch to be good.”

He called in the morning, when the Messrs. Watson agreed to keep the watch on the terms proposed by the boy from Nantucket. And now the next object with Jacob was to find a market for his bread. He was sent by his employer to collect a note for codfish sold Thomas Knox, a merchant doing business on Wall street. Inquiry was made of Mr. Knox if he did not wish to purchase some shipbread as stores for the vessel on board which the fish had been sent; the reply was, that the stores were all on board, but that he had an order for three hundred barrels of bread for a ship which was undergoing repairs at the shipyard, which would be wanted in about three weeks, and inquired of the lad at what price he would furnish that quantity. He had but ten barrels; his reply was, that he would go for and immediately bring a sample, with the information required, for which he repaired to the store of the Messrs. Watson. They expressed a great disposition to sell; said it was a consignment which had been long on hand, therefore they would sell cheap. A conditional bargain was made, they to take Mr. Knox's note at four months, without Barker's endorsement, if he could not get it at a shorter period.

A sample of the bread was taken to Mr. Knox, the price named on a credit

of sixty days; an answer was promised the next morning, for which Barker was punctual to call, when he was informed that John Hyslop, an extensive baker, asked the same price for the same quality of bread, on a credit of ninety days, Mr. Knox remarking, "You are a pleasant little fellow, and if you will allow the same credit, I will take the bread of you." This being agreed to, Barker observed that he "should like to have a memorandum to that effect." Knox smiled, gave the memorandum of the agreement, taking an order on the Messrs. Watson for the bread; when delivered, a note was drawn for the amount due them, and, as a matter of accommodation, Mr. Knox paid the balance in cash.

Barker thus turned his watch into more money than he gave for it, and made one hundred and twenty-five dollars profit on the bread. When the sickly season came on, he had leave of absence, visited Ballston, purchased a horse, on which he travelled to New Bedford, swapped the horse for crude sperm oil, had the oil refined and sent to New York, where it yielded double the cost of the horse—which terminated Jacob's auction traffic in old horses and old watches.

Selling the Gem of the Collection.

"GENTLEMEN, I most particularly call your attention to *this* lot, which cost my employer an immense sum. He always esteemed it the *gem of his collection*. A finer work of this great master cannot be seen, and in such a state of purity; often and often has he refused five hundred guineas for this masterpiece, which I am now submitting entirely to your hands; you will have it at your own price—there is no reserve. Gentlemen, give me a bidding; shall I begin at four hundred guineas?"

No answer—a pause. "Well I am astonished. Gentlemen, do look again!

I shall be ashamed to give an account of this to my employer. I fully expected for such a treasure of art to obtain a great sum. Say two hundred guineas—one hundred guineas—well, anything you please: I am in your hands, there is no reserve!"

Upon this, the real owner of the picture, who is a dealer, left his seat, took out his eyeglass, advanced to the easel upon which the picture was placed, and bended down on one knee the more closely to scrutinize his own property. The auction room, in which this scene took place, has a low ceiling, and but indifferent light. The owner played this art of attitudinizing and viewing with wondrous dramatic effect; and, in a voice pregnant with affected surprise and anxiety, he bid thirty guineas. The auctioneer already had his cue. "Well, I am astonished! thirty guineas for such a *recherché* gem! You must be joking with me, gentlemen!—you *can't* be serious." Forty guineas are now offered by a confederate, which in turn is eagerly bid on by the owner at forty-five guineas. This dalliance was carried on by the auctioneer, the owner, and the confederate, interspersed with a deal of by play and mysterious nods and whisperings, until a stranger present was beguiled into an offer of seventy guineas, when the owner of the picture shut up his eyeglass and coolly turned his back to the auctioneer—a telegraphic signal understood by the whole party that the right victim was entrapped.

As the picture in question was thus, of course, knocked down to a purchaser, it may be of interest to state, that it was bought by the dealer some time before, at a sale of imported rubbish, for twenty-five shillings; was lined, the dirt rubbed off, one unsatisfactory figure obliterated, and the heads of the figures altered. A poor but cleverish artist did all this for the pittance of thirty shillings.

That night, the health of said pur-

chaser of "masterpieces" was gayly toasted—a few bottle of *extra* "Pine Apple" brand being broken on the occasion.

South Sea Schemes.

THE South Sea delusion had its date in 1720, and, were it not, in its consequences, so full of the materials that make tragedy, it might have been represented on the stage as an admirable farce. It was commenced in 1710, and was remarkable for the wild excitement which attended its operations. The pretence for the scheme was to discharge the national debt by reducing all the funds into one. It was favored by the Government, and large premiums were paid for the refusal of the stock at high prices. Some of the directors were created baronets for "their great services," and all kinds of artifice and exaggeration were resorted to, to maintain the inflation of prices. Fifty per cent. was confidently predicted; inestimable markets and valuable acquisitions in the South Seas were promised; and mines of hidden treasure mysteriously alluded to by the agents of the scheme. 'Change Alley was crowded with peers of the realm, who forgot their pride; country gentlemen, who forsook their homes; clergymen, who disregarded the sobriety of their calling; and ladies, who forgot their natural timidity, in the hope of making money. The monarch was said to have profited by it. His ill-favored German mistresses made great fortunes and sent them over to Hanover. One of the journals of that time says: "Our South Sea equipages increase every day; the city ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea horses; the gentlemen set up South Sea coaches, and buy South Sea estates—they neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and the title—for the rest,

they take all by the lump, and pay forty or fifty years' purchase." All the anticipations indulged in respecting this scheme, were in spite of the fact that it promised no commercial advantages of importance, and was buoyed up by nothing but the folly and rapacity of individuals.

Stock-Jobbing Bubbles—Commercial Lunacy.

SUCH was the absurd enthusiasm in speculation in England, in the early part of the last century, that new "companies" started up almost every day. One of the London papers thus alludes to these events: "The hurry of our stock-jobbing bidders has been so great this week that it has exceeded all that was ever known. There has been nothing but running about from one coffee house to another, and from one tavern to another, *to subscribe, without examining what the proposals were.* The general cry has been, '*For G—'s sake, let us but subscribe to something; we don't care what it is.*' So that, in short, many have taken them at their words, and entered them adventurers in some of the greatest cheats and improbable undertakings that ever the world heard of."

Among these, was a "company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; every subscriber who deposits two pounds per share to be entitled to one hundred pounds per annum." Even this insolently audacious attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and, when the arch rogue opened his shop, the house was besieged with applicants. In five hours, two thousand pounds were deposited in the hands of the projector, and from that day he ceased to be discoverable in England. Projects like these enlisted the lowest with the highest. On some sixpence, and on others one shilling per cent. was paid; and, as no capital

was thus required, the comparative beggar might indulge in the same adventurous gambling, and enjoy the same bright castles in the air which marked the dreams of the rich and the great. Some came so low as to ask only one shilling deposit on every thousand pounds. Persons of quality, of both sexes, were engaged in these. Avarice triumphed over all social distinctions; gentlemen met their brokers at taverns—ladies at their milliners' shops. The perquisites of the projectors were so great that they wore dresses of gold and lace, and answered, when remonstrated with, that "if they did not put gold on their clothes, they could not make away with half their earnings."

Peruvian Loan Infatuation.

THE desire to invest in foreign loans, on the part of English capitalists, has sometimes amounted to a mania. The way in which the Peruvian loan was arranged, together with the circumstances which attended it, is a famous illustration in point. No sooner was it understood that the State of Peru had consented to borrow, than the utmost anxiety prevailed to lend. The ostensible contractor was overwhelmed with applications. The reply was, that he would dispose of the scrip in the open market. At the time appointed, a crowd of speculators surrounded him, begging to know terms, and pressing for an early delivery. All voices were lost in the confusion, and the agent calmly waited the bidding of the eager multitude.

Various prices were vociferated, but the contractor maintained a reserved silence. By this it was understood that the point desired was not reached. After a pause, eighty-eight was named by him. This was known to be a premium of eight per cent. on the contracting price, and a storm of indignation arose at the idea of any one, but the assembly, making so large a profit. "Shame,

shame!" "Gross extortion!" met the contractor's ears. Still there was an eager pressure to get near him, and those who could approach sufficiently close considered themselves fortunate in taking sums varying from five thousand to ten thousand pounds. The practical reception of his terms appeared so satisfactory that the contractor soon advanced the price to eighty-nine, on which he was once more met with the same expressive language. Again, however, his acuteness proved correct, and some of the scrip was taken at the increased rate. The noise became so great, and the confusion so excessive, that few could be supplied; and though many applications were made, there was no answer. The attention of the crowd was soon diverted by the offer of a broker to supply the scrip at eighty-eight.

The speculator was taken at his word, and very large amounts were sold. By this time the news had reached the Stock Exchange; and in a short period a considerable number of the members had assembled, and, pressing round the contractor with great indignation, moved him and his agents from one part of the edifice to another. The crowd soon became so exasperated, that they forced them out of the building. A desperate struggle followed, and at last they were allowed to reënter. Being tumultuously called upon to name a price, one of them mentioned ninety as the minimum. Soon after this they left; with their departure the mania appeared to subside; and many of the purchasers, fancying their bargains were imprudent, actually sold on the spot at a lower price than they had given. Such was the anxiety to obtain a portion of the loan to Peru, a loan which now bears no interest whatever.

Satire on Speculation.

In a satirical novel, the writer proposes the prospectus of a company to

drain the Red Sea in search of the gold and jewels left by the Egyptians in their passage after the Israelites. Another bubble to be projected is called "The Gold, Wine, and Olive Joint-Stock Company," one of the characters of which is represented as saying to some honest verdant: "Why, you talk as if we had any real business to transact. All we have to do is to puff our shares up to a premium, humbug the public into buying them, and then let the whole concern go to ruin."

Paterson and His Darien Expedition.

WILLIAM PATERSON, the merchant statesman, was the soul of the renowned Darien Expedition. On visiting the West India Islands, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of the Isthmus of Darien, better known as the Isthmus of Panama. This place, which is between Mexico and Peru, is within six weeks' sail of most parts of Europe, the East Indies, and a part of China—one of the best situations for a colony from a trading and manufacturing country on the face of the earth. He first proposed the plan to the English, and then to other European people, all unsuccessfully. Finally, taking advantage of the hatred between England and Scotland, he brought it plausibly before the latter, the people of which country, anxious to participate in advantages similar to those enjoyed by the East India Company of England, warmly countenanced the project. Indeed, the prospect of sharing in the profits of another East India Company stirred all the accumulative propensities of human nature; and the every thought of a nation remarkable for an absence of undue speculation, seemed now embarked in a scheme which promised universal riches.

The frenzy of the Scotch nation to sign "the solemn league and covenant," never exceeded the rapidity with which

they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs, without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock; widows sold their jointures to get command of money for the same purpose. Four hundred thousand pounds—half the cash in Scotland—was subscribed, and to this, England added three hundred thousand, and Hamburg and Holland two hundred thousand more. Twelve hundred persons sailed in five vessels from Leith; and those who had been refused for want of room, hid themselves in the ships, and clung to the ropes and timbers, imploring the liberty to go. They set sail in July and arrived at their destination in September, where they purchased land of the Indian possessors, proclaimed freedom of faith and trade to all; built a fort, established a station, and commenced labor in earnest. Upon many a fair summer's eve did the companions of Paterson find themselves on the summit of the loftiest peak, gazing through the clear air of that fine climate toward the bleak mountains of their northern home. In the watch tower which they had built upon a mountain a mile above the surface of the sea, they often sat, enjoying the beautiful air and speculating upon their future prospects.

The first letters written from the colony were fired with enthusiasm—the wealth, fruitfulness, etc., of the situation—the abundant resources of hunting, fowling, fishing—these were the themes. One river was named the Golden River; another place was called the Golden Island. But, unhappily, by and by their stock of provisions ran low, making them dependent on Indian hospitality for their necessities. Summer brought disease; provisions grew scarcer; the other colonists were forbidden to trade with them. Thus,

with their numbers daily diminishing beneath the tropical sun, the bold Scots began to shrink from the dangers they had dared. The fort was soon after attacked by the Spaniards and compelled to surrender, and thus, his colony weakened and famished, Paterson saw, with anguish almost inexpressible, the failure of his cherished scheme and the call for a speedy departure. Thirty only of those who left the pier of Leith with such bounding ambition, again set foot on their native soil. The projector, though seized with derangement on the voyage, and more like a skeleton than a man, was one of them. Not a family in Scotland escaped. In cash or kindred all suffered. It was a national calamity, which fell alike on peer and peasant. That it was not the mere dream of a speculative enthusiast, is certain from the interest taken in discouraging it. That it was eminently practical, is almost proved from a people so cautious as the Scotch adventuring so freely. The mere fact that Paterson embarked in it, if not a direct evidence in its favor, is at least a direct proof of his faith in its practicability. Paterson survived many years in Scotland, pitied, respected, but neglected.

"Old Digby" at an Auction Sale.

"OLD DIGBY" was an English millionaire, noted for his extreme penury combined with unaffected kindness of manner in dealing, so that he never advanced his rents, no matter how easy the opportunity. He was frequently to be seen dressing scabbed sheep, picking up sticks, locks of wool, cabbage leaves, etc.; and when he died there was found a heap of stones, or coggles, upon his premises, which are said to have been carried there, by a few at a time, in his own pockets—a part of his "gains."

It happened, on a certain time, that a very considerable estate was to be sold at auction, in the southern part of

the kingdom. Mr. Digby attended the sale, in a dress of ludicrously small value, and the auction room was crowded with persons of the first distinction; of course such a curious-looking stranger caused many side looks and sneering whispers, and some, supposing the old *Hunks* could have but little business there, teasingly asked him if he knew the conditions of sale? He, not at all put by at such treatment, said he should be glad to hear them read—they were read, and business proceeded with.

Mr. Digby was silent until the estate got up to forty thousand pounds; he then bid! and the whole assembly stared with amazement. The biddings went on briskly for a time; but his competitors imagining, perhaps, that he could not make good the engagement, and that there would be a resale, dropped the contest, and the estate was knocked down to Mr. D. at forty-five thousand pounds. Being directly called upon for the deposit, he said: "You shall have it, gentlemen, *immediately*, and the money for the whole estate *to-morrow*, if you can make it safely over to me at that time." He then took out his pocket book and gave a draft at sight on his banker for the sum required. Mr. Digby died worth one million dollars.

Scenes at a Turkish Auction.

THE Turkish auctioneer is by no means so august and consequential a person as in America. Sometimes before one has time to sit down and light a cigar, he will have returned three times from a sally to sell the same cracked pipkin, and three times have been thrust back by the scuff of the neck for not having obtained a reasonable offer for it. Somebody in the auction shed bids for it at last, and the delighted auctioneer, with a most villainous wink, is preparing to hand over his unsalable pipkin to the somebody in

question, when, whack! the same remorseless knuckles, as usual, are thrust between the collar of his shirt and the nape of his neck. Thus goaded, he makes another excited bolt out of the shed, and, next moment, is heard shouting the praises of the cracked pipkin again, in the same furious manner as before. The somebody who was disposed to purchase—one not broken in at auction—looks rather disconcerted; but nobody else pays any further attention to the proceedings for the present. In fact, all seem to be rather glad than otherwise, to have got rid of the auctioneer, probably in the hope that the festive occasion may be prolonged until a later hour. So they sit down, light their cigars, and talk over the news. Presently the auctioneer returns. While the majority of his customers are wrangling, he has slyly disposed of the pipkin to the somebody who first bid for it—his roguish wink to the purchaser rather signifying that he should expect a con-si-de-ration for himself at a convenient season. After this sale of the pipkin—the only thing thus far disposed of—the auctioneer desires a little repose, and, squatting cross-legged on the bankrupt's counter, joins in the general discourse. The whole company heedlessly forget why they assembled together, and idle away their time until it is necessary to disperse, and the auction continues at some future day.

Trade between Flywheel and Singecat.

FLYWHEEL was an acute trader—so, at least, he thought himself—whose forte was dealing in patent rights. After some years of itinerant vending, he conceived the design of exchanging the remainder of his “inventions” for a nice little farm, on which he might crown a youth of labor with an age of ease; and, when not busy expatiating upon the merits of improved boot jacks or baby jumpers, he would often, by

anticipation, enjoy the comforts of such a possession.

One day he met with an innocent-looking farmer from New Hampshire, who intimated his willingness to change his occupation, if he could obtain an equivalent for his farm, which he described as high land in a wholesome locality, with other apparently attractive qualities. “In short,” said Mr. Singecat, the owner, “a man might raise anything on it.”

Now, thought Flywheel, if I can only induce my friend to go into the patent line, and get him to take my stock of documents and models in exchange for his place, it will be a glorious trade. So, suggesting the subject in his most persuasive manner, dwelling strongly upon “the profits of the business to a thorough-going man, which,” said he, insinuatingly, “I perceive you are, Mr. Singecat,” and earnestly declaring that nothing but a desire to retire to a country life would tempt him to propose such a sacrifice of his own articles—his talk and chat, after considerable chaffering about “boot,” etc., were effective, and a barter was concluded.

Now, Flywheel valued himself as an infallible physiognomist, and knew he could tell an honest man at first sight; therefore, waiving the delay necessary for an examination of the title and property, the respective transfers were immediately made, when, pocketing his deed, he went home well pleased at having done such a “good thing.” Of course, he told a few friendly neighbors all about it, not omitting some self-complacent remarks relative to the cutting of eye teeth, concerning a man being posted, and so forth. By and by he set out to see his new homestead; but soon returned with, it was observed, a diminished flow of spirits. Time passed; and as he had not moved to his “country seat,” but had, instead, quite subsided upon the topic of agriculture, which had hitherto been his special theme, his friends began to ask the rea-

son why. At last he yielded to their importunity, and thus confessed :

"Well, gentlemen, I hired a guide to point it out to me, and went to look at my 'estate.' The approach to the premises was rather rough, but romantic. At length we reached a spot comprising less than a hundred acres of barren heights, almost inaccessible to a goat—and this was the farm! Nearly a perpendicular one, sirs. Egad, I needed a long ladder with which to get on my own ground!

"After dolefully viewing the 'crops'—of stone, alas! which completely clothed the prolific soil—slightly moralizing upon the folly of buying 'a pig in a poke,' and estimating the money value of what I had given for this elevated tract, I recalled Singecat's saying, when, with seeming reluctance, he agreed to a trade, that 'a man might raise anything on it!' And, upon reflection, I had to admit that, even supposing superphosphates were powerless, and Archimedes' lever unattainable, still a man might, at least upon a pinch, if his talent were only fair, as he himself had done, cunningly 'raise the wind!'"

The moral of Flywheel's experience is, that we should never be too anxious to "go it blind" in any transaction.

Mock-Auction "Capitalists."

AMONG the very select company peculiar to a mock-auction establishment, there is one character that always takes the leading business, and remarkably well he performs it. He may be called the capitalist of the concern, and though he spends hundreds every business day, he is not known ever to arrive at the end of his capital. The amount that prodigal man must spend every year would infallibly drive Rothschild into the workhouse.

Nothing is too good or too common—too expensive or too cheap—for him. One minute he will buy "silver" can-

delabra, the next a "gold" thimble. In the morning he will add a five-hundred-dollar dressing case to his enormous property, and in the afternoon amuse himself by bidding a shilling for a little trumpety penknife. He must thus have somewhere between forty-nine and fifty million penknives, for one article alone!

But the articles he has the greatest hankering for are evidently razors, and yet, to look at his unshorn beard, no one would imagine that he ever "shaved," from one month to another. The hairs stick out on his chin like the wires in a musical snuff-box. It is most amusing to watch him when the razors are handed round. He will snatch one off the tray, draw the edge across his nail, breathe upon it, then hold it up to the light, and, after wiping it in the gentlest manner upon the cuff of his coat, bid for it as ravenously as though he had seen it only a thousand times before, and as if he would not lose the rare article for all the wealth of the Indus. He has clearly a mania for the article that works the keenest "shave."

What he does with all the wares he buys it would be difficult to tell—certainly no one place would be large enough to contain all the rubbish of which he has been the "purchaser" for years past. His collection of bureaus alone would cover a Western prairie, and he must possess by this time more dumb waiters than there are real waiters in the whole country. The number of boot jacks, too, which he must have "upon his hands," would have crushed any other man long ago.

Good Speculation Lost in Chicago Lands.

IN the summer of 1839, happening to be in Chicago, Ill., Dr. Humphrey, of Amherst, Mass., bought two small lots of land, at the going rate, and sold them seven or eight years after, for twenty-five hundred dollars, which was

thought to be a fair price. "Now," said the doctor, writing of his experience in the matter, "the New Richmond Hotel, one of the first in Chicago, stands on the same ground, which I am assured would, if I had kept it to this time, have brought me eighty thousand dollars. So you see how narrowly I escaped being a rich man, and rearing my boys, had they been young, to rely upon my fortune, and not upon their own industry, economy, and good behavior. I slept upon the premises last night, at a fair hotel charge, and without being kept awake one moment in thinking of what I had lost. I had excellent accommodations, and what could I ask for more? If the children of the proprietor, who bought the land of me (if he has any), escape with the great fortune as safely as mine have done without it, it will be an exception to the general experience of wealthy families."

Caricature of Commercial Speculation.

THERE is presented in a French work—"Mémoires de la Régence"—a facsimile of an ancient caricature of commercial speculation, representing the "Goddess of Shares" in her triumphal car, driven by the "Goddess of Folly." Those who are drawing the car are impersonations of the Mississippi, with his wooden leg, the South Sea, the Bank of England, the Company of the West of Senegal, and of various assurance schemes. Lest this car should not roll fast enough, the agents of these companies, known by their long foxtails and their cunning looks, turn round the spokes of the wheels, upon which are marked the names of the several stocks and their value, sometimes high and sometimes low, according to the turns of the wheel. Upon the ground are the merchandise, day books and ledgers of legitimate commerce, crushed under the chariot of Folly. Behind is an immense crowd of persons, of all

ages, sexes, and conditions, clamoring after Fortune, and fighting with each other to get a portion of the shares which she distributes so bountifully among them. In the clouds sits a demon, blowing bubbles of soap, which are also the objects of the admiration and cupidity of the crowd, who jump upon one another's backs, to reach them ere they burst. Right in the pathway of the car, and blocking up the passage, stands a large building, with three doors, through one of which it must pass, if it proceeds farther, and all the crowd along with it. Over the first door are the words "Hôpital des Foux;" over the second, "Hôpital des Malades;" and over the third, "Hôpital des Gueux."

Dutchman's Gold in a Safe Place at Last.

EVERYBODY will remember the startling money panic—they had at San Francisco some years ago, and the story "John Phoenix" used to tell of its effects—individually illustrated. Before the fright, an old Dutchman, by dint of hard labor, had accumulated some five hundred dollars, which he cautiously deposited in one of the banking houses for safe keeping. Rumor soon came to his ears that they were not very safe—some said that they had "broke." Next morning he tremblingly drew his balance, and put the shining gold into his pocket. He breathed decidedly freer, but here was a dilemma. What should he do with it? He did not dare to keep it in his shanty—and as for carrying it about with him, 'twas too precious heavy. So, after a sleepless night or two, in constant apprehension of burglars, he deposited it in another "banking office." Another day—the panic increased—there was a run on his bank—he pushed in—drew his gold—and felt easier once more. Another anxious day and night for his "monish," and again it was deposited in a *safe* bank.

This time he felt safer than ever before, and went quietly to his work. But the panic reached *that* bank, and anxious depositors besieged the doors. Mynheer heard the news, and put post haste, book in hand, for the scene of action—jammed in with the crowd—drew his gold, new and bright—put it safe in his corduroys—and was happy once more; but here was the dilemma fresh again—where to put it! He had gone pretty much the rounds of the banks, and having had such narrow escapes, couldn't and wouldn't trust them any more. He sat down on a curb stone, and soliloquized thus: "I put mine monish in von bank, ven he preak; I put him in de oder bank, ven he preak too; I draw him out; I can no keep him home; I put him into dis bank, now dis one preak; vat te tuvil shall I do? I *now* take him home and sew him up in my frow's petticoat, and if she preakes, I preakes—her head!"

Bidding and Winking at Auctions.

SMITH, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged in a sale of venerable household furniture and "fixings." He had just got to "going, and half, a half, going!" when he saw a smiling countenance, upon agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is always as good as a nod to a blind horse or a keen-sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked, and they kept "going, going, going!" with a lot of glassware, stove pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To—whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? heigh!" said the stranger, "I don't know who." "Why, you, sir," said Smith. "Who? me?" "Yes, yes; you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me? hang me if I did,"

insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" "Winking! well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you were winking as much as to say, 'Keep dark, I'll stick somebody into that lot of stuff;' and I winked, as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister.'"

"Candle" Auctions.

THE Romans gave to this kind of trading the descriptive name of *auctio*—an increase, because the property was publicly sold to him who would offer most for it. In modern times, a different method of sale has been sometimes adopted, which is called a Dutch auction, thus indicating the local origin of the practice. It consists in the public offer of property at a price beyond its value, and then gradually lowering or diminishing that price, until some one consents to become the purchaser. In England, persons are now sometimes invited to a "sale by the candle," or by the "inch of candle." The origin of this expression seems to have been the employment of candles as the means of measuring time, it being declared that no one lot of goods should continue to be offered to the biddings of the persons who were present for a longer period than would suffice for the burning of an inch of candle: as soon as the candle had wasted to that extent, the then highest bidder was declared to be the purchaser.

Earliest American Sale of Books by Catalogue at Auction.

THE first sale of books by catalogue at auction in this country was in Boston, in 1717, and had the following title:

"A Catalogue of Curious and Valuable Books Belonging to the late Reverend & Learned Mr. Ebenezer Pemberton, consisting of *Divinity, Philosophy, History, Poetry, &c.*, generally well

bound; To BE SOLD BY AUCTION, at the Crown Coffee-House in Boston, the Second Day of July, 1717, Beginning at Three o' Clock afternoon, and so *De Die in Diem*, until the whole be sold.

"Also a Valuable Collection of Pamphlets will then be exposed to sale.

"The Books may be viewed from the 25th Day of June until the Day of Sale, at the House of the Reverend Mr. Pemberton, where attendance will be given."

The first bookseller's catalogue was issued by Benjamin Franklin, in 1744, in Philadelphia.

Stray Leaf from a Speculator's History.

ALONG with an undue expansion of his regular business, Mr. Beers had ventured largely in one of the most brilliant and promising speculations of the day. These were the foundations on which he had latterly essayed to build the temple of his fortune, and he now felt them swelling and sinking beneath his feet, while the edifice itself, tottering to its fall, threatened every moment to crush him.

Far and wide, over land and sea, to the east and west, to the north and south, the chain of his correspondence extended, and his semi-annual importations flew from his warehouses, as it were, on the wings of the wind. Heavy discounts and long credits, rendered easy and general by the fatal facilities which the banks afforded, sustained for a long time the bright delusion, and all hearts beat high, and all tongues were eloquent with the hope of splendid fortunes, realized almost by the toss of a copper. But by and by, alas! the sober certainty of protested notes, and extensive country failures, startled men into suspicion and reflection. In proportion as facilities were withdrawn, the fall of the million jobbers, scattered "thick as leaves" everywhere over the land, became accelerated. Then com-

menced the crash in the distant cities—then in those more near—then the metropolis itself began to ring with harsh, iron-tongued rumors of her proudest houses; confidence gave way to universal caution and distrust, and the dark leaden clouds rolled heavily over the firmament, charged with the black and sulphurous artillery of the coming tempest. Black, indeed,—almost rayless, was the firmament which, for a short period, had hung over Julian Beers. A bolt or two had already scathed the greenness of his fortune; every moment might bring the unmitigated fury and the overthrow. Had his adventures run only in the regular channel of his business, he might, perhaps, have defied the storm; he now felt, at least, that in that case there was a possibility that all his engagements might have been protected. But that speculation!

The originators of it—many of them, at least—had secured themselves; some of them had realized fortunes by it. But Mr. Beers, deceived by its unusual popularity, had entered into it as it approached the crisis. That crisis soon came. It was as destructive as it was unlooked for in its movements, and he now stood among the vanishing bubbles of the exploded air-castle. To him this was the finishing blow, and he felt it to be so.

In the presence of his difficulties, before he could realize the probability of others still more severe, he had been led to adopt expedients which, in the ordinary course of business, he would have repudiated. In the protracted agony of his situation, he went on, day after day, making the most serious sacrifices in order to sustain himself. But such sacrifices generally render the evaded ruin only the more certain and deadly. And such the sacrifice proved to be in his case.

The fatal crisis having spent itself upon him, he sat for a long time absorbed in the study of the documents

before him, and when he arose it was with a cheek and brow of deadly paleness. He paced the floor, at first with a step somewhat languid, then rapidly, and with some show of agitation. He sat down again, and smote the paper with his open hand, exclaiming, "All, ALL scattered to the winds of heaven! Great God! can I be calm—can I live under a state of things so dreadful—I, Julian Beers, with the cold civility, the sneer of the world before me? And for this I have toiled—for this—poverty, want, and wretchedness, with my helpless, miserable family!" His feelings became too strong for words. He leaned upon his clenched hands, and—it may not be said he wept, for the manhood of Julian Beers was strong—but the convulsive movement of the chest, and the workings of the countenance, told that even tears might be a relief. But there was no help for it. Ruin was upon him, "as a strong man armed."

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Syrian Auctioneers—"Harage!
Harage! Harage!"

BEFORE mounting for action, the Syrian auctioneer opens the "lot" which he is to dispose of, and selects the most attractive articles. Thus prepared, he jumps upon the bale, and, *unsheathing a formidable looking dagger*, flourishes the weapon over his head, making imaginary thrusts and stabs in every direction, and halloing out "Harage!" (which signifies "auction" in Arabic,) with stentorian lungs.

The auctioneer seizes upon a handsome piece of Tripoli silk shawling, for instance, and, cutting away the binding, flings it at full length over the heads of the surrounding crowd, so that they may at once appreciate its size and beauty. Whilst commenting upon the superlative excellence of the article, a dirty little camel-driver's son will very likely c'utch the costly article in his dirty hands for closer inspection. The antics of the auc-

tioneer at this—the savage and menacing dance he performs—the fearful threats hurled by him at the juvenile offender—are past all description. The small delinquent, however, terrified by these demonstrations of displeasure, takes to his heels, and cautiously, if ever, shows his head again in *that* neighborhood.

The auction proceeds. There are Hebrews, with flowing beards and dusky robes, amongst the bidders; there are camel-drivers, just like the pictures one sees of Eleazar the Syrian at the well; there are Persians in their queer-shaped caps; dervishes, with their characteristic attire; muftis, ulmas, soldiers, sailors, tinkers and tailors; Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Druses, Syrians, Arabs, Copts, Egyptians, Swiss, Swedes, Americans, English, French, Italians, Austrians, etc., etc., and foremost amongst this motley gathering, boldly stands forth Captain John Brown, of the British schooner "Tear-away," who, the weather being oppressive, has landed for convenience' sake in his shirt sleeves and a straw hat. The captain mumbles something about "Dolly and the little uns," from which is inferred his resolve to purchase some of the rarest articles, as gifts for those whom he loves at home.

"Harage! Harage! Harage!"—he of the hammer (or rather of the dagger) is a bit of a linguist; that is to say, he can *count* in almost every tongue. Captain Brown, for example, bids fifty piastres; to make the bid intelligible to every one present, the auctioneer translates the bid rapidly into every tongue that he is master of: "Fifty piastre,"—"cinquanta piastree,"—"cinquanta piastree,"—"Humseen grosh,"—"Elli croosh." No one bids higher, and so the shawl is knocked down to John Brown, master of the British schooner "Tearaway." To make things ship-shape and secure, the captain carries off his prize, and goes straight on board with it; but



THE SYRIAN AUCTIONEER.

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even after it has been locked up in the cabin, and he is lolling musingly over the bulwarks, smoking his afternoon pipe, he can still hear the auctioneer at work, as the land breeze, amidst a babel of other sounds, wafts off the piercing shriek of "Harage!" "Harage!" "Harage!"

A Trade, and a Wager Won.

"I RECKON I could'n't drive a trade with you to-day, Square," said a "ginooine" specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't*," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you need'n't git huffy 'bout it. Now here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—worth \$2.50; you may have 'em for \$2.00.

"I tell you I don't want any of your traps—so you may as well be going along."

"Wal, now look here, Square, I'll bet you five dollars, that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, "I'll give you a picayune (sixpence) for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But," said he, after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he; "here are your strops, give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence. "A trade is a trade;

and, now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wager, amidst the shouts of the laughing crowd.

John Law's Notorious Bubble.

LAW'S Bubble was the most ruinous speculation of modern times. The projector, John Law, of Edinburgh, raised himself to the dignity of comptroller-general of the finances of Europe, upon the strength of a scheme for establishing a bank, an East India and a Mississippi Company, by the profits of which the national debt of France was to be paid off. He first offered his plan to Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, who told him he was not powerful enough to ruin himself. The French ministry accepted of it in 1710; and in 1716 he opened a bank in his own name under the protection of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France,—and most of the people of property of every rank in that kingdom, seduced by the prospects of immense gains, subscribed both in the bank and in the companies. In 1718, Law's was declared a royal bank, and the shares rose to upward of twenty-fold the original value, so that in 1719 they were worth more than eighty times the amount of all the current specie in France. But *the following year* this great fabric of false credit fell to the ground, and almost overthrew the French government, ruining tens of thousands of families. It is remarkable that the same desperate game was played by the South Sea directors in England in the same fatal year.

Law was a genius from the start. Born in Edinburgh, he resided for several years abroad, and was noted for the facility with which he solved the most intricate problems in arithmetic and geometry. He resided first

at Paris, where he acquired great dexterity in all games of chance, and afterward at Genoa and Venice. One cause assigned for leaving Paris, was his eloping with Lady Catharine, third daughter of Nicholas, Lord Banbury, and wife of Mr. Senor, or Semour. His success in play was so great, that he is said to have acquired twenty thousand pounds. The favorite maxim inculcated by Law, and upon which his whole fabric of the Mississippi scheme was reared, was, that the power and prosperity of a nation increase in proportion to the quantity of money circulating therein, and that, as the richest nations have not specie sufficient to afford full employment to their inhabitants, this defect may be supplied by paper credit.

It is not true, however, that Law built solely on a speculation concerning the Mississippi; he added the East India trade, he added the African trade, he added the farms of all the farmed revenue of France; but all these unquestionably could not support the structure which the public enthusiasm—not he—chose to build on these bases. He laid the best foundation that he could, perhaps the best which, in the circumstances, it was possible to lay; but the nation went suddenly mad, an event which he could scarcely have foreseen; the Company was hurried onward by the general frenzy; and when the delirium had reached its height, the regent was advised to issue the fatal edict which levelled the whole fabric to the dust.

Memorable Auction Sale in New Orleans.

THERE once stepped into the office of an old auctioneer on St. Louis street, New Orleans, no less an individual than the rich and elegant American merchant, John McDonogh. It was the day after the marriage of Miss Almonastre—McDonogh's flame—to young

Pontalba; a disappointment to the merchant which changed the whole habit, aim, and destiny of his life; and the welfare and destiny of very many besides.

"Sir," remarked the merchant to the auctioneer, at the same time handing him a voluminous roll of paper, "there is the inventory of my furniture, carriages, horses, liquors, stores, plate, and all that pertains to my establishment in Chartres street. I desire you to sell them all for cash, immediately." Accordingly in three days the extensive establishment of Mr. McDonogh was all converted into money, to the great surprise and deep regret of his many friends and guests. With the proceeds of this memorable auction, he purchased a small, lonely house, on the opposite bank of the river, where, with scarcely furniture enough to satisfy the most ordinary use and demands of humble life, he immured himself in perfect seclusion. From that period until his death—forty long years—he ceased to have any connection or association with the world except in the course of business. He would neither dispense hospitality himself, nor share that of others. Purchasing all the land around him, he placed himself beyond the curiosity and annoyance of near neighbors. His negro servants alone were permitted to reside in his house; they were the depositaries of the secrets of his household, and acted as his clerks and agents in all his transactions with the outside world. Whilst thus socially secluded and morose, Mr. McDonogh continued to prosecute his acquisition of property with augmented vigor and ardor. It was about this time his passion for accumulating vast acres of waste and suburban land began to manifest itself. All his views regarded the distant future. The present value and productiveness of land were but little regarded by him. His only recreation and pleasure were in estimating the value of his swamp and waste land

fifty, a hundred, and even a thousand years to come.

Character displayed in Auction Dealings.

THE maxim "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves" should ever walk arm-in-arm with that more sensible one, "Do'n't save at the spigot and lose at the bung." A few five-cent pieces penu-riously cherished, in following out the first-named maxim, may cause many a heartburn in the end, and he who adopts it as a rule of conduct runs a risk of earning the application of Bishop Earle's remark—"He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, 'he will not be undone.'"

The advocate of the penny-wise sentiment is very likely to be in his element when chaffering and higgling with a strawberry woman; there's a fine "I'm not to be swindled" look about him as he worries the poor worn-down creature from his richly-draped parlor window into parting with five sixpenny baskets for two shillings; but to see him in his *glory*, follow him into an *auktion* room, and observe him there, if not too much hidden by the dust from that second-hand carpet which he is so slowly examining with a view to purchasing "if it do'n't go too high." That speculative look which he is now putting on is caused by a measurement in his mind of the third story back room of his palace in Waverley Place, and not from any misgivings as to smallpox; but his calculations are to no purpose—the woman in the rusty black dress will bid over *him*—God help her! *she* has no "pounds to take care of themselves!"

Keen Auction Dodge by Rembrandt.

BEING at one time in great want of money, and finding his work went off

heavy, the celebrated Rembrandt put into the newspaper that he was dead, and advertised an auction sale of the finished and unfinished paintings in his house.

Crowds flocked to the auction, eager to possess one of the last efforts of so great a master. The merest sketch sold at a price which entire pictures had never brought before. After collecting the proceeds, Rembrandt came to life again; but the Dutch, who resent improbity even in genius, never would employ him after his resurrection.

Parisian Auction—How Conducted.

THE French mode of conducting auctions is curious. In sales of importance, such as of land, houses, etc., the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who, for the time being, becomes an auctioneer. The property, whatever be its nature, is usually first examined by competent judges, who fix upon it a price, considerably less than its value, but always sufficient to prevent any ruinous loss by a concerted plan or combination of bidders. The property is then offered, conformably to previous notice, with this fixed valuation stated. The notary-auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning three or five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in view of all the interested parties and lighted. If, before it expires, another bid is offered it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders, and affords each a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than his predecessor. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders, or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite. It also saves him from

deciding between two parties, each protesting himself to be the first—as it must become evident before the taper expires, who the proposed purchaser really is.

Tonti's Money-Raising Projects.

THE word "Tontine" is often met with, and has a curious commercial history. It is known that the reign of King William was productive of all conceivable modes and methods of borrowing money. Short and long annuities, annuities for lives, tontines, and lotteries, alike occupied his attention. The former are still in existence, the latter have fallen into oblivion. To the brain of a Neapolitan, and the city of Paris, the *tontine* is due.

Lorenzo Tonti, in the middle of the seventeenth century, with the hope of making the people of France forget their discontents in the excitement of gambling, suggested to Cardinal Mazarin the idea of annuities with the benefit to the survivors of those incomes which fell by death. The idea was approved by the cardinal and allowed by the court. The English Parliament, however, refused to register the decree and the scheme failed. Tonti again endeavored to establish a society on this plan, and to build by its means a bridge over the Seine; but the inventor christened it, unfortunately, "*Tontine*," and not a man in Paris would trust his money to a project with an Italian title. A complete enthusiast, he allowed Paris no rest on his favorite theme, and proposed to raise money for the benefit of the clergy in the same way. The assembly reported on the scheme, and the report contained all that could flatter the projector's vanity, but refused a permission to act on it; and again it was abandoned. The idea, however, which could not be carried out for the people, which was refused for the benefit of the city, and not allowed for the clergy, was claimed as a right for the

crown, and Louis XIV. created the first tontine to meet his great expenses—an example which was soon imitated by other monarchs.

Lord Castlereagh and the Ruined Broker.

WHEN the war of Napoleon was raging on the Continent, a blunt and honest stock speculator, who had an immense stake depending on the results of the conflict, having heard a rumor that a certain battle had taken place of immense importance financially as well as politically, but not knowing whether the intelligence was true or merely trumped up by interested schemers, determined on waiting personally on Lord Castlereagh, the foreign minister, with the view of endeavoring to get at the truth. He sent up his name to his lordship, with a note, stating the liberty he had taken, in consequence of the amount he had at stake, and begging, as a favor, to be informed whether the news of the battle in question was true. The noble lord desired the gentleman to be sent up stairs. He was shown into his lordship's room.

"Well, 'sir," said his lordship, "I am happy to inform you that it is perfectly true this great battle has been fought, and that the British troops have been again victorious."

"I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship for your kindness in giving me the information; I am a ruined man," said the stock speculator, stunned at the tidings, making a low bow and withdrawing.

He had calculated on the triumph, at the next conflict, of Napoleon's army. He had speculated accordingly; a contrary issue at once rendered him a beggar.

Early Stock Jobbing and Lotteries.

It was something less than two hundred years ago that the word stock

jobber was heard in London. But in the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence—the Insurance Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword Blade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlors of the middle classes, and for all the bed chambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company, which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armor; in front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclop, and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. This process was exhibited on the Thames; fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river, and return laden with old iron and ships' tackle. There was, too, a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best brought from Turkey or Russia.

Besides the above, there was a famous society which undertook the business of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies' Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the Directors of the Royal Academies' Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each, to be conducted as follows:

There was to be a lottery; two thousand prizes were to be drawn, and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the Company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, book-keeping and the art of playing on the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions, and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee houses in the neighborhood of money dealers. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares.

Lottery Vagaries in the Sixteenth Century.

THE first lottery on record in England was drawn in London, in 1569—the proceeds being devoted to public purposes. The prizes were partly in money and partly in silver plate; four hundred thousand lots were drawn, and the people were kept in a state of excitement, day and night, for nearly four months. The grim, grotesque despair of the losers, and the eager delight of the gainers, was for the time the great entertainment of the town. It was not long before the people in their individual capacity and for individual ends, followed the example set by the Government. Thus, lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery stay makers, lottery glovers, lottery hat makers, lottery tea merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10—lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating houses—where, for sixpence, a plate of meat and the

chance of sixty guineas were given—lottery oyster stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of five guineas,—all these were plentiful; and to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage stall in a narrow alley was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages, the fortunate purchaser might realize a capital of five shillings!

Grand United Gold and Diamond Dust Company.

THE eagerly expected prospectus has at last appeared of the "Grand United Gold and Diamond Dust Company." The act is already in existence—the insolvent act—to limit the liability of the shareholders.

To show the confidence felt in the undertaking on the spot, it is respectfully announced that fifty thousand shares are reserved for the locality where the dust exists, or, in other words, for the dust hole.

This company is formed for the purpose of working the rich deposits supposed to be imbedded in the various banks of an extensive district. The directors are in treaty for the lease of an extensive river in the Brazils, the tide of which is supposed to lead on to fortune.

They hope, by getting into the right current, to be able to stir up the sources of wealth already alluded to, when they may anticipate that the numerous "flats" on all sides will yield an abundance of the precious ore they are in search of. Should these means of profit become exhausted, the directors have the satisfaction of feeling that the adjacent plantations will enable them to take advantage of the numerous plants, and thus, the gold being used up, they can cut their sticks immediately.

It is proposed by the directors to take further powers for pocket smelting, and otherwise reducing the quan-

ties of auriferous matters that remain unappropriated, on account of the imperfect manner in which the process of extracting gold from any place in which it exists, has been hitherto carried on.

Notwithstanding the numerous arts that have been employed, the directors flatter themselves that they are in possession of a machinery by which gold can be squeezed out from "quarters" where it has, until now, remained so tightly held as to have been regarded as utterly unattainable. The process is one of refinement, but it would be obviously imprudent to say more on this point in a public advertisement.

The directors hope that enough money for their purpose will be obtained at once, and they anticipate no further calls, but the subscribers will have the right of making as many calls as they please—for the recovery of their money—at the office of the company, should the undertaking be unremunerative to the shareholders.

Applications for shares, in the usual form, may be made forthwith to the secretary *pro tem.*, who will be happy to throw liberal samples of the dust immediately into the eye of any applicant.

Bacon by the Shilling's Worth.

KEESE, an apostle of the hammer, was once selling a fine copy of BACON. "How much for this Bacon!" said he; "give us a bid; start it, gentlemen—how much?" "A shilling!" exclaimed a moderate bidder. "Oh, no!" responded the auctioneer; "here's 'too much pork for a shilling.'"

Origin of Auctions.

THE name "auction," as well as the thing, comes originally from the Romans, who, during their warlike prosperities, established the custom of selling military spoils, with no more cere-



Christie's Auction Room.

mony than that of merely sticking a spear in the ground, under which the sales immediately took place; and as each bidder *increased* his bidding on the one before him, the descriptive appellation of *auktion*, an increase, was given to them. The late celebrated London auctioneer, James Christie, enjoyed a reputation all throughout Europe, for his singular tact in his profession, and no auction house has, probably, ever obtained a loftier position in the mercantile world than his. Garraway's is now, with one exception—the Mart—the place where the greatest number of important sales occur in London. The Mart is an immense building, built expressly for auctioneers, and owned in shares, the directors being among the most eminent of the London auctioneers.

Lessons of an Auctioneer's Hammer.

THE hammer of the auctioneer tells many a sad story of ruined fortunes, blasted hopes, and of death, that scatters the much cherished and hard earned property to the four winds. Each tap of the ivory ball consigns some treasured memento, to which affection has clung for many long years, into the hands of a stranger, to whom it comes divested of its charm and the hold it had upon the human heart—a mere object of curiosity, perhaps, to its new possessor, or it may be to gratify a passion for display. The venerable mansion, that has witnessed the loves and the hopes, the joys and the sorrows of more than one generation, passes under the hammer of the auctioneer to entire strangers—mere bargain hunters and speculators perhaps—to whom no room,

or chambers, or fireplace is crowded with associations of happy childhood, youth, manhood, old age—sickness, birth, marriage, death. The new owner sees only timber, bricks, and mortar, and forthwith commences the work of demolition, or of alteration and repair. The auctioneer's books, too, tell a sad story of ruinous speculation, bankruptcy in trade, unfortunate investments, ships cast away, splendid misery, fraud, misfortune, and death.

Warranty of Perfect Soundness.

COLONEL T., of Boston, now deceased, was a man of rare tact and ability, and by no means devoid of wit, in his profession as an auctioneer. On one occasion, while engaged in the sale of a vessel, he was abruptly interrupted by a Mr. A., who, with a nasal sound characteristic of him, inquired if the vessel was sound? The reply was "Yes." While the sale was progressing, and another half a thousand was being tried for by the man of the hammer, the same Mr. A. burst out again: "Colonel, do I understand you to say that this vessel is *perfectly* sound?" The Colonel paused, and drew up his portly frame to its full measure; then looking Mr. A. full in the face, thus addressed him: "Mr. A., if a man should ask me if Mr. A. is a gentleman, my answer would be, 'Yes.' But if he should ask me if he is a *perfect* gentleman—half! half! am I offered another half?" It is doubtful whether old Christie himself in his palmiest days, as the head of the auctioneer fraternity in London, ever equalled this instance of professional wit.

English Railway Mania of 1845.

THE history of the railway mania in England, in 1845, is one of the most remarkable among the business phenomena of modern times, and was probably due, in great part, to the plentiful

supply of money at that period. The directors of the railways were formed of all classes, and all conditions. Long lists of provisional committee men, with their residences and professions, were paraded in papers. The journals were increased in size to contain the numerous advertisements. The heat of India was no objection. The cold of Canada no preventive. Men who had mingled in the bubbles of 1825; men who were known and recognized as adventurous swindlers, but who had disappeared when no money was to be obtained, reappeared, to exercise their customary vocation.

The environs of the stock exchange were crowded. The countess came down in her carriage, and hovered in a state of excitement round the doors of her broker. Grave and sober men dabbled in scrip. The literary man and the artist risked their well-earned money to procure a share in the profits. The youth of the land sought to gratify expensive habits. The old man sought to indulge his avarice. The clergyman traded in "undeniable securities." The physician murmured of the broad and narrow gauge. The lawyer forsook his fee; the lady jeopardized her soft and gentle influences; the matron forgot her children, and the maiden her embroidery, in one universal pursuit. The railways formed the current theme of the time. Premiums and discounts were the topics at breakfast, dinner and supper, and everything wore the same smiling appearance which, twenty years before, lured the people to destruction, and, as then, almost everything came out at a profit. If they went to a discount, the company was abandoned, the whole of the expenses deducted from the few deposits which were paid, the directors liberally rewarded, and the small remaining dividend returned. The names of the clergy on the lists of directors produced an opinion from the Bishop of Exeter, that for a clergyman to specu-

late in railways came under the denomination of "dealing for gain or profit," and this was against the statute. "As the statute only mentions dealing," remarked a writer in their defence, "and railway speculation involves shuffling, some of the reverend gentlemen maintain that they do not violate the act of Parliament."

The following is undoubtedly a faithful picture of the way in which many railways were "established:" A young gentleman need only look to a half-crown railway map, and search for a district tolerably clear of the rail. Taking two of the towns that form that open space, he draws a diagonal with his pencil, and thus creates a direct line. He then writes down the name of the company, his own name as "promoter," either alone, or with the names of as many friends as he can venture to take that liberty with, or with any names, real or fictitious; his own occupation, whether gentleman or esquire, engineer, artist, or solicitor, or clerk or perfumer, or tailor, or M.A., or M.D.; his place of business, if he has one; his place of residence also, whether it be castle or hall, or in Berkeley Square, or in rooms in Gray's Inn, or lodging in the borough. In the course of his walk to the office in Sergeants' Inn, he may, if he please, remodel his company, changing every name in it, whether of place or person, including himself. Arrived at the office, he invests a few sovereigns, begged, borrowed, or stolen, in fees, and enters his company. Advertisements and letters of allotment do the rest. It may, for anything the registrar knows or cares, be straight across a mountain a mile high, or straight across an arm of the sea ten miles broad. It would be his duty to register a tunnel under the Atlantic, and he would hardly have the option of refusing a railroad to Jupiter, with extension to the other planets, and a short branch to the moon.

Rival Blacking Companies.

THE *Morning Advertiser*, London, of November 25, 1807, contained the following—which would have been more appropriately placed in its columns of entertainments, than in those devoted to business:—

Anthony Varnish in the chair, Sir John Blackwell, Knight, being indisposed; Jacob Brushwell, Secretary.

The chairman reported that Mr. Timothy Lightfoot, the treasurer, had brushed off with the old fund, and that the deputation who had waited on Mr. Fawcett, the proprietor of the Brilliant Fluid Blacking, at No. 76 Houndsditch, could not prevail on him to dispose of his right thereto in favor of the company, although they made him the most liberal offers. It was then

Resolved: That this meeting being fully sensible that any attempt to establish a rival blacking would totally fail of success, from the high estimation in which the above popular article is held, and the mishap of the treasurer having damped the ardor of the undertaking, that this design be altogether abandoned.

Resolved: That the character of this Company ought not to be blackened in public esteem, as there is no direct proof of their having shared the spoils with the treasurer.

J. BRUSHWELL, Sec'y.

One of the Sufferers.

HOOKE, the historian of Rome, was a severe sufferer by the South Sea Bubble. He thus addressed Lord Oxford, in a letter dated soon after the great explosion: "I cannot be said at present to be in any form of life, but rather to live *extempore*. The late epidemical (South Sea) distemper seized me. I endeavored to be rich, imagined for a while that I was, and am in some measure happy to find myself at this instant but just worth nothing. If your

lordship, or any of your numerous friends, have need of a servant, with the bare qualifications of being able to read and write, and to be honest, I shall gladly undertake any employments your lordship shall not think me unworthy of."

Proposed Ice Speculation.

SIR PETER LAURIE has conceived a plan by which he anticipates to realize a large sum of money. It will be remembered that Captain Ross, the Arctic explorer, discovered a tract of ice somewhere in the immediate neighborhood of the north pole, which, with a prodigality only found in a true sailor, he presented to his friend Sir Felix, and named it Boothia. Laurie has therefore proposed to purchase this valuable lot of floating capital, and should his offer be accepted will immediately despatch some steamers to tow it home, as he says it will form a cool watering place during the dog days, and may then be let out in square acres to enterprising confectioners, to grow their raspberry and strawberry ices. Sir Peter has always been known as a long-cared man, but, until this promising commercial project, was never considered to be especially long headed—at least, not beyond the average of mercantile speculators.

Fancy Hen Fever.

THE fever for "fancy" hen stock broke out at a time when money was plenty, and when there was no other speculation rife in which every one, almost, could easily participate. The prices for fowls increased with astonishing rapidity. The whole community rushed into the breeding of poultry, without the slightest consideration, and the mania was by no means confined to any particular class of individuals—though there was not a little shyness among certain circles who were attack-

ed at first; but this feeling soon gave way, and men of the highest standing, at home and abroad, were soon deeply and riotously engaged in the subject of henology.

Meantime, in England they were doing up the matter somewhat more earnestly than on this side of the water. To learn how even the nobility never "put their hand to the plough and look back," when anything in this line is to come off, and the better to realize how fully the poultry interests were looked after in England, it is only necessary to read the names of those who, from 1849 to 1855, patronized the London and Birmingham associations for the improvement of domestic poultry. The Great Annual Show, at Bingley Hall, was got up under the sanction of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Charlotte Gough, the Countess of Bradford, Rt. Hon. Countess Littlefield, Lady Chetwynd, Hon. Viscountess Hill, Lady Littleton, Hon. Mrs. Percy, Lady Scott, and a host of other noble lords and ladies, whose names are well known among the English aristocracy.

But, as time advanced, the star of Shanghae-ism began to wane. The nobility tired of the excitement, and the people both of England and of the United States began to ascertain that there was absolutely nothing in this "hum" save what the "importers and breeders" had made, through the influence of the newspapers; and while a few of the *last* men were examining the thickness of the shell, cautiously and warily, the long-inflated bubble burst!

Gold-Making and Silver-Mining Companies.

AMONG the share or joint-stock companies, which once played a prominent part on the public credulity in England, was one to make gold; and success was declared to be undoubted. The shares were all greedily taken;

and it was then advertised that, as the expense of producing an ounce of gold would be double the value of the produce, the company would be dissolved, and the deposits kept to pay expenses.

The capital of another company—for mining silver—was divided between fifty proprietors; the advertisements and puffs resorted to were disgraceful. The meanest utensils of the peasantry in this mining region were boldly declared to be silver; and, although there were but ninety-nine mines of any kind in the whole district, the company professed to have purchased three hundred and sixty. In a place containing five thousand inhabitants, it was affirmed the projectors possessed three thousand mines; and, although they had been previously abandoned after a loss of £170,000, they were purchased at a high price, and puffed to an enormous premium.

Jacob Keen of Wall Street.

ONE of the New York "money characters" is thus dressed up, for a savory public dish, by that all-spicy humorist, Hammett. Let us spread our napkin, and enjoy the feast:

In one of the numerous dens of Wall street lives and flourishes, and has lived and flourished, for many a squally year, a man whose name, in the Wall street roll of fame, stands next to that of the father of American financiering—Jacob Barker. It is not meant by "lived and flourished" that Jacob the second—for he is a Jacob—had not experienced many an up and down, in fact, enough of them to upset and shelve any one but a man of his peculiarly India-rubber constitution.

He is the greatest of all men for a "corner," and has a wonderful fancy for the fancies; only the worst of it is, that you never know when you have him; and his best friends and co-workers, when engaged with him in some desperate scheme, with only their

noses above water, are not perfectly sure but that he may be leading them on, and is perhaps doubly interested in putting down the identical "fancy" that he seems to be sustaining with the weight of an Atlas.

No one, in fact, can tell for a certainty whether Jacob Keen is a bull or a bear.

Quite a number of years since, not before his "smartness" was fully developed, but ere the full power and extent of it were known and had been experienced, Jacob went into what—in the vernacular of brokers—is termed "an operation."

Now, a Wall street operation has nothing to do with the effects of a cathartic drug, although it often produces a very cathartic effect upon the pockets of operators and operatees. Neither does it bear any relation to the legitimate employment of the surgeon's knife, and yet no "sharper" steel can eat more surely or more fatally.

Jacob, as has been said, entered into an operation, and thus it was:

Among the very lightest of the fancies—blown about by every wind that swept the street—was the celebrated Hardscrabble-Soap-Mining Company, which Jacob had long regarded with a loving eye, as offering peculiar facilities for a sly stroke of genius. The capital stock of the company was represented by an upright figure—the only one, by the way, connected with it—and six ciphers, thus: 1,000,000. The real value of the shares, in the aggregate, was considerably less than nothing, but, at a particular time, they were selling for about \$5 each.

As it did not suit Jacob's purpose to work this mine alone, he proposed to a Boston firm—Messrs. Coggins and Scroggins—to take hold of the rope with him. They consented, and fell to work with right good will, on the following terms:

The contracting parties were to purchase—the one in New York, and the

other in Boston—every share that they could buy on time, or deliverable ahead, until the stock began to feel the effects, and then to commence purchasing for cash, until the price should be carried up to \$50 per share. When this point should be reached, neither party should allow the price to decline, but both were bound to purchase every share offered at that price, in their market, until, having cleared their decks for a fall, each should agree to “let go all.”

In this there was no copartnership or division of profits, but each worked for their own interests.

Everything prospered for a while, and men who had sold for five and ten were forced to come in and pay up heavy deficiencies. But Jacob soon found that when the magic price of “50” was attained, the stock flowed in rather too freely for him. All this he had anticipated and prepared for, so that when his pockets exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, a shrewd broker was despatched to Boston, through whose hands he pressed his stock upon that market, thus forcing his colaborers to buy up his own stock.

The Boston house was a “warm” one, and warm work they had of it for a time. But there is an end to all things—except perhaps, a ring—and our friend Jacob was not much surprised, one fine morning, by the receipt of the following epistle:

“DEAR KEEN: We *cannot* hold on any longer. Let go, and get out as well as you can.

“Your fellow sufferers,
“COGGINS & SCROGGINS.”

They, however, were considerably more astonished than delighted by the reply:

“DEAR COGGINS & SCROGGINS: Sell away, I haven’t a share.

“Yours, very truly,
“J. KEEN.

“P.S.—I have another capital operation in view.
J. K.”

As Messrs. C. & S. probably considered that the new operation *in view* might perhaps be what is vulgarly termed “all in their eye,” it is said they declined it.

Lotteries Vindicated by Scripture.

THE early advocates of lotteries, when their trade was threatened with legal demolition, were accustomed to defend it somewhat ingeniously by quotations from Scripture. As the Bible was turned upside and down, and shaken and winnowed, by the supporters of the slave trade, so was it scrutinized to prove the antiquity and sanctity of lotteries. “By lot,” it was said, “it was determined which of the goats should be offered to Aaron. By lot the land of Canaan was divided. By lot Saul was marked out for the kingdom. By lot Jonah was discovered to be the cause of the storm. By lot it was decided to whom Christ’s vesture should belong, instead of rending it. By lot the place left vacant by the treachery of Judas was filled by the apostles,” &c., &c.

Getting up a Money Panic.

IN May, 1832, a run upon the Bank of England was produced by the walls of London being placarded with the emphatic words: “*Stop the Duke! Go for gold!*”—advice which was followed as soon as given, to a prodigious extent. The Duke of Wellington was then very unpopular; and on Monday, the 14th of May, it being currently believed that the Duke had formed a cabinet, the panic became universal, and the run upon the Bank of England for coin was so incessant, that in a few hours upward of half a million was carried off. It was afterward ascertained that the placards in question were the device of four gentlemen, two of whom had been elected members of the Reformed Parliament. Each put down

one hundred dollars, and the sum thus clubbed was expended in printing thousands of those terrible missives, which were eagerly circulated, and were speedily seen upon every wall in London. The effect is hardly to be described. It was electric.

Bargain-Hunters at Pawnbrokers' and Auctions.

You will perhaps be surprised (we quote from *Lackington's Memoirs*), that there are in London, and probably in other populous places, persons who purchase every article which they have occasion for—and also many articles which they have no occasion for, nor ever will—at stalls, beggarly shops, pawnbrokers', etc., under the idea of buying cheaper than they could at respectable shops, and of men of property.

A considerable number of these customers I had in the beginning, who forsook my shop as soon as I began to appear more respectable, by introducing better order, possessing more valuable books, and having acquired a better judgment, etc. Notwithstanding which, I declare to you upon my honor, that these very bargain-hunters have given me double the price that I now charge for thousands and tens of thousands of volumes. For, as a tradesman increases in respectability and opulence, his opportunities of purchasing increase proportionally, and the more he buys and sells the more he becomes a judge of the real value of his goods. It was for want of the experience and judgment, stock, etc., that for several years I was in the habit of charging more than double the price I now do for many thousand articles. But professed bargain-hunters purchase old locks at the stalls in Moorfields when half the wards are rusted off, or taken out, and give more for them than they would have paid for new ones to any reputable ironmonger.

And what numerous instances of this

infatuation do we meet with daily at sales by auction not of books only, but of many other articles, of which I could here adduce a variety of glaring instances. At the sale of Mr. Rigby's books at Mr. Christie's, Martin's *Dictionary of Natural History* sold for fifteen guineas, which then stood in my catalogue at four pounds fifteen shillings; Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters* at seven guineas, usually sold at three; Francis's *Horace*, two pounds eleven shillings; and many others in the same manner. At Sir George Colbrook's sale the octavo edition of the *Tatler* sold for two guineas and a half. At a sale a few weeks since, Rapin's *History* in folio, the two first volumes only (instead of five), sold for upward of five pounds! I charge for the same from ten shillings and sixpence to one pound ten shillings. I sell great numbers of books to pawnbrokers, who sell them out of their windows at much higher prices, the purchasers believing that they were buying bargains, and that such articles have been pawned. And it is not only books that pawnbrokers purchase, but various other matters, and they always purchase the worst kind of every article they sell. I will even add, that many shops which are called pawnbrokers' never take in any pawn, yet can live by selling things which are supposed to be kept over time.

Quite Professional.

AN auctioneer, speaking to a horse-dealer about the situation of an estate he was going to sell, in a level neighborhood, said: "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a *rich flat!*"

"So do I, sir," replied the grinning jockey

Dutch Tulip Mania of the Seventeenth Century

PERHAPS the earliest existence of that fatal love of speculation so ruinous

to the credit and fortune of all who press it to hazardous extent, occurred in 1634, viz., the TULIP MANIA—one of the most astonishing of commercial phenomena.

In the year named, the chief cities of the Netherlands engaged in a traffic which destroyed commerce and encouraged gambling, which enlisted the greediness of the rich and the desire of the poor, which raised the value of a flower to infinitely more than its weight in gold, and which ended, as all such concerns have ended, in wild and wretched despair. The many were ruined; the few were enriched. Bargains were made for the delivery of autumn roots, and when, as in one case, there were but two in the market, lordship and land, horses and oxen, were sold to pay the deficiency. Contracts were made, and thousands of florins paid for tulips which were never seen by broker, by buyer, or by seller. For a time, as usual, all won, and no one lost. Poor persons became wealthy. High and low traded in flowers; sumptuous entertainments confirmed their bargains; notaries grew rich; and even the unimaginative Hollander fancied he saw a sure and certain prosperity before him.

People of all professions turned their property into cash; houses and furniture were offered at ruinous prices; the idea spread throughout the country that the passion for tulips would last forever; and when it was known that foreigners were seized with the fever, it was believed that the wealth of the world would concentrate on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and that poverty would become a tradition in Holland. That they were honest in their belief is proved by the price they paid. Goods to the value of thousands of florins were given for one root; another species commonly fetched two thousand florins; a third was valued at a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete harness; twelve acres of land

were paid for a fourth, and sixty thousand florins were made by one dealer in a few weeks.

Merchants possessed a vast or limited capital, in proportion to the magnitude or insignificance of their tulip roots. Daughters were portioned with a few ounces magnificently, and noblemen of the highest consideration and family importance vested their possessions in a perishable vegetable that could be carried in a teacup. When the bubble burst, and the roots suddenly fell in public estimation, abject poverty stared the nation in the face.

The panic *did* come at last. Confidence vanished; contracts were void, defaulters were announced in every town of Holland; dreams of wealth were dissipated; and they who, a week before, rejoiced in the possession of a few tulips which would have realized a princely fortune, looked stupefied and aghast on the miserable bulbs before them, valueless in themselves, and unsalable at any price. To parry the blow, the tulip merchants held public meetings, and made pompous speeches, in which they proved that their goods were worth as much as ever, and that a panic was absurd and unjust. The speeches produced the greatest applause, but the bulb continued valueless; and though actions for breach of contract were threatened, the law refused to take cognizance of gambling transactions.

Merino-Sheep Bubble.

THE Sheep Bubble had its commencement in the year 1815 or 1816, after the treaty of Ghent, and at a period when thousands of the American people were actually "wool-mad" in reference to the huge profits that were then apparent, prospectively, in manufacturing enterprises.

In the summer of the last-named year (as nearly as can be fixed upon), a gentleman in Boston first imported some

half a dozen sheep from one of the southern provinces of Spain, whose fleeces were of the finest texture, as it was said; and such, undoubtedly, was the fact, though the sheep were so thoroughly and completely imbedded in tar, and every other offensive article, upon their arrival in America, that it would have been very difficult to have proved this statement. But the very offensive appearance of the sheep seemed to imbue them with a mysterious value, that rendered them doubly attractive.

It was contended that the introduction of these sheep into the United States would enable our manufactories, then in their infancy, to produce broadcloths and other woollen fabrics, of a texture that would compete with England and Europe. Even Mr. Clay was consulted with reference to the sheep; and he at once decided that they were exactly the animals that were wanted—some of them subsequently finding their way to Ashland.

The first merino sheep sold for *fifty dollars the head*. They cost just *one dollar* each in Andalusia! The speculation was too profitable to stop here; and, before a long period had elapsed, a small fleet sailed on a sheep adventure to the Mediterranean. By the end of the year 1816 there were probably one thousand merino sheep in the Union, and they had advanced to *twelve hundred dollars* the head.

Before the winter of that year had passed away, they sold for fifteen hundred dollars the head; and a lusty and good-looking buck would command two thousand dollars at sight. Of course, the natural Yankee spirit of enterprise, and the love of the "almighty dollar," were equal to such an emergency as this, and hundreds of "merino sheep" soon accumulated in the Eastern States

But, in the course of the year 1817, the speculation, in consequence of the surplus importation, began to decline;

yet it steadily and rapidly advanced throughout the western country, while Kentucky, in consequence of the influence of Mr. Clay's opinions, was especially benefited

In the fall of 1817, what was then deemed a very fine merino buck and ewe were sold to a gentleman in the western country for the sum of eight *thousand* dollars; and even that was deemed a very small price for the animals! They were purchased by a Mr. Samuel Long, a house-builder and contractor, who fancied he had by the transaction secured an immense fortune. Mr. Long had become, in fact, really *rabid* with the merino mania, as the following authentic anecdote will show:

There resided, at this time, in Lexington, Ky., and but a short distance from Mr. Clay's villa of Ashland, a wealthy gentleman, named Samuel Trotter, who was, in fact, the moneyking of Kentucky, and who, to a very great extent, at that time, controlled the branch of the Bank of the United States. He had two sheep—a buck and an ewe—and Mr. Long was very anxious to possess them. Mr. L. repeatedly bantered and importuned Mr. Trotter, to obtain this pair of sheep from him, but without success. One day, however, the latter said to the former:

"If you will build me such a house, on a certain lot of land, as I shall describe, you shall have the merinos."

"Draw your plans for the buildings," replied Long, instantly, "and let me see them; I will then decide."

The plans were soon after submitted to him, and Long eagerly accepted the proposal, and forthwith engaged in the undertaking. He built for Trotter a four-story brick house, about fifty feet by seventy, on the middle of an acre of land; he finished it in the most approved modern style, inclosed it with a costly fence, and finally handed it over to Trotter, for the two merino sheep. The establishment must have cost, at

the very least, fifteen thousand dollars. But, alas! A long while before this beautiful and costly estate was fully completed, the price of merinos declined gradually; and six months had not passed away before they would not command twenty dollars each, even in Kentucky. Mr. Long was thereafter a wiser but a poorer man. He held on to this pair until their price reached the par value only of any other sheep; and then he absolutely killed this buck and ewe, made a princely barbecue, called all his friends to the feast, and while "the goblet went its giddy rounds," he, like the ruined Venetian, thanked God that, at that moment, he was not worth a ducat!

Globe Permits.

"GLOBE permits" were among the most famous, or infamous, of the prolific crop of financial schemes of the "Mushroom Era." This fictitious company had its location in London, and the permits which it issued came at last to be currently sold for sixty guineas and upward—though they were only square bits of card, on which was the impression of a seal in wax, having the sign of the Globe Tavern. A burlesque upon this acme of madness appeared as an advertisement in one of the journals of the day, in which it was set forth, that at a certain fictitious place on the following Tuesday, books would be opened for a subscription of two millions, for the invention of melting down sawdust and chips, and casting them into clean deal boards without knots. From morning till evening there were crowds of purchasers for these permits; and such was the wild confusion of the multitude, that the permits were known to have been sold, at the same moment, ten per cent. higher at one end of the street than the other. The project at last burst, and left *but* a wreck behind!

Universal Bed and Bolster Mart.

THE attention of all persons about to marry—and that of purchasers in general—is respectfully directed to the "Immense stock of the Universal Bed and Bolster Mart," where every article is warranted for three weeks, and the money returned if had back again. Houses furnished and families settled at a few hours' notice. The dining tables of the Bolster Mart are especially adapted to the cabins of ships, for when placed near a fire they assume a graceful curl—sloping from the side to the centre, and preventing the probability of plates slipping off from them. Captains and others going abroad, and not likely to come back again, are particularly invited to purchase. Every article bought at the great bolster concern is invariably warranted to stand until the legs fall off—in any climate. Persons desirous of furniture for temporary purposes, cannot do better than to resort to the cheap mart, for all the goods sold there are particularly adapted to those who have an idea of their establishments being broken up within a short period.

Auction Sale of old Furniture, etc., Extraordinary.

AN auction sale of very old and rare furniture is stated to have come off lately in London, including several articles which every one supposed would always remain as heir-looms in the national family. Among the articles thus disposed of was the "seat" of war. This seat had been very much knocked about, and had scarcely a leg to stand upon. With a little money, however, judiciously laid out, it could have been put into repair and made fit for immediate use. It was offered to the French Government as a seat the best adapted for the standing army in Algiers; and with a little French polish, and turning the seat into Morocco, the article would last for years.

The Glass of Fashion—which had lost some of its brilliancy from having been so frequently looked into—was also “put up.” It is best calculated for those persons whose evening’s amusements will bear the morning’s reflection, as every object viewed through it is seen in a new light. Old beaux and young ladies, residing on the shady side of forty, find their silver well laid out in buying the glass of fashion.

The identical *tapis* upon which have come all the marriages in high life for the last fifty years, was also disposed of.

It was hoped that the pipe of peace would likewise be offered, but it was withheld on account of its being smoked just at that time by two well-known parties.

A parcel of silver spoons which had been in the mouths of certain individuals of renown when they were born, were put up, and excited considerable competition on the part of antiquarians, fortune-tellers, and the like.

In addition to the above, the celebrated rod of iron which was formerly used in England, was sent over from Ireland expressly for this sale, and the rule which Britannia uses in ruling the waves, was kindly lent—not disposed of—for this occasion.

Old Martin, the Scotch Auctioneer,
among the Languages.

OLD William Martin was for a long time the most noted auctioneer in Edinburgh, Scotland. While in his auction rooms, Martin was full of anecdote and humor, but somewhat fond of laughing at his own jokes. Being of humble origin, he was rather illiterate—at least he was no classical scholar—and perhaps in the course of his business he frequently suffered by his ignorance of the dead languages. If the book he was about to sell happened to be Greek, his usual introduction was,

“Here comes *craxtaes*, or whatever else you like to call it,” and on other occasions, if the volume happened to be in a more modern language, but the title of which he was as little able to read, he would say to the company, after a blundering attempt, “Gentlemen, I am rather rusty in my French, but were it *Hebrew*, *ye ken* I would be quite at hame!”

Martin, however, was certainly more “at hame” in some instances than he was either in French, Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. On one occasion, at the time Manfredo was performing in Edinburgh, Martin, in the course of his night’s labor, came across the “Life of Robinson Crusoe.” Holding up the volume, and pointing to the picture of Robinson’s man, *Friday*, he exclaims, “Weel, gentlemen, what will ye gie me for my *Man-Fredo*?—worth a dozen of the Italian land-louper.” Manfredo, who happened to be present, became exceedingly wroth at this allusion to him. “Vat do you say about Manfredo! Call *me* de land-loupeur!” Nothing disconcerted by this unexpected attack, Martin, again holding up the picture, cried, “I’ll refer to the company, if my *Man-Fredo* is no worth a dizen o’ him!” The Italian fumed and fretted, but, amid the general laughter, was obliged to retire.

Owing to ignorance, he sold many valuable Greek and Latin books for mere trifles. Sometimes, when at a loss to read the title of a Latin or French book, he would, if he could find a young student near him, thrust the book before him, saying, “Read that, my man; it’s *sae lang* since I was at the college, I hae forgotten a’ my Latin.” Having one night made even a more blundering attempt than usual to unriddle the title of a French book, a young dandy, wishing to have another laugh at Martin’s expense, desired him to read the title of the book again, as he did not know what it was about. “Why,” said Martin, “it’s

something about *manners*, and that's what neither you nor me has owre muckle o'."

"Crack Horses" at Auction.

WHEN Mr. Tattersall has any very superior horses "intrusted to his care," especially if he sees some of the noblemen or other gentry of the realm around him, who are likely to "bite," he deviates a *leetle* from his usual disregard of the oily vernacular of the hammer, and tries his hand at a little flattery of those persons, trusting to the potent effects of that commodity in procuring some better "biddings." He knows how to graciously "suit the bridle to the horse."

"There, my lords and gentlemen," he will exclaim in such cases, "there is a chance for you. You'll never get such a chance again. My lord duke, I know your stud is unrivalled; but this beautiful, this unequalled mare would be an honor and an ornament to it. Do you say three hundred and *fifty* (he always substitutes the *e* for the *i* in pronouncing the words 'fifty,' 'thirty,' etc). guineas for her?" Three hundred and fifty guineas are bid.

"Thank you, my lord duke, I admire your taste. She possesses rare blood; just only look at the symmetry of her form; she is perfection itself. I could, but I will not, dwell on her matchless beauties—they are not to be described. Only three hundred and *fifty* guineas bid for her. My lord duke, she will be yours, if some one else does not—three hundred and *sixty* guineas are bid for her; I know that she is too great a prize to be suffered to escape at such a price. Really, my lord duke, with your lordship's known taste and skill in horse-flesh, I should be sorry if you allowed such an opportunity of proving that you possess this taste, to pass. Three hundred and *eighty* guineas bid for her; thank you again, my lord duke; I'm sure you'll not repent your

bargain. Does any one say more for her? Three hundred and *nenty* guineas are bid. You see, my lord duke, your admiration of this beautiful and excellent mare is not peculiar. She will, positively, adorn your stud, as she did that of royalty, when she belonged to it. Who says the four hundred guineas? She's just a going. One moment longer, and off she goes. Her action, my lord duke, is beyond all praise; she has no vice; she is a perfect paragon in every way you can take her. I must knock her down, my lord duke; but I would really be sorry to see you lose so noble and charming a creature for the sake of ten paltry guineas. Just say the four hundred guineas, and she is yours." "Four hundred." "Thank you! my lord duke, for adopting my advice. I'm sure you'll never repent your bargain. Going—gone. She *is* yours, my lord duke."

Pleasantries of Keese, the Book Auctioneer.

THE question has been propounded, "Who has made a jest in a New York auction room since the hammer of John Keese fell for the last time?" Keese is remembered by the trade with affection. He was a bright, intelligent man, and an estimable member of society. Of an old New York family, he was brought up to the book trade by one of the Quaker fraternity—the Collins's—and it was only in middle life, after various experiments in business, that he became an auctioneer. He began somewhere about the year 1845 with a sale to the trade in a large back building in Broadway near Cortlandt street. He certainly opened proceedings with an excellent entertainment of oysters and champagne. He was the life of the company, and was called upon, of course, for a speech, probably for half a dozen. One of his good things, toward the close, is worth remembering. It particularly pleased the trade at the time. "Gentlemen," said

he, in allusion to the entertainment, "we are scattering our bread upon the waters, and we expect to find it after many days—battered!"

It was in retail sales, however, in the small change of the auction room, that his wit appeared to the most advantage. No catalogue could be too dull for his vivacity. He was always rapid, and an unwary customer would be decapitated by his quick electric jest before he felt the stroke. The following, among other things of the kind attributed to him, will give some notion of his pleasantries:

"Is that binding calf?" asked a suspicious customer. "Come up, my good sir, put your hand on it, and see if there is any feline feeling," was the ready reply. A person one evening had a copy of "Watts's Hymns" knocked down to him for a trifle, and interrupted the business of the clerk by calling for its "delivery." Keese, finding out the cause of the interference, exclaimed, "Oh, give the gentleman the book. He wants to learn and sing one of the hymns before he goes to bed to-night!" Apropos of this time-honored book, in selling a copy on another occasion, when there was some rivalry in the profession, he turned off a parody as he knocked it down:

Blest is the man who shuns the place
Where other auctions be;
And has his money in his fist,
And buys his books of me.

His puns were usually happy, and slipped in adroitly. Offering one of the Rev. Dr. Hawks's books, he added, in an explanatory way, "A bird of prey." "Going—going—gentlemen—one shilling for Caroline Fry—why, it isn't the price of a *stew*." Selling a book labelled "History of the Tatars," he was asked, "Isn't that Tartars!" "No!" he replied: "their wives were the Tartars!" "This," said he holding up a volume of a well-known type

to critics, "is a book by a poor and pious girl, of poor and pious poems."

No one could better introduce a quotation. Some women one day found their way into the auction room to a miscellaneous sale of furniture. They were excited to an emulous contention for a saucepan, or something of the sort. Keese gave them a fair chance with a final appeal—"Going, going—the woman who deliberates is lost"—gone!"

Weathering the Storm of 1828.

For a long series of years, Samuel Slater, of Pawtucket, experienced uninterrupted prosperity in his great manufacturing enterprises, his possessions increasing in number and value with incredible rapidity. The war of 1812 placed the seal upon his high destiny. By that time he had got so far under way, and his preparations were so complete, others stood no chance for competition with him. Cotton cloth then sold for forty cents the yard, and the demand had no limits. The opinion became prevalent, that such was his wealth, such was his general prudence and sagacity, and especially that such were his talents as a financier, no business disaster could reach him. However, in the great revulsion of 1828, among manufacturers, it was made manifest that he was the sole endorser of three or four large establishments among the unfortunate. Now, for the first time, he was known to make his own business a subject of conversation. He became seriously alarmed and distressed; not that two or three hundred thousand dollars, under ordinary circumstances, would ruin or essentially injure him—but, such was the general panic in the community, and among the moneyed institutions of the country, that a man's solvency was estimated in a ratio transverse to the amount of his property connected with manufactur-

ing. But, as usual, the storm subsided. The frantic delirium of the occasion passed off, and thousands wondered how they could have been such fools as to have participated in the excitement. And the financial ability of Mr. Slater was not like the seamanship of the mariner who simply makes a quick voyage on a calm ocean, but is unable to navigate his ship in a violent tempest; it had long been distinguished for the former, and was now proved eminently sufficient for the latter exigency. Instead of experiencing any ultimate injury, it is believed he was greatly enriched by the occasion.

Scraps of Auction Wit.

It is rarely that even that intrepid class of men, short-hand writers, undertake to jot down an auctioneer's run of words—especially one so witty as was the late John Keese. Somebody, however, appears to have performed this feat, and has rendered the readers of *Harper* the peculiar favor of serving up a few samples of Keese's inimitable spirit when under the inspiration of "the hammer":

"N'alf, n'alf, n'alf; three, do I have? three, three; quarter, did you say? Never let me hear an Irishman cry quarter. N'alf, n'alf; knocked down to Maguire at three dollars and a half. Now, gentleman, give me a bid for 'Byron's Works,' London edition, full of illustrations. Two dollars, two, two; an eighth, eighth, eighth; quarter, quarter, quarter—the man that deliberates is lost. Moffat, at two dollars and a quarter. The next thing, gentlemen, is 'The Four Last Things, by Dr. Bates.' Fifty cents, fifty—*What are they?* Bid away, gentlemen, the book'll tell you exactly what they are: five eighths, five eighths; five and six, five and six. Chase has it, at five and six. 'Stop! that's my bid.' Too late, Sir, all booked to Chase; had such a confounded short name, got

it right down. Start, if you please, gentlemen, on 'Protestant Discussions, by Dr. Cummings,' an original D. D.,—none of your modern fiddle-dee-dees: three quarters, quarters; seven eighths; do I have seven eighths?—yes, it is all complete; a perfect book, gentlemen; wants nothing but a reader. Dollar; dollar, n'eighth, n'eighth. Black has it, at one and one eighth. Black has it, at one and one eighth. Now, gentlemen, I offer you a superb 'Prayer Book,' Appleton's edition, best morocco, gilt all over, like the sinner; three quarters, three quarters, quarters, quarters—look at it, gentlemen. Here, Sir, let me show it up to this goodly company; you've looked at it many a time with more care than profit: seven eighths; dollar; n'eighth; quarter, quarter—large print, gentlemen; good for those whose eyes are weak and whose faith is strong; remember your grandmothers, gentlemen—three eighths, three eighths. Brown has it, at one and three eighths. Now, gentlemen, I come to a line of splendid illustrated English books. Be so kind as to bid for 'Finden's Beauties of Moore,' cloth extra, full of superb illustrations, and I've how much bid for this? Start, if you please; go on. Two dollars; and a half, n'alf, n'alf; three, three; n'alf, n'alf; four, four, four. These are all English books, printed in England, bound in England, and sacrificed in America; and I have only four dollars for this superb book—quarter, quarter, quarter, and this goes to the great Maguire [at that time Kosuth was being called everywhere the great Magyar], at four dollars and a quarter. 'The Gems of Beauty' is the next book, gentlemen. This is a glowing book, beautiful as Venus, and bound by Vulcan in his best days, red morocco, well read outside, gentlemen, and what do I hear for that? Fifty cents—horrible! Two dollars, by some gentleman whose feelings are outraged; quarter, quarter; half, shall I say?

Cash has it, at two dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, for the 'Philosophical Works of John Locke,' best edition, opened by John Keese; start, if you please—go on. Dollar; n'alf, n'alf; three quarters. '*Bound in muslin?*' Yes, Sir; don't you respect the cloth? Seven eighths, seven eighths; two, two, two; quarter, quarter—brought three dollars the other day. '*No, it didn't!*' Well, one just like it did. Moffat takes it, at two dollars and a quarter. Now for a beautiful Annual, gentlemen, 'The Ladies' Diadem,' splendid steel engravings, and no date, may be 1855, 6, 7, or 8. Can't tell; they publish them so much in advance nowadays. What do I hear? seventy-five, seventy-five; new book, published in England; dollar, dollar; eighth, do I hear? eighth; quarter; three eighths, three eighths—down. What's the name? whose bid is that? Well, just as you please; quarter, quarter—that's your bid, Sir; 'gainst you out there; three eighths, that's yours, Sir; what's the name? '*I'll take it; you seem to be very anxious to sell it.*' No, Sir, I'm not on the anxious bench; those are the anxious seats where you are. I take a decided stand on that; I face the whole congregation. Go on, if you please. The next book, 'Kirke White's Remains,' London edition, with splendid portrait, taken from some old daguerreotype; dollar, dollar, dollar, and down it goes. Who'll have it? Well, start it, gentlemen. What do I hear? seventy-five cents; seven eighths, seven eighths; dollar by all the house; n'eighth, n'eighth. Cash has it, at a dollar and one eighth; horrible! I've been the high priest of many a sacrifice. Now, gentlemen, who wants 'Ross's last Expedition;' went to the poles, and, no doubt, voted twice. Start, if you please—go on; dollar, did you say? quarter, quarter, quarter; bidder here, half, half"—and so on through the catalogue.

Virtue of One-Pound Notes in Stopping a Bank Run.

IN 1825 that vast corporation, the Bank of England, narrowly saved itself from a crash that would have been to it and all concerned the "crack of doom." Mr. Alexander Baring states that the gold of the bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds,—for, although the published returns showed a result rather less scandalous, *a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning remaining!* Gold was expected, but its receipt was subject to the winds and the waves. The mercantile barometer was at the fever point, and there was intense anxiety for money.

The day for effecting discounts at the bank on London bills was one full of dramatic scenes. It is customary to leave them the day before, and the answer is returned on Thursday. The decision is usually given before one o'clock, at the latest. Long before that hour had struck, the place was besieged; and when at last the expected time came, notice was given that the answers could not be announced before two. Two o'clock arrived, and the anxiety of those who waited was at the highest pitch; and then another notice was given, stating that a further delay must take place till half-past two. During the whole of this period the directors were in close deliberation in the bank parlor. By this time the assembly was immense; and, when intimation was made that the arrangements were complete, a rush, similar to that at a theatre, was made, to gain access to the window at which answers were to be given. The confusion was so great that when four o'clock arrived the crowd had not dispersed, and it actually could not be ascertained whether the bills were discounted, or part discounted, or rejected. During the ministration of the clerk at the window he was frequently called away

to receive fresh instructions. So great was the emergency, that the principals of some of the first mercantile firms waited in person, in anxious expectation, to hear their fate. The directors did all in their power, but that power was limited. The confusion spread. The distress continued to increase. Trade was at a stand. The labor displayed in the bank parlor was unceasing, and the labor of the clerks in the discount office was trebled. The counters were besieged; the drain of notes and specie for the country was prodigious. The bank determined to pay their last guinea. Fortunately, on the last day of the week, the tide turned. Reeling with fatigue and exhaustion, the officers of the bank were able to call out, at last, "All is well."

The incidental mention to one of the directors that there was *a box of one-pound notes* ready for issue, turned the attention of the authorities to the propriety of attempting to circulate them; and the memorable declaration of Mr. Thornton, in 1797, probably was called to mind, that it was the want of small change, not a necessity for gold, that was felt, and as the pressure on the country banks arose from the holders of the small notes, it was suggested to the Government that the public might, perhaps, receive one-pound notes in place of sovereigns. The Government approved of the idea, and the effect was electrical. The delight with which they were received in the country, proved that the want of a secure small currency alone was felt; and that the notes of the bank were considered eminently safe, is proved from the fact of the run suddenly stopping after the introduction of these small bills. In Norwich, the Messrs. Gurney staid the plague by merely placing a thick pile of one-pound notes of the Bank of England on the counter.

It has frequently been stated, that by a mere accident the box of one-

pound notes was discovered. But such was not the case. It was not recollected by the officials that there were any one-pound notes; they were put by. It was the casual observation that there were such things in the house, which suggested to the directors that it would be possible to use them—with what result was soon seen.

Last Resort for Petroleum Companies.

SOME time ago a number of parties, being attacked with the oleaginous fever, resolved to associate themselves together and dig for oil in the petroleum country. They selected a site in the woods, which had been "prospected" and highly recommended by one of their number (about six miles from a railroad station laid down on the map, but not yet built), and having organized, agreed to have the first of a series of proposed wells dug, not by contract, as was usual, but by day's work. Having procured the necessary tools, including a compass for guidance in the woods, the work was duly proceeded with, and progress from time to time reported. Calls for the "sinews" were also made, and promptly met, until the well was said to be down over one hundred feet, with a good show for oil. This was about the time of the "Annual Meeting," and more money being called for, it was deemed advisable to have the well remeasured and reported on. Judge of the surprise of the stockholders when, to use the language of one of the patriarchs in oil, *the force of the oil from below had shoved the hole up to eighty-six feet!* Here was a stunner, and as the well had cost something like \$400, and the resources of the company were limited, matters have ever since remained *in statu quo*.

The latest, and probably the most feasible proposal, is *to have the balance of the hole taken up and cut into lengths for pump logs!*

Cigars at Public Sale.

THERE was a public sale of cigars at the auction house of Messrs. Flint, in Front street. The auctioneer was dwelling on one of the finest lots of "imported," and according to custom was passing a brand among the company to allow those who saw proper to judge of the quality by smoking. Says the narrator of this: A man near me, with a florid complexion, curved nose, bright black eyes, and withal rather a respectable representation of the used-up man of the world who had not abused himself much, took two of the last three; the remaining one being handed to me. With the greatest care he wrapped them in a piece of paper, and placed them in the watch pocket of his vest. I inspected the one I took, cut off the end, and was about reaching for a light, when a hand tapped me lightly on the shoulder. Turning, I beheld my red-faced friend smiling very graciously, and, holding out his hand, he asked, with the utmost politeness:

"Will you allow me to *look* at that cigar, sir?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied, handing it to him. He examined it very minutely, turning it over and over, and placing it occasionally to his nasal organ by way of variety. When my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was about demanding it of him, he reached for a candle, placed the cigar complacently between his lips, and commenced to light and smoke it with the greatest expression of satisfaction I ever saw pictured on a countenance. I must confess I felt somewhat ruffled; but determined to show him that I did not appreciate his "good joke," I turned my back to him, and endeavored to devote my attention to the sale. To my astonishment my pleasant neighbor again touched me on the shoulder. I met his gaze with anything but pleasure depicted on my countenance.

"Sir!" said I.

He smiled, and, looking me full in the face all the time, remarked, with a patronizing air that made me almost feel as if I was guilty of rudeness toward him:

"A very fine cigar, sir. I haven't smoked a cigar like that in a twelve-month, sir. See what a beautiful ash! If I was *buying* cigars, that would be the brand for me, sir."

"Yes, sir," said I, completely floored. And touching his hat with a "G-o-o-d morning, sir," he departed. I hastily inquired of several who he was, but none knew him; and as we cannot tell how soon any of us may be "short" in these war times, I forgive him.

Share Sellers and Rope Dancers.

IN the early age of English commercial manias, some of the most unscrupulous and most successful of that race of stock gamblers were men in sad-colored clothes and lank hair, men who called cards the Devil's books, men who thought it a sin and a scandal to win or to lose twopence over a backgammon board. It was in the last drama of the famous Shadwell that the hypocrisy and knavery of these speculators were, for the first time, exposed to public ridicule. He died in November, 1692, just before the stock-jobbers came upon the stage; and the epilogue was spoken by an actor dressed in deep mourning. The best scene is that in which four or five stern non-conformists, clad in the full Puritan costume, after discussing the prospects of the Mousetrap Company and the Fleakilling Company, examine the question whether the godly may lawfully hold stock in a company for bringing over Chinese rope-dancers.

"Considerable men have shares," says one austere person in cropped hair and bands; "but verily I question whether it be lawful or not."

These doubts are removed by a stout old Roundhead colonel, who had

fought at Marston Moor, and who reminds his weaker brother that the saints need not see the rope-dancing, and that, in all probability, there will be no rope-dancing to see.

"The thing," he says, "is likely to take; the shares will sell well; and then we shall not care whether the dancers come over or no."

Red Herrings and Dutch Onions.

A STORY is told by an English traveler, in the times of the Dutch tulip mania, which is scarcely less ludicrous than that of the sailor who, taking a walk in the beautiful garden of a speculator in bulbs, took his knife to the proprietor's chief treasure in the shape of a tulip root. In this case, the proprietor was a merchant, who received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose in the counting house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, the usual partiality of that class for herrings, and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth three thousand florins, or nearly fifteen hundred dollars. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. At last some one thought of the sailor.

The unhappy merchant sprang into

the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "onion." Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew sumptuously for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, "might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder." Cleopatra caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Antony; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry the Fifth; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had an advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors; *their* gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of *their* wine, while *his* tulip was quite delicious with his red herring. The most unfortunate part of the business for him was, that he remained in prison some months, on a charge of felony, preferred against him by the merchant.

Reasons given by Thomas H. Perkins for Declining a Proposed Coffee Speculation.

AN instance of the readiness with which that eminent merchant, the late Thomas H. Perkins, of Boston, could sometimes decide on the advantages to be reasonably expected from commercial operations when proposed, will serve to show the extent of his information, and the value of such information in enabling those who engage in commerce to act with clear discernment, instead of trusting to blind luck or chance in speculation.

The particular instance referred to

was this: At a certain period the price of coffee, which for a long time previously had been as high as twenty-five cents, had declined to fifteen cents per pound, and Mr. Perkins being in New York for a day or two, a wish was expressed by a certain party to have it suggested to him that the temporary depression having made it a fit subject for speculation, there was an opportunity—should he be disposed to engage in it on the extended scale of trade to which he was accustomed—to secure a large quantity on even more advantageous terms. As coffee was an article out of the line of his usual operations, and not likely to attract his particular attention, the subject was mentioned to him rather for entertainment, in conversing upon the occurrences of the time and the news of the day, than in the belief that he would give it a serious thought.

Without hesitation, and with the ease and precision of an able lawyer or surgeon in giving an opinion on any case presented to either of them professionally, he answered to this effect: "The depression in coffee is not 'temporary.' Whoever makes purchases now at fourteen, or even at thirteen cents, will find that he has made a mistake, unless he means to take advantage of any transient demand to dispose of it speedily. There are more coffee trees now in bearing than are sufficient to supply the whole world, by a proportion that I could state with some precision if necessary. The decline in price is owing to accumulation, which will be found to increase, particularly as there are new plantations yet to come forward. Coffee will eventually fall to *ten* cents, and probably *below* that, and will remain depressed for some years. The culture of it will be diminished. Old plantations will be suffered to die out, and others will, in some cases, be grubbed up that the land may be converted to new uses. At length, the plantations will be found

inadequate to the supply of the world. But it requires five or six years for the coffee tree to reach its full bearing. Time, of course, will be required for the necessary increase, and the stocks on hand will be diminishing in the mean time. A rise must follow. Whoever buys coffee twelve or fifteen years hence at the market price, whatever it may be, will probably find it rising on his hands, and fortunes may be made, unless speculative movements should have disturbed the regular course of events."

With so clear an outline for the future, it was interesting to observe what followed. Coffee *did* fall, gradually, to less than ten cents, and remained low. One consequence, usual in such cases, ensued. The consumption increased. Misled, perhaps, by this, and an impatient desire to be foremost in securing advantages which by that time were generally foreseen, parties began to move in a speculative spirit about five years before the time thus indicated. They made great purchases, and large quantities were held in expectation of profit. Coffee rose considerably. Some of them secured a moderate profit while they could. Others argued that as coffee had been at twenty-five cents, there was no reason why it should not attain that price again, and determined to wait for greater profits. The stimulant given to the demand by withholding large quantities from sale developed larger stocks than were supposed to exist; the movement was found to be premature, and coffee fell again in price. Immense sums were lost. Bankruptcy followed, with many a heartache that might have been prevented had the same reasoning guided the action of those thus concerned as that which governed the judgment of Mr. Perkins.

Rise and Reminiscences of the Trade-Sales.

THE first trade sale of books in New York was held at the old Tontine Cof-

fee House, about the year 1805. Matthew Carey and other leading publishers of the day had borrowed money on the security of some of their surplus stock, and, not being able to meet their obligations on maturity, they had the books sold at auction by one Robert McMenemy. The trade were invited by circular to be present, and some actually came. After the sale there was a dinner, at which there was much wine-drinking and speech-making, and the auctioneer received his notes from the buyers. It is said that not more than half of them were ever paid, and the unlucky auctioneer was forced to fail. At intervals until 1826 similar book auctions were held, but in that year P. W. Johnson held the first formal trade sale in New York, in a house which stood on the site of the present United States Hotel in Fulton street, fronting the ferry. The whole catalogue was printed on a sheet of letter paper, and the sale lasted from ten A. M. until six P. M.

Johnson held his trade sales for three or four years subsequently at the old Panorama Sales Rooms, No. 157 Broadway. The rival house of Wiggins & Pearson were doing business at No. 169 Broadway, and held a trade sale, the catalogue of which was printed on an imperial folio sheet, folded in 12mo. But Johnson failed, and was succeeded by John Doyle, and the rival concern followed suit, and the new house of Pearson & Gurley hung out its sign. Doyle had a short reign, and was succeeded by Peasley & Cowperthwaite. At about the same time, G. W. Lord was holding trade sales on his own account; so that there were actually three concerns in the field at once. In the spring of 1832 came the cholera, and with its panic a crash among the auctioneers. All three houses failed, but in September of that year, J. E. Cooley held a trade sale, which he repeated annually in his own name until 1838, when he retired, and placed the busi-

ness in the hands of his clerks, who formed a copartnership under the style of Bangs, Richards & Platt. Mr. Cooley went to Europe for several years, but in 1847 formed the house of Cooley, Keese & Hill, with which he remained until 1850, when he retired from business altogether. Two trade sales were held simultaneously in the city from 1847 to 1855, when trouble arose among the trade with reference to the practice of duplicating lots over and above the amount offered in the catalogue. Bangs & Company were then the official auctioneers, but the controversy waxed so warm between the Harpers and other leading publishers, that the American Publishers' Association was formed, the new house of Geo. A. Leavitt & Company was organized (the principal partner in which was a son-in-law of Mr. Cooley), and Bangs & Company were deserted by all except Messrs. Harpers and a few others. The result was that the Harpers sold about sixty thousand dollars of their own publications at Bangs's sale, while the young house was flooded with business. In the spring and fall of 1856 they are said to have sold nearly four million three hundred thousand dollars' worth of books.

Bold but Calamitous Speculation of John Guest.

IN 1800, Mr. John Guest, one of the most upright and enterprising merchants ever resident in Philadelphia, established the largest American house in Europe, locating the chief house in London, under the firm of John Guest & Co.; with a branch in Philadelphia, under the firm of Guest & Bancker; one at Baltimore, under the firm of Guest, Atterbury & Co.; besides others at Charleston, New York, Pittsburg, &c.

All these houses became embarrassed about the year 1810, owing to a bold and laudable speculation, founded upon information derived from the

American minister, Mr. Pinckney, then residing in London. In anticipation of a war between America and England, Mr. Guest made large purchases of drygoods in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and shipped the chief part of them to the house in Philadelphia, when, very unexpectedly, the affairs between England and America took a favorable, pacific turn, and the news was received at Annapolis by the arrival of a British vessel called the *Bramble*, stating the fact, and causing all European goods to fall, even below their real value and cost of importation. A large portion of these immense importations were hypothecated, and placed in the stores of Willing & Francis, as the agents of David Parrish, and a slight effort made to sustain the London house; goods still fell in price, and were greatly sacrificed as the time for their redemption arrived. All hopes of upholding the concern were now abandoned, and the several firms closed, yielding up to the London house enough to pay the English creditors something less than a dividend of twenty-five per cent. The partner in Philadelphia had taken care to pay all the American creditors in full.

But the predicted war *did* take place, soon after—in 1812—and all that Mr. Pinckney promised was fulfilled. During the embargo between the two countries goods advanced, but now they rose to extreme high prices; and if all the goods sacrificed by the different firms could have been retained until the period in question, it is believed that, after securing the payment of the interest to the English loan creditors (there were no others), John Guest & Co. would have realized, after paying twenty shillings on the pound to all their creditors, almost millions of dollars, to be distributed among the different co-partners.

Mr. Guest was one of the great pioneers of the trade of Philadelphia; his enterprise and perseverance paved the

way, half a century since, for the great business she now enjoys. No other American, in his time, obtained so extensive a credit in England; and no other commercial house ever carried on business upon so large a scale. His failure to reach the highest pinnacle of commercial success was owing simply to a difference in a few months of time, founded upon an almost certain concatenation of events, which did take place, as his friend, Mr. Pinckney, had predicted.

Missing a Good Chance.

A SINGLE act of a man's life may make him remarkable, if not eminent, and may tend to complete the history of a country and people in their rapid strides of improvement. The following anecdote will illustrate the principle:

Anthony Duché, a French refugee, came over with his wife to Pennsylvania, in the same ship with William Penn, who had borrowed the small sum of about thirty pounds from him. After the arrival, Penn offered him, in lieu of the return of the money, "a good bargain," as he said—a square of ground between Third and Fourth streets, Philadelphia, with only the exception of the burial ground occupied by Friends on Mulberry and Fourth street. It was first offered to Thomas Lloyd, whose wife was the first person buried there. The proprietor, Mr. Penn, observing that he knew the lot was cheap, but that he had a mind to favor him, in return for his kindness, Mr. Duché replied,

"You are very good, Mr. Penn, and the offer might prove advantageous, but the money would suit me better."

"Blockhead!" rejoined the proprietor, provoked at such an intended benefit being overlooked; "Well, well, thou shalt have thy money; but canst thou not see that this will be a great city in a very short time?"

“So I was paid,” said Duché, who told the story, “and have ever since repented my own folly.”

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**Foundation of the Friendship between
Coates and Girard.**

SAMUEL COATES, of Philadelphia, reckoned three remarkable men among his particular friends—Dr. Rush, Stephen Girard, and Dr. Physick. With Mr. Girard his friendship was somewhat peculiar, Girard being, at the time of its commencement, a very active philanthropist, in connection with the yellow fever and the hospital. It was easy for those who could afford it, to give money to the distressed and forsaken; but a much more formidable difficulty was to obtain competent persons, or, in fact, any persons at all, to risk, as it was then universally believed, their lives. Many of the sick suffered most shockingly by neglect, from the dread of contagion; and the feeling in regard to service in wards of yellow fever patients, amounted to horror. Stephen Girard and John Connelly were, at some intervals, the only nurses in the calamitous yellow fever hospital of 1793. They spent their whole time in the building, attended the sick personally, fed them, administered medicine to them, and, at the same time, gave all practicable assistance and advice—and this was much—to the external members of the committee of public safety, who were obliged to volunteer on this melancholy service. In the frequent intercourse thus occasioned between them, near the beds of their sick and dying neighbors, their friendship was first cemented. At a later period, the attention of the great merchant could not be withheld from a director of the Bank of the United States; and the probity with which both that institution, and the private affairs of his new friend were conducted, was exactly adapted, as is well known, to confirm the respect and esteem of such a man as Girard. The Pennsylvania hospital was in want of funds; and Girard, who had freely exposed his life to what was deemed the most imminent and appalling danger, now contributed liberally in money also. The conversations which took place on the occasions when these aids were solicited, gave rise to many incidents and scenes of humor.

PART ELEVENTH.



*ANECDOTES OF CURIOUS TRADES AND OBJECTS OF
TRAFFIC.*

PART ELEVENTH.

Anecdotes of Curious Trades and Objects of Traffic.

NOVEL BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS; BUYING, SELLING, BARTERING, AND SHOPKEEPING, CHARACTERISTIC OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES; RUSES, JEUX D'ESPRITS, AND DROLLERIES.

There is no man who is not in some degree a merchant; who has not something to buy or something to sell.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Without mounting by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things.—SIDNEY.

A single farthing is the semina of wealth—the seed of a golden progeny.—ANON.

Then let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert, yield.—POPE.

How many things there are in this world, of which Diogenes hath no need!—IZAACK WALTON.

In gospel phrase, their chapmen they betray,

Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.—DRYDEN.

Before and Behind the Counter.

EVERY object or article purchased in a Roman shop, by an English or American customer, is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom there, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser, and defence on that of the vender, which is often as comical as it is disgusting.

In Nataletti's shop, a scene is described as having some time since occurred between the salesman and a lady purchaser, which would doubtless have amazed the parties behind and before the counters of Howell & James, Stewart, etc. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, was observed to begin a regular attack upon the shopman; it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable—and the luckless man having come for a moment from

behind the shelter of his long table, the lady smartly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face within a few inches of his, and the amazonian stream still pouring forth. Her husband meanwhile stood by and smiled approvingly at the thrifty and eloquent vocabulary of his wife. The shopman looked disgusted.

Going into Gayiati's, in the Corso—the great omnium gatherum, or variety store—for a morning's shopping, an English visitor says that he noticed first an attempt to cheat a lady, in giving change for gold. Looking at some fans which were being shown to an Italian purchaser at the same time, the visitor took up one, which the shopkeeper said was worth eighteen scudi—the Roman buyer took up another, which had been shown the English visitor at the same price, and with sundry “nods and becks and wreathed smiles” at the shopman, said in an

under tone, "Dunque quindici?" The latter nodded, returned the significant pantomime, and added, "Eh! capite."

Traits of the Shop in Havana.

THE stores in Havana are designated by different names, which, however, have no reference to their contents—as, "The Bomb," a favorite one; "The Stranger;" "Virtue;" etc., but the name of the owner never appears on the signboard. The principal commercial houses have neither sign nor name, and can only be distinguished from the larger private dwellings, by the bales of goods, or boxes of sugar and bags of coffee, that are piled up in their lower stories; the merchant and his family, and clerks, living in the upper part.

Nearly all the retail shops are owned by Spaniards; and, with very few exceptions, none but men are seen behind the counters. The Parisian shop girl, so celebrated for her skill in selling, might, however, here learn a lesson, not only in overcharging, but also in that assiduity in serving, that will scarcely permit the visitor to leave without purchasing something. Let the novice take care how he offers one half the price asked for an article, if he does not wish it, for that, not unfrequently, is its real one; in almost every case, one fourth will be deducted.

"How much for this xippee-xappee (hippe happe)?" inquires a customer at the hat merchant's. "Twelve dollars." "I will give you six." "Say eight?" "Only six." "It is a very fine one, señor, take it for seven;" and finding that to be about its value, the bargain is closed. "You shall have this cane for a dollar," said a Catalan to a gentleman who was examining his various articles spread out under one of the arcades; the gentleman not wishing to buy it, offered two rials, and it was handed to him, the latter giving the trader two reales sevillanas, but he

insisted on *fuertes*, and the cane was bought for one fourth the price asked.

The ladies, in shopping, do not, in general, leave their *volantes*, but have the goods brought to them,—the strictness of Spanish etiquette forbidding such dainty mortals to deal with a shopman; and it is only when the seller of goods happens to be of their own sex, that they venture into a store.

Bad Operation in Leather.

DEACON JOHNSON was in the shoe business in a certain village, and on one occasion he bought a large lot of leather of a dealer, larger than he needed, and more than he would have bought but for the fact that the seller was hard pressed, and let him have it at a little reduction. The deacon stored it in his barn, and "calculated" that the price would rise and that he should make a good spec out of it. But just then the panic and the hard times came on, and leather, like everything else, went down flat. After a while, the deacon came to the conclusion that he should have to wait a long time for the price to come up so as to enable him to get his money back. One night his wife waked him out of a sound sleep, and told him that she heard a noise in the barn, and she was sure that thieves were there, stealing his leather. It took her some time to rouse him enough to understand what was to pay; and when he did, he growled out: "Well, if it falls on their hands as it has on mine, they'll wish they had let it alone."

Mengin, the French Pencil Seller.

THE most celebrated and the most successful charlatan of Paris was Mengin, the itinerant pencil seller. He lately died, leaving behind him a fortune of some four hundred thousand dollars.

No one can have passed many days

in Paris, within the last ten years, without having observed, on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Chatelet, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall, handsome man, with a brass helmet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, “in shape and hue most like a tile”—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire, who from time to time blew a trumpet to attract public attention, and whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master. The only end or aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead pencils at two sous apiece.

Mengin possessed in a high degree the art of commanding the attention of his audience. The laughs he raised were rare, but his face was full of promise of something good coming, and thus he kept alive curiosity.

Though his speeches occupied a considerable time in the delivery, he was essentially a man of few words. He made long pauses, which were filled up by pantomime, and making grotesque sketches on a slate, to exhibit to his audience the superior quality of his pencils.

The substance of every one of his discourses was, that he had originally set up in a quiet shop, but finding that he could not get a living in it, he had resolved to become a quack, and that from the hour of his taking that resolution he had done well.

“Why,” he would say, “do I rig myself up in this ludicrous costume? I will tell you candidly. Because, going about in this dress I sell a great many pencils; and if I staid at home in a warehouse coat, I should sell very few. I am a quack, I admit, but I am an honest one, for I sell a good article; and if you want a pencil, I doubt

whether you will get as good a one anywhere else for the money.”

The speech was always followed by numerous demands, which he supplied from cases packed in the cart. In course of time he was wont to speak of the large fortune he had made, and he would not unfrequently turn out the contents of several *rouleaux* of gold, and count them in the public view.

Portuguese Diamond Merchant's Bargain with Philip the Second.

A PORTUGUESE merchant brought an exceedingly brilliant diamond to court one day, about which all the courtiers were in ecstasies, but which the king, being accustomed to rare things, did not so much extol. “Well,” said his majesty, addressing the merchant, “what would you ask a gentleman for this diamond, if one took a fancy to it?” “Sire,” answered the dealer, “seventy thousand ducats, the price which I gave for this offspring of the sun.” “Why did you give so much money? who did you suppose would purchase it?” inquired the king. “I knew,” replied the shrewd merchant, “that there was a Philip the Second in the world.” The reply of the flatterer pleased King Philip more than the beauty of the diamond, and he immediately ordered that great sum to be paid the merchant, with a royal gift in addition.

English Idol Manufacturers.

It is a curious and not very flattering fact that Christian manufacturers, in the foremost Christian land, should be engaged in producing objects of idolatry with which to supply heathen countries. Alluding to this description of English trade, the editor of *Punch* has a few telling paragraphs—not “founded upon,” but all fact: Having learned from the “Record” (says *Punch*.) that a very brisk manufacture of Hindoo

idols is carried on by a most respectable and orthodox house at Birmingham, we have, though, we confess it, with some difficulty, obtained a list of the articles. The bill we have had duly translated from Hindostanee :

YAMEN—*God of Death*: In fine copper; very tasteful.

NIROND—*King of the Demons*: In great variety. The giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style.

VARONNIN—*God of the Sun*: Very spirited. Crocodile in brass, and whip in silver.

CANBEREN—*God of Wealth*: This god is of the most exquisite workmanship; having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers.

SMALLER DEMI-GODS AND MINOR DEMONS IN EVERY VARIETY.

No Credit; and Discounts allowed for Ready Money.

Eastern Trade in Ostrich and Bird-of-Paradise Feathers.

LEGHORN, after the decline of its commerce with the Levant, remained the great entrepot of ostrich feathers, and did business in that article to the amount of about two hundred thousand dollars annually. Now, however, London is the principal centre of that curious trade. Seven eighths of the ostrich feathers which Leghorn receives come from Egypt, and the rest from Tripoli and Aleppo. About three fourths of the whole are sent to Paris, and the other one fourth to England.

White feathers are worth from five to twenty times more than the black ones. All feathers, white and black, are sold by weight, except however, the very finest sorts, which are disposed of according to quality. The price of white feathers varies from one hundred and fifty to three hundred francs the Tuscan pound—nearly twelve ounces; and of black, from thirty to eighty-five francs.

This trade in ostrich feathers requires a good deal of experience, as it is easy to be deceived in the quality when they are not prepared. Four or five houses alone are engaged in the trade at Leghorn, and their profits are large. The dealers at Paris are beginning to obtain from London the ostrich feathers which the latter get from the Cape of Good Hope. They already procure from that city marabout and bird-of-paradise feathers which come from Calcutta, and vulture and heron feathers which come from Brazil.

Traffic in Beautiful Circassian Girls.

THE traffic in Circassian girls, in Turkey, has long been a regular trade. Perceiving that when the Russians shall have reoccupied the Caucasus, this traffic in girls would be over, the Circassian dealers redoubled their efforts to introduce into Turkey the greatest possible number of them, while the opportunity lasted. Such success attended this movement, that the "article" was greatly reduced in price, beyond any former period. So extensive was the supply, and such a glut in the market, that dealers were obliged to throw away or part company with their "goods." In former times, a fair and comely Circassian girl was thought very cheap at five hundred dollars, but this became reduced to less than one twentieth that sum.

Viper Merchants.

SNAKES and serpents furnish quite an article of trade among the Chinese—used pharmaceutically—and the merchants engaged in this kind of traffic in that country are numerous. The viper, more particularly, is exposed for sale, either alive in small baskets of twisted bamboo, or dead and reduced to soup, or pickled and preserved with various seasonings in jars or barrels.

These dealers generally exhibit a board, inscribed, in due business shape, with the quality and value of the reptiles they have for sale. In this respect they are the same as the shopkeepers, who make it a practice to exhibit a long and flaming list of the different sorts of snakes they have on hand. It is also the practice of these traders to write up, after or under their names on the signboard, the words "Pu-hu," which may be translated, "No cheating here;" but, alas! corroborative evidence is much wanting to substantiate the truth of the declaration.

Chiffonniers, or "Rag Merchants," of Paris.

THE rag gatherers, or chiffonniers, of Paris, are a peculiar class, and once in a while they have a grand banquet. One of the most notable of these took place in Paris, at a public house called the Pot Tricolore, near the Barrière de Fontainebleau, which is frequented by the rag-gathering fraternity. In this house there are three rooms, each of which is specially devoted to the use of different classes of rag gatherers: one, the least dirty, is called the "Chamber of Peers," and is occupied by the first class—that is, those who possess a basket in a good state and a crook ornamented with copper; the second, called the "Chamber of Deputies," belonging to the second class, is much less comfortable, and those who attend it have baskets and crooks, not of the first-rate quality; the third room is in a dilapidated condition, and is frequented by the lowest order of rag gatherers, who have no basket or crook, and who place what they find in the streets in a piece of sackcloth, as a receptacle—this being their only "stock in trade."

This fraternity call themselves the "Réunion des Vrais Prolétaires." The name of each room is written in chalk above the door, and generally such

strict etiquette is observed among the rag gatherers that no one goes into an apartment not occupied by his own class.

At the "banquet," however, all "distinctions of rank" are set aside, and delegates of each class unite as a brotherhood. The President is the oldest rag gatherer in Paris; his age is eighty-eight, and he is called the Emperor. The banquet consists of a sort of *olla podrida*, which the master of the establishment pompously calls a *jibelotte*, though of what animal it is mainly composed is beyond one's knowledge. It is served up in huge earthen dishes, and, before it is allowed to be touched, payment is demanded and obtained. The other articles are also paid for as soon as brought in, and a deposit is exacted as security for the plates, knives, and forks. The wine, or what does duty as such, is contained in an earthen pot, called the Petit Père Noir, and is filled from a gigantic vessel named Le Moricaud. The dinner is concluded by each guest taking a glass of brandy. Business is then proceeded to. It consists in the reading and adoption of the statutes of the association, followed by the drinking of numerous toasts to the president, to the prosperity of rag gathering, to the union of rag gatherers, etc. A collection is then taken up in aid of the sick members of the fraternity.

Barnum Buying the American Museum with Brass.

IN 1841, says Mr. Barnum, I purchased the American Museum in New York, without a dollar, for I was not worth a dollar in the world. But I was never disheartened; I always felt that I could make money fast enough, if I only set my mind to it. I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum.

"Well," says I, "Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum."

"Buy it?" says he, for he knew I had no property. "What do you intend buying it with?"

"Brass," I replied, "for 'silver and gold I have none.'"

It was even so. Everybody who has had any connection with theatrical, circus, or exhibition business, from Edmund Simpson, manager of the Old Park Theatre, or William Niblo, down to the most humble puppet-show man of the day, knew me perfectly well. Mr. Francis Olmsted, the owner of the Museum building, a noble, whole-souled man as one often meets with, having consulted my references, who all concurred in telling him that I was "a good showman, and would do as I agreed," accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the Museum collection, he appointing a money taker at the door, and crediting me, toward the purchase, with all the money received, after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month, on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children.

This was my own proposition, as I was determined so to live that six hundred dollars per annum should defray all the expenses of my family, until I had paid for the Museum; and my treasure of a wife (for such a wife *is* a "treasure") gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut the expenses down to four hundred dollars per annum, if necessary.

One day, some six months after I had purchased the Museum, my friend, Mr. Olmsted, happened in at my ticket office, at about twelve o'clock, and found me alone, eating my dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning.

"Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he inquired.

"I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the Sabbath," I replied, "and I intend

never to eat another on a week day until I get out of debt."

"Ah! you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out," he replied, slapping me familiarly on the shoulders; and he was right, for in less than a year from that period I was in full possession of the Museum, as my own property, every cent paid out of the profits of the establishment.

Coleridge and the "Ogh Clo'" Man.

COLERIDGE says: I have had a good deal to do with Jews, in the course of my life, though I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you may call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last, I was so provoked, that I said to him: "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said, in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, or an hour together, you would say '*ogh clo*' as I do now"—and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed him and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

Boy Traders in Moscow.

THE Russian youth are said to show an address and dexterity in business dealings such as are displayed only by long-practised traders in most other countries. M. Kohl, the traveller and author, says that when in Moscow he went one day into a wax-chandler's shop on the invitation of a manikin of seven years of age only—adroit, cunning, and too clever by half.

Dressed in his little blue caftan of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated him to enter his shop, bowing in the same

obsequious fashion as his elders; and when told by M. Kohl that he was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered, as complaisantly as his pa' could have done, "Pray, oblige me by looking at whatever you please."

He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness which could not but be admired; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock; the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.—in a word, he had in every respect the demeanor of an experienced trader. Just such children as these are often found at the money-broker's table; and at an age when, in other nations, they would hardly be trusted with a few cents, a considerable capital will be committed to their care. Many similar millionnaires in embryo peddle small wares in the streets, jingling their money and handling their reckoning boards with so much address, that it is easy to comprehend how so many opulent individuals issue from their ranks. There are, in Russia, a great number of wealthy merchants who look back to the streets and peddlers' booths for their youthful reminiscences, when all their merchandise consisted of picture books, kwas, or wax tapers.

Day & Martin's Precursors.

THE shoeblacks of Dublin were a numerous and pretty formidable body—the precursors of Day & Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all the rotten ones in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife which they called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-

black sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot on his lap without ceremony, where the "artist" scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and really but little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry—sometimes even tainting the air of fashionable drawing rooms. At present, the shoeblacks who ply their trade so industriously in all the various cities of considerable size in Europe and America, are boys of from eight to eighteen years of age, and the price obtained for a job by these urchins varies all the way from three or five cents up to a shilling, according to the whim of the customer. They are a bright, sharp set, only excelled in these respects by the newsboys—the latter, however, being looked upon as a peg above the shoeblacks, in a "business point of view."

Italian Marriage Brokers.

IN Genoa there are regular marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections, in the same off-hand, mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a merchandise transaction; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion, with such extras or bonuses as may be voluntarily bestowed by the party benefited. Marriage at Genoa is thus oftentimes simply a matter of business calculation, generally settled by the parents or rela-

tions, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may annul the contract, on condition of defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

Egyptian Mummy Trade.

THE most lucrative business in which the Egyptian Jews were engaged, ceased in the seventeenth century. For a long time, "mummy" was an article of great value in the practice of medicine. It was found in all the drug shops of Europe, and, even to this day, mummy powder, mixed with camel's-milk butter, is regarded by the Arabs as a sovereign remedy for bruises. "Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries," was not a mere figure of speech. The repulsive drug was prescribed by the physicians of the sixteenth century, for fractures, concussions, palpitation of the heart, and the like; while even Lord Bacon says, "Mummy hath great force in staunching of blood."

Many speculators embarked in the trade, and vast sums were expended in purchasing mummies, principally from the Jews in Egypt. Tombs and catacombs were searched; and when the Government forbade the transportation of the bodies from their sepulchral habitation, the Jews had recourse to fraud and imposition. In order to supply the great demand for mummy, they embalmed dead bodies, and afterward sold them. In like manner, the bodies of slaves, of executed criminals, of unclaimed strangers, and even the dried and withered corpses of travelers buried in the sands of the desert, were by the Jews transmuted into gold.

De la Fontaine, physician to the king of Navarre, when travelling in Egypt, made some inquiries respecting the supply of mummy as a drug. The Jewish dealers, to whom he applied for information, showed him thirty or forty mummies in a single pile. The physician was anxious to know where the bodies had been obtained, and whether the accounts given by the ancients relative to the treatment of the dead, and their mode of sepulture, could be confirmed. The Jew laughed, and informed him that the mummies before him were all of his own manufacture! A ghastly trade, surely, but by no means confined to the children of Abraham or the land of the pyramids.

Chartier, the Leech Merchant.

HENRI CHARTIER, the leech merchant, has long been an important character among those engaged in the trade of which he is the acknowledged head—his arrival makes quite a *fête*, for all are eager to greet him. If ever you pass through La Brenne, France, you will see a man, pale and straight-haired, with a woollen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked; he walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed; this man is a leech fisher—a horrid trade, in whichever way it is carried on. To see him from a distance—his woe-begone aspect—his hollow eyes—his livid lips—his singular gestures—he might easily be mistaken for a patient who had left his sickbed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs and examining them one after the other, you might suppose him a fool; but no; he is bright and intelligent in his way. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts, he feels

their presence from their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and seaweeds, or beneath the stones covered with green and gluey moss. Some repose on the mud, while others swim about, but so slowly that they are easily gathered with the hand. Sometimes the leech gatherer will be seen armed with a kind of spear or harpoon; with this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches, which soon gather around the prey, and are presently themselves gathered into a vessel half full of water. In summer the leech retires into deep water; and the fishers have then to strip naked, and walk immersed up to the chin. One of the traders—what with his own fishing and that of his children, and what with his acquisitions from the carriers, who sell quantities at second hand—has been enabled to hoard up nearly eighteen thousand leeches in the course of a few months.

Poor Kind of Ice.

AN American gentleman living in London in 1851, had frequently noticed at his fishmonger's, sundry signs of "American Ice," "Norway Ice," and "English Ice," posted up. One day he asked, "Which ice do you esteem the best?—the American, I suppose?" "No, sir, not at all," replied the fishmonger; "the English ice is the best, and next the Norway. The fact is, that American ice is nothing more than *water congealed!*" A novelty in nature, surely, this trader dealt in!

Commercial Value of Insects.

THE importance of *insects* to commerce is but little known or appreciated. Great Britain does not pay less than a million of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of a tiny insect, the *cochineal*. A million and a half of human beings derive their sole support

from the culture and manufacture of silk, and the little *silkworm* alone creates an annual circulating medium of hundred millions of dollars. Honey and beeswax, the product of the *bee*, create a large trade, of great commercial importance, every year. Then there is the *Spanish fly*, or cantharides, the value of which is well known. Coral is another insect product of much account.

Bugs have long been a considerable article in the Rio Janeiro trade. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the more brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn quite a living by selling curious specimens of insects to the strangers who visit that port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs—also serpents and shells—which are most in demand. The nearest approach to this curious business in other parts of the world, is that of the trade in *fireflies* at Havana; the insect being caught, and carefully fed on the sugar cane, is used as an ornament for ladies' dresses, giving to the latter, when tastefully arranged, a very pleasing appearance. Being twice the size of the American firefly, it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles, some of whom carry them in tiny silver cages attached to their bracelets—making a sparkling display in the evening.

Old Women's Trades in London.

IN London there are a large number of old women who carry on a trade peculiar to themselves—not rag pickers simply, but snappers up of trifles of every kind—and by means of which some come into possession of pretty considerable gains. They are known by their peculiar and grotesque appearance. Some wear a hat, but cover their shoulders with a gown. Some are crowned with an old bonnet, but, as if



Street Merchants.

to keep up the mystery, button a shabby dress coat tightly around their person. In fact, the sex to which they belong might puzzle the most expert in matters of gender. They are draggle-skirt-looking creatures, and some are not unlike the hags in Macbeth. They keep their eyes constantly on the ground, glancing along the gutters of the street with amazing rapidity; and, considering how old they are, it is surprising how quickly they discern the objects of their search. They usually carry a coarse dirty bag, into which they put up promiscuously every little bit of linen or woollen rag, string, bone, or iron, which they may be fortunate enough to discover in the mud and filth. The little heaps of dust swept out by shopboys from behind the counters, are constant mines of treasure—they are sure to find among them something to reward their pains. All the things thus gathered have their appropriate value in the finder's classification, and these are the persons who know how to assort, prepare, and dispose of them at the proper places.

Street Merchants.

SOME facile writer has set off, in good lines, that numerous but generally overlooked class of "merchants," consisting of street retailers of small goods, wares, and merchandise: "Apples, two or three cents—peanuts, three cents a ha' pint—lozenges, two cents a roll," is the cry of many poor old apple women, who are daily found on the corners of the streets and wharves, clothed in old dilapidated apparel, presenting an outside appearance of poverty, and offering for sale at retail a few apples, half a peck of peanuts, a box of lozenges, a dozen sticks of candy, &c. Appearances are sometimes deceitful, however, and although many of these women are undoubtedly poor, others have accumulated quite a competence. The same may be said of some of the male peddlers. Not a few of both sexes of this class have money hoarded in the savings banks, or invested in real estate, stocks, &c., and occasionally one is found living at the expense of the city, during the winter

season, at one of the commodious public institutions, being too miserly, lazy, or indolent to continue the "apple, nut, and lozenge trade," in cold weather. As an instance of how these people accumulate the coppers, it is related that a pew in one of the Catholic churches of Boston was at one time bid off by a woman for \$450. As the successful bidder had not the appearance of being one who would be likely to pay so high a price for a pew for her own accommodation, some of the bystanders intimated that she could not pay for it. On being asked by the auctioneer when she would settle the bill, she replied, "This afternoon, or as soon as I can draw the money." This she did, and met her agreement. The woman in question was for many years known as an apple seller on Long Wharf, in that city. And what is true of Boston, is equally true of other cities, in respect to the thrift of some of these "street merchants." Their endurance of heat and cold, and of the various changes in the weather to which they are necessarily exposed, is truly surprising.

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National Characteristics of Money Getters: French, Irish, Scotch, German.

THE Frenchman is a very witty, mercurial, light-heeled gentleman, and is, it must be acknowledged, *the* dancer, and *the* cook, without a peer; but then the palm of money getting cannot be yielded to him, while there are such beings in existence as the Irishman, the Scotchman, and the German. In this free and enlightened country they are all admitted without duty—there is no tariff on their national or personal characters, these characteristics, considered from a business point of view, being about as follows:

The Frenchman, in ordinary "cases," imports nothing but *politesse* and romancing.

The Irishman—the "broth of a boy"

—has a "stock" of dash and blarney.

The Scotchman—pride (of the right sort, being founded not so much upon self-esteem as self-respect), and an inexhaustible "capital" of perseverance.

The German has many points in common with the Scotchman; but, unfortunately, he is more devoted to the metaphysical than the mathematical, the visionary than the substantial, and has, therefore, almost always a whim, a crotchet, or a mystery, in his otherwise clever brain, that frequently stands in the way of his business promotion: "I haf a broject vitch sall zurbrise de world—but it's a zegret. Ven I vill gommunicate it, you sall be asdonished—zo zimple, you sall vonder as it nefer endered beoples' prains!" As he rarely can find any one to "buy a pig in a poke," and he refuses to go the "whole hog" by imparting his "zegret," he eventually drops down from his elevation to whatever comes uppermost; for he is naturally an honest man, and abhors both poverty and crime.

The Frenchman turns cook, or dancing master, or a teacher of languages, unless he has mercantile or trading auspices; if he has travelled, he will also teach the Spanish and Italian languages—and he gets money. In regard to the Spanish and Italian, however, his accent will very likely render his "method" somewhat akin to "teaching English with an Irish brogue."

The Irishman, who in all cases is a "born gentleman," despises drudgery, as he terms everything that requires a steady application, and frequently turns his undeniable talents to reporting for the press, or—marries an heiress.

To turn again to the Scotchman: He thinks nothing beneath his dignity that is honest, and boldly and confidently places his foot on the lowest round of the ladder of promotion, relying upon his zeal and ability to enable

him to reach the top, which is almost infallibly the case; for he is cool and collected, and never misses the opportunity—for which he is continually on the watch—to push his interest. If he engages with a firm, however wealthy, even as a junior clerk, he merely regards it as the preliminary to a partnership.

Shipments of Butcher Birds.

'MANY years ago, when rice was dear in Eastern China, efforts were made to bring it from Luzon, where it was abundant. At Manilla there was, however, a singular law, to the effect that no vessel for China should be allowed to load with rice, unless it brought to Manilla a certain number of cages full of the little "butcher birds," well known for their usefulness. The reason for this most eccentric commercial regulation simply was that the rice in Luzon suffered much from locusts, and these locusts were destroyed in great numbers by butcher birds. Sparrows are also imported from England to New Zealand, for the destruction of caterpillars, and sell at a good price to the shipper.

"Cheap" and "Dear."

WITHOUT the privilege of the shop windows, the London lounge's occupation would be "gone." Without their aid, and the auction rooms, how, in the name of laziness, would the wretched member of a West End club contrive to annihilate the time between breakfast and dinner?

Let a man walk leisurely, in London, from Oxford street, down Regent street, along the Strand, Fleet street, Cheap-side, to the India House; let him stop and introduce himself to the outsides of individual shops; let him enter into conversation with them, and hear what they have to say, and he will return to his chamber with more weird ideas of

the tremendous wealth, importance, and enterprise of that mighty metropolis, than ever he had before.

When a shop is once established in London, it is no longer a shop; it is, in point of fact, an *estate*, from which the possessor can quietly retire, receiving his rents, through the hands of his shopkeeping representative, with the same certainty as if his property were in lands, funds, or houses.

There are what may be termed the *dear* shops and the *cheap* shops in London. Here is a shop, for instance, with wide mouth, bleared eyes, and dusky features—a shop that a poor man would no more think of entering than he would of intruding into a duke's parlor; a shop that says, as plain as it can speak, "I care not, I, for chance customers; I am a shop of high connections and good family." The employés of such a shop as this are more like clergymen than shopmen—bald-headed, confidential, black-coated, long-service shopmen—men of good salaries and manner, grave and independent in their deportment, who have been in the establishment nine and twenty years come next lord-mayor's day, and intend to be there the remainder of their respectable lives. These old-established shops stare at a chance customer; they are civil, but cool in serving him, and take care to charge a little higher than they do to their own connections; they do not condescend to enter into any conversation with him; and if any objection be made to the price or quality of any article, they return the money with great indifference and solemnity. Such is called a "dear" store; but it is simply a high price for a good article, and money is well spent that is spent there.

In strong contrast is one of those ticket shops, or pretended cheap shops, a lying, Jeremy Diddler concern, that assumes to be always selling off at a great sacrifice, as if with the sole ambition to ruin itself for the benefit of a

discerning public. There are no shopmen in these places, but only something between young men and boys—raw twenty-pounds-a-year counter jumpers, in sallow, half-starved cravats, and seedy, second-hand-looking coats; there is great bustle and appearance of business, which is seldom noticed in shops that enjoy the *reality*. The shopboys have a servile, insolent manner, and an open, undisguised desire of cheating and taking you in. Whatever you are wheedled or bullied into buying at the pretended cheap shops, is sure to be dear, or, what amounts to the same thing in the end, of inferior quality; you never quit the counter without the sensation—always unpleasant—of having been taken in, or at least of having been dealing with people whose trade is to take people in.

Remarkable Customs of Oriental Shopkeepers.

THE Armenians, who divide with the Greeks and Jews the entire mercantile traffic of Western Asia, are accustomed to sit down and weep bitterly when they have sold any article of value, declaring that the purchaser has ruined them. The Jews, on similar occasions, rend their garments (which, by the way, are said to be worn purposely for such sacrifice) with still louder protestations of ruin.

The Greek shopkeepers, in most of the Turkish towns, send a crier through the city to proclaim the arrival of new goods and their prices, every announcement being regularly concluded with a declaration that his employer is ruining himself, but must sell.

In Asiatic Russia, the shopkeepers consider it incumbent on them to absolutely refuse selling their goods to any customer, and the latter is expected to employ himself at least an hour in persuading the merchant to deal with him.

But the most extraordinary custom

is that which prevails among the merchants of Thibet, a *regular stand-up fight* being required to take place between the seller and the purchaser, on the disposal of any considerable quantity of goods, the former obstinately rejecting the price to which he has already once agreed, and the latter as resolutely forcing it upon him. It is not considered business-like to settle matters till a few blows have been exchanged on both sides, after which they peaceably shake hands, and the bargain is concluded.

Scale of Prices for London Civilities.

ONE of the English magazine writers furnishes the following scale of metropolitan civilities, and the orthodox rates of payment, by means of which many persons eke out a livelihood in that over-populous city:

Holding a horse for a few minutes, twopence; if with extra politeness, fourpence.

Directions in topography, or street seeking, twopence; with personal attendance, threepence.

Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, twopence to men.

Shutting a cab door, to the waterman, one penny: Where does your hon- or want to go?—twopence.

Assistance in case of accident—varies from sixpence to a shilling.

And so on. He who would be so foolhardy as to refuse these "regular rates," while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every professional bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execrations of the disappointed benefactor.

Wigs by the Cargo.

It is related that one La Rose, first *valet-de-chambre* to the French ambassador at Constantinople, in 1690, was persuaded by some one in Paris to lay out his savings in wigs, as a good spec-

ulation for the Turkish market. Finding, on reaching Constantinople, that his stock remained on hand, and that he had been duped, he fell into low spirits, and had nigh died of despondency. The ambassador, seeing this, bethought himself of applying to the grand vizier, to see if he could not devise some plan of getting rid of the cargo. "Nothing can be more easy," replied the sultan; "leave the matter to me." On the following day, a firman was issued and read in the Jewish synagogues, commanding all Jews to wear wigs. Terrible was the confusion and running to and fro among the bewildered Israelites. Few knew even the meaning of "wigs;" none knew where to find them. This having quickly reached La Rose's ears, he joyously delivered his stock to a broker, who disposed of the whole in a few hours, the result being a rich harvest to La Rose, not taking into account the grotesque appearance of "Abraham's seed" thus caparisoned. The speculator was, however, directed by his master not to renew the venture.

Paying by the Clock instead of the Thing.

"You have charged me for a full-priced breakfast," said a complaining guest, looking at his bill; "and all I had was a cup of milk and a chip of toast." "You might have had coffee and eggs for the same money," replied the waiter. "Ah!" cried the guest, "then it seems you charge according to the clock; and if a man was to eat only eggs at dinner time, I suppose he'd have to pay for full-grown turkeys."

Realizing a Profit.

A RIGHT smart business woman (there are not a few such) was "come up to" on this wise by her promising son. She kept a small store and a sort of tavern on a public thoroughfare be-

tween two seaport towns—now dignified by the title of cities—and had a most successful way of "realizing a profit." The said son, a jolly sailor lad, who had just returned from a voyage, was one day left by his mother in charge of the shop for a short time, while she went out to keep her place good in the village gossip society. Jack "took the helm," and told the old woman not to hurry, and he would keep a sharp look out. During her absence an old soldier, worn and scored in his country's service, came along, and halted a moment to rest and refresh himself. Jack "put his foot" into his new vocation by asking the "customer" if he would like something to eat—though in every place where he thought there was a likelihood of anything eatable being stowed away, all he could find was the remnants of the dinner of the day before. This he placed before the hero, and bade him "fall to," which he did quite readily. When he had finished and gone on his way, there remained of what Jack had set before him only a few well-picked bones. On his mother returning, he related the fact of his customer's visit, and asked her what it was worth to pick those old bones. "Well, Jack," she replied, quite elated at what she supposed was the shrewdness of the lad, "a shilling would be about right." "So I thought," said Jack, "and that is what I gave him."

American Customer at a Turkish Bazaar.

AN American traveller was once wandering through the trading bazaars of Turkey, and wished to buy an embroidered handkerchief of one of the shopkeepers. He asked the price. "Seventy-five piasters." "No," said the customer—aware that it is usual among all traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than the value—"that is too much, I will give you seventy;" and as the dealer seemed to

nod assent, he counted out the money. But his surprise was great, when the rough-bearded Osmanli, gravely pushing back to him twenty piasters, observed: "This is more than the just price. It is always the custom here to bargain over a thing down to its fair value, and as fifty piasters is my fair price, these twenty belong to you."

Matrimonial Export.

IN the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying one of these matrimonial shipments, dated London, August 12, 1621, says:

"We send you, in the ship, one widow and eleven maids, as wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. There are nearly fifty more that are ready to come. For the reimbursing of charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them, give one hundred pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them."

Peculiarities of the Northwest Fur Traders.

THE character of the hunters and trappers engaged in the fur trade throughout the extreme northwest is peculiar and original. The trade is not carried on now, as in former times, by means of bateaux and canoes, which, under the old French and English systems, enlivened the rivers and lakes of our old northwestern territory. The fur-bearing animals have been driven from a great portion of the borders by the advance of emigration, and their shores have become, to a great extent, the sites of substantial farmhouses and prosperous settlements. The canoe has

given place to the steamboat, the trading post to the city. The great bulk of the trade has been transferred to the region of the mountains, whose wild recesses contain no lakes where they can disport their canoes, no streams which can float their furs to market. These traders and trappers transport their goods or furs upon pack horses, or carry them on their own backs to a navigable stream. They move from place to place on horseback, sometimes conveying their traps upon their shoulders through deep ravines, up steep precipices, inaccessible to the horse, in search of places which contain their favorite game. The life of one thus engaged becomes, therefore, a scene of toil and privation, and yet of passionate excitement. His views are exaggerated, his habits unsettled, his sentiments, generally, noble and generous, like those of a sailor—for the causes which act upon him are similar in their character—and, like the sailor, he is nowhere contented except when leading a life of danger and excitement.

Snow Trade of Sicily.

THE principal export from Catania is snow, in which a very lucrative trade is carried on with Malta, and some parts of the South of Italy. It is collected during the winter in pits and hollows on the mountain, and covered with the scorixæ and ashes, to prevent its thawing. It is brought down on mules to the coast at night, in panniers covered with leaves. The revenue derived from this source is immense, and renders the Prince of Paterno one of the richest men in Sicily. Snow is the universal luxury, from the highest to the lowest ranks. It is sold at about the rate of four cents a rotolo, or thirty ounces; and the poorest cobbler would sooner deprive himself of his dinner than of his glass of "acqua gelata." It is also, of course, extensively used in the hospitals; and a scarcity of it

would be considered as great a misfortune as a famine, or any other national visitation, and would more infallibly occasion popular tumults. To guard against any such accidents, the Government at Naples have made the providing it a monopoly, the contractor being required to give security to the amount of sixty thousand ducats, which sum is forfeited if it can be proved that for one hour the supply was not equal to the demand.

French Toads an Article of Commerce.

A SINGULAR feature in the commerce between England and France is the toad trade. It is well known that on some of the choice market gardens near London, as many as five crops are raised in one year, the principal object being, however, to grow the finest possible specimens for high prices. Under such a system of culture, slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them, toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half per dozen is given for full-grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in this same way.

Mike Schnapps, the Fiddle Dealer.

MIKE SCHNAPPS is well known in the trade as a ravenous fiddle ogre, who buys and sells everything that bears the fiddle shape, from a double-double bass to a dancing master's pocketable kit. His house is one vast musical collectanea—with fiddles on the walls, fiddles on the staircases, and fiddles hanging like stalactites from the ceilings. He and his establishment have never been dramatized, but that there is material in either for a "clever comedy in traffic," the following will show:

"You vant to py a pfeedel," says Schnapps. "I sall sell you de pest—dat

ish, de pest for de money. Vat you sall give for him?"

"Well, I can go as far as ten guineas," says the customer.

"Ten kinnis is goot for one goot pfeedel; bote besser is twenty, tirty, feefy kinnis, or von hunder, look you; bote ten kinnis is goot—you sall see."

Schnapps is all simplicity and candor in his dealings. The probability is, however, that his ten-guinea fiddle would be fairly purchased at five, and that the customer might have been treated to the same article had he named thirty or forty guineas instead of ten.

Schnapps was once asked if he knew wherein lay the excellence of the old Italian instruments.

"Mein Gott!" said he, "if I don't, who de teifil does?"

Then he went on to say, that it did not lie in any peculiarity in the model, though there was something in that; nor in the wood of the back, though there was something in that; nor in the fine and regular grain of the pine, though there was something in that; nor in the position of the grain, running precisely parallel with the strings, though there was something in that too; nor in the sides, nor in the finger board, nor in the linings, nor in the bridge, nor in the strings, nor in the waist, though there was something in all of them, nor yet in the putting together, though there was much in that.

"Where *does* it lie then, Mr. Schnapps?"

"Ah, der henker! hang if I know."

"Has age much to do with it, think you?"

'Not moshe. Dere is pad pfeedels two hunder years ole as vell as goot vons; and dere is goot pfeedels of pad models, vitch is very pad, and pad pfeedels of de fery pest models, and peautiful make as you sall vish to see."

This is the *sum total* of the information to be got out of Schnapps on this

mysterious subject, but of which Mike's head is the very lexicon!

Queer Bartering in Northern Africa.

At Temenhint, in Northern Africa, the inhabitants have a curious mode of barter. The person who has any goods to sell, mentions what he wishes in exchange for certain commodities, whether oil, liquid butter, or shahm, which latter is a kind of salted fat, much resembling bad tallow in taste and smell. If liquids, he pours water into a pot, in proportion to the quantity of oil or butter he requires; if solids, he brings a stone of the size of the shahm, or other article demanded. The buyer pours out water, or sends for smaller stones, until he thinks a fair equivalent is offered. The quantities then agreed for are made up to the size of the stone or the depth of the water.

Adam and Eve Leading on in Trade.

THE first "bargain" may be said to have been made in Paradise, and it was a bargain to gratify the eye and taste, but it was a ruinous speculation, in many of its aspects. Cain, and Lamech, and Tubal Cain, and the builders of cities, and the workers in metals, however, were not deterred from trading with Nimrod for skins and furs.

The first trading after the flood was between the mothers and daughters of Noah's three sons, when they were packing up to come out of the ark, and no doubt it was then found that those who had been the neatest, and had preserved the best order in their part of the vessel, were able to make the best bargain, and there is but very little doubt that Shem's family were the best traders.

The Midianites, who traded in Egypt, in spices, balm, and myrrh, to whom Joseph was sold, were travelling merchants. What may be called the first actual commercial transaction, recorded

in the oldest book in the world, took place seventeen hundred years before the Christian era, long before Homer or Hesiod was born, or the Greeks and Romans, or even the Medes and Persians were dreamed of. "And behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph to Egypt."

Dealing in "Orrd Things."

IN one of the small streets of Edinburgh, called Niddries Wynd, some time ago there lived an eccentric character, named Willie Tamson. He exhibited a sign bearing this singular inscription: "Orrd Things Bought and Sold Here,"—which signified that he dealt in odd articles, such as a single shoe buckle, one of a pair of skates, a right-hand or left-hand glove, a teapot wanting a lid, or perhaps as often a lid without a teapot. By this craft, however, this curious mortal contrived to earn a decent living; for it is a trait in human nature, that when a store or person gets the reputation for selling cheap, every one takes it for granted that it must be so—the same principle, or crotchet, which leads persons to flock to the shop where damaged goods are advertised for sale cheap, but where customers often pay several cents per yard more for the damaged article than they would have got it for, dry and unsoiled, in another store. So it was by this craft that "old Willie" thrived, for every housewife that had an odd shoe, or an odd glove, or an odd part of a pair of scissors, or of a pair of tongs and snuffers, a knife without a handle, or a handle without the blade, went to Willie Tamson to get them paired; in short, he was perhaps the greatest *match-maker* in Europe.

Exportation of Scotch Periwinkles.

It would hardly be supposed that so trifling an article in itself as the periwinkle could form a matter of extensive traffic; but so it is. Sometimes as many as fifty or sixty tons of these little shells are brought at a time to Glasgow, Scotland, from the island of Kervera, opposite Oban, where they abound, and are gathered by the poor people, who get sixpence a bushel for collecting them. From this they are shipped to Liverpool, and thence by rail to London, to satisfy the insatiable maw of the modern Babylonians. Very few are consumed in Scotland, as the popular taste for "whilks and buckies" is not so strongly marked in that country, and better profits are consequently obtained in London, even after paying so much sea and land carriage.

Tea Shops in China.

THE Chinese tea shops are very much resorted to, and a brisk business is done in their own favorite beverage. The charge is ridiculously small. For half a penny, a customer may have what they call a sumptuous meal—"three cash" being the price of a cup of tea, fifteen hundred cash going to the dollar. Their mode of making tea is very different from ours. They put the tea into the cups, and then take them to immense copper kettles with furnaces inside; filling each cup with boiling water, they put on its little cover, and allow it to stand for a few minutes, then, pushing the cover just within the rim of the cup, so as to prevent the leaves making their escape, they drink it, without sugar or milk. The shopkeeper will refill the cups for the same money, but if more is wanted, a second payment must be made.

Turkish Fez Shops: Stationers, Tailors, and Jewellers.

THE fez shops are very numerous in the "sick man's city," for turbans de-

crease, though slowly. They are of a deep crimson, and have at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied, and which always, to prevent entanglement, is kept in stock with a sort of ornament of paper cut into a lace pattern round it. The blocks, too, for fezes to be kept on, are sold in distinct shops. They may be seen round as cheeses, ranged in front of a Turk, who watches them as if expecting them to grow. Sometimes one can hardly help thinking them to be pork pies, but for the bare-legged boy in the background, who, pushing the block with the flexible sole of his foot, keeps it even upon the lathe.

Stationers and booksellers hardly show at all in Stamboul, but in the bazaar, and there in a very limited way—and in a way, too, that makes an Englishman or American wish he were away altogether.

The tailor, too, does not figure largely, though the Turks are seen busy in their shops sewing at quilted gowns and coverlets stuffed with down; and one can seldom pass down a street without seeing a man with a bow, bowing cotton, with the twang and flutter peculiar to that occupation, the slave behind half buried in flock, or emerging from a swansdown sea of loose white feathers.

The jewellers—frequently Jews—are chiefly in the bazaars, both for safety and convenience. There they sit, sorting great heaps of seed pearl, like so much rice, squinting through lumps of emerald, or weighing filigree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting; but still there are a few outsiders who sell coarse European watches with unseemly French cases, and large bossy silver cases for rose water, or some such frivolous use, shaped like huge melons, and crusted with patterning.

It is not possible to go up a Turkish street, if it contain any shops, without also finding among them a furni-

ture shop, where Chinese-looking stools and large chests are sold, their whole surface diced over with squares of mother-of-pearl, frequently dry and loose with extreme age.

Settling a Question of Trade.

THE crew of a vessel was taken by a Barbary corsair. When they were brought before the dey, he inquired their several occupations. The riggers, and blacksmiths, and carpenters, were all sent off to the dockyard. The sailors had a comfortable berth provided for them; and even the officers were turned to account one way or another.

At last his highness came to a *literary* man—a passenger and a poet. What to do with him, for a long while, his highness could not, for the life of him, say; till at last, learning that the prisoner was a man of *sedentary* occupations, and having the peculiarity of the habits of such a one explained to him somewhat by the interpreter, he ordered the poet a pair of feather breeches, and set him to *hatching chickens*.

Bargaining by Pantomime—Trade in Camels.

THE Blue Town, Tartary, is noted for its great trade in camels. The camel market is a large square in the centre of the town. The animals are ranged here in long rows, their front feet raised upon a mud elevation constructed for that purpose, the object being to show off the size and height of the creatures. The uproar and confusion of this market are tremendous, with the incessant bawling of the buyers and sellers as they dispute, their chattering after they have agreed, and the horrible shrieking of the animals at having their noses pulled, for the purpose of making them show their agility in kneeling and rising.

In order to test the strength of the

camel, and the burden it is capable of bearing, they make it kneel, and then pile one thing after another upon its back, causing it to rise under each addition, until it can rise no longer. They sometimes use the following expedient: While the camel is kneeling, a man gets upon his hind heels, and holds on by the long hair of its hump—if a camel can rise then, it is considered an animal of superior strength.

The trade in camels is entirely by proxy—the seller and the buyer never settle the matter between themselves. They select indifferent persons to sell their goods, who propose, discuss, and fix the price; the one looking to the interests of the seller, the other to those of the purchaser. These “sale speakers” exercise no other trade; they go from market to market, to promote business, as they say. They have generally a great knowledge of cattle, have much fluency of tongue, and are, above all, endowed with a knavery beyond all shame. They dispute by turns, furiously and argumentatively, as to the merits and defects of the animal; but as soon as it comes to a question of price, the tongue is laid aside as a medium, and the conversation proceeds altogether in signs. They seize each other by the wrist, and beneath the long, wide sleeve of their jackets indicate with their fingers the progress of the bargain. After the affair is concluded, they partake of the dinner, which is always given by the purchaser, and then receive a certain number of sapeks, according to the custom of the different places.

Mercantile Agency Management Illustrated.

A REPRESENTATIVE of one of the mercantile agency establishments in New York once called on a merchant in Broad street (we quote from Mr. Barrett's racy volume on the “Old Merchants”), and asked him to become

a subscriber. He explained its advantages. The merchant hesitated—at last he says, "Tell me all about 'James Samson,' and I will subscribe." "The name is not on the agency books, but give me two days, and I will find out all about him." The clerk got the name correctly, and said, "I'll find out all about him if he is in the United States." A week elapsed. The clerk of the agency called, and reported as follows: "James Samson is a peddler, aged thirty; he comes to Albany to buy his goods, and then peddles them out along the canal from Albany to Buffalo. He is worth two thousand dollars; owns a wooden house in Lockport in his own name; his family reside in it; has a wife and three children, two boys and one girl; boys named Henry and Charles, aged four and six years, girl named Margaret, two years old; no judgment out or mortgage on property; drinks two glasses cider brandy, plain, morning and evening—never more; drinks water after each; chews fine-cut; never smokes; good teeth generally; has lost a large double tooth on lower jaw, back, second from throat on left side; has a scar an inch long on his left leg kneecap; cause, cut himself with a hatchet when only three years old; can be found when in Albany at Pete Mason's, 82 State street; purchases principally jewelry and fancy articles; belongs to the Shoe." This is evidence of how systematically the system is carried on. The report was conclusive. It satisfied the Broad street merchant. The event was fifteen years ago. The merchant subscribed one hundred and fifty dollars, and has paid it yearly ever since.

Funny Commercial Transaction All Round.

AN old fellow living at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sent to a business correspondent at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, a large consignment of cotton stockings,

and, at the same time, to another correspondent at the same place, an equally large consignment of cotton nightcaps, the product of his own manufacture. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell, but the sum designated was found to be too large, of which fact they took the liberty to inform him.

He yielded a little in his demands, but still there was no offer for his fabrics. Again he writes, in reply to other letters of his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount; but weeks elapse, and yet no sales. At length he writes to each correspondent to make *some* disposition of his manufactures; if they can't get money for them, at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods.

Under these instructions, the stocking factor calls upon the nightcap agent, both unknown to each other in connection with their principal, and "names his views;" he wishes to exchange a lot of superior stockings for some other goods—he is not particular what kind, as the transaction is for a friend, who is desirous of "closing his stock." The man at first can think of nothing which he would like to exchange for so large a supply of stockings, but at length a bright thought strikes him. "I have," said he, "a consignment of cotton nightcaps from an old correspondent, which I shall not object to exchange for your stockings." The bargain was soon closed. The stocking factor wrote back at once, that he had at length been enabled to comply with the instructions of his principal. He had exchanged his stockings for "a superior article of nightcap," in an equal quantity, which he was assured were likely to be much in demand before a great while. The next day came a letter from the nightcap agent, announcing his success, and appended to the letter was a big bill for commissions! As Yellowplush

would say, "Fanzly that gentleman's feelinks."

Logan, the Fan Painter.

LOGAN, so famous in England for his marvellous skill as a painter of fans, at Tunbridge, was an odd, diminutive figure, but a most sensible, honest, and ingenious man. For some years he kept a shop at the extreme end of the parade ground. From this point he could see the whole military body, and constantly delineated any particular character among them, on his fans, so as to be immediately known by their forms; these he introduced in his views of the parade—the cold bath—the fish ponds, etc., and which gave him constant employ. But his originality of character, his quaint good sense, jokes, and trenchant repartees, for which he was so distinguished, are probably better remembered than his mechanic skill.

Jolly Sign-Painters: Rich Professional Tragedy.

In the western part of a certain city, live and flourish two jolly young fellows who follow sign-painting for a livelihood, and who are sometimes in the habit of cutting up what are called "high shines." We shall see.

It so occurred that one of the painters had some out-door business to attend to, and left the shop in charge of his partner and a little boy who was employed to grind paints. During his absence, the partner remaining went to work and painted the boy's neck so as to represent a large gash, and a cut over the eye. He then took red paint, bespattered it over the floor, and clotted the boy's hair, and made him lie down in a corner. He then painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long-bladed knife in the red paint pot, and patiently awaited the coming of his partner.

Directly afterwards he heard him at the door, and the performance commenced. The partner stuck his head into the room door; one glance was sufficient—the boy was prostrate on the floor, with his throat cut, groaning and crying murder; chairs, tables, benches, jugs, and paint pots, were strewed around the room in dire confusion, while the murderous looking partner, with the bloody knife uplifted in his hand, was running through the room and uttering wild and incoherent expressions.

It was evident to the partner at the door that his partner had killed the boy.

The thought was horrid. Swift as lightning, he flew to his father, and informed him of the circumstances. A number of friends were mustered, who repaired forthwith to the tragical scene. The crowd augmented as it neared the shop, and in hastened the whole posse with suspended breath; but what was their astonishment to find the boy, without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood perceptible, and the partner engaged in lettering a sign! and utter ignorance of any transaction of the kind avowed by both him and the boy, to the other partner's great mortification—more especially as the persons he brought there hinted to one another that during his absence from the shop he might have indulged too freely in "fire water."

The Miller and his Portrait.

A WORTHY miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted *as looking out of the window of my mill*; but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head *in*, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done so." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?" "Oh," said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, as you and I are doing now, you know you pop *in* your head to preserve your credit for industry." "That's right," said the miller, "I'm content—that's right—that will do!"

Russian Shop Customs.

THE Russians have the custom, which is very convenient for purchasers, of exhibiting on one and the same spot almost everything that is to be sold in a town, the most different articles being collected in one and the same building. A stranger, therefore, has no occasion to inquire, "Where is this or that to be bought?" for he finds at once everything that he can ask for. In every town in Russia of any importance there is a "Gostinnoi Dvor," and this structure is where the buyers and sellers congregate. In no country does like stick closer to like than in Russia. Not only are the tradesmen to be found together at one rendezvous, but all those who deal in the same commodity unite to form a smaller mass. Thus, all the stationers are in one row, all the silk dealers are together, and all the leather sellers in one group.

A peculiarity of the Russian tradesman is to deliver everything they offer for sale as much as possible in a state fit for immediate use. The reason of this is because Russian buyers scarcely purchase anything till they are in urgent want of it. Hence the manufacture-like production of every possible sort of goods. Each commodity has its row of shops, which is named after it, and the ignorant or the juvenile may be heard incessantly asking, "Father, where is Fur Row?" "Where is Cap Row?" "Brother, where is Boot Row?" "Mother, is

this the way to Stocking Row? to Petticoat Row?"

If the loungeur perambulating the colonnade is amused by the inquiries of buyers, he will be still more interested by the characteristic sayings and doings of the Russian tradesmen. These are all extremely sharp fellows, with flaxen or light brown hair and beard, dressed in the kaftan and blue cloth cap, which is worn of the same form by the shopkeepers throughout all Russia. They are incessantly and clamorously recommending their goods to passengers by the most extravagant panegyrics. "What are you looking for, sir? Clothes—the very best, of the newest cut. Hats—the best that can be made. Kasan boots—first rate."—"What is your pleasure, madam? what can I do for you? what can I serve you with?"—"Have I nothing that suits you, sir?—a bear-skin, a fox-skin, a wolf-skin pelisse? You will find everything here, if you will be pleased to step in."

Officious attendants are always ready, cap in hand, to open the door to every one who passes, chanting the while their accustomed tunes, and pouring forth their eloquence without distinction of person, rank, sex, or age. Little boys invite you in to the bear-skin pelisses, fine gentlemen to the clumsy boots, old women to the toy shops, young lasses to the shops for swords and fire-arms, peasants and laboring men to those for millinery and haberdashery. They care not whom they address, their only thought being, "No matter who the people are—so they have money, in with them!" When the shopkeeper himself does not undertake this office, he employs a young "barker," who, walking to and fro the whole day, rubbing his hands, sings out his polite invitations.

A genuine *German* tradesman, seated in his shop, brooding over plans and thinking of his wife and children, looks like calculation personified. The *Rus-*

sians, on the contrary, are almost invariably without thought or care. Rarely do you see them writing or keeping accounts; their business is simple, and needs no such artificial aids. When, therefore, they are not engaged with customers, or with chanting their invitations to passengers, they are in general full of all sorts of fun and frolic

Paris "Gratteurs."

THE gratteur of Paris is a "tradesman" just below the chiffonnier. The man of this craft scratches, the livelong day, between the stones of the pavement, for old nails from horses' shoes, and other bits of iron—always, of course, in hope of a bit of silver, and even perhaps a bit of gold; more happy in his hope than hundreds of others in the possession. He has a store or "magazin" in the faubourgs, where he deposits his ferruginous treasure. His wife keeps this store, and is a "*marchande de fer*." He maintains a family, like another man; one or two of his sons he brings up to scratch for a living, and the other he sends to college; and he has a lot "in perpetuity" in Père la Chaise. His rank, however, in social circles, is inferior to that of the chiffonnier, who will not give him his daughter in marriage, and he don't ask him to his *soirées*.

Vocation Peculiar to China; Gossip at Fifty Cents per Hour.

THERE is a kind of employment—a paying vocation too, it is said—which, at least in its financial aspects, is peculiar to China alone. The Chinese name for this trade literally signifies gossip monger. Now, a number of elderly ladies, generally widows, make it their business to collect gossip, *on dits*, chit-chat, and stories of all sorts, with which they repair to the houses of the rich, announcing their arrival by beating a

small drum, which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the family. When it is recollected that shopping, public assemblies, and even morning calls, are all but forbidden to the beauty and fashion of China by their country's notions of both propriety and feet, some idea may be formed of the welcome generally given to these reporting dames. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of about fifty cents an hour, and are besides in the frequent receipt of presents—their occupation affording many opportunities of making themselves generally useful in matters of courtship, rivalry, etiquette, etc. On these accounts they generally retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless obliged by actual infirmity—so congenial is the business to their female tastes.

Saint Shops.

RUSSIANS are given to imagining that they are forsaken by God and all his angels, unless they have visible and palpable representations of his omnipresence about them, and unless he has taken actual possession by the hand of the priest; they therefore hang their persons, their rooms, their doorways, and their gateways, as well as their churches, with images of saints. On this account, the necessity arises for incredible quantities of the latter articles. The manufacture of these is quite an important business matter, and there are places especially carried on for this devotional traffic. In heaps, like gingerbread nuts, and sold by dozens, little brass crosses, portraits of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and St. George, and other amulets, lie exposed like any other kind of merchandise before the shops. On the walls of the latter hang glittering figures of false silver and gold, of all forms and dimensions: small ones, a few inches in length and

breadth, which the servants of great families fetch away by the gross, to supply new-built houses, where they are nailed up in every room, behind the curtains; large ones, six or eight feet high, for orthodox tradesmen, who, with their wives and children, prostrate themselves before them; others for the use of village churches and city chapels. Some are fitted, after the new fashion, into mahogany frames, others adorned in the old style, with pillars, porches, and whole temples, curiously plated with silver wire.

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“Four-and-twenty Self-Sealing Envelopes, Fo-oo-ur Cents.”

It is about needless to give any preface to our present character, after so descriptive a title as the above. Nor can we do better than to borrow the portrait of this *sui-generis* eccentricity which we find hanging up on the walls of the Knickerbocker—drawn by one of its most skilful artists, with only one or two misshadings of the pencil:

The stationery man! Who does not know him? Lives there the individual with soul so dead, who never to his friend has made an observation concerning the stationery man? All the world is acquainted with him, so far as a knowledge which is all on one side can be called an acquaintance. All New York has seen him. Everybody in the rural districts has heard of him. Indeed, it is a common thing in Connecticut, among persons who have never been to New York, but who like to pretend to have made that pilgrimage, to claim an acquaintance with the stationery man, and to ask you: “Does he stand there yet?” Of course he stands there yet. That man will never die: he couldn’t afford to do it. He may pass away at some time within the next fifty years; but when he does so, mark my words—don’t pass up Nassau street, after midnight, if you would

not desire to hear the sepulchral voice of a ghostly stationery man proclaiming: “Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-oo-ur cents!”

There have been more pen-and-ink sketches of that individual taken than were ever made of the Duke of Wellington or Tippoo Saib. I have one of them, and I keep it. You might kill me, or burn the house over my head; but induce me to part with that portrait?—not quite!

Because I respect the stationery man, I admire him. What else can I do, when I see him every day, and at all hours, with his heavy rough coat in the warmest weather, and his chin buried in that now immortal muffler, standing at the corner under the clothier’s awning, in rain or sunshine, from morn to dewy eve, and, indeed, till eight o’clock at night, proclaiming to the city in general, and to Nassau street pedestrians in particular, the cheering intelligence that he will give you, if you are disposed to take them, “four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes for fo-oo-ur cents.” I never bought any of him. I never saw him sell any: though I have stood and watched him by the hour. I don’t believe he ever effects a transaction. It is his fate, his destiny, to stand at the corner of Nassau street, and repeat those mystic words. He is, I believe, the Wandering Jew of the paper trade. I once plucked up courage enough to speak to him: “Sir,” said I, “can you tell me what o’clock it is?” He turned upon me a glassy but yet shining gray eye, and answered me in accents already familiar to my ear—“Four-and-twenty self-sealing envelopes, fo-oo-ur cents!” I hurried on and left him.

No man knows where he dines, or whether he ever dines at all. His comings out and his comings in, are alike shrouded in mystery. I once tried to follow him home. Home? Ha! ha! Seeing him make up his little pack, I determined to track him. The rain

was pouring down heavily that gloomy night, as *I saw him leave the corner*, and direct his steps up Nassau street. I watched him until he came within half a block of the end of Nassau street, and then—well, I lost him. Out of Nassau street I *know* he did not go. I believe he cannot leave Nassau street. I can; but before I left it on that memorable evening, I heard once more, as from a distance, the mysterious announcement which declared the unchangeable value of “four and twenty self-sealing envelopes.”

What manner of man is this? Through how many years has he existed on our globe, and for how many centuries more is he doomed to occupy the corner of Nassau street, and proclaim to a heedless world his self-sealing destiny? Ah! who can tell?

He has been wrapped in the “envelope” which awaits all mortals, and now lies “sealed” in his final rest.

Patent-Medicine Makers—Morrison, Brandreth, Townsend, etc.

THE business of making patent medicines is much overdone, even to an extent beyond almost any other. A few only have realized a fortune in it. It is an uncommonly flattering business, considering alone the actual cost of the stock: hence thousands have been rashly invested in the manufacture and distribution of remedies without counting the *tremendous cost of popularity*. Unless large sales are made, ruin must follow; so that, by a safe calculation, it is believed ninety in every one hundred fail, who undertake in this line.

The manner of doing this remarkable business is invariably to manufacture large quantities, and establish agencies in every part of the country; it being almost without exception a commission, and this is the only means of extending it. Of course, without a very large capital, nothing of late years can be done to compete with the already

established remedies. Townsend labored two years, and accomplished nothing. Finally a wealthy citizen of Albany joined him, investing ample means; since which the sarsaparilla era soon reached its zenith, but, as everything must have its day, it in time rapidly declined.

Morrison, the London pill maker, was one of the leaders in this business. His pills were put up in packages of three boxes each—“one,” “two,” and “three”—and to be taken in regular order; holding out the impression that they contained three different kinds of medicine. These pills became at one time quite popular in the United States, till the general agent's sale in New England was one hundred dollars a day, when he, becoming an extensive counterfeiter of them, had to leave the place. It was afterward proved that these pills were made in New York, and that number one, two, and three, were all the same article. The medical faculty came out in London, at one time, and stated that Dr. Morrison was destroying much life by the recommendation of such quantities of medicines. He in turn prosecuted the faculty for libel, but in every instance was beaten. In fifteen years he amassed a princely fortune, and built himself a magnificent palace.

Dr. Brandreth came to this country from London about five years after Morrison's pills became popular, and established the sale of his pills, adopting Morrison's plan of recommending every one to take his pills in large quantities; and he has accumulated a fortune. He gave the agency in Pennsylvania to Mr. Wright, a brother Englishman, for a number of years. When his sales became very extensive, he got up a counterfeit, which caused Brandreth to take away the agency from him, when he changed the name of the counterfeit pills, and called them “Indian Vegetable Pills,” and got a number of Brandreth's travelling agents.

to put them out in the country. Another Englishman got up a pill called "Old Parr's," stating that he lived one hundred and fifty years on his pills; the story was too absurd to be believed, and they found little or no sale.

It is to be presumed that everybody is acquainted with the facts, to some extent, connected with the career of Swaim, the originator of Swaim's Panacea, once so popular, and how, being a bookbinder, he came to find on *the blank leaf of a volume he was binding*, the recipe for the extensively sold medicine which laid the foundation of the princely fortune which he left behind. There are but few instances of such rare good fortune in business as this.

Chinese Shopkeepers.

THE streets of Pekin are built in a direct line, the greatest being about one hundred and twenty feet broad, and a good league long—and the shops where they sell silks and chinaware, which generally take up the whole street, make a fine appearance. Each shopkeeper puts out before his house, on a little kind of pedestal, a board twenty or two-and-twenty feet high, painted, varnished, and often gilt, on which are written, in large characters, the names of the several commodities he sells. These kind of pilasters, thus placed on each side of the street, and almost at an equal distance from each other, make a pretty odd show. This is usual in almost all the cities of China.

A visit to the shops of the merchants affords a "barbarian" much amusement. There is one street, very narrow and dirty, where the booksellers' shops are to be found, and where Chinese and Mantchoo works are sold. These are kept ready bound and in good order; but an examination proves many of them to be imperfect, and, besides asking five times the value of the book,

the dealers will try to put off copies which want some of the leaves, or are composed of the sheets of three or four different works. They are most dexterous in the arts of imposition.

Genoese Merchants and French Peddlers.

It is a strange fact, and one which remarkably illustrates the vicissitudes of commerce and commercial places, that in Genoa, the French peddlers are those who have taken the place of her once princely merchants, and help to keep alive the remnant of a commerce which once accumulated opulence in that city, and extended its ramifications over half the world. At present, one sees streets and palaces without inhabitants, warehouses without goods, a custom house where almost no duties are paid, and a mole which has too frequently no ships to shelter from the weather.

The descendants of grandees with pompous titles, and of merchants, each of whom possessed a little navy of his own, now in many cases subsist by supplying goods to French peddlers. The latter, when preparing to start on their enterprise, go to the warehouses of the merchant, with whom they deal always in pairs, with capacious knapsacks on their backs. They bestow much care on the selection of their goods, which necessarily consist of small articles, or things that will pack close, such as handkerchiefs, shawls, dresses, cheap laces, ribbons, reels of cotton, needles, etc. To these they add a quantity of Genoese silver jewelry, remarkable for its tastefulness and elegance.

Shopkeepers of Bagdad.

PERHAPS the tradesmen of Bagdad are surpassed by none in the East, excepting, possibly, their neighbors, the Persians. No one at a glance can detect the "weak points" of a customer better. For example, a passer-by (not

a novice, but one who has had considerable experience in such matters) sauntering along—a carpet catches his eye, he approaches, and becomes desirous of purchasing it. The price is demanded in a careless tone: “Sixty dollars!” with a start of surprise or a sneer. “You must mean ten dollars.” It is now the seller’s turn to express astonishment: “Mashallah!” exclaims he, shrugging his shoulders, and elevating his eyebrows; but, pausing a little—“you shall have it for fifty dollars”—then forty—thirty. No! the would-be purchaser quits the shop, but before he has proceeded ten yards, he is called back, and for twenty dollars, a third of the sum first demanded, does the carpet change owners.

Men Manteau Makers.

It seems hardly possible to believe that in the nineteenth century there are milliners with beards; men, authentic men, who, with their massy hands, take the exact dimensions of the Parisian women of the highest rank, dress them, undress them, make them turn round and round to be looked at, neither more nor less than the waxen figures in the shop windows of hairdressers. In the Rue de la Paix, Paris, there is a manteau maker of this sort—an Englishman, who enjoys a great popularity in the world of furbelows. When he tries on a gown on a living figure of that flighty metropolis, it is with profound concentration that he feels, that he sounds, that he marks with chalk the faulty fold or flounce. From time to time he draws back, and, to judge the better of his work, surveys it through an opera glass at a distance, and then resumes, with an oracular finger, the interrupted modelling of the gown on the body of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower in one place, or ties a bow of ribbon in another, to judge of the general harmony of the toilet; all this time, the new Eve, in the process

of formation, immovable and resigned, lets the fashionmonger finish his work at his will. At length, when he has moulded his stuff according to his ideal, he takes his position at the end of the saloon on a canopy, and, the head of the woman thrown back, he directs her manœuvres with a wand: “To the right, madame!” “To the left!” “Face the artist!” “From behind!” etc.

Jew Traders in Holywell Street.

LIKE Chatham street, New York, Holywell street, London, is a noted locality of Jewish traders. Here are to be found at least a hundred noble Samaritans, whose daily occupation it is to watch at their hospitable thresholds, that they may take in their fellow men, and—whether they will or no—clothe them.

“Do you want a coat?”—“a waist-coat?”—“a cloak, better as new?” These are the words, uttered with a melody of intonation, that all the lifelong day awaken in the breasts of the benevolent the tenderest yearning toward the querists. There stands Ikey Levi, glancing mildly from his doorway as a jackal from a tomb! There watches Solomon Salamons, with dropping lip—as though heavy with a weight of honey!—asking the wants of passing bipeds. And there, too, Miriam Jonas, the mother of a whole Israel of Jonases—(poor pilgrims vending the apocryphal fruit of Seville and Teneriffe, and selling black lead pencils never made to mark)—there she stands, with the oil of new-fried flounders lustrous on her face and balmy on her lip!

Here, too, bookworms loiter. A “first edition” of Shakspeare has been bought for two-and-sixpence, whilst the magnanimous picture dealers of this favored spot commonly add Raphaels and Correggios at eighteen pence apiece—“genooine!”

Surely, there are solemn thoughts awakened in Holywell street. Are not its dealers the descendants of the patriarchs? May not the blood of him who "wrestled with the angel" run in the veins of that red-haired Israelite now hanging on the buttonhole of that newly caught customer? And is it possible to look at that white-bearded Jew, and not think of Moses and—the profits?

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**New Material for Sausage Stuffing:
the "Sauciesse d'Or."**

As every traveller knows, the "Brussels sausages" are a savory nutrition. Working men, particularly, dine oftenest on Brussels sausages. To make a living by the sale of so cheap an article, however, it is necessary to sell many, and Monsieur Vaudenvale, of the "Sauciesse d'Or" (as he descriptively names his eating house), has hit upon the way to bring this about.

At the usual price, and like everybody else, Monsieur Vaudenvale sells sausages—but the one you eat at the "Sauciesse d'Or" may be a "blank," or it may be a "prize." In every fifty sausages there is one in whose savory bowels is hidden a gold dollar. Your chance, therefore, to come upon this pleasant variation of minced meat, is one in fifty. It is said that the number of sausages eaten at this place since the establishment of the golden prize system is truly incredible. So great is the crowd, that it is difficult to gain admission at the door.

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Nothing like Sarsaparilla.

THE time was when there was "nothing like sarsaparilla,"—like every dog, this had its day. Pills had their popularity, and elixirs had their run. Lozenges took their turn on the wheel of fortune, and even pastes were stuck to, for a time, by a number of adherents. The period at length arrived for sarsaparilla to have its fling. Every-

body was asked in a hundred different ways to buy sarsaparilla at a hundred different establishments.

At one concern the public were tempted by a gaudy picture of a heavily freighted vessel arriving amid enthusiastic millions, eager to purchase its cargo of sarsaparilla, and it was delicately hinted that no time was to be lost in purchasing a bottle of that precious decoction which was the object of so much interest to assembled crowds—especially to those afflicted with *flatulence*.

At another shop, the allurements consisted in full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and the President of the United States, both of whom, it was ingeniously insinuated, were large consumers of sarsaparilla—in this way, indeed, preserving the constitution of the countries over which they were in authority.

A few doors farther off, the customer was enticed by a portrait of a bald-headed individual, and were requested to apply for "Old Doctor Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla," which he no sooner made up his mind *not* to do, than he was reminded of a still older Doctor Jacob Townsend, with his still better sarsaparilla, a few doors off. Having crossed over to avoid all this *sarsaparilla* nuisance, he found himself assailed by men whose chests were placarded with an invitation to buy somebody else's *genuine* article, and having at this recrossed in disgust, he tumbled unresistingly into the very arms of the bill deliverer of the hygeist, who offered to pour *his* "own peculiar" sarsaparilla down the throats of the public at a contemptibly low figure.

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**Great Shaving Operation in a
Broker's Office.**

THERE lived in Macon, a dandified individual, whom we ("Sol. Smith") will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his per-

sonal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of real whiskers. Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail, when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning upon buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days. "I will sell *anything* I've got, if I can make anything on it," replied Jenks. "Oli, no," replied one, "not *any* thing; you wouldn't sell your *whiskers!*" A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered: "I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking." "Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable." "Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentlemen present. "What do you call cheap?" I inquired. "I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink. "Well, that *is*; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?" "I will." "Both of them?" "Both of them." "*I'll take them!* When can I have them?" "Any time you choose to call for them." "Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least." I took a bill of sale as follows: "Received of Sor

SMITH, *Fifty Dollars*, in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers. The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh who win; I'll make a profit out of these whiskers, depend on it." For a week after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended calling for my whiskers. "I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer: "take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers. One morning, I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?" "Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave. "Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat. "Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down, and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers." "You could'nt wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked hesitatingly: "There's a *ball* to-night, you know——" "To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to

wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down." He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly *changed my mind*. "Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion. "This is trifling!" he exclaimed: "You have claimed your whiskers—take them." "I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the street without the remark being continually made by the boys—"There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced that Jenks was waiting impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it *was* about time to *reap my crop*, and promised, if they would all meet me at the broker's shop, where the purchase was made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation certainly was not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to over-

flowing to behold the barber-ous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball." "True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament*. "Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient." "Not at all," I replied, coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as *your time must be precious at this particular time*, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe *I'll not take the other whisker to-night*."

A loud laugh from the bystanders, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; *I was not obliged to take it all at once*; and I chose to take but *half* at that particular period—indeed, I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor, and that, if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should *never* call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said, firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me a month or two." "What will you take

for the whiskers?" he at length asked; "won't you sell them back to me?" "Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them, if I can obtain a good price." "What *is* your price?" "One hundred dollars—*must* double my money!" "Nothing less?" "Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that* price." "Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

Itinerant Traders in Rio Janeiro.

THE "cries" of the itinerant traders of London are mere bagatelles to those of the Brazilian capital. Both sexes cry their wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruits, edible roots, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, rusks, *docees*, confectionery, bacon, and other delicacies, pass one's window continually. Your cook wants a skillet—and hark! the signal of a pedestrian coppersmith is heard; his bell is a stewpan, and the clapper a hammer. A water-pot is shattered; in half an hour a moringue merchant approaches. You wish to replenish your table furniture with fresh sets of knives, new-fashioned tumblers, decanters, and plates, and, peradventure, a cruet, with a few articles of silver—well! you need not want them long. If cases of cutlery, of glass ware, china, and silver, have not already passed the door, they will appear anon. So of every article of female apparel, from a silk dress or shawl to a handkerchief and a paper of pins! Shoes, bonnets ready trimmed, fancy jewelry, toy-books for children, novels for young folks, and works of devotion for the devout—these things, and a thousand others, are hawked about daily.

Proprietors accompany silver ware, silks, and also bread, for the blacks are

not allowed to touch the latter. When a customer calls, the slave brings his load, puts it down, and stands by till the owner delivers the articles wanted. The signal of dry goods venders is made by the yard-stick, which is jointed like a two-foot rule. Holding it near the joint, they keep up a continual snapping by bringing one leg of the stick against the other. Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous, and are reputed to be the smartest *marchandes*.

The way customers call street venders is peculiar. You step to the door, or open a window, and give utterance to a short sound resembling *shir*—something between a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away fowls; and it is singular to what a distance it is heard. If the person is in sight, his attention is at once arrested; he turns and comes direct to you, now guided by a signal which you address to his eyes—closing the fingers of the right hand two or three times, with the palm downward, as if grasping something—a sign in universal use, and signifying "Come." There is here no bawling or chasing after people in the street.

Goods for a "Private Venture."

ONE of the Chinese papers contains the following advertisement: "Achan Tea Chinchin, sculptor, respectfully acquaints masters of ships, trading from Canton to India, that they may be furnished with figure heads of any size, according to order, at one fourth of the price charged in Europe. He also recommends for *private venture*, the following idols, brass, gold, and silver: The hawk of Vishnoo, which has reliefs of his incarnation in a fish, boar, lion, and turtle. An Egyptian apis, a golden calf and bull, as worshipped by the pious followers of Zoroaster. Two silver miammosits, with golden ear rings, a ram, an alligator, a crab, a laughing hyena,

with a variety of household gods on a small scale, calculated for family worship. Eighteen months' credit will be given, or a discount of fifteen per cent. for prompt payment of the sum affixed to each article. Direct China street, Canton, under the Marble Rhinoceros and Gilt Hydra."

Shop Architecture, Old and New.

THE shops in London of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are described by a historian of that day as of "ane meane appearance"—consisting of an open shop, at the entrance of which stood the owner or his apprentice, and a "solar" or upper chamber above, in which solar, the proprietor resided with his household.

The mercantile "guilds," which became so wealthy and prosperous, were then comparatively in their infancy, and struggling with debt and difficulties. When they became prosperous, the shops of London became splendid; but even then, their magnificence was for a long time confined to a single locality. In the fifteenth century there was a vast deal of wealth accumulated in the metropolis, but it was engrossed by comparatively few individuals. One of the most wealthy of these was Geoffrey Boleyn, a mercer in the Old Jewry. He was great-grandfather of Queen Elizabeth by her mother's side, and was lord mayor of London in 1457. In his time, the whole of the foreign and wholesale trade was confined to the hands of a few great capitalists; and some of the most illustrious families in the kingdom may trace their origin from men who were at that period London merchants.

The oldest shops of which there is any account are those of the goldsmiths, or money-dealers, standing in Cheap—the modern Cheapside, and of which these traders would seem to have had possession from time immemorial. Of these, the most remarkable by far is

that which was built by Thomas Wood, and described as "the most beautiful frame and front of fair houses and shops that were within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England, commonly called Goldsmiths' Row, betwixt Bread Street End and the Cross in Cheap, but within Bread Street Ward. It contained in number, ten dwelling houses and fourteen shops, *all in one frame*, uniformly built four stories high, beautified toward the street with the goldsmiths' arms, and the likeness of woodmen in memory of his (Thomas Wood's) name, rising on monstrous beasts; all which were cast in lead, richly painted over, and gilt. These he gave to the goldsmiths, with stocks of money to be lent to young men having those shops, &c. This said front was again painted and gilt over in the year 1594."

Parrot and Monkey Market.

IN the spring season, soon after the opening of the navigation, a peculiar kind of market is held in St. Petersburg, which draws all the city, and affords an extraordinary and impatiently-awaited pleasure to young and old, high and low, and to many a skipper the source of a profit that is not to be despised. Here are then exposed for sale many of those foreign productions, which the merchants consider as beneath their attention, and in which the captains of the ships and the sailors speculate on their own account. Parrots, monkeys, apes, and other rare birds and animals, are intermingled with the magnificent flowers of tropical regions. Sometimes, also, shells, and the singular implements and dresses of foreign nations, are offered for sale. After the dull, silent, and colorless winter, this busy, many-tinted scene—the first gift presented by foreign lands to the great northern city, as an earnest of the commencement of a new business—is particularly gratifying, and the

"goods" go off rapidly, especially the screeching and grinning class of them.

Nothing Lost in a Good Market.

A YOUNG man, brought up in the city of London to the business of an undertaker, went to Jamaica to better his condition. Business flourished, and he wrote home to his father to send him, with a quantity of black and gray cloth, twenty gross of black *Tacks*. Unfortunately he had omitted the top to his T, and the order, as near as it could be made out, stood, twenty gross of black *Jacks*. His correspondent, on receiving the letter, recollected of a man, near Fleet market, who made quart and pint tin pots, ornamented with painting, and which were called, for convenience, "black Jacks," and to him he went. The maker, surprised, said he had not so many ready, but would endeavor to complete the order; this, by the employment of extra hands, and working day and night, was done, and the articles were shipped. The Jamaica man received them with other consignments, and was astonished at the mistake. A friend, however, fond of speculation, offered to purchase the whole lot at the invoice price—an offer which the holder, glad to get rid of an article he considered so useless in that market, took up with at once. His friend immediately advertised a number of "Fashionable Punch Vases" just arrived from England, and sold the jacks at the pleasing profit of two hundred per cent.

Trials of Egg Merchants.

It is stated that the London egg merchants, whose hopes had been greatly raised by the announcement of the expected speedy arrival of the king of Hanover, held a meeting, at the suggestion of Mr. Fowle and others, to know what could be done with the enormous stock of eggs that had been

"laid in"—somewhat prematurely, as it turned out—with a view to the immediate arrival of his Hanoverian majesty. The meeting took place under the leadership of Mr. Fowle, supported by the Messrs. Hatch, at Lambeth, where the investment had been most considerable—thousands of dealers having been in attendance along that portion of the route, with the intention of showing the Hanoverian autocrat how the *yolk may be thrown off by a free people*. (Oh!) His majesty, not wishing to run the risk of a game at chicken hazard with the populace, delayed his arrival till the next day, and ultimately came by a different road—the eggs, of course, being thus left on the hands of the dealers. It was stated, however, at the meeting, that Baron Nathan had, in the handsomest manner, come forward, and offered to shell out, by taking off a large proportion of the eggs, for the purpose of teaching his pupils the Crack-oviene—an announcement which was received with eggstraordinary cheering.

Odd Purchase at a Grocer's.

MR. L., a well-known professional singer in London, one day entered a grocer's shop, to make a purchase of cheese.

"Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the tradesman, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped.

"Plenty, sir, a great pile of it."

Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business.

"Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken, "Will you sell this? what would you ask for it?"

"Twopence halfpenny per pound," answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon greenness of his custom-

er; "you can have it as waste paper at that price, if you like."

Mr. L. readily assented, and thus purchased for a few shillings thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments of the best, viz., Arnold's edition. Henceforth, let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the grocer's, the trunk-maker's, the chandler's, &c.

Chatham Street Clo' Dealers.

SCENE—Chatham street, New York. Company assembled—three Jew "barkers" for ready-made garments.

Levi: "Mishter Salamonsh, kin you inform me why de shentlemens here present ish like a leetle pit of a shmall room?"

Salmons: "I gifes him oop."

Itzig Rosenbaum (*aus Frankfort am Main*), "Und I forgifes him oop, too."

Levi: "Becase ye're a clo' set."

Outside Irishman: "An' can ye'es till me why ye're like five-sixths av a closet?"

Israelites in chorus: "No, *nein*."

Irish outsider: "Because ye're a *lo' set*."

General confusion, ending in the parties joyously kicking one another all round, and a harmonious knocking off of hats, terminated by the appearance of a green-looking, wondering countryman.

Tong Chow Traders in Dogs and Cats.

In the market of Tong Chow, to which the stewards of the noble families of Peking repair to purchase viands for their lords, it is a good diversion to see the butchers when they are carrying dogs' flesh to any place, or when they are leading five or six dogs to the slaughter-house; for all the dogs in the street, drawn together by the cries of those going to be killed, or the smell of those already dead, fall upon the butchers, who are obliged to go

always armed with a long cudgel or great whip, to defend themselves from their attack; they also have to keep their doors close shut, that they may exercise their trade in safety.

The salesmen enter the market place, or step from their junks on shore, having baskets suspended from the extremities of a carrying-pole, in which are contained dogs, cats, rats, or birds, either tame or wild, generally alive—sea slugs, and grubs found in the sugar-cane. The species of dog most in request is a small spaniel, and the poor animals appear particularly dejected in their imprisonment, not even looking up in the hope of freedom; the cats, on the contrary, maintain an incessant squalling, and seem never to despair of escaping from a fate which otherwise must prove inevitable. To a foreigner, Christian or Turk, the sight is peculiarly trying, both regarding the dog as among the most faithful animals, and the cat as one of the most useful. In the ancient Oriental writings, cats are spoken of as a delicacy at table; but the species alluded to was found wild in Tartary, and brought thence into China, where they were regularly fattened for the markets of the principal cities. As far as appearances are concerned, rats, when butchered—for they are not brought to market alive—are by no means disgusting. They are neatly prepared, slit down the breast, and hung in rows from the carrying-poles by skewers passed through their distended hind legs.

Flutes vs. Pistols.

It is almost a standing rule with shopkeepers, when asked for an article which is not in their stock, to offer something resembling it. Thus, a countryman inquiring at a village store for a mowing scythe, was replied to by the pert youngster behind the counter, "Sorry, sir, we have no scythes; but we've got first-chop penknives."

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COMMERCIAL DIGNITY AT THE APPLE-STAND.

The following circumstance, related in a Scotch paper, is of the same nature :

A vender of buttons, buckles, and other small ware, who occupied a little shop at the head of the street in Glasgow, in which erewhile the notable Bailie Nichol Jarvie domiciled, noticed a country clown standing at his window one day, with an undecided kind of wanting-to-buy expression on his face, and who finally inquired whether he had any pistols to sell. The shopman had long studied the counter logic of endeavoring to persuade a customer to buy what you have for sale, rather than what the customer may ask for. "Man," said he, "what be the use of a pistol to you? Lame yourself, an' may be some ither body w'it! You should buy a flute; see, there's ane; an' it's na sae dear as a pistol, just stop an' open finger, about, thae sax wee holes, an' blow in at this big ane, an' ye can hae any tune ye like, after a wee while's practice; besides, you'll may-be blow a tune into the heart o' some blithe lassie that'll bring to you the worth o' a thousand pistols or German flutes ither." "Man," said the simpleton, "I'm glad that I have met wi' you the day—just tie't up;" and paying down the price asked, and bidding "guid day," with a significant nod of the head, remarked, "It'll no be my faut 'gin ye get na an opportunity of riding the broose at my wedding, sin' ye hae learned me to be my ain piper."

Commercial Dignity at the Apple Stand.

"THE other day," says a pleasant writer, "in the neighborhood of the Park (New York), we encountered a tall, dignified-looking man, in a long, seedy frock coat, buttoned to the chin, with a very glossy old silk hat, presiding at an apple stand. Somehow or other, his manner, his "style," struck us. "What is the price of these apples?" we asked, pointing to a small

pile of tempting red ones. "We shall have to charge you two cents for fruit like that," said he, "they are a very superior article. But *there* is an article, and of a good quality, that we can put to you at *one* cent per apple!" Shade of COMMERCE! He couldn't have said more, nor in a more solid and absorbed manner, if he had been offering the rarest goods in Stewart's marble palace. He was far from being what Mrs. Partington terms '*non pompous mentis.*'"

"Glassteen!"

THIS is one of the street employments of the city. He is almost invariably a German, or, as the profane have it, a Dutchman, of an age anywhere between eighteen and forty. His peculiarities are a determined inability to make himself understood in the English language, and a violent passion for overcharging. If you are ever asked to give an example of cleanliness, please not to say, a Glassteen man; for you will tell a story, in addition to furnishing an incorrect illustration. The Glassteen man is rather dirty than otherwise, in dress as in visage, and is remarkable for a strong smell of new putty, which, after a gas-house, furnishes the most disagreeable odor known to nosology. He walks about the street with a frame slung over his back, and containing some score or so of panes of glass of various sizes. His cry of "Glassteen," whence his designation in society is derived, signifies "Do you want any glass put in?" His avocation, in short, is to increase the panes of families, or to supply those which have been removed or broken. If you call him he will come in with alacrity, but will make no haste to go away again. Once admit him into your house, and he will linger there half the day, unpleasantly mixing the smell of putty with your breakfast and your lunch. He will charge you for putting

in a pane of glass exactly double what he is prepared to take; and when you have once employed him, he will make you such a litter of broken glass and dry and new putty in front of your house, as might well induce any one who does not know you, to believe that *you* have gone extensively into the "Glaspteen" business yourself.

Richardson, the Eccentric Showman.

THIS eccentric individual, who died some years ago, left behind him such a fortune as rarely comes out at the end of a showman's career. He was born in the workhouse of No. Marlow, in Bucks, but ran away from that place to seek his fortune in London. After various vicissitudes, he became landlord of the Harlequin public house, in Drury Lane, where he saved some money, which he embarked in fitting up a portable theatre, and was known for forty years as the "Prince of Showmen." He used to boast that Edmund Kean, and several other eminent actors, were brought out by him. His property, after various legacies to the itinerant company which had attended him for many years, descended to two nephews and a niece, and he desired, in his will, to be buried in the same grave as his "spotted boy"—a lad who, some years before, was exhibited by him, and attracted great notice in consequence of the extraordinary manner in which he was marked on various parts of his body.

Human Hair as an Article of Traffic.

HUMAN hair is an article of extensive traffic. The London hair merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and

green tea, or pale brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favorite customers, to whom it was sold for nearly double the price of silver.

But the dark brown hair of France now rules the market. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinized, that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone; indeed, he even claims the power, "when his nose is in," of distinguishing accurately between the English, the French, the Irish, and the Scotch commodity.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops harvested by these firms amount yearly to upward of two hundred thousand pounds. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty, the former seldom rising above a pound, and rarely falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewelry of various kinds, with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about two dollars per pound. When suitably prepared for perukes, it is sold at a greatly advanced price—it may be ten, or it may be twenty dollars per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures,

or rare old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

Praying and Trading Simultaneously.

MR. HUME, whose experiences in Bombay are so well known, narrates a curious instance of a wealthy Parsee merchant carrying on his devotions and trading pursuits at the same time. Mr. Hume says :

I had occasion to go into the shop of a Parsee, with whom I had considerable acquaintance. It was in the afternoon, and I found him standing on the steps of his shop, with his face toward the setting sun, busily engaged in saying his prayers. Many persons were passing along the street just before him ; but this seemed to cause him no concern, unless when he had occasion to bow to some acquaintance. When I turned to enter his shop, he gave me a very cordial salutation, bowing, and moving his hand for me to enter, but all the time repeating his prayers as rapidly as ever. Perceiving that no one was in the shop to attend to me, he clapped his hands several times, making a loud noise, the chief object of which seemed to be well understood by the family, as his son, a young man of about twenty years of age, came running into the shop.

I asked him the price of the article which I had come to purchase ; when he, being in doubt, went and inquired of his father, who, with the forefinger of his right hand, wrote upon the palm of the other the price to be charged. The young man then came back and told me what his father had said ; but the price being extravagant, I objected to it, and told him what I would give. The son, not feeling at liberty to act on his own responsibility, went and reported my offer to his father, who shook his head, and again wrote on his hand, as before, a sum considerably less than the first mentioned. The young

man again came and stated the price now asked ; which being still very unreasonable, I was about to leave, but said I would give him the sum offered at first, if he chose to take it. The young man again hastened to his father with my offer, and, as he shook his head at this, I passed out at another door, leaving him repeating his prayers as busily as ever. While I remained, he appeared much interested in what was passing in the shop ; and although praying with his face in an opposite direction, he every moment turned so far about as to catch a glance of us, and observe what we were doing.

Losing a Good Customer.

It has been understood, from time immemorial, that dress indicates the standing of a person in society ; so much so, indeed, that even business is in many instances done on this absurd principle. If a person of genteel dress steps into a store, the utmost politeness is shown, and the greatest pains are taken to exhibit the stock ; but if a meanly-clad person enters, scarcely anything but a yawn, or a dull, reluctant movement at best, is extended to such a visitor. This course has been detrimental to the trade of many a store. Here is an example :

A very wealthy family moved to Cincinnati from Philadelphia, and from reputation they were acquainted with a certain firm in the former city before their arrival, as said firm had a branch in the Quaker City which knew of these wealthy customers there, and who prized their money and patronage much. Said family wished to purchase a large amount of things on their becoming settled, and stepping into the establishment of said firm in their commonest dress one morning, were met with the most forbidding coldness. The clerks and attendants took the party for "mere servants" or serving

girls, and did not show them even common courtesy. The result was, that the wealthy family in question, with five hundred dollars in their pockets to spend, left that store to purchase elsewhere.

Perhaps some other stores go as far the other way—that is, the clerks and salesmen are too polite, and quite *too obliging*, and by their acts, become too familiar, and disgust the would-be customer, thereby forever losing good patronage. The proper course is to steer between extremes, to study aptly human nature, so as to discover at a glance a person who desires to buy, and the meddling jade that promenades the streets and makes trouble for the clerks, *only to show a pretty hand and face.*

Native Traders in Guinea.

THE chief native traders of Guinea are as keen men of business in their way as can be found in any nation; and it is said to be astonishing with what confidence some of them—perhaps nearly naked—will ask for thousands of dollars' worth of goods on credit, and get trusted accordingly. Not one in ten, however, who asks for credit is worthy of it—the matter of trusting and his worth as a man of business being decided by the character the trader bears, the size of his house, and the number of his slaves and wives.

Some of them are splendid merchants. They are hard at bargaining; but the agreement once made, they conscientiously adhere to it, and are exact in their payments. But they are roguishly expert in adulterating their goods—mixing sand and copper filings with gold dust, pouring molten lead into the cavities of elephants' tusks to increase their weight, mixing palm oil with chopped plaintain-sucker and mud, etc.

The rich traders buy all descriptions of elegant and costly furniture—sofas,

fauteuils, ottomans, mirrors, gold and silver cloth, damask table covers, carpets, musical boxes, pianos, etc. Not that they care for these things, but for the mere fact of possession—the ability to boast of having them. As to putting them to use, that is usually out of the question. They may be seen lumbered together in a large hut, or packed in boxes, and sometimes kept in the ground.

When a ship has sold all her cargo, the upper masts are sent aloft again, as a signal that the vessel has done trading, and is now awaiting the settlement of all outstanding accounts. If the negro merchant has fairly pledged his word to pay on a certain day, he generally redeems his promise; but in the absence of this he puts off payment on all sorts of pretences, or perhaps tries cajolery and threats alternately, until, the white man's patience being exhausted, the debtor yields to necessity, and sends the stipulated quantity of oil, or what not, on board.

St. Petersburg Trade in Frozen Articles.

To strangers in St. Petersburg, nothing appears more peculiar than that part of the city dedicated to the sale of frozen provisions. The astonished sight is there arrested by a vast open square, containing the bodies of many thousand animals, piled in pyramidal heaps, on all sides; cows, sheep, hogs, fowls, butter, eggs, fish, all are stiffened into granite. The fish are thus rendered attractively beautiful, possessing the vividness of their living color, with the transparent clearness of wax imitations. The beasts present a far less pleasing spectacle. The peculiar manner in which they are piled, on their hind legs,—the apparent animation of their attitudes, as if suddenly seized in moving, and petrified by frost—gives a horrid life to this dead scene. Their hardness, too, is so extreme, that

the dealers chop them up for purchasers like wood, and the chips of their carcasses fly off in the same way as splinters from timber or coal. At certain hours, every day, the market, while it lasts, is quite a fashionable resort. The beauty and gayety of St. Petersburg are there, from representatives of the imperial family down to the merchant and his wife.

Song-Bird Shops in New York.

THERE are twenty to thirty thousand song birds of different kinds sold yearly in the city of New York. Most of these are canaries. The "bird merchants" go to Europe about the first of August, and buy their stock of canaries, linnets, finches, blackbirds, and thrushes, of the Germans who raise them for sale. They come back in September and October. The pure golden yellow canary takes the highest price, and they are sometimes sold as high as twenty-five and fifty dollars a pair. How many homes are made happier by their cheerful notes!

"Mighty Monarch, let me send a Shop!"

WHEN Charles Lamb was asked his opinion of the Vale of Keswick and the hills of Ambleside, he frankly acknowledged that there was more pleasure for him in the London shop windows, when filled and lighted up in the frosty evenings before Christmas. This answer, remarks an English writer, though odd and unexpected, is not surprising. Where, in the wide world, is there such an exhibition of artistic wealth and magnificence as is seen daily in the London shop windows? No doubt some of the shops of Paris and New York rival anything of the kind in the British metropolis; but, taken as a whole, the stock and the array of the London shops are unmatched. All Orientals and Africans, on visiting

Europe for the first time, are most struck with the splendor of the shops. There was nothing unreasonable in the request of an African king's son whose tribe had been serviceable to the French settlements on the Senegal, in return for which the young prince was taken under the protection of Louis the Fourteenth, and sent to receive an education in Paris. After having seen and been astonished at the French capital, Louis asked of him what would be the most desirable present for his father, promising that whatever might be selected should be sent; when the youth exclaimed, with a look of the most imploring earnestness, "Mighty monarch, let me send a shop!"

One of the Branches of the Tea Trade.

It is not generally known that tea-tasting is a regular commercial profession or business—one which is certain death to those who pursue it. The success of the tea-broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make from twenty to forty thousand dollars per annum while he lives—and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and breathing his warm breath upon it, he snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this, he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down to the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts to the

minutest shade; makes the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these brokers, or tasters, is fairly a marvel; but the effect of the business on their health is ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive.

Grocers and Bank Presidents.

IN a certain city resides Mr. Brown, who keeps rather an extensive grocery, and Mr. Green, president of one of the banks. Mr. Green dealt occasionally with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown is a man who has paid more attention to business and making money than to book knowledge. Mr. Green is an inquiring man, and seeks knowledge in everything, and sometimes under difficulties. A few years ago in the winter season, when eggs were scarce, an article was introduced by some enterprising Yankee, under the name of Egg Powders, was sold by the principal grocers, and appeared to answer the purpose very well. Mr. Green dropped in one day to Mr. Brown, and thus:

"Mr. Brown, have you got any of those Egg Powders?"

"Yes, Mr. Green, we have."

"Let me have a dozen of them."

The powders were laid upon the counter.

"Mr. Brown, do you know what these powders are made of?"

"Well, no, Mr. Green, I can't say I do; but I suppose they must be made out of the same kind of stuff the hens eat."

Mr. Green paid for his powders and left, not much satisfied with the explanation.

Puzzling an Apothecary.

THE following colloquy is vouched for by the storekeeper at whose establishment it occurred, in Indiana, and who thus reproduces it: A few evenings since, while musing, "solitary and alone," upon the fortunes (or rather

misfortunes) of war, especially the late Rappahannock disaster, a gentleman stepped into the drug store, inquired for two or three essential oils, took a seat, and with a countenance expressive of the highest admiration of his own wisdom, gave a short dissertation upon the virtues of the medicines called for, showing them to be "good for horses, and also for baiting bees." To all of which we nodded assent. He then inquired if we had "such a thing as *stra-ta-gum*?" Upon my giving him a negative answer, and expressing a doubt as to there being "such a thing," he confidently insisted that there was, as he "had been reading about their capturing elephants, and it is said they used *stra-ta-gum* to bait them with, like they bait bees, and he would like to know what it was." Seeing he was so anxious about it, I turned to the Dispensatory to look for it, when, thinking, no doubt, it would facilitate my search, he said he "believed it was spelled s-t-r-a-t-a-g-e-m!" And thereupon we discovered the joke; and well we might, for if a "wayfaring man" had failed to see it at that point, he must indeed have been the prince of "fools." After as much of an explanation as the circumstances would warrant, our friend left, seemingly much disappointed at not finding his "*stra-ta-gum*," and perhaps less troubled with an enlargement of the brain than when he first entered the drug store.

Making the Best of a Bad Article.

MR. L— was, many years ago, and may be yet, extensively engaged in one of the Eastern States in the manufacture of paper, which at one time obtained considerable reputation. Previous to his engaging in this business he had attempted another, which did not prove so successful. During the war of 1812, gunpowder became very scarce, and commanded a corresponding price, and L., who was a very en-

terprising fellow, and watchful for every chance of making an "honest" living, although thoroughly ignorant of the business, embarked in the manufacture of this indispensable requisite of war. He succeeded in obtaining a contract from Government for a large supply, but the very first instalment was condemned and thrown on his hands. This was a serious loss; but he determined to make the best of it; and the way to do that, he concluded, was to peddle the rejected article among the storekeepers in his region. Accordingly, he loaded a two-horse wagon, and in two or three days he had got rid of twenty or thirty kegs. After the lapse of a few weeks, he thought he would make another tour. Now he had disposed of a keg to Major Conover, a whole-souled native of the Emerald Isle—a shrewd and thrifty man of business, honest in his dealings, generous in disposition, and the greatest wag in those parts. Hailing the major from his wagon, L— asked him if he should leave him another keg of powder?

MAJOR (*with a hesitancy of manner, as if his mind was not entirely made up*).—"Well, I guess not to-day. I am of the opinion that the stock I have will last till you come round again."

"How did the other turn out?"

MAJOR.—"Well, I can't complain. What has been disposed of has certainly *gone off* much to my satisfaction. It might have been a good deal worse. The greatest difficulty I have, is to know what to call it, and what to sell it for. The fact is, L—, when I bought that keg I had it placed for safety in my wife's chamber. I knocked out the head, and left it uncovered, which, I confess, was a little careless in me. One day my wife wanted a fire made in the room, and told our help to take a shovelful of hickory coals up stairs. Now what does the hussy do but knocks her elbow against the cheek of the door, and dowses the coals right

into the powder. She showed great presence of mind, that I must allow, and screamed fire with all her might. I happened to be at the foot of the stairs with a bucketful of water, which I was just taking into the store. I tore up stairs like a catamount, and dashing the water upon the flaming mass, I soon had the fire out, but, would you believe it, not till nigh on to one third of the pesky stuff was burned up! Now, L., that article of yours is a good article, I have no doubt; but it is my deliberate judgment, that if it was made for ammunition, it is rayther too slow; if it was intended for kindlin', it's a consarned sight too fast."

L— did not wait to press a sale, but giving the whip to his ponies, he went out of that town at the rate of something like 250.

Grindstones by the Fraction.

TRADESMEN are so often *seriously* annoyed by tedious customers that they are not apt to enjoy any imposition of fun. One day a wag entered a hardware store and inquiring for grindstones was taken to the back yard where there were rows of the desired article ranged on either side. The day was drizzly, the rain pouring down silently but steadily. He examined a number, but none seemed to suit his purposes. One was too large, another was too small; one was too coarse in grain, another the opposite. At last, when he saw the tradesman *was* getting somewhat damp and uncomfortable from exposure to the weather, he thought that he would bring matters to a *finale*; and laying his hands on a pretty fair specimen, he inquired, "How much do you charge a pound for this one?" "Well," replied the clerk, "I guess we can let you have that one at four cents a pound." "Well," returned Sam, "knock me off a pound and a half."

Fancy Stoves and Imaginative Customers.

A CINCINNATI dealer in dry goods, hardware, etc., says: Among our assortment of goods we introduced a new style of parlor stoves, and in the fall of the year, as the weather became cold enough for fires, we fixed up a fancy platform and placed thereon one of the fancy stoves, putting an elbow of pipe on the smoke-hole to designate where it was. So there it stood, exciting the admiration of some of our customers, and the curiosity of others. In the back part of the store we had one of them in use, to show its operation. So one pretty cold morning we were quite busy, customers coming and going, some merely to warm, some to chat, and others to purchase. While we were all engaged in selling, a lady walked in, and picking up a counter-stool, placed it by the cold stove. None seemed to pay any particular attention to her until she began to show signs of getting too warm. First off went mittens, then shawl, then moving back a little. Observing a broad smile on the face of the person I was waiting upon, I became aware of the laughable mistake the woman was laboring under. So stepping down to her, I said, "Madam, if you wish to warm yourself, step back to the rear of the room, and you will find a stove with a fire in it." The blank look that came over her face cannot be described; but wetting her first finger, she touched the stove with a jerk, and finding her finger did not fizzle, she realized her mistake, then looked at the pipe, and seeing it was disconnected, and no smoke issuing, confirmed its coldness. So picking up her shawl, she confessed it was no use going back to the other stove, for "she believed she was warm enough any how," but would look at some calico. From that day on our friend always took a look at the stove-pipe to see if it really went into a chimney.

Orthography behind the Counter.

AMUSED at the style of orders which were sometimes presented at his counter for medicine, a Philadelphia druggist made a collection of curious specimens—forming, altogether, quite a triumph over pharmaceutical orthography. A few of them are here given:

6 cents word spice Ruback (rhubarb).

6 cents word crima datoer (cream of tartar).

Gum Rabick (gum Arabic).

6 cents of exolasses (oxalic acid).

Clanaide (chloride) Lime to take the bad smell out of the scelar.

I—A—did potass (iodide of potassium).

A fip's worth of Blood Rought (root).

Abekack (ipecacuanha).

3 Sinic A (Scneca) Snake root.

3 Pruvian borks (Peruvian bark).

3 black licrice (licorice).

3 cts. Mur.

3 cts. Charcole.

3 cts. Ores root.

A box of Brandeth's pills or some kind that is good for cleansing the stumech.

Wone ounce of the Surrrip of Epecauanna.

Bossom Compey (balsam of copaiava).

A Botel of Bruster's Coler (cholera) mixer.

Gum De Achum (gum guaiacum).

2 ownces of gumarrerbeck and 2 ownces of Kiann Pepper & one quart of alcohaw I want the pulverised gumarrerbac give him a slip of paper with figers of how much it caust.

please put the costoc (caustic) in a quill whith one Eight of a inch out.

3 Cents worth of peneroil the Earb.

Florentine Flower-Girls.

THE most fragrant bouquets are assiduously proffered to pedestrians in

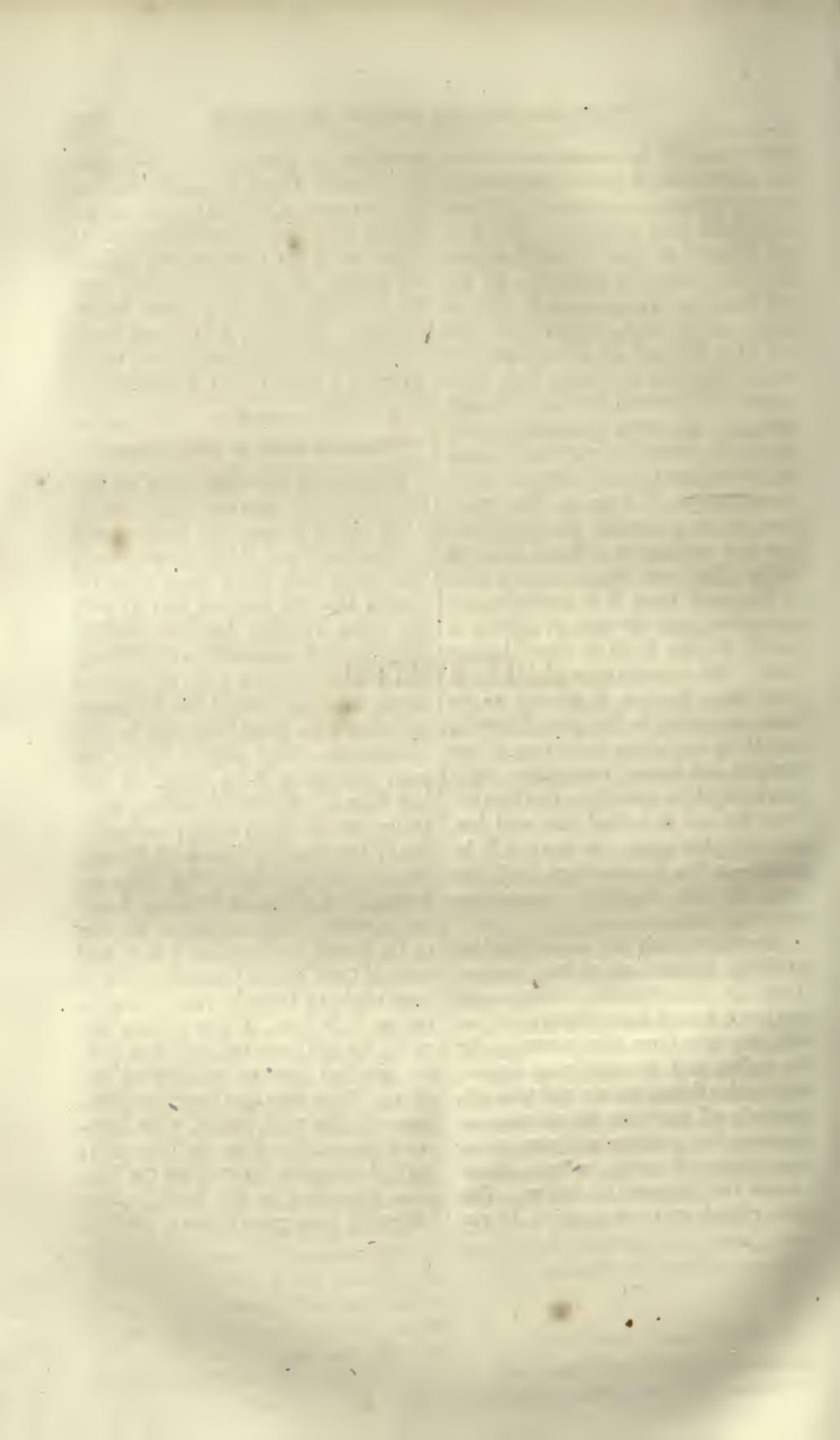
Florence—sold by unsentimental-looking flower-girls at prices that seem almost of fabulous cheapness in contrast with floral sales elsewhere. But with the Florentines flowers would appear to be too vulgar an attraction, for few but strangers display taste in this respect. With them, however, it cannot ever be said to be a matter of choice, for, like carriages, they must receive the offered bouquets in self-defence. By some incomprehensible singularity, these flower girls are among the grossest and most ill-favored of the peasantry—or, if they are fair specimens of the peasantry, the rural Tuscans are remarkably deficient in good looks. But even when one has a pretty face, and turns it to profitable account, she runs the risk of having it pecked by the knife of some jealous rival. This actually took place a short time since, because it proved to its possessor worth, in the sale of flowers, something more than twice that of her enraged and homely competitor. The sum total of the monthly gains that excited the one to a deed that sent her, or, rather, her agent—for she did it by proxy—to the penitentiary, and the other to the hospital, was—eleven dollars!

The flower girls are as pertinacious as hack drivers or picture dealers. They do not demand money—only you must accept their flowers; if you will not take them, they arrest you by the collar, and decorate your button-hole with a dainty bunch, and then slip modestly off, declining all recompense, knowing that bachelor nature can never long hold its purse strings closed against the language of flowers. This they repeat every morning. If you

breakfast at Doney's, the Delmonico of Florence, a fresh bouquet is on your table as soon as you are seated. If you escape this, you are overtaken in the street, or at the Cascine, and decorated, despite all modest resistance, with the infallible sign of a newly caught stranger. After all, it is a very pretty and innocent affair, barring the advertisement it holds out of a greenhorn to be plucked.

Batavian Trade in Birds' Nests.

BIRDS' nests constitute quite an article of trade in Batavia, being sold for 2,500 paper dollars the picul—about one hundred and thirty-three pounds. The birds that make these nests are shaped like the swallow, and fly with the same velocity, but are smaller. They are very numerous on the islands. The coast of Sumatra gives the greatest supply of them—called the Salignare, and found in great numbers in the Philippines. They always lay in the same nest unless it be destroyed, and will keep continually rebuilding when their nests are taken away; late methods of insuring good nests by destroying all the old ones. The nests are formed of a glutinous substance found in the water. They are about the size of the inside of a swallow's nest, and some of them almost transparent. The soup made of them is very palatable, but as it is dear, it is not often met with; the old nests are of a black cast, and are not near so valuable as the white. There are three layers or thicknesses in the nests, which, when separated, appear like three distinct nests; the first or outside layer brings the least price, increasing to the inside, which brings the large price above quoted.



PART TWELFTH.

ANECDOTES AND CHRONICLES OF INSURANCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

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PART TWELFTH.

Anecdotes and Chronicles of Insurance.

ITS PIONEERS, VARIETIES; CURIOUS RATES, TERMS, SUBJECTS; HUMORS, FANCIES, AND EXCESSES; NOTABLE CASES OF LOSS AND ADJUSTMENT; CARICATURES, PUNS, RAILLERY, ETC.

In vain are all insurances, for still
The raging wind must answer heaven or hell
To what wise purpose must we then insure?
Since some *must* lose what'er the seas devour.

ENG. BARD.

— The vain insurers of life,
And he who most performed and promised less,
Ev'n Short and Hobbs, forsook th' unequal strife.

"THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS."

Come all ye generous husbands with your wives,
Insure round sums on your precarious lives,
That, to your comfort, when you're dead and rotten,
Your widows may be rich when you're forgotten.—ANO.
Everything is insurable—at a premium!—PERROTT.

Insuring Dr. Lieb's Life.

At the time when the famous Doctor LIEB was figuring so largely in political life, prejudices were strong, and party feeling ran high—application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate a "Life Insurance Company" for the term of fifty years. On this, a zealous member rose and addressed Mr. Speaker with—"Sir, I don't like this bill, and I sha'n't vote for it. The petitioners have asked leave to be incorporated to insure lives for fifty years, and what will be the consequence of granting their prayer? Why, the first thing you'll know, that mischievous Dr. Lieb will get *his* life insured for the whole time, and then we shall have him tormenting us for half a century to come."

Porcelain Jars and Low Premiums.

During the mania in England for insuring anything and everything,

there was a man named JOHN PERROTT, wealthy, consequential, and eccentric—an insurer of lives, of merchandise, and of anything that was offered; his motto being, "*Everything is insurable—at a premium.*" In his private tastes, his chief delight was to collect fine china, and in this he indulged himself to an extravagant extent. The uglier the specimen the dearer it was to John Perrott, and the more he was willing to pay for it. His clerks were charged to board the vessels from the East as soon as they reached the Thames, and he would at any time stop in the midst of pressing business to listen to information about pottery and porcelain. When a man came to insure his life or his ship, to buy an annuity or to sell one, he was sure of a favorable bargain if he could but procure some vase or jar which had been seen by no one else. He had one fine specimen in his collection, which however required a second and similar one to complete its value

in his eyes. This he once possessed ; but being lost or broken, it afforded him a constant topic of complaint, and out of it arose a characteristic story of the man.

One day he was applied to by a merchant to effect an insurance on a ship which had been long absent, and of the safety of which many doubts were entertained. Perrott demanded a very high premium, and the applicant demurred.

In the course of conversation, however, the merchant "carelessly" alluded to a fine porcelain jar of which a friend was possessed, and which he thought he could procure. Perrott's eyes opened as the description proceeded. It was the apple of his eye—the very specimen his soul desired,—and his visitor, on witnessing the anxiety he evinced, offered to go for it, good-naturedly declaring it was of no value to *him*, and at the express solicitation of Perrott went off immediately to fetch the valued prize.

The merchant seemed a long time gone, but Perrott attributed this to his own impatience, and felt fully rewarded when he saw him return bearing the porcelain he coveted. With eager hands he grasped it; *the insurance on the missing ship was most advantageously concluded for his client*; and Perrott went home a happy man. On entering the boudoir where all his treasures were deposited, lo! his own jar was missing, and he found on inquiry that he had been outwitted by his mercantile friend, who had tempted him to a low premium with information about his own property, and at his urgent wish had procured it from his home by a deception on his own housekeeper.

Burning with rage, and vowing vengeance against the crafty merchant, whom he determined to expose on 'change, Perrott went to town the next morning, where the first information that greeted him was the arrival of the vessel he had just insured. Finding

the tables thus turned in his own favor and profit, he wisely held his peace, merely making a special visit to the merchant to congratulate him on the arrival of his merchandize, so immediately after he had insured it.

Angerstein, the Great English Underwriter.

JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN is a name preëminent in the annals of English insurance enterprise by private merchants. Mr. Angerstein, though born in St. Petersburg, went to England at an early age, and soon became eminent as a broker and underwriter. In the last character, such was his remarkable judgment, that when his name appeared on a policy, it was a sufficient recommendation for the rest to follow where he led, without further examination; accordingly, other underwriters were eager to see policies sanctioned by his name or subscription, which speedily acquired so great an authority in commercial and other circles, that for some years after, they were, by way of distinction, called *Julians*—after his name. This peculiar ability and success increased very largely Mr. A.'s mercantile business and celebrity, and he attained the highest rank among that class, together with a princely fortune. Were a parallel to the brilliant career of Mr. Angerstein to be sought in our own country, it would be found in the honored name of Walter R. Jones, whose ability and accomplishments in this department of commerce may be said to be unsurpassed in the commercial metropolis of which he was so long an ornament.

Introduction of Marine Insurance.

FROM the best authorities that can be found, it would appear that the contract of insurance was first invented by the Lombards in the thirteenth century; and as the Italians were at that

time engaged in an extensive trade with foreign countries, and carried on a rich traffic with India, it is but reasonable to suppose that in order to support so extensive a commerce, they would introduce insurance into their system of mercantile affairs. It is true, there is no positive and conclusive evidence that they were the originators of this kind of contract, but it is certain that the knowledge of it came with them into the different maritime states of Europe, in which parties of them settled; and in view of the fact that they were the merchants, bankers, and carriers of Europe, it is quite reasonable to presume that they also led the way in a matter which is so important for the building up and continuance of commercial prosperity. It is certain, also, that the Lombards were the first who introduced this contract into England; and a clause is inserted in all policies of insurance made in that country, that the policy shall be of as much force and effect, as any before made in Lombard street—the place where these Italians are known to have first taken up their residence.

Companies for Insuring Female Chastity, Children's Fortunes, etc.

AMONG the numerous quixotic insurance companies which were formed when the rage for that kind of "jobbing" was so popular, in years gone by, in England, the following named will doubtless appear sufficiently absurd, even to the present speculative generation: William Helmes, Exchange Alley, Insurance of Female Chastity. A company for insuring and increasing children's fortunes. An insurance office for horses dying natural deaths, stolen or disabled,—Crown Tavern, Smithfield. Insurance from housebreakers. Insurance from highwaymen. Insurance from lying. Plumer & Petty's insurance from death by drinking rum. But these vagaries

were not the wildest. After a time "insurance wagers" became the rage. Policies were openly laid on the lives of all public men. When George the Second fought at Dettingen, twenty-five per cent. was paid against his safe return. When in 1745 the Pretender was defeated, thousands of pounds were laid upon his capture, his death, even his whereabouts. When Lord Nithsdale escaped from the tower by his wife taking his place, the wretches who had perilled money on his life, and to whom his impending execution would have been a profit, were noisy in their complaints and execrations. But no sooner was it known that he was really free than they turned about and wagered upon his recapture. Sir Robert Walpole's life was insured for many thousands, and at periods of political excitement, when his person seemed in danger, the odds were proportionately enlarged by the speculators. When Wilkes was committed to the tower, policies were issued at ten per cent. that he would remain there for a specified time. King George, when he was ill, and Lord North, when he was unpopular, were both good objects on the brokers' schedules.

Curious Inconsistencies in Insuring Life.

BEFORE the present comparatively perfect system of regulating life insurance was inaugurated, the inconsistencies of the plan pursued were very striking, as viewed from the existing standpoint. Average lives were declined, and for him whose health was not *perfect* there was no chance.

The healthy but *nervous* man, whose pulse, when examined, beat like a steam engine, was very often refused,—and stories of rejected applicants, which speak volumes, are prevalent. One gentleman was declined because he was *deaf*, as he ran more risk of being run over. Another was refused because he

had been three times *bankrupt*, and his system might have suffered. A third was *too full* of health, and might die of apoplexy. A fourth was deficient, and might die of decline. No life was taken that presented any exceptionable point. The consequence was, that men in rude, robust health, if blind in one eye, or deaf in one ear, were often rejected; and there are numerous instances of the refused party living to a good old age—while cases are not wanting, in which, after outliving doctor, actuary, and half the board of directors, the very man who thirty years before was refused at *any* price, was gladly taken by the same company at the ordinary premium.

One of the Companies.

SOME years ago, the English country papers were filled with advertisements drawing attention to the peculiar claims of a new Life and Fire Insurance Company. Its capital was stated to be five millions; it was declared to be a legal corporation, and acts of parliament to prove this were boldly quoted. Cautiously, however, did the promoters proceed in the metropolis, where they did not at first advertise, contenting themselves with establishing agencies in various parts of the country, and publishing advertisements in country papers. An imposing array of names as directors, declared to be of the first character and responsibility, was promulgated; and when such names as Drummond and Perkins appeared in the list, the uninitiated believed the one to be the great banker, and the other the rich brewer, bearing the same names. To add to the delusion, the Bank of England was advertised as their bankers; and when they opened handsome premises in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, the minds of the many were thoroughly deluded.

They not only insured lives at smaller

premiums than other offices, but gave larger annuities for smaller sums. According to their tables, a man of thirty, by paying five hundred dollars, could obtain forty dollars yearly, and could insure his life at nine dollars per cent., thus making a clear interest of thirty-one dollars per annum.

The deed of the company—for, strange to say, it had a deed—was signed by any one who chose. Any one who asked for a situation was made a governor. A schoolmaster who requested a clerkship was made a director. An errand-man was employed as manager. A boy of sixteen was appointed to a seat in the board. One director had been tapman to a London tavern; another had been dismissed from his employ as a journeyman bell-hanger; a third had been a *valet-de-chambre*. All had orders to dress well, to place *rings on their fingers*, and adorn their persons with *jewelry*—fines being instituted if they omitted to wear the ornaments provided. By all these means, together with extraordinary puffing, premiums to a large amount were procured by them, and they prospered.

It was known, however, by many, that a great crash must one day come. This was brought about by the sharp and persevering exposures made in a Scotch newspaper, the editor of which stood his ground against every combination and menace directed by those whom he opposed. The company placed a large amount in the hands of their law agent to destroy their accuser, declaring him to be a false and malicious calumniator and themselves injured men. One of the agents, who had been in London, had the audacity to state, on his return, that the deputy governor of the Bank of England had personally assured him of the respectability of the association; but this statement was followed up, and was met with a complete denial from the official in question.

Finally, the practices of the company

could not hold out against the exposures made; and *one fine morning*, the entire gang absconded, taking with them from the premises every article of furniture, after having realized by their operation a booty largely rising a million dollars.

Insurance for Husbands.

SOME of the principal capitalists of London are engaged in the formation of a new company for insurance from damage by fire. In consequence of the constantly occurring accidents in that metropolis, by which ladies, owing to the immensity of their dresses, are either burnt to death, or have a large portion of the valuable and extensive stock of drapery which they carry about them destroyed, the eminent financial gentlemen alluded to have determined to establish a Wife Insurance Company.

Romance and Reality of Insurance.

IN the days when crusades were so common, and men undertook pilgrimages from impulse as much as from religion, it was desirable that the pilgrim should perform his vow with safety, if not with comfort. The chief danger of his journey was captivity. The ballads of the fifteenth century are full of stories which tell of pilgrims taken prisoners, and of emirs' daughters releasing them; but as the release by Saracen ladies was more in *romance of song* than in reality, and could not be calculated on with precision, a personal insurance was entered into, by which, in consideration of a certain payment, the assurer agreed to ransom the traveller, and thus the devotee performed his pilgrimage as secure from a long or dangerous captivity as money could make him. Another mode of assurance was commonly practised, by which any traveller departing on a long or dangerous voyage deposited a specific amount

in the hands of a money broker, on condition that if he returned he should receive double or treble the amount he had paid; but in the event of his not returning, the money broker was to keep his deposit, which was in truth an insurance premium under another name.

The United Glass and Crockery Insurance Company.

THIS office unites the benefit of a mutual association with the security of a proprietary company, and offers to the insured the following advantages:

To all domestics, from coachman to maid-of-all-work, an insurance against the accidents—so frequent and so alarming in families—of broken glass, china, crockery, and delf of every kind, from carelessness, ill-temper, or the mischievous habits of dog or cat.

A very trifling percentage on the rate of wages received will enable the servant thus insuring, to break more than an average amount of glass or crockery; whilst the feeling of independence assured to the breaker will considerably tend to elevate him or her in the social position.

When it is remembered that the domestic is peculiarly liable to those accidents of broken glass and earthenware that, for a time, tend to ruin the peace of families and endanger the situation of the unfortunate servant—such a company as the present must be productive of the greatest good, as creating a cordial understanding between the employer and the employed.

When, however, it is borne in mind that servants, covenanting to pay for "all they break," are more than likely to be overcharged by the cupidity of their master—or, what is more frequently the case, their mistress—this society will step in, and throwing its shield about the defenceless, will fairly arbitrate the cost of the broken pieces.

To servants of eccentric or violent

temper, who love to express their independence of master or mistress by smashing a finger-basin, or letting drop a dozen of plates, this office will be found to offer the most consoling advantages, as the terms are at once equitable and without preference—the directors making only a slight advance in the case of applicants having *unusually* red hair.

Messrs. Crocker and Ewer have, for many years, been incessantly occupied, calculating the average duration and existence of cups, saucers, dishes, plates, decanters, tumblers, cruets, ewers, and crockery in general, in every walk of life; and are enabled, after the most earnest and minute research into their various longevity, to draw up such a set of “tables” as will allow the most independent footman and the most careless housemaid to break to their hearts’ content, at a rate of insurance inconceivably contemptible. The quarrels, the bickerings, the ill-blood heretofore occasioned by broken glass or china, may henceforth be avoided; and squalls in the pantry and tears in the kitchen be forever abolished.

Heads of families, also, will at once see the evident value of this company, and that it is in every way worthy of their countenance; as, upon engaging a servant, they cannot but feel doubly secure of their property, if the domestic to be hired is duly insured in the “United Glass and Crockery.”

To render the rates of insurance as easy as possible, servants may insure separately for breakfast, dinner, or tea service; or for lamp glasses only. Office, No. 1, Pitcher Court, China Road.

Jacob Barker’s Insurance Case—Redivivus.

THIS story is so like Jacob, that it might safely have been imagined of him, even if it had never been narrated of him as having taken place. It has

been often told in days past, but will bear to be told again.

Mr. Barker was a large shipowner. He had many ships at sea, and—as was the custom in those days as well as at present—some of them would be lost. One of Mr. B.’s ships had been a long time out of port. Fears were entertained for her safety. Sharing the general anxiety, Mr. B. called at a marine insurance office, and expressed his desire to effect a fresh insurance on the vessel. The office demanded a high rate of premium. Mr. B. offered a lower figure. Without coming to any understanding, Mr. B. left the office. That night a swift messenger from New England brought him news of the total loss of the vessel.

He said simply, “Very well.” Next morning, as he drove down to his counting house, he stopped at the insurance office. He did not get out of his carriage, but calling the secretary from his seat, observed to him, quietly:

“Friend, thee need not make out that policy; *I’ve heard of the ship.*”

“Oh, sir!—but, sir—Mr. Barker,” stammered the cunning secretary, dashing back into the office, and reappearing again in a moment, “we’ve made out the policy, and you can’t back out of it!”

“How so, friend?” asked the old Quaker, very demurely.

“When you left last evening we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it. See, here it is!”—and a clerk at that moment brought out the policy, with the signatures hardly dry.

Well, friend,” said old Jacob plainly, “if thee will have it, I suppose I must take it.” And he put the policy into his pocket and drove to his office. Before that evening, the insurance company and all the world had heard of the loss of the ship, and of the round sum with which the company stood self-mulcted.

**Life-and-Death Brokers, and their
"Humble Servant."**

WALPOLE relates the following odd story: If a man insures his life, killing himself vacates the bargain. This has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. It is presumable that voluntary deaths were not then the *bon ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying Englishman*. He carried along with him the insurers, to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner, he said to the life-and-death brokers: "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company; these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was indebted, without any means of paying but your assistance, and now I am your humble servant." He pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

**Pitt, the Insolvent Premier, Insured
by his Coachmakers.**

THE greatest British minister of the last century died insolvent, and from this arose a most interesting insurance action. In 1803, William Pitt was indebted to Godsall & Co., his coachmakers, for something rising five thousand dollars. To secure some part of this, in the event of his death, they insured his life for seven years, with the Pelican Company, for twenty-five hundred dollars, at the rate of about sixteen dollars per cent. In 1806, three years after this, the premier died, without sufficient assets to meet his liabilities. The greatness of his services to the country—the fact that he had died in debt being a proof of his self-abnegation—demanded an acknowledgement, and the state very properly determined to pay his creditors. This was not sufficient for the coachmakers; and immediate claim was made by them for payment of the twenty-five hundred

dollars insured. As Godsall & Co., however, had received the entire amount of their bill when Mr. Pitt's other debts were discharged, the Pelican refused to pay, on the ground that their insurable interest in the life of the deceased had been terminated by the payment of his debts, and that, as the insurance was to meet a special debt, since discharged, they could not recover. On a trial of the case, the court decided against the coachmakers' claim.

**Underwriters Jobbing with Napo-
leon's Life.**

DURING the whole of the first Napoleon's wonderful career, his life was trafficked with in every sort of way by the underwriters of that period. The various combinations in the funds, dependent on his life, entered into by jobbers, made it very desirable to insure it; and as every campaign and every battle altered the aspect of affairs, the premiums varied. Sometimes private persons acted as insurers. Thus, in 1809, as Sir Mark Sykes, the banker, entertained a dinner party, the conversation turned—as almost all thoughts then turned—to Bonaparte, and from him to the danger to which his life was daily exposed. The baronet, excited partly by wine and partly by loyalty, offered, on the receipt of one hundred guineas, to pay any one a guinea a day so long as the French emperor should live. One of the guests, and he a clergyman, closed with the offer; but finding the company object, said that if Sir Mark would ask it as a favor, he would let him off from his bargain. To a high spirited man this was by no means pleasant, and the baronet refused. The clergyman sent the one hundred guineas next day, and for three years the banker paid three hundred and sixty-five guineas—when, thinking he had suffered sufficiently for an idle joke, he refused to pay any

longer. The recipient, not disposed to lose his annuity, brought an action, which was eventually carried up to the highest legal authorities, and there finally decided in favor of Sir Mark, the law lords not being disposed to give the plaintiff a life interest in Bonaparte to the extent of nearly two thousand dollars a year.

Apt Illustration of a Principle.

AN agent of one of the metropolitan life insurance companies, while traveling in the north of Scotland, met with an intelligent man who farmed some thousand acres. This estate he delighted to cultivate; and though the period was long before that when science was employed by the agriculturist, he invested all his profits in the estate he rented. With great satisfaction he took the life insurance agent over his land, pointed to his improvements, and boasted his gains.

When they returned to the farmhouse, the agent, who saw that if his host died, all that he had done would be for his landlord's benefit, only said to him, "You must have spent a large sum on this estate."

"Many thousands," was the brief reply.

"And if you die," was the ready rejoinder, "your landlord will receive the benefit, and your wife and daughter be left penniless. Why not insure your life?"

The man rose, strode across the room, and drawing himself up as if to exhibit his huge strength, said, almost in the words of one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's heroes: "Do I look like a man to die of consumption?"

The agent, true to his vocation, was not daunted—he persevered, explained his meaning, enlisted the kindly feelings of his host, persisted in asking him how much he would leave his family, and at last induced him to listen. They examined his accounts, and

found that he could spare about six hundred dollars a year. The village apothecary was almost immediately sent for, the life was accepted, and policies were granted for fifteen thousand dollars.

In less than nine months, this man, so full of vigorous health, took cold, neglected the symptoms, and died, leaving only the amount for which he had insured his life to keep his family from want.

Oddities of a Former Period.

IN the early period of English insurance, as soon as it was known that any great man was seriously ill, insurances on his life, at rates in proportion to his chance of recovery, were freely made. These bargains were reported in the public journals; and the effect on an invalid who knew his health to be precarious, may be imagined, when he saw in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, that

"Lord — might be considered in great danger, as his life could only be insured in the Alley at ninety per cent."

Of a less questionable, though still novel character, was the habit of insuring property in any besieged city; or the yet more common mode of paying a premium to receive a certain sum should the city be taken by the day named in the contract. The Spanish ambassador was accused of insuring one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on Minorca, during the seven years' war, when the despatches announcing its capture were in his pocket.

Terrible Mode of Rendering an Insurance Policy Void.

THERE resided, at the close of the last century, in one of the districts of Yorkshire, England, one of those country squires of whom we read in the pages of the elder novelists. He could

write sufficiently to sign his name; he could ride so as always to be in at the death; he could eat, when his day's amusement was over, sufficient to startle a whole caravan of epicures—and drink enough to float himself to bed tipsy, as regularly as the night came. He was young, having come to his estate early, through the death of a father who had broken his neck when his morning draught had been too much for his seat, and he seemed at first exceedingly likely to follow his father's footsteps.

In due time, however, being compelled to visit London on some business, he found that there were other pleasures than those of hunting foxes, drinking claret, following the hounds, and swearing at the grooms; and that, although on his own estate, and in the neighborhood of his own hall, he might be a great person, all his greatness vanished in the metropolis. With the avidity of a young man entirely uncurbed, enjoying also huge animal powers, he rushed into the dissipation of London, where, as he possessed a considerable share of mental capacity, he contrived to polish his behavior and to appear in the character of a buck about town with some success.

His estate and means now became familiar to those who had none of their own; and as he was free enough in spending his money, and was not very particular in his company, he was quickly surrounded by all the younger sons, roysterers, and men who lived by their wits, of the circle in which he visited. With such as these his career was rapidly determined. The gaming of the period was carried to such an extent that it might almost be termed a national vice, and into this terrible vortex he threw himself with unstinted recklessness. Mortgage after mortgage was given on his estate; but as this was entailed, it was necessary that he should also *insure his life*, which was done at Lloyds', on the Royal Ex-

change, and with those usurers who added this to their other branches of business.

In the midst of his career there seemed a chance for his escape. It may well be supposed that many intriguing women fixed their eyes on "so desirable a match," and that many young ladies were willing to share the fortunes, for better or for worse, of the possessor of a fine estate. At last the hour and the woman came—the Yorkshire squire fell in love with a young lady of singular beauty. To fall in love was to propose—to propose was in this case to be accepted—and the marriage took place. Immediately afterward they left the metropolis for the Yorkshire home, with many dainty dreams of bliss in the future. A son, heir to the entail, was born to them, and soon after he again went to London, where, tempted beyond his resolution, he plunged again into his former pursuits, pleasures and vices. He gambled, he betted, he hazarded his all, until one fine morning, after a deep debauch, he arose a ruined man. He had lost more than his whole life would redeem, the only security now left to the winners being his annuity bonds on the estate, and *his various life insurances should he die*.

Thus situated, he was aroused to a sense of the wrongs he had suffered; he saw that he had been the dupe of gentlemen sufficiently practised in the art of play to be called sharpers, and saw also, what was doubtless the fact, that he had been cheated to their hearts' content. Almost mad, burning with consuming fire, he determined to be revenged. Another night he was resolved to try his luck, and, by playing more desperately than ever, win back, if possible, the money he had lost, and then forswear the dangerous vice. With a desperate resolve to outwit them, in life or in death, *he once more met the gamblers*. He had hitherto honorably arranged all the losses he

had sustained, and his opponents were prepared to humor him. The doors were finally closed, the shutters were down to exclude light, refreshments were placed in an antechamber, and for thirty-six hours the last game was played.

The result may be guessed. The squire had no chance with the men banded against him, and high as his stakes were, and wildly as he played, they fooled him to the top of his bent. Exhausted nature completed the scene, and the loser retired to his hotel. He was ruined, wretched, reckless. He knew that if he lived it would be a miserable existence for himself and his wife, and he knew also that *if he died by his own hand*, not only would his family be placed in a better position than if he lived, but that the men who had wronged him would be outwitted, as *the policies on his life would be forfeited*, and his bonds become waste paper.

His mind soon became resolved. He evinced to the people of the hotel no symptoms of derangement; but saying he should visit the theatre that night, and go to bed early, as he had been rather dissipated lately, he paid the bill he had incurred, giving at the same time gratuities to the waiters. He then wrote a letter to one of the persons with whom his life had been insured, stating that as his existence was now of no value to him, he meant to destroy himself; that he was perfectly calm and sane; that he did it for the express purpose of punishing the men who had contrived to ruin him; and, as the policy would be void by this act, he charged him to let his suicide be known to all with whom his life had been insured. In the evening he walked to the Thames, where he took a wherry with a waterman to row him, and when they were in the middle of the current, plunged suddenly into the stream, and was seen no more.

The underwriter who had received

the letter, communicated it to the other insurers; and when a claim was made by the gamblers, they saw that they in turn had been duped by the squire, although at the fearful price of self-murder.

Origin of Fire Insurance Companies.

It is amusing, indeed, to trace the incidents which attended the introduction of fire insurance companies. The basis of a plan of this sort appears to have been suggested as early as two hundred and fifty years ago. At that time, a person proposed to Count Anthony Gunther von Oldenburg, that, as a new species of finance, he should insure the houses of all his subjects against fire, on their paying so much per cent. annually, according to their value; but the prospect of gain, so tempting to most persons, could not induce the count to adopt the plan. He thought it good if a company was formed of individuals to insure each other's houses, but he doubted that it could by him be "honorably, justly, and irreproachfully instituted without tempting Providence—without incurring the censure of neighbors, and without disgracing one's name and dignity," adding that "God had without such means preserved and blessed, for many centuries, the ancient house of Oldenburg, and He would still be present with him through his mercy, and protect his subjects from destructive fires."

The Count's plan appears not to have been again thought of until the great fire of 1666 had laid the city of London in ashes. In consequence of this calamitous event, the citizens began to see the importance, and indeed necessity, of erecting their buildings of a material less susceptible of fire than hitherto; also of adopting a regular system of precaution against future accidents, as well as of devising some scheme for mutual pecuniary protection and relief.

Various proposals were accordingly submitted to the Court of Common Council of the City of London, between 1669, and 1680, for the mutual relief of such as might have their houses destroyed by fire—the most notable and acceptable of which was by one of their own body, Mr. Deputy Newbold. But if we may judge from the length of time that elapsed ere the worshipful committee made their report to the Court, we should conclude the adopting of the proposal to have been attended with serious difficulties; and, in verification of the old proverb that “delays are dangerous,” during the period between the first presentation of Mr. Newbold’s proposal to the Lord Mayor and the final report of the committee to whom the matter was referred by the Court of Common Council, several private individuals associated themselves together, and submitted to the good citizens of London a “design for insuring houses from fire,” and on the 16th of September, 1681, a notice or advertisement was issued from their “office on the back side of the *Royal Exchange*,” offering to insure brick houses against fire for *sixpence*, and timber houses for *twelvepence* in the *pound*—being at the rate of £2 10s. per cent. for the brick houses, and of £5 per cent. for timber.

Subsequently, on the 13th of October, 1681, the Court of Common Council did “agree and resolve to undertake y^e insuring all houses wthin this city and liberties from fire, and execute y^e same with all expedition,” and therefore “resolved forthwith to engage a sufficient fund, and undoubted security by the chamber of London, in lands and good ground rents, for the performance thereof.” Much amusing pamphleteering and advertising in the *Gazette* took place between the advocates of the corporation scheme, and the “interested” in the sale insurance office on the back side of the *Royal Exchange*. The journals, too, of the

Court of Common Council at that period record the signing of many policies, and bear amusing evidence of the zeal and prudence of the fire insurance committees in promulgating the benefits of the corporation scheme, and combating the antagonistic pamphlets issued by their competitors.

Exciting Life of an Underwriter.

It is not possible to conceive of a more exciting life than that of a private underwriter. A sudden change of weather, or the non-arrival of a ship at the time she is expected or is “due,” sinks him from the highest hopes of profit to the deepest dread of loss.

Some branches of this business may well be said to be a sort of gambling; at all events, the risks of marine insurance are much less easily reckoned, and are of a far less precise kind, than those of life or fire insurance. Yet wonderful efforts are made to give it certainty; the age and soundness of the ship, the kind of cargo with which she is laden, the part of the world to which she is going, the time of year, as well as the skill and character of the captain who commands her, are elements in the calculation. Sometimes, as is well known, insurances are increased, or new ones effected, while the ship is at sea: when she has not been met with by other vessels reported to have crossed her track, or when she has delayed her arrival into home port, the rate is augmented, according as the chance of some accident is great.

The steamship *President*, which went down years ago, and has never since been heard of, was “done,” or, in other words, risks were taken on her at a very high premium, up to the latest minute of hope. Underwriters are found who do not object to speculate on the safety of ships in equally desperate circumstances, or, to use their own slang, “to take a few thousands

on them at a very long price;" and vast sums of money are frequently won and lost in this way. This is gambling, than which no lottery schemes are greater.

Policies and Tragedies.

A MRS. E. came to the office of a London insurance company, in her carriage, to take out a policy upon Ann E., whom she described as a friend whose life had already been insured for three thousand pounds, also for twenty-five hundred in a second office, and seven hundred in a third. The medical referee was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and resided near one of the fashionable squares at the West End. Three months after the insurance had been effected, Ann E. died. Upon the life of her she had effected an insurance for three thousand pounds in one office, four hundred and ninety-nine in a second, and two thousand in a third, while the life had been refused in a fourth. The lady had also effected insurances on the life of her sister, to the amount of twenty-four thousand pounds, but all of them had been refused. Further, the same lady had had policies granted upon the lives of almost every member of her family, and in every case the insured had died within a few months after the grant was made, the certificates of death being invariably signed by the Hon. M.R.C.S., who had figured as medical referee in connection with all these cases. These circumstances were so suspicious and startling, that this company resisted the claim, and an action was accordingly brought to trial. Mrs. E. gained the case, but the publicity given to the facts brought a volley of letters, volunteering information concerning the plaintiff. It then came to light that the lady had been the inmate of a hospital for females of questionable virtue; that she was then the

mistress of an eminent baronet banker at the West End, to whom belonged the carriage in which she had invariably called to effect the insurance, and the appearance of which had aided her materially in doing so. It is supposed that she must have poisoned more than thirty persons, in these criminal insurance transactions—a catalogue of tragedies certainly without a parallel.

Leaving a Case Out.

A PHILADELPHIA merchant, in the olden time, chartered a vessel and laded her with *an invoice* of valuable wines for a port in the West Indies, and insured the vessel and cargo at a remarkably high figure in an office where one of his acquaintances—a man of about the same honesty as himself—was a director. The vessel (as was commercially foreordained) sprang a leak at sea, was abandoned, and, as Byron says, "going down head-foremost—sunk—in short." The shipper demanded his insurance money; but being unable to satisfy the office as to *when* and *how* he became possessed of such a large quantity of valuable wines, they refused to pay, and the matter remained for a long time unsettled, the shipper urging his claims, and the office professing their readiness to pay whenever he produced the proper evidences. One day the shipper, meeting the director, complained bitterly of the treatment of the office, and wound up by saying he was willing to leave the case out to the decision of three honest men. "Three honest men! Why, my dear fellow, where would you get them? There are *you* and *I*, to be sure; but *where would you find the other?*" It leaked out afterward that the vessel had been scuttled by the captain, who was interested in the adventure, and that the valuable wine was only colored water.

“Poor Tim Rooney.”

TIM ROONEY had his life insured in one of the British offices, and the holder of the policy was anxious, if possible, to avoid paying the premiums, and to receive the sum insured during the life-time of his assignor. Finally, a premium became due, and he found himself unable to pay it. He had still a few days' grace, when, crossing the Liffey at night with a party of friends, he saw a body floating on the stream. He lost no time in pulling it on shore, and then, with a look of pity, exclaimed, “Why, it's *poor Tim Rooney!*” His friends at first thought him crazy; but when he repeated, “Sure enough, it's Tim Rooney,” adding, “and hadn't I to pay the next premium on his life?” the whole party were courteous enough to understand him. Accordingly, the report was circulated that Tim Rooney had fallen into the Liffey. An inquest subsequently held confirmed the fact, the news of which in due time reached the insurance office. A certificate, signed by the coroner, and testifying as to the cause of death, was soon afterward forwarded to the office, and the money for which Tim Rooney's life had been insured, was paid to the proper representative. Some time afterward, the agent of the company met and identified “poor Tim Rooney” in the streets of London, and reproached him with being still alive. “Was not an inquest held on you?” inquired the agent. “That there was,” replied Tim, “and I am told that twelve men sat on my body; but I am not at all dead for all that.”

Examining an Applicant.

A PEEP into that room of mysteries—the examining apartment of a life insurance company—reveals some side-shaking dealings. In vain does the board endeavor to persuade some of the faded and rickety adventurers, that

they are half dead already; they still swear that their fathers were almost immortal, and that their whole families have been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Among these one old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a lady of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer, on this occasion, who met with anything like satisfaction, was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom it was evident that Death was likely to have a puzzling contest.

“How old are you?” inquired the examiner.

“Forty.”

“You seem a strong man.”

“I am the strongest man from Ireland.”

“But subject to the gout?”

“No—the rheumatism. Nothing else, upon my soul.”

“What age was your father when he died?”

“Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row.”

“Have you any uncles alive?”

“No—they were all killed in rows too.”

“Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?”

“May be I shall, some day or other.”

“What security, then, can we have that you will not be killed in a row yourself?”

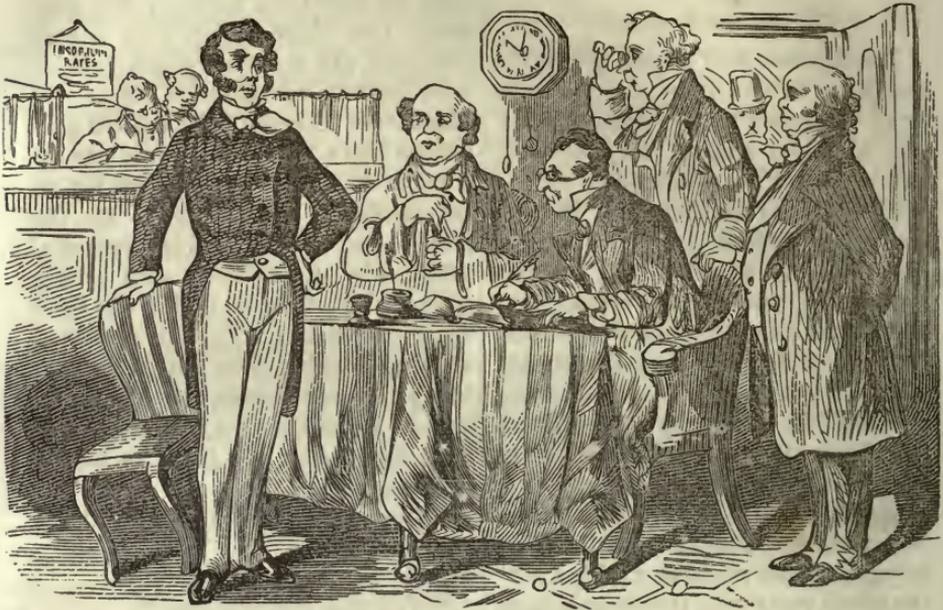
“Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often.”

“What, sir, you can drink a little?”

“Three bottles, with ease.”

“Aye, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly.”

“Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room.”



Examining an Applicant.

“But three bottles—”

“Never you mind *that*. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug.”

A debate arose among the directors respecting the gentleman's eligibility. The words “row” and “three bottles” ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be treated as a fit subject.

Life-Insurance Obituary Announcement.

CONCERNING life-insurance companies, Gaylord Clark once said: We verily believe that by-and-by they will create a new style of announcing the deaths of our “friends and fellow citizens.” It will not be long before we shall see in the newspapers, under the obituary head, such announcements as this: “Died of fever, on Wednesday morning, Timothy Pipkin, aged fifty-

six; *no insurance.*” Or, “Died, on Friday morning, Jerothnail P. Hopkins, of a lingering ‘squincy,’ aged forty-eight; insured one thousand dollars in the Wall street Life-Insurance Company, and two thousand in the Connecticut Mutual.”

An epidemic, also, taking away whole neighborhoods, we may look to see under the head of “*Great Epidemic: Failure of Life-Insurance Companies,*” something like the following: “We regret to learn that two of our prosperous life-insurance companies have been compelled to suspend payment. An epidemic which broke out recently in Tinnecum, and which at one time threatened the destruction of the whole village, could not be arrested until the raging scourge had destroyed more than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of sound insurance. The loss falling on individuals and families is immense.”

Marriage and Baptism Insurance.

THE following advertisements relate to a department of insurance which we

believe does not pertain to that business as carried on at present. In the *British Apollo* for 1710 is the following notice:

“A first and second claim is made at the office of *Assurance on Marriage* in Roll Court, Fleet street. The first will be paid on Saturday next, wherefore all persons concerned are desired to pay two shillings into the joint stock, pursuant to the articles, or they will be excluded. The two claimants married each other and have paid but two shillings each.” Yet they were to receive thirty-seven pounds. This advertisement may receive its explanation in another:

“Any person, by paying two shillings at their entrance for a policy and stamps, and two shillings toward each marriage until their own, when [the number is] full, will secure to themselves two hundred pounds, and in the mean time in proportion to the number of subscribers.”

It appears that so well did this speculation answer, that three offices shortly opened in the same line, one at least of which appears to have had a very appropriate location, viz., in “*Petticoat Lane*.” Growing out of such a concern was another company—that for insurance upon infant baptism. In this case, persons were to pay two shillings and sixpence toward each infant baptism until they had a case of their own. If the list was full, they could then receive two hundred pounds, “the interest of which is sufficient,” says the advertisement, “to give a child a good education, and the principal reserved until the child comes to maturity.” For a time these speculative projects of credulity were greedily run after.

Assessments in Old Times.

HERE is an instance of the singular manner in which fire-insurances were conducted in old times. It is a notice, or advertisement, copied from the Lon-

don *Gazette* of July 6th, 1685: “There having happened a fire on the 24th of the last month, by which several houses of the friendly society were burned, to the value of nine hundred and sixty-five pounds, these are to give notice to all persons of the said society, that they are desired to pay at the office, Faulcon Court, in Fleet street, their several proportions of their said loss, which comes to five shillings and one penny for every hundred pounds issued, before the 12th of August next.”

Traffickers in Insurance Run Mad—Astounding Policies on the Chevalier d'Eon's Sex!

CHARLES GENEVIEVE LOUIS AUGUSTE D'EON DE BEAUMONT, popularly known as the Chevalier d'Eon, was the cause of a famous trial before Lord Mansfield, as to the validity of a policy without an insurable interest. The career of this man, or woman—for the question was long doubtful—was most remarkable. Equerry to Louis Fifteenth, doctor of law, ambassador, and royal censor, employed in a confidential mission to the Russian court, and said to be a favorite of its empress, d'Eon's reputation in England was established. Coming to the latter country, he soon quarrelled with the Duc de Nivernois, ambassador from the most Christian king, and being regarded as a calumniator, he was mobbed wherever he appeared.

In the mean time, doubts being set afloat as to his sex, his calumnies were all forgotten, and a new interest was attached to the chevalier, by the assertion of some that he was male, and of others that he was female. This was something decidedly fresh—a positive windfall—for the wide-awake and scheming insurance brokers of that period, and the question was forthwith mooted at Lloyd's. At first wagers or bets were made; but as there was no readily available mode of deciding

whether this extraordinary individual was man or woman, they were necessarily abandoned.

It was decided, therefore, *that regular insurance policies should be opened on his sex*, by which it was undertaken that on payment of fifteen guineas, one hundred should be returned whenever the chevalier was proved to be a woman. At first he pretended to be indignant, and advertised that on a certain day and hour, he would satisfy all whom it concerned. The place was a city coffee house, the hour was that of high 'change, and the curiosity of the citizens was greatly excited.

The insurances on this eccentric person's sex were, under these stirring circumstances, greatly and immediately increased, policies to a very large amount were made out, and to the rendezvous thronged bankers, underwriters, and brokers innumerable. The hour approached, and with it came the chevalier, who, dressed in the uniform of a French officer, and decorated with the order of St. Louis, rose to address the assembly.

It is easy to imagine the breathless attention of this teeming throng (for "a million" was said to depend on his words), the eager interest of some, the cool cupidity of others, the ribaldry of more, and the astonishment of all, as, with an audacity only to be equalled by his charlatanry, he said "he came to prove that he belonged to that sex whose dress he wore, and challenged any one there to disprove his manhood, with sword or with cudgel." The spirit of the citizens had passed away, or at any rate it did not serve them on this occasion; commerce had sheathed the sentimental sword of chivalry, and none grasped the gauntlet thus thrown down by the knight. Bankers, brokers, and underwriters gaped at one another as though they had lost their senses; and while the boldness of the speech pleased many, it was far from satisfactory to those who

came with the hope of winning a wager, or claiming their insurance money. The knight departed in triumph.

Large sums—in one case amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—were said to be offered him to divulge his sex. However this may be, it was thought necessary to settle the question, if possible, at the last tribunal; and one of the first actions tried after the act to prevent gaming in insurance, arose from one of the policies on the sex of d'Eon, in which it appeared that Mr. Jacques, a broker, had received several premiums of thirty-five guineas, for which he had granted policies undertaking to return one hundred guineas whenever the chevalier was proved to be a woman. The chief justice declared that a policy of insurance, although not even on life, when entered into without an insurable interest, was against the purport of the act in question, and contrary to English notions of morality.

Daniel Webster's Insurance Anecdote.

DANIEL WEBSTER said, that some time after he commenced the practice of his profession in Boston, a circumstance occurred which forcibly impressed upon his mind the sometimes conclusive eloquence of silence, and he wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as a divinity.

A man in New Bedford, Mass., said Mr. Webster, had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of the Boston insurance offices. One day, news arrived in Boston, that this ship had suddenly taken fire, and been burned to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which General Arnold Wells was president, and Mr. Webster the attorney.

General Wells told Mr. Webster of the misfortune that had happened to

the company, in the loss of a vessel so largely insured; communicating to him, at the same time, the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

"Do you intend," asked Mr. Webster, "to pay the insurance?"

"I shall be obliged to do so," replied the general.

"I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss, that the ship was set on fire, with the intent to defraud the company of the insurance."

"But how shall we prove that? and what shall we say to Mr. —, when he makes application for the money?"

"Say nothing," replied Mr. Webster, "but hear quietly what he has to say."

Some few days after this conversation, Mr. — came up to Boston, and presented himself to General Arnold Wells, at the insurance office. Mr. — was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well-brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever might be thought of him, one would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that, when he spoke, he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed, with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it something such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. General Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in his right eye.

"I was not present at the interview," says Mr. Webster, "but I have heard it often described by those who were. General Wells came out from an inner office on the announcement of Mr. —'s arrival, and *fixed* him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously, but calmly. Mr. — looked at General Wells with

his sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he thought to turn the general's right flank.

"They stood thus, *with their eyes cocked at each other*, for more than a minute, before either spoke; when Mr. — thought it best to take the initiative.

"It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cold."

"It is as you say, Mr. —, a pleasant though rather cold day," replied the general, without taking his eye down from its range.

"I should not be surprised, general," continued Mr. —, "if we should have a fall of snow soon."

"There might be more surprising circumstances, Mr. —, than a fall of snow in February."

"Mr. — hereupon shifted his foot, and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from his desperate attempts to conceal his embarrassment.

"When do you think, general," he inquired, after a pause, "that Congress will adjourn?"

"It is doubtful, I should think, Mr. —, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly."

"Do you hear anything important from that quarter, general?"

"Nothing, Mr. —."

"Mr. — by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told," says Mr. Webster, "one is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he sees no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did not know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to regain self-possession, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave, without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

"He never returned to claim his money."

Adjusting an Insurance Loss.

THE adjusters of losses under policies of insurance against fire sometimes have funny cases, or meet an exhilarating turn. A common method of determining the damages is to inquire the cost of restoration or repairs of the property injured. An adjuster for one of the Hartford companies was once hurried out to Elmira to pay for the partial destruction of a steam engine used in a saw-mill. The holder of the policy demanded the sum of six hundred dollars as an indemnity, and had procured the formal certificate for that sum, with which to assert his claim. The adjuster had a survey made at once by an expert, who, as the result of his examination, engaged to repair all the damages for the sum of two hundred and sixty dollars, and it was therefore proposed to pay the claimant that amount, or repair the machine. Mr. Claimant was terribly astonished at all this; he didn't believe any man living could repair the damage for that sum; protested earnestly against the injustice of asking him to take less than the original six hundred dollars—but, on the whole, if he could have his cash that day, he would take four hundred dollars. Mr. Adjuster finally told him that he must take one hand or the other, and he accepted the two hundred and sixty dollars. After the settlement was made, Mr. A. offered claimant to contract to repair for the sum paid, which he indignantly refused, with the delicate remark, "No, hang him! he shan't do it! There's a man up to Corning will do it for one hundred and fifty dollars!"

Playing a Bold Game.

It is sometimes the case in England, that rich men insure the lives of paupers, merely as a speculation. A man at one time wrote from the Limerick (Ireland) workhouse to an insurance

office, saying that his life had been insured for several hundred pounds; that he was in a bad state of health, and that he was prepared to give five distinct reasons why the company should not pay a farthing of the sum insured for. At present he felt that he was sinking fast, but if the company would place him in a comfortable house and feed him well, he was convinced that he should get better, and live for many years. The letter also contained an earnest appeal for money, to be sent by return of post, for the purpose of prolonging the author's life, and relieving the company from paying a large sum of money to the persons who had insured him on speculation. He thought that if brought to London he could distinguish himself, and live to a good old age. He appeared to have stated, in a previous letter, that he had met with a violent accident, which he now wished to explain away. "My axidence," he wrote, "was a spark which fell in my eye—" after which he added that the company would do well to turn his abilities to account, as he was "a good clerk, and by profession a bricklayer." This extraordinary epistle was accompanied by an affidavit, acknowledged before a magistrate, testifying to the false answers which had been given to the inquiries of the insurance company respecting the writer's life.

An agent subsequently went down to Limerick on behalf of another company, which had received a proposal to insure the life of Kinna, the author of this letter, and naturally felt some anxiety to ascertain the real sanitary condition of a man who alternately represented himself as a dying man and as destined to live to a ripe old age. On arriving there, he was told by one of the local magistrates, that he "had better mind what he was about, as they all speculated a little on life insurance down there." Finding that Kinna had left the workhouse, he

naturally looked for him in the nearest tavern; here the agent was soon recognized and surrounded by the inmates, who exclaimed, "Here's the chap from the insurance office!" They appeared, at first, inclined to kill him, but their anger soon resolved itself into thirst, and he was obliged to "treat" all around.

Having inquired for Kinna's address, he was told where Kinna lived, but at the same time reminded that he was a big man, and likely to thrash him or any one else connected with a life insurance office. The agent, nevertheless, continued his search for Kinna, and finally found him in a miserable hut. Kinna not getting an answer from the insurance office to which he had applied for money, had consented for a small bonus to have his life insured in another office. He mistakenly imagined, however, that *the agent had come from the office to which he had written to forward money to him*, and accordingly represented himself as suffering the most horrible tortures from an illness which could only be cured by the kindest treatment. One symptom which he complained of especially was an acute pain in the groin, which almost bent him double. He felt unable to walk, and was convinced that he was breaking up, and would soon die, unless the company did something for him. The agent persuaded him to endeavor to walk a short distance, and even prevailed upon him to accompany him as far as the bridge, where policemen in plain clothes were in attendance to prevent any violence which might be attempted by Kinna, in case of his disapproving of any of the questions which the agent intended to put to him.

At last, Kinna determined to play a bold game—pretended that he could walk no more. "I am sinking!" he exclaimed. "Then," replied the agent, emboldened by his proximity to the bridge, "I am afraid we shall be unable to accept your life." *Kinna at*

once saw the mistake. Without being in the least disconcerted, he drew himself up to his full height, and said to the agent, "Did you ever see my brother, now?" The agent replied in the negative. "You have not?" continued Kinna; "then I'm just like him; barring that I've lost my eye, I'm as good-looking a fellow as he is; and if you'd known him, you'd have known he's always had a pain in the groin, and that it's a family complaint of not the least importance at all, at all."

Kinna's life was insured for more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the speculators; and being afraid to live in Limerick, he requested the agent to remove him, stating that he had been insured to so great an extent, that he felt his life was unsafe in that town.

German Idea of the Thing.

A THIN, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in Indiana, and inquired:

"Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent, "from three to ten shillings a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week, in case of sickness."

"Vel," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollars' vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all te time. I'se shust out te bed too tree hours a tay, und te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this, Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a tam fool; vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt; *ven I vos vell?*"

Lively Operations.

If there be any question as to the verity of what follows, it must "lie" with the editor of the "DRAWER," who gives it in the inimitable style of that piquant feature in *Harper's*:

Borem was the soliciting agent of the Gotham Life Insurance Company in this city. His business was to induce as many of the mortal population of this world as possible to insure their lives in his company. Of course it was a good thing for them, a better thing for the Company, and the best thing for Borem. Because, according to Borem's bargain, was he not entitled to ten per cent. on every policy taken out by any man whom he solicited, and five per cent. on every year's renewal? No sooner was this agreement made, than Borem commenced and carried out a system of visitation and solicitation so extended and thorough that, in the course of two or three years, there was not a live man in the company whom Borem had not bored almost to death to induce him to insure his precious life. Every day he compared his own book of memoranda with the records of the company, and when he found that a man was down whom he had spoken with, even if it were months or years before, he claimed him as *his* man, showed his entries, and pocketed his premiums. In this way it was fast coming to pass that all parties insuring in the company were yielding a profit to Borem, whose percentage was eating up the profits of their business. So far did he carry his system that he would stand in the street, and whenever he saw a man entering he would address him, "Going to insure, sir?" and then

taking his name and address, would book him as one of *his* men, and demand his per cent., on the score of having solicited him. The company was finally obliged to compromise with Borem, and lay him off, by paying him thirty thousand dollars, and giving him a handsome policy on his own life. With this sum he bought a splendid farm, and lives like a nabob on the previous profits which he had made out of this very profitable business. Here is an illustration of his mode of operation:

Mr. Lively had a dry goods store above Chambers street, and, moreover, had an interest in a broker's office, in Wall street. Now Borem had often seen the merchant up town and the broker down town, for Mr. Lively was part of the day in one place and part of the day in the other. It had not occurred to Borem that the Lively of one latitude was the Lively of the other; and so calling in at the Wall street office, he says:

"Mr. Lively, I believe, sir?"

"That is my name," said the gentleman addressed.

"Ah, yes, sir, you have a brother, have you not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lively, "I have a twin brother."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Borem; "he is a merchant up town. He is about insuring his life in our company, and I called to ask if you would not like to insure at the same time."

Mr. Lively knew the tricks that Borem was up to; and saying that he would think of it, turned away. Borem left the office. Mr. Lively followed him out, passed on the other side of the street, and reached his store a few minutes before Borem, who was on his way up. Mr. Lively was reading the newspaper when Borem entered, and coming up to him, said—

"Mr. Lively, I believe, sir?"

"That is my name," said the merchant.

"Ah, yes, you have a brother, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Lively, "I have a twin brother."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Borem, "he is a broker in Wall street; he is about insuring his life in our company, and I called to see if you would like to insure at the same time."

Mr. Lively said he would think of it; and Borem took his leave, after pressing the subject with his customary volubility and impudence. The next day he called on Mr. Lively the broker, and the day following on Mr. Lively the merchant; and this visitation he continued for two weeks, making six calls at each place of business, in all twelve times that he bored poor Mr. Lively, without suspecting that the two "brothers" were one and the same man. At last, Mr. Lively up-town agreed that if his brother would meet him the next day at Mr. Wright's, a mutual friend, who, Mr. Borem said, was going to insure,—he would apply, and all three would take out a policy at the same time. "I have just discovered," said Borem to Mr. Lively, "how to distinguish you from your brother—there is a little bit more of a protuberance on the bridge of your nose."

So saying, he hurried over to Mr. Wright, to arrange for the meeting of the brothers Lively.

"The *brothers!*" said Mr. Wright; "what brothers?"

"Why, the merchant over here, and the broker in Wall street."

"It's the same man, Borem; you've been *sold.*"

"I have—I see it all; it's a fact; I'm done for."

And rushing back to Mr. Lively's store, he looked in, and putting his finger on the handle of his face, and at a peculiar angle, he said, laughingly, "Come to think of it, Mr. Lively, your nose is just *about* the size of your brother's." But Borem never recovered from

the mortification of his trickery exposed, and it probably helped to bring him to terms in his settlement with the company.

Taking his own Risk.

THAT there are times when a merchant may incur risks without an impeachment of his prudence is readily admissible. The occasion for such a risk occurred, once, at least, in the mercantile experience of Mr. Cope, of Philadelphia. His favorite ship, the Lancaster, was on her return voyage from Canton with a cargo of great value, at the breaking out of the war of 1812. He made repeated applications for insurance, but the alarm was general and great, and the offices refused to take a risk upon the ship and cargo for less than seventy-five per cent. This was an enormous deduction; but the ocean swarmed with British cruisers, and the amount of the premium of insurance, considering the course of the Lancaster, could scarcely be regarded as unreasonable.

Mr. Cope understood his own affairs perfectly, and, satisfying himself that he could sustain the loss of the whole, and, consequently, that he could be his own insurer, he calmly awaited the result, though each day's papers conveyed intelligence of important inroads upon the mercantile marine of our country by British ships of war. The resolution, however, had been taken after careful deliberation, and the only course was a "patient waiting." And when darkness seemed to hang thickest upon the prospects of the merchants, the Lancaster arrived at Philadelphia, one evening, with her immensely valuable cargo, and the captain received from the pilot, in the Delaware, the first intimation of hostilities between this country and Great Britain; the captain remarking that he should have hailed a British cruiser for the news, had one come within "speaking" distance.

The result of this was an immense profit upon the cargo.

High Compliment to W. R. Jones, as an Underwriter.

THE name of Walter Restored Jones is perhaps better known in this country, in connection with insurance, than that of any other man. He was admitted to be without a rival in that complicated science, and earned the title of the first marine underwriter of his age and country. The middle name of Mr. Jones has a circumstance connected with it, which is worth alluding to. An elder brother of the same name, having met his death by an accident, it was the wish of his mother, when the subject now under notice was born, to retain the name, for which she had a peculiar fondness; hence the epithet "Restored" was added to the original Christian name.

At the early age of eleven years, Walter was placed in the store of his eldest brother, William H. Jones, then engaged in the flour business. In this sphere, the future underwriter acquired his first insight into the principles and modes of business, his true school. A few years later he was introduced into the office of the United States Insurance Company, as clerk, where he became remarkable for his habits of method, industry, and attention to business, laying a firm basis for his future eminence in a province of insurance requiring caution, accuracy, precision, and promptness. The United States Insurance Company was one of the first, if not absolutely the earliest in point of time, in New York, and perhaps in the Union, for undertaking marine risks. But owing to novelty, or ignorance of the proper mode of conducting the business, or from some other untoward causes, the association failed to realize its objects, and it became embarrassed and was discontinued.

At an early period of his career, Mr.

Jones conceived an aversion to litigation, of which there had been much, both unnecessary and of a vexatious character, in the early insurance companies, and which proved in the end detrimental to their interests, and served to exclude customers. Mr. Daniel Lord, counsellor to the company, stated in his speech at the dinner given to Mr. Jones, on the occasion of the complimentary presentation to him of a rich service of plate, that "for the twenty-four years of the administration of this company, not more than six lawsuits have occurred to it, and I can recollect but four." Perhaps no higher compliment than this could have been paid to Mr. Jones's skill and tact as an underwriter.

Mr. Jones was one of the worthies of Long Island, though so long—from early boyhood—connected with New York city as to be regarded as one of her denizens; yet, as he never for a moment lost sight of the place of his nativity and his rural home, as he visited it weekly, built his noble mansion there, and there looked to end his days in peace and domestic happiness, he must not be forgotten in the list of eminent Long Islanders,—Conckling, Sandford, Miller, Wickham, Colden, Post, Seaman, Mott, Elias Hicks, Mount, Rhodes, Hackett, Sands, Woodhull, Truxton, and others.

Juvenile Evidence in an Insurance Case.

At the Court of Oyer and Terminer, in New York, Judge Leonard presiding, a German was tried for arson in the first degree—having set fire to his store in order to get the insurance. His nephew, a small and honest-looking boy, was the principal witness against him—he having kindled the fire at the instigation of his uncle; and confessing to that effect while in prison, the district attorney put him forward as a witness for the State.

The boy was upon the stand some hours the first day, and was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel; but without making him alter his statement in the least.

Toward the close, the counsel, not being satisfied that the poor little fellow rightly understood his questions, had an interpreter appointed by the Court, and began anew to endeavor to confuse him, and, if possible, break down his strong and truthful testimony.

"Ask him," said he to the interpreter, "if he does not know that his evidence in this case will injure his uncle, and if he does not think it will benefit himself?"

The interpreter put the question (the boy looking at him with earnest eyes), awaited his answer, then turned and said, "He does not know whether it will injure his uncle. He does not know whether it will benefit himself. He believes in God!"

There was no sympathetic heart in that court room but must have thrilled at the pathos of that simple reply.

Protective Tariffs and the "Genesee Mutual."

NOT many miles from the county town of "Old Genesee," New York; there was a defunct Mutual Insurance Company, drawing its slimy length along, and the dread of many who gave their premium notes to the same in its days of prosperity. One of its former secretaries was a popular stump speaker. During the campaign of 1844, while addressing a large audience—and among the number was Newt S., a most worthy man and clever wag—the speaker, coming to the question of a protective tariff, and while annihilating its opponents, was interrupted by Newt S., with the remark, that, if not objectionable, he would like to propound an interrogatory. "Most certainly not," the speaker replied; "it will afford me pleasure to answer, my good friend." "Well, Squire, will you please to inform me the difference between a high, a *very high* Protective Tariff and the Genesee Mutual?"

In that locality the question and its effect will be long remembered.

CHAPTER IV THE EARLY PERIOD

The first settlement in the United States was made by the English in 1607 at Jamestown, Virginia. The colony was founded by a group of men sent by the Virginia Company of London. They were to establish a permanent settlement in the New World. The first year was a disaster due to lack of food and disease. Only 38 men survived the winter of 1609-10. In 1614, Captain John Smith, who had been in charge of the colony, was killed. The colony was then abandoned for a few years. In 1620, a group of Puritans, known as the Pilgrims, sailed on the Mayflower to Plymouth, Massachusetts. They were seeking religious freedom. The Pilgrims had a difficult first year, but they survived. In 1629, a group of Puritans, known as the Massachusetts Bay Company, sailed to Boston, Massachusetts. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1630. In 1633, a group of Puritans, known as the Rhode Islanders, sailed to Providence, Rhode Island. They were seeking religious freedom. The colony was founded in 1639. In 1644, a group of Puritans, known as the Connecticut River Settlers, sailed to Hartford, Connecticut. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1636. In 1649, a group of Puritans, known as the Maryland Settlers, sailed to Annapolis, Maryland. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1634. In 1650, a group of Puritans, known as the New York Settlers, sailed to New York City, New York. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1614. In 1655, a group of Puritans, known as the New Jersey Settlers, sailed to Newark, New Jersey. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1674. In 1663, a group of Puritans, known as the Carolina Settlers, sailed to Charleston, South Carolina. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1670. In 1671, a group of Puritans, known as the Georgia Settlers, sailed to Savannah, Georgia. They were seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity. The colony was founded in 1733.

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PART THIRTEENTH.



ANECDOTES OF BUSINESS EMPLOYÉS.

THE UNIVERSITY

OF CALIFORNIA

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Yours truly,
Fitz Greene Hallack

PART THIRTEENTH.

Anecdotes of Business Employés.

CASHIERS, CLERKS, SALESMEN, AGENTS, FACTORS, ETC.; BOOKKEEPING, ACCOUNTS, PRICES AND VALUES, CORRESPONDENCE, SHOP TALK—TRIALS AND MISERIES, BLUNDERS, FACETIE, WAIFS AND STRAYS.

This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers. He would rub and lather a man's head, till he had got out everything that was in it —GUARDIAN.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts.—ADDISON.

Little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is *ever* poring over his cash book or balancing his accounts.—ANON.

I asked him to come and sit an hour with me; he excused himself—and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go *shopping!*—BYRON.

Fitz-Greene Halleck's Clerkship with Jacob Barker.

It was the good fortune of Jacob Barker, while a merchant in New York, to have the services of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, for nearly twenty years, as his confidential clerk; when his business at last ceased to yield him the power to employ others. Upon this, Mr. Halleck devoted himself to literary pursuits, in the expectation that Mr. Barker would retrieve his fortunes and have occasion for his further services. Fortune, however, continuing to frown on Mr. Barker's efforts, a neighboring merchant offered Mr. Halleck employment at fifteen hundred dollars per annum. This offer was named by Mr. Halleck to Mrs. Barker, when she inquired if he would enter the service of another for the miserable sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The reply was, "No, madam; it is the miserable *want* of fifteen hundred dollars that may tempt me." The offer was declined; but he soon afterward entered the employ of John Jacob Astor, with whom he continued until the death of that gentleman.

On the great New York conspiracy trials of 1826, the public prosecutor called Miss Jarvis, Mr. William R. Thurston, Mr. Halleck, and many other friends and relatives of Mr. Barker into court, to prove who Mr. Barker's intimates and associates were, who visited his house—in other words, with whom he would be likely to confer. Mr. Halleck, with apparent astonishment, repeated the question as it fell from the attorney's lips, and answered, "Jacob Barker does in all things as he lists, without counselling with *any* one,"—a fact which the prosecutor could only have been ignorant of, from not knowing Mr. Barker.

Precision in Keeping Accounts.

The following anecdote will show with what nice precision the accounts are required to be kept in the great private banking houses of the English metropolis. After closing the doors to customers, every clerk makes up his accounts, and a general balance is struck, which must tally to the veriest

farthing before the clerks separate. It happened, on the occasion in question, that in one of these great establishments, there was two shillings and tenpence minus in balance. Every clerk was ordered to revise his account, the silver and copper money in the vast vaults was re-counted,—but still there was no solution of the cause of the deficit; this was repeated over and over again, still there wanted two shillings and tenpence; the resident partner would not suffer the clerks to depart without a correct balance;—gladly would each clerk have paid the difference ten times over from his own pocket. The affair remained unexplained until the next morning, when, on the arrival of one of the non-resident partners, he recollected taking that exact sum out of the till, for payment of the postage on a foreign letter, but without making the usual memorandum of the same.

Remarkable Sacrifice for Principle.

SOME time since, says the Journal de Franckfort, a foreigner presented himself at the office of a merchant in Hamburg, to receive cash for a bill of two thousand double louis, and received from the clerk in attendance ten thousand francs too much. He did not perceive the mistake until he had reached his hotel, when he returned and mentioned the fact. The merchant looked at him, and then said,

“It is impossible.”

“Your cashier has *certainly* made a mistake,” persisted the foreigner.

“That is not possible,” replied the merchant, in a decided tone. “Take your money—no mistakes are *ever* made, sir, at my office.”

The stranger then pocketed the money and left the place, when the merchant, turning to the bookkeeper, told him to enter ten thousand francs to the account of profit and loss, adding that though the cashier would never

hear a word of reproach from him on the subject he would not allow any one to imagine that a mistake could occur in his office.

English Bank Clerks' Finesse.

ON the 31st of August, 1731, a scene was presented at the Bank of England, which is strongly illustrative of the money adventures of that period. The tickets for the state lottery were delivered out to the subscribers by numerous clerks at the bank counter; when the crowd becoming so great as to obstruct the clerks in their handling and delivery of the tickets, they told the eager throng, “We deliver blanks to-day, but to-morrow we shall deliver prizes,”—upon which many, who were by no means in pursuit of blanks, retired, and by this stratagem the clerks obtained room to proceed in their business.

Broadway Clerks, Japonicas, and Sweethearts.

GRANT THORBURN gives the following quaint reminiscence in his eventful business career:—One morning, there came into our premises a young man, leading on his arm a very pretty girl. They stopped about an hour; she seemed very fond of flowers, and particularly fixed her laughing eyes on a beautiful japonica. He appeared much inclined to indulge her taste, and would have bought it, but the price was five dollars. Her I knew; him I knew not. He appeared to me, however, to be one of those thoughtless young men who, instead of going to church, ride out of a Sunday, and thus spend their week's wages—by which means they have no means to spare, either to treat their sweetheart, or to pay their washerwoman; be this as it may, that evening, between eight and nine o'clock, the time of shutting our gates, the plant disappeared; my suspicions fell

on the young man as above. I resolved, next morning, on going immediately to the house of the young lady, with pretext of giving her some advice about the plants I knew she had in the yard, hoping I would find my own gracing the company. At once, my mind took a different turn; I thought with myself thus: these young people seemed very fond of one another—pity that I should spoil so much happiness for the sake of a paltry five dollar bill. Should I find the plant, it will expose him, and no doubt spoil the marriage, for her father is a sterling, honest Dutchman. Now, thought I, should they get married, she may save him from the paws of the devil, from whom many a wayward bachelor has been snatched ere this, by the helping hand of a good wife; besides, should the old gentleman approve the match, no doubt he will empty one of the black leather bags to set them a housekeeping, and she, having the money, will be able to indulge her fine taste for plants,—so, by this means, I may help to count some of the dollars, and thus recover more than I have lost. On thus reflecting, I very resignedly gave up the pursuit. To make a long story short, in a few weeks after this, they were married, by the consent of all parties; but whether my surmises were right or wrong-founded, gave me no further concern, as, from the delicate hand of the pretty daughter, I came in for a share of the old gentleman's dollars, sufficient to make up the previous loss, and pay a reasonable percentage besides.

Pen Portrait by an Old Master.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, most of the dry goods stores in New York were in Pearl and William streets,—the shop in front, and generally a room behind; a glass door intervened through which the master of the house could see while eating his din-

ner, and if a person entered, he immediately arose, left all and waited on his customer. "But (says one who belonged both to that period and the present) look at it now—half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I called at the boarding-house of Mrs. S., in Broadway, rang the bell, and was answered by a '*black nigger*.' 'Is Mr. B. within?' 'He is at dinner, and can't be disturbed when at dinner.' Says I, 'Go tell Mr. B. my business is urgent and can't be delayed.' However, he did not appear till after fifteen minutes, while I sat in the parlor gazing on some shabby pictures, and magnifying each minute into ten. When he appeared, said I, 'Sir, I have seen your employer, near forty years ago, rise from his dinner to sell a yard of tape.' *This fellow is now third or fourth clerk under, in a vendue store in Pearl street; receives about one hundred dollars per annum and board. He was just from the tail of the plough, about eighteen months ago; he now wore a coat much in appearance like the wind-sail of a vessel in the tropics—it reached to the middle of his thighs, which, with his legs, were covered with a stuff called 'gum elastic,' adhering so close as to resemble, in appearance, the bandages around the limbs of an Egyptian mummy, and made his legs seem not much thicker than a Bologna sausage; the toes of his shoes were as broad as his heel; his neck screwed up in a black leather collar. His face was of the true Wethersfield cut, of a mixed hue, between Dutch pink and brick dust. His nose sharp enough to have gouged the eye of a mosquito; whiskers enough to have covered his whole visage. Such is the miserable remnant of mortality, who expects to become a merchant for the next generation!*"

Caledonian Adroitness.

"ONCE on a time," a teller in one of the Glasgow banks found, at the close

of the day's transactions, that his cash was deficient to the extent of one thousand pounds. After much fruitless search, a reward of fifty pounds was offered for the recovery of the missing sum, and by and by an anonymous letter came, proposing to restore it if the reward was raised to one hundred pounds. It immediately occurred to the bank clerk to compare the disguised handwriting with that of every document which had passed through his hands on the day in question. In the process of a comparison more than once repeated, he lighted upon a draft in which he thought he could trace some indication of similarity. His next step was to have the whole of the drafts of this individual,—stretching over a considerable period, and written under every variety of circumstances,—sought out and carefully scrutinized. His suspicions were confirmed.

Being a resolute fellow, and fearing that delay might be dangerous, he supplied himself with a brace of pistols, and, with two friends on whom he could rely, took the bold step of going to the house of the suspected party, which was reached at a late hour in the evening. On obtaining a private interview, he stated blandly that he believed some mistake had taken place between them on money matters, which he was desirous should be quietly arranged. In reply, he received a flat denial of any such mistake ever having occurred.

Finding that "soft sawder" would be of no avail, the clerk altered his tactics, told him with stern and determined air that he was in no mood to be trifled with—that he had indubitable evidence of the money having been obtained by him; and, presenting his pistols, threatened to shoot him on the spot, if it were not that very instant forthcoming. Thrown off his guard by this sudden and extraordinary appeal, the poor man fell into a fit of trembling from head to toe; admitted

that one-hundred-pound notes instead of ten-pound-notes had been paid to him, and stated that they were lying concealed in the heart of one of the walls of Crookston Castle. Suspecting that some plan to escape was contemplated, the bank clerk was for a while sceptical of the truth of this statement; but at length he fell upon a method whereby he could test its truth, and, at the same time, prevent any escape—it was that of locking up his two friends along with the defaulter, while he should proceed alone to Crookston. He accordingly set out, and reached the old castle about midnight, proceeded, as directed, to remove the fourth stone from the bottom, in the corner nearest Glasgow; and there, sure enough, between two slips of wood, to protect them from damp, lay the identical notes. *That* clerk exhibited the native Caledonian grit and adroitness!

Simple Entries and Calculation— Jacob Barker's Method.

THE method of keeping account books adopted by Jacob Barker, when he was a clerk in New York, consisted in making a full explanation in the original entry, referring to it hereafter by folios, and when goods were purchased or sold for account of parties, or moneys drawn from different banks and delivered among different parties, commenced his entries with "Sundry accounts debtor to sundry accounts," debiting each receiver for what he had received, and crediting each bank or owner with their proportion of all that had been parfed with, all in one entry; and when a parcel of goods belonging to a single concern had been sold to different parties, or money drawn from a bank and divided among several persons, there was made a single entry of "Sundry accounts debtor to the party," embracing the whole without mingling it with the cash account, unless a portion of the money remained, in which case

that account became one of the sundry accounts for such residue. Mr. Barker thought that if young men wishing to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping would consider well this form of entry, and understand the principle, they would have but little more to do to acquire the whole art, nothing being more easy than to transfer such entries from the waste to the journal and from the journal to the ledger.

His plan of calculating interest was to increase the amount of each item of dollars by multiplying them by the number of days—throwing away the fractions under fifty, adding one dollar to the items where the fractions were over fifty—leaving a single sum (the balance of debits and credits) on which to calculate the interest for one day, thus having but one item on which to calculate the interest, however long the account might be, in place of calculating it on each item.

Amos Lawrence when a Clerk.

To his abstinence from liquor and tobacco, Amos Lawrence was accustomed to attribute much of his success in life. In his youth, he was accustomed, with his companions, every forenoon to make a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmegs, &c., with biscuit—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, he found himself admonished by his appetite of the approach of the hour of indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to his seniors, he declined partaking with them. His first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, he resolved to abstain for the rest of his apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During the whole period, he never drank a spoonful, though he mixed gallons daily for his old master and his customers. It

must have been a difficult thing for young Lawrence, when but a clerk, thus to form and to adhere to such a resolution—for the contempt now so frequently bestowed upon the drinker was then the portion of him who would *not* drink.

At the same time, he resolved not to use tobacco in any form, though not indifferent to the fascinations of the weed. He loved its odor in youth, and in advanced life he kept in his drawer a fine Havana cigar to smell of. He confessed to a weakness for the “scented rappee” with which those of former times were accustomed to cram their nostrils; yet he never used an ounce of snuff. He chewed but “one quid,” and that before he was fifteen.

In Pursuit of an Agreeable Business.

A YOUNG pink, sprucely brushed up, and of very genteel appearance, entered a banker's office, and with a polite air addressed the gentleman there with:

“Sir, you want a young man here, I believe?”

“Yes,” was the reply.

“Here are my recommendations,” said the young man, as he handed a paper certifying that he was worthy of confidence, etc.

The gentleman read the paper, and looked up, remarking: “We should be glad to do your friends the compliment of engaging you, and therefore you will please let me say something in regard to fitness.”

“What shall I be expected to do?” asked the young man.

“To aid in the office as opportunity may present, and to pay notes, collect drafts, &c.,” was the answer.

“I don't think collecting drafts would agree with my feelings,” replied the young man.

“Well,” quietly responded the banker, “I would not advise you to do anything against your feelings. Good morning.”

[Exit HYACINTH.]

**Brief Biographical Sketch of a
Banker's Clerk.**

THE English banker's clerk is born to a high stool. He is taught vulgar fractions, patience, and morals, in a suburban school. At fourteen he shoulders the office quill—or "Gillott's fine." He copies letters from morning till night, but has no salary; he is to be "remembered at Christmas." He is out in all weathers; and at twenty is thoroughly impervious to rain, snow, and sunshine. At last he gets forty pounds per annum. Out of that revenue he pays five pounds a year to the "Guarantee Fund." He walks five miles to business, and five miles home. He never stirs out without his umbrella. He never exceeds twenty minutes for his dinner. He drinks water—"beer gets into his head." He has three holidays a year—Christmas day and Good Friday being two of them—and even then walks to the office and back again to pass away the time. He runs about all day with a big chain round his waist, and a gouty bill-book in his breast pocket. He marries, and asks for an increase of salary. He is told "the house can do without him." He reviews every day a large array of ledgers, and has to "write up" the customers' books before he leaves. He reaches home at nine o'clock, and falls asleep over the yesterday's paper, borrowed from the public house. He reaches eighty pounds a year. He fancies his fortune is made; but small boots and shoes, and large school bills, stop him on the high road to independence, and bring him no nearer to Leviathan Rothschild. He tries to get "evening employment," but his eyes fail him. He grows old, and learns that "the firm never pensions." One morning his stool is found to be unoccupied, and a subscription is made amongst his old companions to pay the expenses of his funeral.

What is a "Flemish" Account?

THE saying or phrase "A Flemish Account" has long been current. It always means, that the sum to be received turns out less than had been expected. It is a commercial joke, familiarly bantered by clerks, and is believed to admit of explanation by reference to the early commercial transactions between the English and the Flemings, though this explanation has some pleasant variations—for example: When commerce was young, the Flemings were the great merchants of Western Europe; but those worthies were notorious, when furnishing their accounts current, for always having the balance at the right side (for themselves,) and hence arose the term.

Or it is probable that the expression may have been derived from the fact that the Flemish ell measures only three quarters of the English yard, while the English ell measures five quarters, and that thence the epithet "Flemish" was adopted as denoting something *deficient*.

The derivation of the phrase has also been traced to the word *flem*, which, in old Scotch and English, is to "run away;" in modern slang, to "make oneself scarce,"—to "levant." *Flemen* is an outcast, an outlaw. The application of the word to accounts, in certain cases, is pertinent.

Fancy Costume among the Ledgers.

AN amusing story is told of the first appearance of a new clerk in one of the ancient English banking-houses of celebrity. He was dressed in the fashion thus described: He wore a long flapped coat with large pockets; the sleeves had broad cuffs with three large buttons, somewhat like the coats worn by the Greenwich pensioners of the present day; an embroidered waistcoat reaching nearly down to his knees, with an enormous bouquet in the

button hole; a cocked hat; powdered hair, with pig-tail and bag-wig; and a ponderous gold-headed cane. The gentleman who thus made his *début* in this fancy costume was, nevertheless, possessed of the most remarkable business qualities,—so much so, that he remained in the house a great many years, and died only a few years ago at a very advanced age, much respected by his employers.

First Set of Double-Entry Books Opened in Boston.

"I PRACTISED," says Amos Lawrence, "upon the maxim, '*Business before friends*,' from the commencement of my course. During the first seven years of my business in Boston, I never allowed a bill against me to stand unsettled over the Sabbath. If the purchase of goods was made at auction on Saturday, and delivered to me, I always examined and settled the bill by note or by crediting it, and leaving it clear; so that, in case I was not on duty on Monday, there would be no trouble for my boys—thus keeping the business *before me*, instead of allowing it to *drive me*."

Mr. Lawrence had a remarkable faculty of bringing the sterling money into our currency, with any advance, by a calculation in his mind, and would give the result with great accuracy in one quarter of the time which it took most other persons to do it by figures. When employing clerks, he daily examined every entry to detect errors. He was dissatisfied with the loose way of keeping books by single entry, and, at his request, the clerk studied bookkeeping with Mr. G. Gibbs, who had just introduced the new and shorter method of double entry. The accounts were then transferred into a new set of books on this plan, during which process Mr. Lawrence manifested much anxiety, but expressed his satisfaction when the work was completed

and his clerk had succeeded in making the first trial balance come out right. This was the first set of books opened in Boston on the new system, and to Mr. Lawrence's business taste and skill is this improvement due.

Jacob Barker's Clerks at Dinner.

"WALTER BARRETT" seldom says a dry or witless thing, and, in one of his racy mercantile sketches, he expresses the opinion—as to which there can be no variance—that there is no man of whom so many wonderful things are related as of Jacob Barker. The celebrated Jacob Little, says Mr. Barrett, was once a clerk with the banker, and if young Jacob should ever get poor, he can rise again by publishing a book to be called "*Recollections of the Napoleon of Wall street*." But to the story.

Two sons of old Peter Embury, Daniel and Peter J., were clerks with the famed Jacob Barker. There were seventeen more clerks in the office. Jacob Barker had no equal, on the contrary he was superior to any money broker or banker that ever lived before, in, or since, his time. He went ahead—stopped for nothing—not even to go home to dinner. His wife sent his dinner down to his office. His clerks perfectly detested old Jacob Barker. He was a tyrant. When his dinner arrived, it would be on a tin warmer, and wrapped up in a towel. This would be placed on his desk, and then Jacob would sit and eat it, the clerks laughing and making faces at each other in a quiet, subdued way. Sometimes old Jacob would not be in when the dinner arrived. In such a case one of the clerks—who was a great wag—would take Jacob's place, and while he took off the broker in first rate style, amidst screams of laughter from the admiring clerks, would also positively eat up the dinner—put the dishes aside, and Jacob

would suppose the dinner had not come. But on one occasion, when this dinner scene was being enacted, old Jacob popped in, and witnessed almost the entire performance before his presence was discovered by the principal performer. "Oh, don't let me interrupt you—eat on," said Jacob. The clerk slid. He was not discharged, but remained with Jacob until he went into business on his own account.

Mr. Barker was a remarkably driving man. If he had an appointment with a man, he waited just five minutes, and not a second longer; then, if the man with whom he had the appointment did not come, Mr. Barker left, and never after would he make an appointment with the same man. At one time, he was indicted for conspiracy, in connection with some stock-jobbing affairs. Hugh Maxwell was the district attorney in those gay days. Barker plead his own case. He was so successful that it gave him the first idea he ever entertained that he was capable of becoming a clever lawyer. In after years he went to New Orleans, studied law regularly, and made it his profession. Jacob was also a good pilot, and he frequently piloted his own ships out to sea. He did this for two reasons: the first was, that he saved the pilotage; and the second, he believed that he could do it better and with more safety to his ships than any professed pilot could do. Fitz Greene Halleck, the celebrated poet, was the cashier of Jacob Barker for many years.

"One Thing Needful" in a Clerk.

If a vacancy occurs in a New York jobbing or importing house in the dry goods trade, the first question likely to be proposed to the applicant for the place is, "How many goods can you sell?" If the answer is fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, that settles the question; and the young man is

accepted. Of course he must not steal, and he is therefore charged by his new employer, that "honesty is the best policy." If he drinks, even to intoxication, when away from business, it is a matter of some regret,—but, after all, of no very great consequence, provided he will sell his "fifty thousand."

A large and very respectable dry goods establishment in New York thought best to dispense with one of these "fifty thousand" salesmen, because he would get drunk on brandy. Every few days, in spite of all appeal and expostulation, he would disgrace both himself and his employers in this way, but, notwithstanding, in the course of a year he would sell *more* than his "fifty thousand."

Well, this young man, with a bold face, sought another situation among the merchant princes. He declared emphatically that he could sell his fifty thousand. The engagement was concluded, and, as a mere matter of form, the merchant prince sent his confidential clerk to inquire about the integrity of his new salesman. He was told that the young man could sell his "fifty thousand" easily, but that every now and then he would get drunk on brandy. This fact was faithfully communicated to headquarters. "He drinks brandy, does he?"—said the merchant prince; "is that *all* you can find against him? He'll do. Why, I drink brandy myself—that's no objection!" The salesman's ability to sell his "fifty thousand" was the one thing needful for the success of his application; and that he possessed.

Overpaying a Check.

A QUAKER once presented a check for three hundred pounds at a banker's in London, and the cashier paid him four hundred. The Friend discovered the error, and in the usual quaint manner of his class addressed the cashier, saying: "Friend, hast thee not made a

mistake?" but the cashier, being very busy, gave no heed to the question. In a few minutes it was repeated with like success, and it was not till after the question had been put for the third time, that the cashier deigned to ask in a somewhat haughty tone to what he alluded. The Friend, with much humility, said: "I wanted from thee three hundred pounds, and thou hast given me four hundred. I have been desirous to draw thy attention to the mistake, but could not until now induce thee to regard me. Here is the one hundred back again." The cashier, as may be supposed, was overwhelmed with shame at this quiet though pointed rebuke.

Nice Lesson for Retail Salesmen.

A YOUNG lady having entered a dry goods store, politely requested to be shown a certain article. An impatient clerk, in a churlish manner, obeyed her wishes. "What's the price?" asked she. "Three dollars," was the unceremonious reply. "*Three dollars!*" exclaimed the maiden in surprise; "how very high your prices are!" "They're cheap enough, if you'll only *imagine* so!" was the surly reply. "Well, you may wrap it up for me, and I will take it," said the lady. The article was accordingly packed, and Miss Sweetpretty, taking it in her hands, was leaving the store; but the alarmed clerk, running after her, exclaimed: "Madame, you have not paid me!" "Oh, yes, I have, *if you'll only imagine so,*" she archly replied.

Bubble-Bank Book-keeping Taught in Six Lessons.

PROFESSOR MCDOOAL, B.B., G. U. J. S. S. (Blower of Bubbles and Getter Up of Joint Stock Swindles), begs to acquaint the swell nobility, light-fingered gentry, and the hard-up public generally, that he continues to give instructions

in the Art of Book-keeping, as applied to bubble banks and other joint stock swindles.

Having for some years devoted his most careful attention to the subject, the professor can with confidence recommend his system (which is founded nominally upon the Scotch, but differs from it widely in its integrity and principles) as being at once safe, simple, and effective. It is remarkable especially for the facilities it offers for cooking the accounts, as it entirely prevents any possibility of checking them. It allows, therefore, of overdrawing without danger of detection, and at the same time offers most peculiar advantages to those who may avail themselves of this directors' privilege, and may be afterward accused of having fraudulently done so. By its complete mystification of all matters of account, it will enable any so calumniated person to declare that he was totally unconscious how his debt really stood, and defy the most expert accountant to make out the contrary. The professor guarantees, moreover, from his personal experience, that no unpleasant consequences ever will result from this or any other advantages of his system,—the liability of those who practise it being strictly limited in all respects to the harmless jurisdiction of the civil courts.

To clerks of gentlemanly habits and expenses, the professor's system will be found invaluable; as it will enable them, by the opportunities it affords for perquisites, to live on a salary of a hundred a year, in the style and at the rate at least of a couple of thousand. But it is to managers, perhaps, that the professor's method will be found most advantageous, since it suffers them to "do" what and whom they please—an operation which is much facilitated by the professor's plan of double-shuffle entry, which, by the addition of a private "little book" to those which are kept for public business and inspection,

greatly assists the managers in all matters of subtraction.

Playing Even.

JONES was an Oregon merchant, smoked a great many cigars, and prided himself upon the accuracy and infallibility of his business capacities. He never was known to make more than one error in business calculation, and that was not *his* fault particularly. In sending an order to San Francisco for beans, he added a cipher more than he intended, and thereby ordered and received fourteen thousand pounds, or seven tons, instead of fourteen hundred pounds. The merchants all had their sport about his seven tons of "regular beans," and he bore it meekly, but awaited an opportunity to "play even," by turning the tables on them. The time finally arrived for him to prove beyond cavil that he was not the only merchant capable of erring, and he seized the opportunity to vindicate his long-established reputation for acute reasoning. He had ordered some cigars from a Crescent City merchant, and when the bill came, with a short note appended, his visage brightened for once, and he hastened to expose, for twenty-five cents a sight, "the greatest blunder ever exhibited;" if not, he would return the money. He had taken in only \$2 50, when the literal copy was exhibited, and was as follows: "MR. JONES,—Yours received, and contents noted. I send you the best I have now. On the *Columbia*, I get about fifty *mille* of the best selected, and trust to get your further orders.—Yours, M. GOLDMAN." "That, sir," said Jones, "is the very richest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard of! *Fifty millions* of cigars! Why, sir, just think of it! At forty dollars per thousand, they would amount to two hundred million of dollars—more, sir, than all Oregon is worth! *That* beats the beans!"

Railway Clerks—a Burlesque.

THE railway clerk dresses smartly. He is a friend of a director, or the cousin of a large shareholder. Business with him is quite a secondary consideration. He opens at five minutes before the train, and closes it the minute the clock has struck. He will take your money if you want a ticket, but mind—he is not answerable for any mistake. He has no time to count change, or answer questions about trains, or attend to stupid people who come inquiring about the persons who were killed by yesterday's accident. It is not his business. He cannot attend to every one at once, and he runs his diamond fingers through his rich, Macassared hair. It's really no fault of his if you lose the train—you ought to have come sooner; and then he pares off, with a very pretty penknife, a sharp corner that pains the symmetry of one of his filbert nails. What should *he* know about "dogs?"—you had better inquire at the luggage train. You can write to the newspapers, by all means, if you like: the newspapers don't pay him. The parcels are not in *his* department—the porters can perhaps tell. He is very sorry he has no change for a twenty-dollar bill—he has no doubt you can get it round the corner. He yawns all the morning, his eyes are only half open at eight o'clock, and his white waistcoat betrays his dreadful impatience to get to the opera, as the time draws slowly toward the mail train. What he does between the dreary intervals, as we cannot peep over the walls of mahogany into the small circle of his duties, we cannot tell. On a Sunday, however, his usual amiability deserts him. His cambric shirt is beautifully smooth, but his temper is sadly ruffled. The excursions upset him. The number of absurd questions annoy him. He wonders how people can be so foolish, and at last makes a resolution not to answer

any more inquiries; and the railway clerk knows his own dignity too well not to keep it. He only stares; but occasionally troubles himself to the utmost of his abilities to give a nod that may express "Yes," or "No," just as the person pleases. Beyond this, the railway clerk is as obliging as most clerks; he is also very good-looking, and after coming out of an omnibus on a wet day, is quite pleasant to look at. In the heat of summer he looks cool—in the depths of winter he always appears warm and comfortable. He is really a pattern of politeness to ladies, and smiles most condescendingly to pretty girls, displaying his gallantry and white teeth in a thousand little ways. He was evidently intended by nature as an ornament to a tea-party, or born to grace a pic-nic.

Rich Reward of Integrity.

DURING the last century, a London merchant, somewhat remarkable for absence of mind, left his counting-house for the bank, with a large sum of money, which he intended depositing there; on reaching Lombard street, he found his pocket cut, and his pocket-book missing. He immediately suspected that his pocket had been picked of all his money, and going back, mentioned the circumstance to his clerk. What, however, was his astonishment, at finding that he had left the money behind, and that though his pocket-book had been taken from him, yet it contained nothing but a few papers of but little consequence. Pleased with the integrity of his clerk, who handed him the money he thought he had lost, he promised him a handsome present; but neglecting to fulfil his promise was reminded of it. Unwilling to part with money, he gave the clerk one of two lottery tickets he had purchased. This ticket drew a prize of twenty thousand pounds, which the clerk made use of as his capital in going into business, and

soon rose to great eminence and wealth as a merchant.

Good Supply in Prospect.

A LADY inquired at a city dry goods store, some time ago, for whalebone. The clerk in attendance produced bundle after bundle, as the fair customer successively rejected the article submitted for inspection. The whalebone was all too short, by several feet, for the purpose desired. But the clerk, not to be outdone, made another search through the store, in hope of discovering the article of the desired longitude. He was unsuccessful, and flatly "broke" his chagrin to the lady in a polite speech to the effect "that the extraordinary expansion of the ladies causing so great a demand for long whalebones, all the big whales had been killed and used up, and there were none but little ones now in the ocean—but, madam, we have some superior ones growing, and shall soon have the best supply in the market."

Moustaches in the Bank.

SOMEHOW or other, there is in the English Gentile world—as distinguished from the Jewish—an antagonism between moustaches and money; oddly enough, pounds, shillings, and pence, will have nothing to do with the least assertion of the "tip." The young men of our generation have been exhorted to lay down their razors and to take up with moustaches; many unsophisticated enthusiasts have answered to the appeal with somewhat of the vigor of a Samson, putting, as it may be, the hairiest or downiest countenance upon the movement. On this, the tyranny of bare-faced Mammon asserts itself in Mammon's very highest place—yea, in its golden pulpit. Gallant young clerks of the Bank of England were beginning to grow good promissory notes of moustaches, when Mammon, looking

upon those hirsute shootings, cried—“Shave, young men: shave, or resign.” This is a hard, tyrannous fact. The youths of England, intrusted with the treasures of the Bank, were ordered by a certain day to present clean faces, or else a fairly-written resignation. The clerks did both: that is, they one and all exhibited their resignation, by sacrificing the objectionable hair. And this in a free country—a clerk not allowed to keep his moustaches and his place!

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One of his “Little Specs.”

WHEN Jacob Barker was a clerk to Mr. Hicks, of New York, he early displayed that peculiar aptitude for speculation which subsequently distinguished his career as a merchant. One day, Mr. Hicks was ascending the stairs in full view of a lot of soap which had been very long on hand, and remarked, “Jacob, why does thee not sell that soap?” The reply was, “For the want of an applicant. I will purchase it at eight cents if thee will give me four months’ credit and allow me to send it as an adventure to the Havana.” Mr. Hicks replied, in his rapid manner: “Take it, take it; I am tired of the sight of it.”

It was shipped by a fast schooner, commanded by Capt. Daniel Waterman, about sailing for the Havana, at the time when the British were capturing and sending into New Providence all vessels in that trade, depriving the inhabitants of their accustomed supplies. Capt. W. returned safely in six weeks, bringing back *fifty cents per pound in specie* for the soap. The money was brought to the office, and Jacob was engaged in counting it, when Mr. Hicks, coming in from breakfast, inquired, “What’s all this?” The reply was, “Money for the soap, and I am now ready to pay for it, although not due for more than two months.” Mr. H. appeared quite pleased with his

young clerk’s success, and passed on. This, it may be presumed, is one of what Jacob would call his “little specs.”

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Countryman and Clerk.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.’s store, with very angry looks; he had left a team in the street, and held a good stick in his hand. “Mr. M.” said the angry countryman, “I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home, they were more than half walnuts; and *that’s* the young villain that I bought ’em of,”—pointing to John.

“John,” said Mr. M., “did you sell the man walnuts for nutmegs?”

“No, sir,” was the ready answer.

“You lie, you little villain,” said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

“The fact is, he does tell a great many lies,” said Mr. M. “and I don’t know what to do with him;” and with this license to his enraged feelings, the countryman made at John with his good stick, which compelled him to scamper up a flight of stairs, throwing down the scuttle after him, that, in its fall, crushed the countryman’s hat over his eyes, and nothing allayed his wrath. These scuttle doors were, in those days, common in warehouses, at the heads of stairs, instead of casements built around them as now; and John briskly fastened it down, and kept the countryman from following him—not, however, without having got two or three licks of the sternly-applied good stick across his legs and thighs, as he went up the stairs.

Mr. M., who had just come into the store, withdrew to the counting-room, but with scarcely repressed laughter, determined to let things take their course, while the rest of them were enjoying John’s predicament, and the general confusion, with great glee. When, however, Mr. M. saw that the

countryman was foiled, and was still complaining of the abuse, while John was secure in his beleaguered position, he came out again, and told the countryman that, if he had been imposed upon, it should be made up to him, trouble and all.

John, who overheard what was said, now came to the hoistway, and rubbing his thighs at the same time, said: "If the goose had taken the trouble to weigh his nutmegs, he would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*."

"Oh, you gave them to him, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"You were certainly very considerate," said Mr. M., turning away, and unable to repress a sympathy with John's mirth.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

The fact is, John had thrown in the handful of walnuts unobserved, and enjoyed beforehand all the countryman's disappointment and rage when he should see them, but without anticipating the *good stick* feature of the case.

Language and Business Letters of Rothschild.

THE language which Mr. Rothschild could use when his anger overbalanced his discretion was what must be called a license allowed to his wealth; and he who, when placed in a position which almost compelled him to subscribe to a pressing charity, could exclaim to his clerk, "Here, write a check, I have made a — fool of myself!" was courted and caressed by the clergy, was feted and flattered by the peer, was treated as an equal by the first minister of the crown, and more than worshipped by those whose names stood foremost on the roll of commercial aris-

ocracy—not, of course, because of his personal worth, but because of the wealth in his breeches.

His mode of dictating letters to his commercial correspondents was characteristic of a mind entirely absorbed in money-making, to the exclusion of all amenities and compliments—even such as business men sometimes, for the sake of courtesy and mutual good feeling, refresh themselves with; and his ravings, when he found a bill unexpectedly protested, were translated by the clerk into mercantile language, ere they were fit to meet a correspondent's eye. There was, however, an occasional gleam of humor in him, sternly as his thoughts were devoted to heaping up riches. "I am as much as you," he said to the Duc de Montmorenci, when his title was granted: "you style yourself the first Christian baron, and I am the first Jew baron."

Squaring Accounts among the Celestials.

It is the custom among the Celestials, once a year or oftener, to close all their accounts of a business character. The summer, or fifth month of the Chinese year,—the dragon boat festival, eighth month,—the winter solstice, or eleventh month,—and the new year, these are the epochs of settlement adopted by a large number of the business men. But in any case, the commencement of the new year must find every merchant free of all debt, otherwise he is not permitted to open his store for a fresh campaign. The intense anxiety of the merchants thus to begin the year solvent in their various business relations, will often prevent a manufacturer from taking a contract at the end of the year, lest the dreaded new year day should find him without sufficient ready cash to liquidate all his debts.

This peculiar custom gives origin to a kind of festival among buyers, and especially among foreigners, who wish

to make good bargains. The pressing necessities of those native merchants who find a deficit in their treasury, to meet the demands of creditors, drive them to sell—and sometimes at an immense sacrifice—objects of luxury or *virtu*, or whatever else, in the shape of embroideries and clothing, they may have, not essential to life. This is generally effected on new year's eve. On that evening, different streets in the city are occupied on either side by rows of such goods, exhibited for sale in temporary stalls, or even on the bare ground, all the sellers being clothed in blue. Side by side stand the common calico-clad dealers, whose whole stock seems to be scarce worth a dollar, and the satin-embroidered merchant, with articles of rarest taste and elegance. There may be seen the Chinaman who has a dollar or two in cash beyond his debts, and the foreigner, both anxious to secure bargains at the expense of the needy sellers.

How a Dry-Goods Clerk lost his Place.

A GENTLEMAN in the country placed his son with a dry-goods merchant in Boston, and, for a season, all went on well. But at length the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked to his customer, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk." This spoiled the bargain.

But the employer overheard the remark; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself: "Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the care of an honest clerk." But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home—for, said he, "He will never make a merchant." The father, who had brought up his son with faithful care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to

the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient.

Said the anxious father, "And why will he not make a merchant?" "Because," said the employer, "he has no tact; he *voluntarily* told a lady who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover 'flaws,' it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence." "And is this all the fault?" "Yes; he is very well in other respects." "Well, I prize my son more than ever; and I thank you, sir, for telling me of the matter. I would not have him in your employ another day, for all your store contains."

Philadelphia Clerk and his Bible.

IN the same office with Mr. Inglis, of Philadelphia, was a young gentleman in whom he took great interest. He was a young man of fine character and talents, but inclining to infidelity. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and her only support. He was devoted to her happiness. By degrees his health, through constant application to business, was wasting away. His friend, Mr. Inglis, urged him to remit his labors, and take a journey. The reply was, that his circumstances forbade it. He had saved nothing, and his mother needed all his salary after meeting his own personal wants. The answer was:

"But you must go. You will die if you do not. What will become of your mother then?"

The young man sadly shook his head.

"Then I will tell you what I will do. You are aware of my rapidity in business. I can do your work and mine too. I will take your place while you are gone, and pay over the salary to your mother, and when you return give it up to you again. The sole condition of this is, that you will accept this Bi-

ble (taking a pocket Bible from his desk), and read a chapter in it every day."

With deep emotion the book was received and the promise given. The youth took his departure, and Mr. Inglis fulfilled his part of the engagement faithfully. But the invalid was past all human remedy—the disease was too deeply seated; so, after prolonging his absence much beyond the supposed period, he finally died. But he left encouraging evidence that the Bible had been attended with the profit desired by the giver.

After his death, the directors of the insurance company said that, as Mr. Inglis had faithfully and satisfactorily performed the double duties, henceforth the double office and the double pay should be his.

Reward of Business Fidelity.

MR. CUTHBERT, a merchant in the East Indies, of world-wide repute, had a clerk who was taken very ill, and became unusually thoughtful and melancholy. Mr. Cuthbert inquired the cause of his uneasiness. The young man replied that he was not afraid to die, but had a mother and two sisters in England, to whom he had been accustomed to send one hundred pounds every year, and his only regret at dying was, that they would be left destitute. Mr. Cuthbert begged him to make his mind perfectly easy on that account, as he would take care of his mother and sisters. He was as good as his word, for he immediately went to his attorney, and executed a deed, granting an annuity of one hundred pounds a year, in favor of the mother and her two daughters, during their joint lives, and with the benefit of survivorship. He then sent the bond to his clerk, who, clasping it in his hands, uttered a hearty exclamation of gratitude, and at once closed his eyes in death.

Oiling the Joints of Business.

It is oftentimes better for the harmony and success of men in business not to make too great a matter out of a small one, when anything happens which may temporarily derange the details of business. Budgett, the famous English merchant, was noted for the smooth and easy way in which he disposed of business discrepancies and annoyances, and says he found his account in thus doing, in the end.

"Well, what's the matter?" said he to one of his clerks, "I understand you can't make your cash quite right." "No, sir." "How much are you short?" "Eight pounds, sir." "Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what is right and honorable; it is some mistake—and you won't let it happen again. Take this, and make your account straight." The young man sees the proffered paper—an order for ten pounds—and he brightens up, as full of admiration and good resolve as he had previously felt anxiety.

Now, what is the next matter. This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. "Oh! I have had such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You will not, I'm sure, let that occur again." It certainly did not occur again.

Thus, with the greatest despatch matter after matter was settled in this way—without the "grievous words, which stir up anger"—and all who belonged to his office went to work as if some one had oiled their joints.

Pictorial Bookkeeping.

AN old trader, whose father attended more to teaching his son the methods of accumulating money than knowledge, lived some time since in a town in one of the Eastern States. From application and industry, he had amassed a property of about twenty thousand

dollars; and although not able either to read or write, he never hired a clerk, but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented some few pictorial characters for the purpose of conveying his ideas to himself and others; they were formed as nearly similar to the shape of the article sold as the nature of the circumstances would admit. One day a customer of his called on him for the purpose of settling his account; the book of *hieroglyphics* was handed down, and the merchant commenced with, "such a time you had a gallon of rum, and such a time a pound of tea—such a time a gallon of molasses, and such a time a cheese." "Stop there," says the customer; "I never had a cheese from you or any other person—I make my own cheese." "You certainly must have had it," said the merchant; "it is down in my book." The other still denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a promiscuous bantering of pros and cons, upon recollection, he informed him that he believed he had purchased a *grindstone* about that time. "It is the very thing," said the merchant, "and I must have forgotten to put *the hole in the middle*."

Reforming instead of Destroying.

AN instructive case for merchants and others engaged in business occurred in Boston, where the city constable traced a large quantity of stolen goods to a young clerk in one of the large wholesale stores in the vicinity of Milk street, and in which establishment business to the amount perhaps of a million or more is carried on during the year. The officer in the first place informed the young man of his detection, and he acknowledged his crime. He then went to a member of the firm and informed him also of what had taken place. The merchant seemed troubled; said that the boy had for some time been with him, and to all

appearance was a faithful clerk; that he had sole control of a room containing one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, with several lads under him, and further stated that he paid him three and a half dollars per week for his services. The officer asked if the young man did not pay nearly that amount for board, washing, &c. The merchant acknowledged that he probably did. He then called the clerk down, and asked him to confess the whole truth, which he did, with tears in his eyes, and promises of reformation. The merchant then told the officer that he wanted time to consider as to his course. When the officer called again, the young man was found still continuing at his old employment—with this difference, that his pay had been increased to six dollars per week. The officer asked how the boy got along, to which his master replied, "Admirably, admirably; I have not a better servant in the store." Thus ended the matter, the young man still continuing in his position, with the firm intention to deserve, by his future good character, the confidence which, perhaps, he so little deserved by his previous course. This conduct on the part of the employer was thus the means of reforming his clerk; while exposure and dismissal would in all probability have destroyed him.

Getting Rich by Bookkeeping.

IN old times, it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence currency. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of that city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds—a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable inde-

pendence. His place of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof.

This merchant had a clerk in his employment, whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion, the balance showed to the credit of the business some six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. "It canna be," said he; "ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beesness as this represents." The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was "a' right," and that he was willing to wager his salary on its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. "I didna think," said he, "that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had thought, and I'll na' quarrel wi' mysel' for being worth sax thousand instead."

At early candlelight, the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting room alone, to look for the error; but every stage of the examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth "sax thousand pounds." Stimulated by this addition to his wealth,

he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and, with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegances, consistent with the condition of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down, build up, and beautify; and in a short time the gloomy residence in Stone street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all the neighbors.

The doubts of the old man would, however, still obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined, once more, to make a most searching examination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient and investigating spirit of a man *determined* to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one "item" in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it—he had found it! With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broadbrimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk in Wall street, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the loud alarm. The dismayed clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper window, and demanded "Wha's there?" "It's *me*, you dom scoundrel!" said the frenzied merchant; "*ye've added up the year of our Laird with the pounds.*" Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord in a certain place among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant to nearly two thousand pounds beyond its actual amount.

Two Clerks in a Quarrel.

SOMETHING in the way of a quarrel once took place between two clerks—Jonas and Jonathan—in a merchant's counting house. The quarrel was of little importance in itself, for it was merely as to the quantity of work that each had to do. The merchant had given six letters to be copied. Jonas said that each should copy three: Jonathan said that, as they were not of the same length, one should copy four and the other two. They disputed violently about it, and from words came to blows. Jonas beat Jonathan severely, and Jonathan vowed that he would be revenged. In this determination he persevered, and it was a part of his every day's thoughts how he could injure Jonas.

Jonas kept what is called the "petty cash" in the merchant's counting room, that is, he was charged with the payment of all the small sums for the ordinary expenses of the business, and was settled with by the merchant every week, on his producing the accounts, and the vouchers for payment when any receipts were given. Jonas was particularly careful to keep his documents in order, and Jonathan, who knew Jonas's pride in having his cash book right, determined to do all that he could to embarrass and confuse him. Whenever Jonathan could lay his hands upon any voucher that Jonas wanted, to show that his accounts were regular, he took the opportunity, when nobody was present, either to burn or otherwise destroy it. This was a great trial to Jonas, and especially when, on three succeeding Saturdays, instead of receiving the merchant's accustomed praise, he was reprimanded for negligence. Jonas protested that he had been as careful as usual, but could not conceive how the documents had disappeared. He determined, in future, to lock them up, instead of leaving them under the leads of the desk, as

he had hitherto done. The next week, all Jonas's accounts were as correct as usual, and all the vouchers in order, and his tranquillity returned.

But this did not last long, for Jonathan, finding that he had not succeeded in his ill-natured attempt, was resolved to injure Jonas even more seriously; and one day, when Jonas had gone to the docks, and had by accident left the key in his desk, Jonathan took a bank note out of the cash book which Jonas had kept there, and concealed it in another part of the desk.

Jonas came back, and put the keys in his pocket—he did not even recollect that he had put them in the desk; but the next day, when he opened his desk to count the money in his cash box, the bank note was found missing. This was, indeed, a sad discovery; he racked his brains to remember whether he had made any payments that he had not entered. He inquired of Jonathan whether he had seen him pay any money away. Jonathan professed to feel for his distress, while, in fact, he was rejoicing in it; and he was delighted, indeed, when he heard the merchant, in his private room, severely reproaching Jonas for his growing carelessness. A few weeks after, Jonas, having occasion to ransack his desk for some papers, found the missing bank note, and supposed that he had, by accident, stowed it away with other papers. He told his good fortune to the merchant; the latter recommended more caution in future.

Jonathan now tried a little bolder game. It was Jonas's duty to take the letters to the post office. One day, a letter of great importance, containing a bill of exchange for a large amount, was missing. The merchant had, as usual, intrusted the correspondence to Jonas's care, and had left the city for his country abode. Next day, the first inquiry, when the merchant came, was, whether said letter had been despatched. Jonas burst into tears, and said

that the letter with the remittance was not to be found. "What!" said the merchant, with extreme displeasure, "*that* letter missing?"—and, quickly scanning the floor, he saw the identical letter at Jonas's feet, wet and dirty, as if it had been trampled on. This had been also Jonathan's doing. He had concealed the letter the night before; he had flung it, unperceived—having himself trodden upon it—under Jonas's desk.

In this way many months passed. Jonathan managed with so much cunning as to be undiscovered in his malice; but things went on so ill, that finally the merchant dismissed them both.

Years rolled by, and Jonas and Jonathan had become merchants themselves; but nothing could eradicate from Jonathan's mind the determination to injure, and, if possible, ruin Jonas. And he at last accomplished it, though his own ruin was the consequence. He undermined the credit of Jonas, by indirect insinuations as to his affairs, by doubts and innuendos, and shrugs of the shoulder; and, by a succession of unfounded reports and malevolently expressed suspicions, Jonas's reputation as a merchant suffered, and bankruptcy took place. Some of the statements by which Jonas had been injured were, however, traced to Jonathan. He was prosecuted for damages, convicted, and his own insolvency followed soon.

London Trade Report.

A LONDON journal thus enters into the facetiæ of mercantile nomenclature in its Trade Report:—Beer is still flat in your own jugs, and seidlitz powders are on the rise everywhere. Bones are steady, at two pence for three pounds; and wine bottles are in demand at five farthings. New milk from the cow has become dearer since the recent extraordinary rise in chalk; and as far as the

wine trade is concerned, the champagne dealers have been playing old gooseberry. The tea trade is looking up on account of the unhealthy appearance of the hedges; and the arrival of four barges laden with sand has produced a powerful effect on inferior sugar. Butter is not so firm as it has been during the severe weather; and the new-laid eggs having been released from bond, where they have remained for some time, preserved in lime, are a good deal lower than our last quotations. Pigs were quite stationary when taken by the leg, and dealers who went the whole hog got enormous prices.

The business done in the vegetable market has been limited. Potatoes have suffered from a disease in the kidneys, and the growers have been fairly beaten out of the field for want of champions. Parsley was firm at a half-penny a sprig, and a good deal of thyme was lost by a misunderstanding among the principal dealers. Rhubarb was flat during the rains, but rallied at the end of the week on account of the fine weather. Horseradish was in a feverish state until the close of business; and a few transactions in onions under the very eyes of some inexperienced persons, produced a very powerful effect on their mode of looking at the market in general. Roasted chestnuts *without the coupons* were uncommonly active at first handling, but those who failed to exercise caution in this investment only burnt their fingers. Spanish (nuts) were freely taken—while the owners turned their backs—by some doubtful parties in the market; and grapes were exceedingly sour and unseasonable, at a shilling a pound, to those who could not purchase them. Asparagus is looking up, and radishes are taking a downward direction. Peas were almost nothing at the opening; and new potatoes were buoyant in the basket, but turned out rather heavy at the settling.

Oysters were dull at the opening,

but went down rapidly soon after. Flounders were of course flat, but to the surprise of every one they showed an inclination to come round toward the afternoon, and there were one or two transactions in whelks, but they were of a comparatively insignificant character. Lobsters' claws were lazy at the opening, but closed heavily, and those who had a hand in them would gladly have been released if such a course had been possible.

Very little is doing in calico, though several extraordinary shifts are being made by some of the manufacturers. Inferior stuffs have not gone down since the speech of Mr. Ferrand, but fustian for parliamentary use is a good deal sought after. Coarse material is much wanted for the newspaper press, which has had a glut of the raw article; and the latter is now considered so flimsy that it may be seen through—which entirely defeats the object it is intended for.

Money was very plentiful in the city this morning, and the man at the crossing near the bank carried off a large sum at the clearing. Mohair stock was not very buoyant, but gloves were easy at eighteen pence a pair and upward. Coats were nominally heavy, but were found much lighter on being weighed; and eggs, though they looked very promising yesterday, opened very badly this morning, purchasers exhibiting considerable shyness. In spices there was very little done; but a party suffered greatly who had been keeping too close an eye to pepper.

Improving a Banker's Broth.

JEMMY TAYLOR, noted as one of the sharpest and most successful, as well as miserly, English stockbrokers of the last century, once graciously invited two of the clerks of a fellow banker to take "pot luck" with him. On paying their respects to him, therefore, at his residence,—though with no intention

to dine,—these rollicking bucks found the old boy boiling a solitary mutton chop, in an ocean of water, to make, what he called, some "comfortable" broth for himself, and his boon friend, old Daniel Dancer, whom he expected.

After some complimentary solicitations, the two "benders" humorously prevailed upon him to fetch a pot of porter, and, while he was gone, they threw some stray pieces of his half-penny candles into his cookery—which, no doubt, ameliorated the scantiness of the culinary mess, and made it more delectable to those old hunks, who, as appears from the sequel, devoured it with keen appetites, cordially uniting in their commendations of its *unusual* richness.

But the next time Jemmy Taylor met those two larks upon 'change, the skinflint banker stoutly accused them of theft and robbery, in stealing his candles, and grew warm in his denunciation of their knavery. The clerks, however, immediately cleared themselves of the charge, by solemnly declaring to the perspiring miser, that they had only committed them to the pot, at the bottom of which he would find the wicks, if his hunger had not swallowed them.

Jemmy was bred a weaver, but afterward became a banker, which "trade" he pursued with such usurious keenness, that he was not long in amassing a fortune such as is attained by only a few.

Apprehended Embezzlements.

CLERKS have of late years been playing fast and loose to such an enormous extent with their employers' money and property, that it has become extremely difficult to know whom to trust. Apprehensions have for some time been entertained that the clerk of the weather will be hard up next, as having been engaged in some act of embezzlement, his course having been



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Eng. by W. J. Johnson.

W. Lamb

very erratic for some time past, so much so indeed as to have excited very general remark. It is hinted that he may be taken up on a charge of having been in the habit, for years past, of skimming the milky way and appropriating the cream to his own use. If we were Saturn, we certainly should count our rings every night to see that none of them were missing.

Hitting the Nail on the Head.

CHARLES LAMB'S description of his sensation on being emancipated from his daily labor as a clerk in the "India House" hits the nail on the head. He says: "It was like passing from life into eternity. I wandered about, *thinking* I was happy, but *feeling* that I was not. When all is holiday there are no holidays. Think of this, thou man of sudden wealth; and if it shall so chance that thou hast been a tallow chandler in thy days of usefulness, make a clause in thy bill of sale that shall reserve to thee the right of still assisting at the 'factory' on 'melting days.'"

Filling a Grocer's Order.

A CINCINNATI grocer's house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that the article could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out to a customer, acquainting him with the fact, and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons," (the wagoner usually sent.) The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common with merchants' clerks of late years, and the most important word, "cranberries," he failed altogether to make out, but he plainly read, "100 bushels persimmons." As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering it, and the wagoner made his appear-

ance in due time, in Cincinnati, with eighty bushels, all that the wagon bed would hold, and a line from the country dealer stating that the remainder would follow, the next trip. An explanation soon ensued, but the customer insisted that the clerk of the Cincinnati house should have written "*by Simmons*," and not "*per Simmons*."

Ruin produced by Bad Reckoning.

A VERY deserving trader was ruined by his miscalculations respecting mercantile discounts—a subject requiring, at all times and in every branch of commerce, the close and intimate knowledge of an experienced accountant.

The article he manufactured he at first supplied to retail dealers at a large profit of about thirty per cent. He afterward confined his trade almost exclusively to large wholesale houses, to whom he charged the same price, but under discount of twenty per cent., believing that he was still realizing ten per cent. for his own profit. His trade was very extensive; and it was not until after some years that he discovered the fact, that in the place of making ten per cent. profit, as he imagined, by this mode of making his sales, he was realizing only four per cent. To £100 value of goods he added thirty per cent., and invoiced them at £130. At the end of each month, in the settlement of accounts, amounting to some thousands of pounds sterling with individual houses, he deducted twenty per cent., or twenty-six on each one hundred and thirty pounds, leaving one hundred and four net for every one hundred pounds' value of goods at prime cost, in place of one hundred and ten pounds as he all along expected.

Dexterity of Specie Clerks.

UPON an occasion when a large amount of bank notes was required, a

clerk in the Bank of England is stated to have signed his name, consisting of seven letters, including the initial of his Christian name, five thousand three hundred times during eleven working hours, and he also arranged the notes he had signed in parcels of fifty each. It is an interesting fact, which also may be mentioned in this connection, that when the hand or the head has been for some time occupied in any kind of special work, it cannot instantly change its employment with full effect. The muscles of the limbs employed have acquired a flexibility during their exertion—and those to be put into action a stiffening during rest—which renders every change slow and unequal in the commencement. A similar result likewise takes place in any change of mental exertion; the attention bestowed on the new subject is not so perfect at the first commencement as it becomes after some exercise.

Commercial "Drummers" or Traveling Clerks.

NOT an uninteresting feature of the internal traffic of Great Britain, and the same may apply in a good degree to our own land, is the system commonly termed commercial travelling. Formerly, almost every commercial house of any note, employed one or more agents or clerks, whose business it was to travel about the country and procure custom for their principals. The system, wherever pursued at present, is substantially the same now as then.

The commercial traveller—as this kind of agent or clerk is denominated—is generally a young and very shrewd individual, possessing great suavity of manner, and a remarkable ability to suit himself readily to all the varied modes of his various customers. Furnished by his principals with choice samples of their goods, he steps into his conveyance, and with a light heart commences his circuit. It is not con-

sidered unusual if nearly a year elapses before he returns to his employers. At each town upon his route, he tarries at the principal inn, where he is sure to find a hearty welcome. After thus enconcing himself in comfortable quarters, he arranges his samples, and, if it be forenoon, puts them under his arm and issues forth to visit the shopkeepers in the place. Wherever he goes, he is met with cordiality. Like all travellers, he is full of anecdote, and has at his command the rarest news of his time. None are more glad to see him than the shopkeepers' wives and daughters. To these he imparts the most recent scandal and the latest fashions, and thus affords them subjects for gossip until his next visit to the town. To the tradesman he lauds his samples with all the eloquence and ingenuity of which he is capable, and seldom leaves them without making considerable bargains in behalf of his principals. He then collects money due on former purchases, and, if in convenient shape, forwards the funds, together with his customers' orders for goods, by mail, to his employers.

With few exceptions, these drummers, or clerks, are an intelligent, conscientious, whole-souled company. Generous, convivial, and full of anecdote, the mercantile agent is a good companion, and his conversation never fails to make glad and jocund the society where he mingles. In his continuous journeying about the country, he has mixed with all classes, and gleaned information of all kinds and from all sources—humorous and grave, light and substantial. His temperament is mercurial, and he readily adapts himself to the company which he is in. But if there be one place at which he feels more at home than another, that place is at the dinner table, where he meets his professional fellows. There are generally as many as five or six, and sometimes more than twice that number of these travellers, in every town,

at certain seasons, tarrying only so long a time as will suffice them to accomplish their business there. These stop at the same inn, and eat together in a room apart from the ordinary. As the morning is devoted exclusively to business, they take their ease after dinner, and linger over their wine. In the evening, some of their customers drop in, a circle is formed, and the evening hours are forgotten in the recital of story and anecdote, the cracking of brittle jests, and the enjoyment of good wine and cigars.

Keeping Score by Double Entry.

AN Illinois correspondent of the Knickerbocker cracks a nut for book-keepers, in the following style:—You know Elije Scroggins, up here in White county? Yes? Well, about six years ago, Elije kept a kind of “one horse” grocery, on the edge of “Seven-mile Prairie.” I don’t think he kept much besides “bald-faced, thirty-day whiskey,” and maybe some ginger brandy. Times were mighty tight, and not much money stirring in that settlement; so Elije had to credit most of his customers till corn-gathering time, or till fur was good; and as he had no “book-learning,” he used to make some kind of a mark for his different patrons, on a clapboard, which he kept for the purpose, and then chalk down the “drinks” against them as they got them, which in some cases was pretty often.

One day there was a big meeting appointed at the Possum-Ridge school-house, about five miles from Elije’s, and his wife persuaded him to go; so on Sunday morning they gathered up the children and toted off to meeting to make a day of it.

Along through this day, some of the neighbors, getting a leetle dry, went over to Elije’s to moisten their clay, and finding the door shut, and nobody about, they were somewhat alarmed,

and didn’t know but somebody was either sick or dead; so they pushed in to see about it, and finding things all right, they concluded that Elije and his old woman had gone off on a visit. So they took a drink all around out of friendly feeling to him, and were about going off, when one of them caught sight of the tally-board stuck under the rafter, and pulled it down—and, either out of pure devilment, or thinking it an easy way to pay off a score, just gave it a wipe, and stuck it back again.

In the evening, when Elije got back, he had occasion to look at his “accounts” for some purpose or other, when, to his great astonishment and dismay, he found it, in groggery parlance, considerably “mixed.” He scratched his head over it for some time, evidently trying to make it out, and finally calling his wife in, he showed it to her, and said: “There, *that’s* what a man gets for going off and neglecting his business.”

On the whole, however, he got over it pretty quietly for him, for Elije used to swear mightily when his back was up. He didn’t have much to say now, though, but sat, with his chin on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, looking in the fire all the evening; but on Monday morning, he got up bright and early, and taking down the clapboard, gave it a good wash, and began very industriously to figure away upon it? Two or three times during the morning, his wife looked in, and he was still working away at it; and at dinner time, when she came to call him, she ventured to ask how he was getting on. “Well,” said he, holding the tally-board off at arm’s length, and looking at it very earnestly, with his head on one side, “I don’t know as I’ve got as much charged as I had, but *I’ve got it on better men!*”

Charming Customer in a Bank—Perils of a Cashier.

WHEN a cashier in a banking house commits an error by paying too much, the loss falls upon the clerk, unless there be some extenuating circumstances to justify a contrary course; the mistake is then called a clerical error. The reader will not be at much loss to know in which category to place the following :

One Monday morning, a very elegantly dressed female entered the banking house of —, and presented a check for payment, at the same time requesting, with a great show of politeness, that she might have gold in exchange for the check. The lady was not only well dressed, but she was very beautiful; so much so that the attention of the cashier was riveted upon her. He weighed fifty sovereigns, which he handed to the lady; and, supposing she would count them, one by one, he anticipated that the pleasure he enjoyed in looking upon her would thereby be prolonged; but he was mistaken—for, to his surprise, instead of counting them, she huddled them all up together, and put them in a white pocket handkerchief. The cashier, observing this unusual mode, said: "You had better count them, madam;" but the lady, looking at him with a most winsome smile, replied: "I am quite satisfied, sir, that you are right;" and with another bewitching look, wished him "good-day," and walked leisurely out of the bank.

The cashier was so overpowered with the beauty of his customer, that immediately on her retiring, he went a few paces to a fellow cashier and asked if he had ever seen so lovely a creature—*"Such a bewitching woman!"* said he, "and what a sparkling brilliancy there was in her eye! I wonder who she is?" This caused him to look at the check, which on first receiving he had placed on his book, without entering or once glancing at it again; when he

was startled at discovering that it was for five pounds instead of fifty! Uttering an exclamation, he jumped over the counter, and was in the street in a second. He looked to the right and the left, but could distinguish no trace of the beautiful lady. He ran in and out of the several courts that surrounded the bank, but in vain; he returned to the banking house to take counsel with his fellow-admirer of the charming woman, as to the best course to adopt, when it was decided that he should immediately apply to the drawer of the check for the name and address of the party to whom he paid it,—the body of the check simply expressing it to be payable to "house expenses or bearer."

The drawer of the check, Mr. P., on being asked by the cashier to furnish him with the desired information, expressed his surprise at what he called such impertinent curiosity; but, on being informed of the mistake that had been made, he immediately gave the name and address, "Miss Thompson, Bury street, St. James's," adding, "I beg you will not utter a word of this affair to any one, for if it should come to the ears of Mrs. P., I fear the most serious consequences would result from my indiscretion, for the party in question is, I believe, only too celebrated."

Anxious to catch the lady on her return home, the cashier assured the gentleman of his silence, and proceeded with the utmost expedition to Bury street. The door was opened by an innocent-looking girl, who, on being asked if Miss Thompson was at home, replied, with great simplicity, "No, sir, Miss Thompson is not at home;" and, as though she wished to stifle all further inquiries, she added, "I don't think she will come back."

It ultimately turned out, that the moment that "Miss Thompson" returned from the city, she packed up her things and left the house, of course without leaving her address or any

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clue to her whereabouts, enjoying, no doubt, the satisfaction of having proved the truth of the saying that "love is blind"—for she had, by a naïve exercise of her charms, so far blinded the eyes of a city banker that he could not distinguish between five and fifty pounds.

This was a sad termination of the affair to the cashier, who on his return to the bank felt ashamed to mention the circumstance to the house, and it was arranged that the drawer of the check should, by way of purchasing the silence of the cashier, pay one half of the amount, and the cashier the other, which was done.

Lafitte's Wasteful Clerk.

IN the zenith of his prosperity as a world-renowned banker, Lafitte retained the same principles of frugality and saving that characterized him in his days of indigence. He was never the avaricious and grasping miser, but he was ever the parsimonious saver. He would scold, and sometimes read his clerks a lecture upon their wilful waste of a pen, a piece of paper, or an inch of twine; yet he had a vein of charity, and could be magnificent in his benevolence.

One morning a lady entered the boudoir of the banker, to solicit his subscription to some charitable object. He appeared somewhat ruffled in his temper just at the moment, but he received her graciously, as a Frenchman knows how.

"What do you require, my good sister?" asked the banker.

"Sir," she replied, "I come to you on behalf of my distressed neighbors; their necessity is great."

"Indeed! you have called at the right time, for just now I am angry with that gentleman for wasting my wafers." At the same time he pointed to a young man seated at a desk, who

smiled, but was evidently disconcerted.

The benevolent lady pretty much concluded that her mission would be a fruitless one; and that her visit might not be without some good result, she amiably applied herself to excuse the fault of the clerk, who had called down the reproof of the careful money dealer, by *not making one wafer serve to seal two letters*. Lafitte listened attentively, and afterward presented to the lady a check for one thousand francs, saying, at the same time:

"If, in my career, I had not economized in trifles, it would not be so easy for me to have contributed to-day to the excellent object which you have in hand. Pray, look in upon me from time to time!"

Chickering and his Employés on "Blue" Day.

THE third of October, 1857, is still remembered and spoken of in Boston business circles, as "blue day;" and could all the incidents of mercantile and trading life on that day be gathered in the form of a volume, it would constitute a book of chronicles indeed. One of those incidents—but in this case a refreshing one—is well known to many, but will bear repetition. The firm of Chickering & Sons employed in their establishment over three hundred persons, and consequently their weekly pay roll was very large. Owing to non-remittances, from all parts of the country, of funds due, this firm did not pay their men, having business paper maturing which required all their available money. The men, without one dissenting voice, passed a series of resolutions tendering to Messrs. Chickering their regrets at such a financial crisis, and stating their willingness and ability to wait for their pay until a more favorable time, also intimating in the kindest manner that if a loan of six or eight thousand dol-

lars would be useful at that moment, they would be happy to tender that sum as a willing contribution from their savings.

French Female Plot against a Clerk.

A VERY elegantly dressed lady once entered one of the most fashionable shops in Toulouse, in quest of some articles indispensable for the toilette of a lady *à la mode*. A rich carriage waited at the door, and everything about the lady was calculated to inspire the greatest confidence.

The shopping was soon done, and the bill presented. "It is well," said the lady; "send one of your clerks with me—he shall be paid, and the carriage shall bring him back."

A clerk is soon ready; the carriage moves on, and after a short ride, stops before a large building. The door is opened, and the lady and the clerk enter a parlor. After a few minutes' delay, a gentleman of very respectable appearance enters, and receives them cordially.

"Take charge of Monsieur—I will soon return," says the lady, and leaves. In two minutes the noise of carriage wheels is heard.

The young man, thus left alone with the gentleman, becomes impatient, and exclaims:

"Pay me, if you please."

"For what?"

"For the shawls and dresses, you know."

"Be not so hasty, my young friend, I'll answer."

"For what?"

"For your convalescence—calm yourself."

The clerk was thinking all the time that he was speaking to the lady-customer's brother, when, in reality, he was addressing Dr. D—, a celebrated physician of maniacs. The lady had made the doctor a visit shortly before making her bargain—had consulted

him, and solicited his aid in favor of her young brother, who was mentally deranged. She had given him a full account of the mania of this brother, who, she said, believed himself to be the clerk of some merchant, and would continually demand money for shawls and dresses, which he had sold on account of his employer. Dr. D—, believing thus that he was with a lunatic, treats him as such. The clerk asks for his money; the doctor offers him a room. At last the young man works himself into a passion, and screams, in despair, most fearfully. This only confirms the doctor's suspicion, and he is contemplating treating his patient to shower baths, when the clerk demands paper and ink, proposing to write to his employer. The doctor agrees, thinking to discover some new symptom. The letter is written and despatched; half an hour afterward, the merchant arrives, and an explanation ensues. The success of the plot was up to this moment complete. The beautiful lady was—nowhere.

Serious Bargain for a Clerkship.

Not many months ago, a hop dealer of the neighborhood of Prague entered the counting house of a large merchant of the latter place, with whom he had commercial relations. The latter asked him how business was going on, when he replied: "I am doing so little that I am almost inclined to enter your service as a clerk." "What salary would you require?" asked the merchant. "Only two thousand florins a year," replied the other, laughing. The merchant shook hands with him, saying, "That is a bargain." After a little further conversation the hop dealer retired, and neither one nor the other appeared to think any more of the matter.

Six days after, a considerable rise began to take place in hops, and the merchant went to Saaz, the largest

market in Bohemia, to make purchases, and to his annoyance found that the dealer had got the start of him, and purchased all he could find. Meeting the dealer in the street, the merchant asked him what hops he had purchased, and the price. "That is my affair," was the reply. "What do you mean by your affair? You forget, then, that you are my clerk, and that I have a right to inquire what business you transact on my account. You are free to cancel your engagement hereafter, but for the present you act for me."

The dealer went to consult an advocate, who told him that his engagement as a clerk was legally valid, and that in any case a trial would be a tedious affair. He then went to the merchant, and after a long discussion agreed to pay four thousand florins (two thousand dollars) damages for cancelling his engagement, in order to retain for his own account the profitable speculation he had made. When the money had been paid, the Prague merchant declared that he would not keep a farthing of it, and distributed it among some poor relations of the dealer.

Refusal to become Girard's Cashier; the Reason Why.

GIRARD had a high appreciation of the business capacity of Joseph L. Inglis—especially as an accurate and rapid accountant—as well as undoubting confidence in his integrity. For his strict religious character he had not the least regard. When the cashier of his bank died, he tendered the place to Mr. Inglis, who was then clerk in an insurance company.

"Mr. Girard," was the immediate reply, "I cannot serve you." Mr. Inglis well knew that Girard had no respect for the Sabbath, and that in his service he would be called on to post his books and attend to financial matters on that day.

"Why you not serve me?" said the rich banker; "I give you more salary than you get now. It is a better place. Why you not be my cashier?"

"Mr. Girard," was the grave and determined answer, "I appreciate all that; but you and I serve different masters, and we never could agree." Mr. Girard understood the allusion, and said no more.

Reason for Trusting a Clerk.

THE late president of the United States Bank once dismissed a private clerk, because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath.

The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after, when the president was requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, he recommended this very individual, mentioning this incident as a sufficient testimony to his trustworthiness.

"You can trust him," said he, "for he would not work for me on the Sabbath."

Too Conscientious an Accountant.

A CLERK in Boston was dismissed from his place, because he would not become a party to a falsification in a trade, by which refusal on his part the firm failed to secure several hundred dollars which did not belong to them, but which they expected to obtain. For this fidelity to truth, which ought to have added a hundred per cent. to the estimation in which he was held by his employers, the young man was dismissed from his position. A few days afterward, hearing of a vacant situation, he applied for it. The merchant, who wished for an accountant, asked if he could refer him to any individual by whom he was known, and who would recommend him as an up-

right young man. Conscious of his uprightness, he replied, "I have just been dismissed from Mr. ——'s, of whom you may inquire. He has tried me, he has known me." When applied to, his former employer gave a full and free recommendation, and added, "He was too conscientious about little matters." This young man is now partner in a large firm in Boston, and on the high road to honorable wealth.

Misfortune Tending to Liberality.

A WEALTHY merchant having lost, by one shipwreck, to the value of seventy thousand dollars, ordered his clerk to distribute five hundred dollars among poor ministers and other persons; adding, that if his fortune was going by seventy thousand dollars at a lump, it was high time to make sure of some part of it before it was gone. The clerk forthwith proceeded to dispense that charity which knows no earthly account book.

Shocking Ignorance of City Clerks Illustrated.

AN illiterate deacon, in a certain town adjacent to Worcester, Mass., gave to the coachman a slip of paper, upon which, he said, were written the names of a couple of books which he wished him to call for at Mr. A.'s bookstore. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said, "There's a couple of books which Deacon B. wished you to send him." The clerk, upon a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make "head or tail" of it, and passed it to the bookkeeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave the thing up in despair; and it was finally concluded to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed that he must have sent the wrong paper.

As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps. "Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?" "Books? no—and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen-tracks." "Couldn't read 'ritin'? Let me see the paper!" The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon; who, taking out and carefully adjusting his spectacles, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone, "Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!—'T O S-A-M B-U-X—two psalm books!' I guess those *city clerks* had better go to school again!" And here the deacon muttered some impatient reflections upon the times and of clerks in particular, the want of attention to books by the risin' generation, &c., &c.

Bank Clerks and their "Friends."

THE embezzlement of bank funds, in many cases, has either had its origin in, or been greatly aggravated by the folly and vice of gambling; and this has generally been brought about by the persuasion or the arts of persons connected with gambling houses. The bank clerk or the bank officer, is a most promising victim in this line, if he can be induced to make the first experiment in such a direction; and a single victim will reward many plans. The following is one instance of this kind:

A paying teller accepted the invitation of a friend to take a ride in the country. The farther end of the ride proved to be a house frequented by sporting characters. He believed this to be accidental—until a subsequent proposition, after an interval of several weeks, revealed the true character and design of his polite friend—and the natural result followed.

Thus inveigled, this clerk or teller practised fraud on a most adroit plan.

He began by certifying a check in advance of the dealer's deposit; and on the following day certified another, that it might be negotiated, and the means thus obtained to remove the first out of sight; to provide for the second, a third was certified—and so continuously on, the negotiations of one day furnishing the means to redeem the checks of the day before. The amount was gradually increased, until twelve or fifteen checks, for amounts between four and five thousand dollars each, were afloat in the various channels of negotiation. They were drawn for irregular sums, that they might wear a business-like appearance. No entry was made of any of them on the books, and no apparent deficiency was caused in the teller's daily cash. An examination of his statement would have developed no clue to the fraud, which consisted entirely of floating certifications. There were two confederates in the plan—one a dealer at the bank, and the other a broker whose account had been closed for irregularity several months before the exposure came about. As the fraud could be maintained only by a complete daily renewal and negotiation of the whole of it, the three met in the evening at the office of the broker, and the teller was advised of the banks in which the checks had been deposited, so that he could lay aside those particular exchanges in the morning, and thus prevent them from passing into the hands of the assistant teller. It was then also ascertained what amount of checks must be negotiated on the following day, and they were written by the confederates and then certified by the paying teller. The developments of the case proved that this process had been carried on for many months, the amount gradually increasing, until it reached seventy-five thousand dollars. There had been, in the mean time, five or six examinations by committees of the directors, and the usual certificate of accuracy in the ac-

counts was recorded. The teller who perpetrated this fraud was a very accomplished clerk. His self-possession, when all around him was excitement and hurry, seemed to increase with the emergency. He manifested an extraordinary faculty for detecting the slightest indications of fraudulent or dishonorable purpose in others, and the bank owed to him many fortunate escapes from loss by the various tricks and impositions which are practised by dealers when in extremity. It was subsequently ascertained that he had been a regular attendant at a gambling house.

After the development of the fraud in question, several respectable dealers with the bank came forward and said: "Didn't you know that that fellow was a gambler?—why, I've known it for more than a year." "Why didn't you tell us of it?" "Because it wasn't my business."

Bookkeeping in Former Times.

In the middle of the last century in this country, as at a somewhat earlier period in England, it was not the universal practice of merchants,—except those who were in very extensive business,—to have a regular set of books kept by a partner or clerk. The transactions of the day were entered in a waste, and once or twice a week, according to the extent of the business, a professed bookkeeper, well versed in what were considered the mysteries of his calling, came and compiled the journal and ledger. It was only in the progress of time, and at a comparatively recent period, that it was deemed indispensable to have the books wholly kept within the establishment, and that the system of double entry was reduced substantially to its present form. The work of Booth, which contributed materially to this result, was published in England so lately as 1789. He had been a practical

merchant both in London and New York.

Keeping Accounts in Guinea.

THE Guinea merchants give and receive receipts for all their goods in writing. Agreements of all kinds, and promissory notes, and orders, from whom they trade, are folded carefully and tied in the corners of their handkerchiefs. A native trader, doing business with ten or fifteen ships at the same time, and whose transactions extend to every article of commerce they have, has an incredible number of written documents or books pertaining to his business, but the wrong book is never known to be presented.

Placing the Pen behind the Ear.

THE practice, so general among merchants and clerks, of resting their pen behind the ear, when not in actual use, is ancient. According to the best account concerning this matter, the scribes in ancient Egypt would clap the reed-pencil which they used behind the ear, when listening to any person on business, as the painter was also in the habit of doing when pausing to examine the effects of his painting. In the middle ages, also, public clerks and registrars were accustomed to carry a pen behind the ear.

Waste-Book and Ledger—their Meaning.

THE waste-book in a counting room is that in which all the transactions of the day, receipts, payments, etc., are entered miscellaneously as they occur, and of which no account is immediately taken, no value immediately found; whence, so to speak, the mass of affairs is undigested, and the wilderness or *waste* is uncultivated, and without result until entries are methodically made in the day-book and ledger, without which latter appliances there would,

in business dealings, and in bookkeeping, be *waste* indeed, in the worst sense of the term.

Another explanation of this term may be found in the following: The merchant's system of bookkeeping was not invented perfect. Thus, in many respectable shops, in the country especially, these waste-books formerly consisted of a quire or two of the commonest paper used in the trade there carried on, that would bear pen and ink, sewed together. An advance upon this was the waste-book as a distinct book, bound and ruled, of which the day-book or journal is merely a fair copy; and this being made, the former is held of no account. The word "ledger" is of Dutch derivation, signifying a book that lies in the counting house *permanently in one place*. The word "day-book" explains itself.

Cost of a Nap on the Ledger.

It was a hot sultry day in the latter part of August, a day truly worthy of New York; the dirt in the streets, which had been swept into little heaps, was scattered about by the cart wheels and found its way into every nook and crevice,—a day which makes merchants' clerks wish for a mouthful of pure air and a cool draught of that which "drips from the old oaken bucket."

In the afternoon of this very day, there might have been seen in the counting room of Messrs. Shaver & Skinem—if that be the correct reading of the sign,—a pale, sickly looking young man, about twenty years of age; he is bending over a large ledger, but he soon closes it, and resting his head upon his hand he gazes at the cover, but he does not see it, for his thoughts are far away on the banks of the Hudson.

"I wish I was at home—he soliloquizes. Brother John must be driving the cows from pasturing, and the boys collecting the sheep from the hills, and

the fowls going to roost on the old pear tree, and the whippoorwill singing his clear song on the cow-yard fence. I wish I was there." Now his head has fallen on the ledger, and wearied by incessant toil he has sunk into a quiet slumber. It will take many hours of railroad travel to reach the destination of his thoughts, for they are far, far away from the city.

Look! something more than a shadow glides in at the doors, cautiously unlocks a drawer of the safe, and takes therefrom something that looks very like a five-hundred-dollar bank note—he closes the drawer, locks it, and glides out so quick, so noiselessly, that he disturbed nothing; and the clerk, all unconsciously, still sleeps on.

Suddenly he wakes with a convulsive start, but he soon resumes his usual composure; he puts the book into the safe, locks it, and calling to the porter, who is on the next floor above, he tells him he can close the office now for he is going home. Home, indeed! A home from necessity—a boarding house.

The next day he is looked at with a suspicious eye by Messrs. Shaver & Skinem, and in the afternoon a gentleman with a star on his breast walks into the office and presents a warrant for the arrest of Christopher Call, clerk with Messrs. Shaver & Skinem, charged with grand larceny. That night he sleeps in the Tombs—Tombs for the living, not for the dead, though there are deaths there very often. He is tried—pleading not guilty; he looked so thin and pale, and his voice was so hollow, but clear and distinct, that it is said that he haunted the court-room for months afterward. Yet he was acquitted. That night he was thundering along the railroad, and early the next morning he was—at home. But he was sick, yes, very sick, for more than a month after. But he at last regained his health. He never entered into mercantile life again, but he com-

menced farming, and became a wealthy and much respected farmer in the vicinity of Hudson.

The Prose of Shopkeeping set to Poetry.

"SHE stood beside the counter,
The day he'll ne'er forget;
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet.
He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss;—
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
And nodded to the boss.

'Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barege and satin turc,'
She said; 'I want to purchase!'
Then gave the goods a jerk;
The clerk was all obedience—
He travelled 'on his shape;'
At length, with hesitation,
She bought—a yard of tape!"

Scissors vs. Shears.

"Is that the lowest you can take for these lawns, Mr. Scissors?"

"Yes, Miss, the very least, and a bargain they are too; I bought them at auction, where they were closed out at a great sacrifice, and I offer them to you *precisely at cost.*"

"But I saw the same goods at Shears & Co.'s at five cents a yard less."

"Not the same goods at all, ma'am; theirs are steam colors, quite an imitation article, and not near so wide as this!"

The lady, being timid on the point of colors, is at last persuaded to pay the price; and the shopkeeper pockets his fifteen per cent. profit with as much complacency as if he had only drawn out his purse to give a dollar in charity.

Obtaining a Clerkship in a Banking House.

MR. LAWSON, one of the most readable English authors on money and

finance, has given a sketchy account of his first connection with the banking fraternity. On visiting Lombard street one day, to get a shilling changed into pennies, he, impelled by some unknown and indefinable influence, boldly ventured into the office of one of the largest banking houses in that noted locality. What took place, he thus narrates:—

I looked about me, but nobody appeared to take any notice. I saw young men standing behind long counters, weighing gold and silver in scales. I stood there for some time, watching the tellers, and inwardly admiring the magnificence of the money-changers; at last I said to one of them, "Pray, sir, do you want a clerk?" He answered sharply, "Who told you that we wanted a clerk?" I replied, "Nobody told me so, but, having recently left school, I am desirous of getting some employment. I am living with my mother, who cannot afford to keep me idle at home, and what to do, I know not."

Whether the teller was struck with the novelty of the application, or the reason I adduced for making it, I never could discover. Suffice it to say, that, after waiting about ten minutes, I was requested to walk into the partners' room.

On my entering this sanctum sanctorum, I perceived three persons sitting at a table. One was a venerable and amiable looking old gentleman, the head of the firm; the others were younger. One of the latter, the junior partner, addressed me, putting the question the teller had done; and, nothing daunted, I gave the same answer, adding, "I do not like to be beholden to my friends for my support, if I can anyhow get my own living."

"A very praiseworthy determination," he said; "and how old are you, my boy, and how long have you been from school?" Having satisfied him upon these points, he continued his

queries, asking what sort of a hand I wrote. "A very good one," I replied, "at least so my master used to say;" and at the same time pulling out my school copy-book, which I had been thoughtful enough to put in my pocket, I displayed it before them. "Aye," he said, "that is very good writing; but can you get any one to be security for you?" I said at once, and without the least hesitation, "Yes, sir." This reply was made without my having at that time the remotest idea what the term security meant, as applied in the sense in which he used it. I gave him the name of a gentleman, who I said would no doubt do what was required; I also gave him the name of the steward of Christ's Hospital.

Inquiries were made of these gentlemen, which proving satisfactory, I received on the following Wednesday a visit from the gentleman at the banking house whom I had accosted on my first entering, and who on this occasion said he was very happy to be the bearer of the intelligence that I had been appointed to a clerkship in the banking house of Barclay, Tritton, Bevan & Co., and that I was to commence the duties of my office on the following morning. "Your salary," he added, "will be seventy pounds per annum." This was indeed a most agreeable and joyful piece of information, and such as I had no reason to expect. I accordingly made my appearance at the office on the following morning, which but a week before I had entered a wandering stranger. I remained in the house fifteen years, when the love of change operating upon an active mind, induced me to leave the bank, and seek for more enlivening scenes.

Wife of a Merchant's Clerk.

A MERCHANT's clerk, of the Rue Hautville, took it into his head to get married. His master had a niece of Spanish birth, an orphan—not pretty,

though very sensible and well informed. At the balls, during the winter, little or no attention was paid to her; indeed, she seemed to attend them rather as a whim than from inclination or amusement, as she seldom danced. But if she did not dance, she noticed much, and listened to more. The clerk soon observed that the lady was only invited to dance when no other partner could be obtained. She herself had already noticed the same fact. Being a gallant man, he acted accordingly. The incidents that led to the *denouement* may be easily divined. In six weeks after his first dance with the fair Spaniard, he obtained her permission to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage. He, astonished, gave his clerk's proposal a very cool reception, and then had a long interview with his niece. Finally, however, all was arranged, and the lovers were married on Tuesday. The Thursday after, at breakfast, Adeline said to her husband, who exhibited considerable chagrin at being compelled to return to the duties of his office thus early in the honeymoon:

"Very well—don't go there—go there no more!"

"My love, it is very easy to say so, but"—

"Easy to say and easy to do—both. I have a million and a half. Nobody knows it but my uncle. I always made a point of forgetting it myself, because I wished to choose a really disinterested husband. There need be no more office-work for you, if you do not wish it. Yet still, my advice is, husband, that you neglect nothing." It is rather to be feared, that notwithstanding the advice of "my love," the revelation of her "million and a half" caused him to "spread" somewhat.

Ben Lippincott, Girard's Clerk.

MR. GIRARD had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben

got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course; what do you think I would better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade." This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is now as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and "old Steve" settled it with a check for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:—

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Sample Clerk wanted in a Drug Store.

JEM B. is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment; and whenever and wherever there is an opening for fun, he "goes into" it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the "mounting," entered the store, and

at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, a'most anything—I want to git a kind of a ginteel job; I'm tired o' farmin', an' kin turn my hand to most anything."

"Well, we want a man—a good, strong, healthy man, as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller have to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it, he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say, six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but, as a general thing, you can count upon—say, from six to ten doses of *something* daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department, simply, would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it, but you look hearty and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale-faced, slim-looking youth, who happened to be present) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to-day. Here is a new barrel of castor oil just come in; I'll go and draw an ounce—"

Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—

"N-no, no, I g-u-ess not, not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down and see my aunt; and ef I o'clude to come,

I'll come up termorrer an' let you know."

He has not yet turned up.

Saying of an Old Merchant.

A DISTINGUISHED merchant, long accustomed to extensive observation and experience, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of men, said: "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted." There is many a clerk, compelled to post accounts on Sunday, who would be glad of just such an employer.

Lady's Portrait of a Dry Goods Clerk.

A LADY—somewhat querulous, but, as is generally the case, *au fait* in matters of shopping—thus limns, or, perhaps we should say, *lams* the clerks:—Some stores in — street (she says) are noted and avoided, for the impertinently familiar manner which the clerks think proper to adopt toward their lady customers. When a lady goes into a store in search of some article that she is in want of, as soon as the gentleman sees her, he comes forward, makes a grimace, pulls up his collar, runs his fingers through his hair, and assumes an air of easy familiarity that is quite refreshing to look upon. It is true he may not have much sense, but then he has a wealth of smiles; indeed, to listen to his conversation with his victimized customer, a bystander might come to the conclusion that he was proprietor of the establishment, and the lady had made the article in question a mere excuse for a morning call. This is annoying, though in such a case, one can leave the article, and walk out; but there is one retail store in this city that is a perfect trap—once in it, it is impossible to get out; if the article does not suit you, you are worried and talked at; if you attempt to

move toward the door, you are run after and brought back; if you tax your genius to give a most unmistakably minute description of what you *do* want, the reply is, "Oh, yes, madam, in the back store—if you will walk back, we have exactly the article you describe." And so, instead of your getting out, they really get you further in; after looking about on the shelves, they profess to have found the object of their search, and down comes the very opposite of anything you ever wished to possess. After making half a dozen fruitless attempts to reach the street door, and being each time perseveringly caught and brought back, you give it up, and become submissive and willing to buy anything they wish you to, making at the same time a firm resolve—as you see your money going for the things that are not what you want—that if you live to be the senior of Methuselah, you will never enter *that* store again.

Reward of Promptness in a Merchant's Clerk.

A YOUNG man who had just commenced life as a clerk, was one day told by his employer, "Now, to-morrow, that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy, and this was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the examination of such work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the drivers about their teams and horses, and, resolving to commence very early in the morning, he instructed the usual gang of laborers to be on hand at half past four o'clock. All right!

His employer comes in at the usual business hour, and seeing him sitting in the counting-room, looks very black,—supposes that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you

were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

Need it be said that that clerk soon became as important a man as any in that firm, and that he accumulated an ample fortune?

Charles Lamb as a Clerk.

WHO, says an American traveller, has not heard of the great East India House in London, which controls so many millions of people and of money, and where Lamb, of topmost literary fame, used to "post?" We cared not, however, for its wealth or fame, when we entered its dusty corridors, so full were we of other memories—of clever Charlie, the humorous clerk.

After a tedious ramble among the heroes of the ledger, some of whom were Lamb's successors in the dignities and emoluments of office, we eventually stumbled upon a son of his executor, who greeted us with English courtesy, and good naturedly chatted about his father's friend. He related many anecdotes; not otherwise noteworthy than as proving that the personal recollections of our author were still perpetuated. He sometimes came late to business, and when cautioned by his worthy superior, would dryly answer: "Oh! I'll make it up by leaving earlier."

As Lamb never married, the East India Company, after his demise, kindly settled upon his sister the "Widow's Portion" of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. In the register for the "Home Department" of the Company, the clerk, after erasing Lamb's name, made the usual annotation, that he was "to retire upon a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds per annum."

The accountants' apartment, which Lamb occupied, is rather gloomy. His old companions of the establishment said he enjoyed the reputation of a

good-natured, odd little fellow, fonder of holidays than of hard work.

Remarkable Discernment of Mercantile Character.

THERE was once a London merchant who was remarkable for his intuitive discernment of the character of business men and their clerks. After passing through the store of a friend, on a certain occasion, he said: "Where did you get that young man?" The information was given. "I would not keep him for a day." "Why? He is a very clever young man." "Yes, he is clever enough; but he is a rogue." "Well, certainly, I have seen nothing wrong about him, and I never yet saw his equal behind the counter." "Very well; I tell you I would not keep him an hour, and you will find it out yet." "But I can't dismiss him without cause, and he has given me no cause." The merchant insisted to the last on his estimate of the young man, and, after leaving, told a mutual friend that a very improper young man was clerk in such a man's shop—he was sure of it. His discernment was so well known, that the young shopman had now his employer's eye upon him with restless vigilance. It was not long before he was detected stealing money—a result which perhaps would not have occurred, had the "discerning merchant" put a friendly word into the clerk's ear instead of a suspicious one into his employer's.

Singular Mode of Keeping Accounts in a Pair of Boots.

AN old tradesman used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; into one of these he put all the money he received, and into the other all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make

up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance, perhaps with as much regularity, and as little trouble, as any bookkeeper in the country.

Quaker Investigation of Accounts.

WHEN public suspicion had seriously set down upon the method of keeping and rendering his accounts pursued by Mr. Hudson, the English railway monarch, an official inquiry was instituted, and Mr. H. was obliged to descend from his iron throne and "walk up to the ledger."

"George Hudson," said Mr. Cash, the chairman of the committee, and a member of the Society of Friends, "Wilt thou take a seat? As thou hast the financial department of this company under thy especial control, thou art required to answer a few questions which the committee will put to thee. Didst thou ever, after the accountant had made up the yearly accounts, alter any of the figures?"

Mr. Hudson, in a subdued tone, answered, after a few moments' hesitation, "Well, I may perhaps have added a thousand or two to the next account."

"Didst thou ever add £10,000?" continued Mr. Cash.

"Ten thousand! that is a large sum."

"It is a large sum, and that is the reason why I put the question to thee. Wilt thou give the committee an answer, yea or nay?"

Mr. Hudson, in a very depressed tone, and evidently much embarrassed, replied: "I cannot exactly say what may have been the largest sum I carried to the following account."

"Perhaps, George Hudson, thou couldst inform the committee whether thou ever carried to the next account so large a sum as £40,000."

"Oh, I should think not so large a sum as that!"

"But art thou quite sure thou never didst?"

Here again the deposed monarch of the railway kingdom showed considerable embarrassment, on which his Quaker inquisitor did not further press the question; and putting the interrogatories, upon a sheet of paper, into his hand, observed, with a dry nonchalance which seemed almost to petrify the former chairman of the company:

"George Hudson, take the questions home with thee, and send written answers to the committee at thy earliest convenience."

Perplexities of Mercantile Correspondence.

A MERCHANT of Mobile, Ala., wrote an important business letter to a gentleman in Mississippi, and in due course of time he received a letter with his own signature cut out and pasted on the envelope. In the letter which was enclosed, the writer stated that he had received the Mobile merchant's communication, but did not know who was the writer nor a word that was written in it, and that his only expedient for finding out the author was to cut out the signature and use it as the address, with the hope that the postmaster in Mobile might be able to do more by it than he had. An instance is also related, of an American merchant being actually obliged to go to Europe in person, because of his inability to make out certain paragraphs in an important letter which he had received from his commercial agent abroad.

"Old Salles," the Silk Buyer, and Mr. Bayard's Clerks.

THERE was some years ago, says the writer of those piquant sketches, "The Old Merchants of New York," a famous man named Salles. He was always spoken of as "Old Salles." He was a glove maker by profession. He had in

that business a partner named Tonnely. The Tonnely estate, near the Sixth avenue, takes its name from him. They made the old-fashioned deer-skin suspender, and after Salles dissolved partnership, Tonnely carried on business in the old slow but sure way.

Old Salles was a plain man; in fact, those who can now recall him to memory, must say he was very slovenly in his appearance. He appeared to be a poor man. On one occasion, about the time of the war, Le Roy, Bayard & Co., had one of their fast clippers arrive. She had escaped capture, and brought in a large quantity of silks. The value was immense. At that time the counting room of Le Roy, Bayard & Co. was in Washington street. William Bayard knew old Salles by sight, but to the clerks he was not known. At that time old Mr. Salles was a great shaver of notes, but it is certain he never would shave higher than seven per cent. per annum, the legal interest of the State.

When the clipper arrived, old Mr. Salles went down to the office of Le Roy & Co. He was a capital judge of silks. There was no better in the city. He asked the young salesman to show him the samples. He did so. Old Salles selected lot after lot, amounting to thousands of dollars. The clerks thought him crazy. Finally he stopped, and the bill was made out. "Send the goods to mine shtore, and I vil pay de bill," said old Salles. The clerks laughed, and old Mr. Salles left, and went to get his dinner. He boarded in Pearl street, and took his meals under the old Tontine Coffee House. He was a terrible eater, and dreaded by all private boarding-house or hotel keepers. He ate three plates of turkey, and other things in proportion, at a meal.

When it was three o'clock, the time for the goods he had bought of Le Roy, Bayard, & Co., to be at his store, old Salles went there. No silks had come. Down he went to the office of Le Roy, Bayard, & Co.

"Did I not buy goods here?" he asked.

"Yes, but we want pay!" said the clerk. But at this moment Mr. Bayard came in, and Mr. Salles narrated what had occurred.

"You shall have the goods immediately, Mr. Salles." The clerk started; but the silks were sent round to Salles's store, and he gave a check for them.

The next time that a vessel of Le Roy, Bayard & Co. came in, Salles was sent for, and again he purchased the entire cargo. He made a monstrous amount of money in such purchases. Old Salles would resell to King & Mead (the A. T. Stewart of 1812), the largest dry goods jobbers in America, and other retail dealers.

Best Part of a Grocer's Business.

"Well, Augustus, you have been apprentice three months, and have got some idea of the several departments of your trade; I wish to give you a choice of occupation." Apprentice,— "Thank 'ee." Grocer,— "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" Augustus (with a sharpness beyond his years)— "Shuttin' up, sir!"

Betty Starkey and Coutts's Clerk.

It is well known that Thomas Coutts, richest among all the bankers of his day, selected for his wife Betty Starkey, a domestic in the employ of his brother and partner in business, James Coutts—and, of course, to the astonishment and against the wishes of all his friends. So very sudden and unlooked for was the elevation of "Miss Starkey" that, only a few days before her marriage, while employed in scouring the stairs, one of the resident clerks, who had been out in a very heavy shower of rain, was going up to change his clothes, when he was desired by Betty to take off his shoes—a request which, according to the mettle

of his standing, he deemed so impertinent, that he blustered out a perfect crash of adjectives against her, and ascending deliberately, left the dirty prints of his feet on every step. Betty, on her part, did not endure this provocation in utter silence, but exclaimed, with some anger:

"Before long, I'll make you pull off your shoes and stockings too, if I choose it."

After her marriage with Mr. Coutts, the clerk expected no better luck than his speedy discharge. The bride, however, never again alluded to the matter, and always treated the clerk with entire affability; and so little did the affair affect his interests, that in course of time he became the chief clerk of the house. It may well be supposed that a woman with such a disposition would prove a good wife to the rich banker. She did.

That Bottle of Wine among "Old Fuller's" Clerks.

A BANKER of the genuine old school was Mr. Fuller—"Old Fuller" he was generally called—of Cornhill, London. On the day he completed his eightieth year, he happened to make mention of the circumstance at his bank; and one of his numerous clerks, more venturesome than the rest, expressed a hope that they might have the pleasure of drinking his health and many happy returns of the day. To the surprise of all, the old gentleman took the hint graciously, and said, "Well, we shall see." Just before dinner time, he withdrew for a moment or two, with a somewhat mysterious and satisfied air—such as a rich banker might be supposed to wear who had just drawn a check for a score of thousands which he was going to make a gift of—and returned, after a considerable time, into the office with a bottle of port held carefully in his hand, and which he placed upon the challenging clerk's



THE BOTTLE OF WINE AMONG OLD FULLER'S CLERKS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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desk, saying, "Well, I have brought you a bottle of port wine to drink my health, as you wished it; it is good wine, and I hope, young men, that *you will commit no excess with it.*" It will do no harm to state, that the old gentleman's delay in returning was ascertained to have been caused by his endeavors to beat down the trader in his price for the bottle.

Humors of Partnerships in Reference to Names.

From the English directories may be culled some amusing facts with reference to the junction of names in partnerships—as, for example, Bowyer & Fletcher; Carpenter & Wood; Spinage & Lamb; Sage & Gosling; Rumfit & Cutwell, tailors; Pipe & Tabor; Green-goose & Measure, another firm of tailors; Single & Double; Foot & Stocking, hosiers; and Wright—late Read & Wright. *Adam & Eve* were for some time surgeons in partnership, in *Paradise Row*, London. In Holborn, Byers & Sellers live in pleasant proximity on opposite sides of the street.

Sometimes the occupation of persons harmonizes admirably with their surnames—a fact particularly apparent in the case of London innkeepers. Gin and Ginman are innkeepers; so is Ale-house; Seaman is the landlord of the Ship Hotel, and A. King holds the "Crown and Sceptre" resort in City Road! Portwine and Negus are licensed victuallers, one in Westminster, the other in Bishopsgate street. Corker is a potboy, whose name affords a hopeful omen of his one day rising to the rank of a butler. Mixwell's country inn is a well-known resort.

Again, Pegwell is a shoemaker; so are Fitall and Treadaway, likewise Pinch—the latter rather unpromisingly so; another, Tugwell, is a noted dentist, so is Gunn—though he uses none but the ordinary arms in his practice; Bird, an egg merchant; Hemp, a

sheriff's officer; Captain Isaac Paddle commands a steamboat; Mr. Punt is a favorite member of the Surrey wherry club; Laidman was formerly a noted pugilist; and Smooker or Smoker, a lime burner. Skin & Bone were the names of two millers at Manchester, and of course furnished abundant material for joke and sarcasm.

Fogg & Mist were china dealers in Warwick street; the firm afterward became Fogg & Son, on which it was naturally enough remarked that "the sun had driven away the mist!" Going & Gonne was the style of a well-known banking house in Ireland, and on their failure in business some one wrote,

"Going & Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is going, and Going's gone."

But this is hardly so good as an entry in the custom-house books of Edinburgh, where it appears that ("A." meaning Alexander)—"A. Gunn was discharged for making a false report!"

The late Mr. I. Came, the wealthy shoemaker of Liverpool, who left his immense property to public charities, opened his first shop on the opposite side of the street to that in which he had been a servant, and inscribed its front with "I CAME from over the way."

Advantage of Skilful Bookkeeping.

If a merchant wishes to get pretty deeply in debt, and then get rid of his liabilities by bankruptcy—if, in fact, he proposes to himself to go systematically into the swindling business, and engage in wholesale pecuniary transactions without a shilling of his own, the first thing he should take care to learn would be the whole art of bookkeeping. From what may occasionally be seen of the reports of the proceedings in bankruptcy, it is found that *well-kept books* are regarded as quite a test of honesty, and though assets may have

disappeared, or never have existed, though large liabilities may have been incurred without any prospect of payment, the bankrupt will be complimented on the straight look of his dealings, if he has shown himself a good bookkeeper. To common apprehension, it would seem that well-kept books would only help to show a reckless trader the ruinous result of his proceedings; and that while the man *without* books might flatter himself that all would come out right at last, the man with exact accounts would only get into hot water with his eyes open. If a man may trade on the capital of others without any of his own, and get excused on the ground that he has kept his books correctly, it is difficult to see why a thief who steals purses and pocket handkerchiefs—being none of his own—may not plead in mitigation of punishment, that he has carefully booked the whole of his transactions. It would be interesting to know the effect of producing a ledger on a trial for felony, as well as curious to observe whether a burglar would be leniently dealt with, on the ground that his housebreaking accounts gave proof of his experience in the science of "double entry."

Unexpected Promotion.

A YOUNG man obtained a situation to take charge of a store in New York State, at a moderate salary for the first year or so. It became, in course of time, the interest of his employer to advance him to the head of his establishment, which, however, compelled him to be employed during Sabbath forenoons, which was contrary to his custom and desires. He therefore concluded that he must be relieved of this kind of duty, or ask permission to resign his situation. Knowing the character of his employer, he confidently expected that he should be set adrift, and accordingly began casting around

to see what he could do. He finally made the request, and it was taken under consideration for several days. The next week, he was informed that "his services must be given on the Sabbath if he remained, otherwise he might be on the lookout for another berth; the head clerk must be on hand Sabbath morning."

The young man, in consequence of this, quietly commenced his preparations for leaving, and requested a settlement. But the employer had only given this answer in order to test his clerk's principle. He cared not for the principle involved in the question at issue, but he did care for a *trusty clerk*—one whom nothing in a pecuniary way could swerve or tempt. The result was, not only a release from Sabbath occupation, but also an increase of his salary.

Identifying a Clerk.

A GERMAN woman in Buffalo was taken up for passing a bogus half dollar. She said that she had received it at the store of one of the first-class drygoods men, and she could point out the man who gave it to her. The officer accompanied her to the store, and she surveyed the clerks.

"Is it this one?"

"Nix—no."

"This one?"

"Nix—no." Until her eye lighted on one across the store who gloried in a moustache of formidable dimensions and fiery hue.

"That is him—that man mit a big mouthful of hair!"

He denied it lustily, but she insisted; and he deemed it prudent to prune his lips and afterward avoid such a flaming mark of recognition.

Ready for a Trade.

It is told of a well-known American map agent, that while making one of

1875



Eng. by W. G. Saltman

Washington Irving

his travelling trips in the interior of —, he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money with him in that country, they failed in making a haul. "But," said the Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the island along with me, which I would like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the banditti a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey, better off for the encounter.

Irving and the English Salesman.

WHILE in England, not long after his name had become familiar to the public by the publication of the "Sketch Book," Washington Irving made a purchase at a shop, and desired the parcel to be sent to his lodgings, directed to Mr. Irving. "Is it possible," said the salesman, with a look and manner that indicated profound admiration, "that I have the honor to serve Mr. Irving?"

Irving modestly acknowledged the compliment paid to his accumulating fame, and a conversation ensued in which the dealer manifested additional interest in his distinguished customer, until a direct inquiry concerning his last work disclosed the fact that he supposed he was engaged in conversation with the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Scottish kirk, whose polemical works had given him an exalted position among the members of that church. The existence of the "Sketch Book" was probably unknown to him. "All I could do," added Irving, with that look of peculiar drollery which those who have heard him narrate an incident of this kind will remember, "was to take my tail between my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass."

In Business for Themselves.

WHILE waiting for a friend in Third street, Philadelphia, a gentleman observed a party of newsboys who were waiting for the afternoon papers. A well-dressed lad walked up to them. They eagerly saluted their former companion, and examined him on every side, and seemed to admire him very much. Soon a little fellow, with a coat reaching to the ground and elbows out, began to question him thus:

"Why, what are you at now?"

"I'm in a store."

"What do you do?"

"I sweep out the store and run errands."

"Well, tell me. You don't feel as good now as when you were *in business for yourself*, do you?"

"Done Brown."

THE coolness of the person who, after drinking a glass of Richardson's ale at the bar room of a hotel, walked off, saying he would pay that gentleman for it, is remarkable; but the audacity of the individual who figures in the following is more wonderful: A clerk of a large down-town house in New York, named Brown, was one evening approaching the box-office of one of the Broadway theatres to purchase a ticket of admission. It was somewhat late, and but one or two persons entering at the time he reached the building. But as he was putting his hand in his pocket for his money he was accosted by an individual of respectable appearance, who politely inquired of the clerk if he could change a bill for him. Mr. Brown, replying he thought so, brought forth several silver coins from the recesses of his pocket, the largest of which was a fifty-cent piece. The stranger looked at the cash, bowed, thanked him, and took the half dollar. Without another word he handed the coin to the box-

keeper, and the next moment was in the theatre, leaving agape with wonder the gentleman whose funds he had thus appropriated. After Mr. Brown had recovered from the effects of this singular proceeding, he entered the temple devoted to Thespis. But the unknown abstractor, who was now enjoying the performances in some snug corner of the house, was never seen again. Of course not. Clerk was done Brown.

Correcting an Erroneous Entry.

In a manufacturing city of New England, not many years since, there was a young man from the "Gim of the Say," employed as bookkeeper in a large machine shop and foundery. At one time two castings were made for a customer, each casting about three feet square and eight inches thick; one solid, the other having a circular hole in it about twenty inches in diameter. He entered both in his books as solid. Discovering his mistake, he computed the weight of a piece of cast iron twenty inches in diameter and eight inches thick, when he corrected his erroneous entry by giving the customer credit in the following manner:

"MR. SMITH, *Cr.*
By one hole, weighing 432 pounds."

Probably this is the heaviest hole on record.

Shipping Goods by Ticket.

THERE was in one of the large warehouses in Boston a porter—an "intelligent contraband"—who had a great propensity of laughing at other peoples' mistakes, and always took the opportunity to tax the delinquent with his shortcomings before a crowd. The system of shipping goods at this establishment was this: To give a ticket to the porter with the number of packages and the name of the party from whom they were purchased, that they might

be selected from among other goods of a similar nature, and no mistake made. Now it seems he had a ticket given him with only the numbers on; and he, thinking he had a good joke on some one, wrote the name on himself and shipped the goods—treasuring up the ticket, however, until near the close of business, when he finds the delinquent talking over the transactions of the day with his fellow clerks. He immediately presents the ticket to one of the number, and asks him what he should think of a man that would give him a ticket like that. The party replied "that his ticket was all right." "Ah! but," says the contraband, pointing to the name, "dat little epitaph wern't on dar when it first come to me!"

Introducing a New System of Accounts.

ONE of the greatest achievements in the facilities for keeping accounts—the reduction of the labor involved and in the number of those performing it—in the Bank of England, is due to Mr. W. R. Smee. The scheme was simple. By the old system, the numbers, amounts, and dates of the notes issued were copied into books, in the order in which they were received. The amounts were then added, and the notes posted in a ledger, that they might be referred to for the courts of the law and the public, in cases of fraud or litigation. These postings were afterward examined from a copy of the cash books, in which the notes were entered, giving the balance of each ledger.

The new system established the entry in the cash books, and stamped every note on its entrance with a number giving the full particulars of the parties sending it in. The notes are then arranged numerically, thereby saving the copying of the date and number, except the last two or three figures, and altogether saving the entry of the

amount, while the posting was done by about one sixth the former number of clerks. In all, a saving of eighty clerks.

On the day of the commencement of this improved system, one hundred and twenty clerks were employed. From the novelty of the various operations, the balance—the great proof of success—was not arrived at till near eight o'clock. On the second day of its trial, the same result was arrived at by five o'clock. On the third it was tried by three o'clock, but without the same success, being *five pounds deficient*.

Every plan that could be imagined was now tried, in order to discover the supposed error. For seven hours were the clerks of the department employed in examining and re-examining the books. For seven hours were they detained investigating and re-investigating the notes, of which the books were a copy; and it was curious to witness a young man of three and twenty, with unchangeable confidence in the soundness of his system, directing, or attempting all those experiments which a perfect knowledge of the accounts suggested as most likely to discover the presumed error. At ten o'clock *the search was given up, and the ruin of the new system seemed complete*. The information spread rapidly that the office had separated without a balance; and it could have been no pleasant task to Mr. Smee to meet the governor next morning with the news. The confidence of the latter was, however, complete; the plan went on; a mode of detection was adopted; and it is to be presumed that the dread of discovery produced the note, as the balance, a few days afterward, was *five pounds over*, and the very note which had been proved to be missing was found to have been returned! The success of the new plan was complete, and worked a vast change in the management of the books and affairs of the institution.

Trying his Hand at the Accounts.

MR. MELLISH, one of the directors of the Bank of England, once undertook to improve upon the mode of keeping the books of that institution—aiming at nothing less than a radical change. Being desirous to ascertain once for all the real nature of the duty he had in contemplation, he announced his determination to the principal of the accountants' office, to come and attempt a day's work.

The morning arrived, and with it Mr. Mellish. The day was indeed a heavy one; the business was new; and the books were brought him with all the gravity suitable to the occasion, and perhaps more frequently than was absolutely necessary. They came too fast for him. In vain he exerted himself with all the energy of which he was master; there was to him a difficulty in finding the proper folios; that which clerks, accustomed to the operation, performed almost intuitively, was a great exertion to a novice, and, long before the day had passed, Mr. Mellish had beheld such an accumulation of ponderous tomes, both before and behind him, that he gave up the attempt in despair, and from this period an alteration was made in the amount of labor, which was perhaps more in proportion to the clerks' views of propriety than before. The same gentleman—and these things, trifling in themselves, show a desire on the part of the directors to improve the economy of the establishment—afterward saw the principal of the office in which he had worked in the area of the Royal Exchange. Immediately accosting that gentleman, he earnestly addressed him on the subject of the proposed alteration in the mode of keeping the books, and seizing the button of his coat, pulled at it with the same energy with which he was talking, nor was it until the button was divorced from the coat that the accountant whom the director

held captive was enabled to make his escape.

Rich Enough to Retire: Abraham Newland, Cashier of the Bank of England.

THE name of Abraham Newland was, perhaps, more generally known in English financial circles, and for a longer time, than that of any other one individual. In 1807, he retired from the office of cashier of the Bank of England, after a service of more than half a century. His last act was to decline the pension which the liberality of the directors offered—and this he could well afford to do. The same year he died; and as a specimen of the fortunes which were occasionally amassed in the service of that establishment, it is stated that his property amounted to two hundred thousand pounds sterling, or one million dollars, besides the sum of one thousand pounds a year on landed estates. It is not to be supposed, however, that this was saved from his salary. During the whole of Mr. Newland's career, the loans, which, during the war, were made almost yearly, and occasionally oftener, proved very prolific. A certain amount of them was always reserved for the cashier's office—say one hundred thousand pounds—and as they generally came out at premium, the profits were great. The family of the Goldsmiths, then the leaders of the stock exchange, contracted for many of these loans, and to each of them he left five hundred pounds, to purchase a mourning ring. From some remarks in the papers it may be gathered that the large funds of Mr. Newland were occasionally lent to these gentlemen, to assist their varied speculations. It was also the subject of frequent allusion in the pamphlets of the period; and as those who know the least are frequently the most confident, there was not much ceremony observed in the strictures passed upon Mr. Abraham Newland.

George Simpson's High Reputation as a Cashier.

GEORGE SIMPSON, of Philadelphia, enjoyed, through his long career, the reputation of being one of the most competent and reliable cashiers in America. On the establishment of the Bank of North America, the first bank in the Union, and incorporated by the Continental Congress and by the State of Pennsylvania, he was appointed one of its chief officers; and of the first Bank of the United States, chartered by the Government, he was appointed the cashier, and continued to be so until its expiration in 1811. When Stephen Girard established his banking house, he appointed George Simpson his cashier. Stephen was not mistaken in his man, as the following fact illustrates: Mr. Simpson offered him the same security in amount, and the same individual, he had given the original Bank of the United States, when Mr. Girard replied,

"No, Mr. Simpson; I would rather have you as my cashier without security, than anybody else with it."

The officers of the Bank of the United States were all retained by Mr. Simpson, when he was invested with plenary power over the concerns of the institution. This fact gave moneyed men confidence in transacting business with the bank of Stephen Girard; and even European bankers sought an acquaintance and business with the great banker and his efficient cashier. On the establishment of his bank, Mr. Simpson remarked to him:

"Well, Mr. Girard, to be a good merchant, you see it is necessary to have a bank."

"Yes, Mr. Simpson," replied Girard, "and to have a good bank, it is necessary to have a cashier like you."

This took place when his ship, the "Montesquieu," was ransomed from the British at the Capes of the Delaware; when the sum of ninety-three

thousand dollars in gold was sent from his bank as the price of her ransom, and at a time when specie payments were suspended by all the other banks, and gold to that amount could not easily have been purchased in the market. His knowledge of banking was acquired by nearly forty years' labor in the vocation of cashier. The system on which he loaned money was simple, being founded on the combined principle of equity and interest. All the small notes that were considered good were discounted in preference to those that were large. A fair running account was considered sufficient to entitle a creditable applicant to liberal discounts of business paper.

In Europe, too, as well as in the United States, Mr. Simpson was widely and honorably known; and his correspondence with and agencies for the first and largest commercial and banking houses in England, France, and Germany, stood without a parallel in his day. David Parrish, who was at one time connected with the famous house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam, and also largely engaged with Baring, Brothers & Co., of London, brought letters of introduction from these houses to him. Such was his high standing that a letter from him to any of his correspondents in Europe, insured for the bearer the greatest hospitality and attention.

PART FOURTEENTH.



*ANECDOTES OF SOME OF THE OCCUPATIONS AUXILIARY
TO COMMERCE AND MERCHANDISE.*

PART FOURTEENTH.

Anecdotes of Some of the Occupations Auxiliary to Commerce and Merchandise.

EDITORS, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, THE MANUAL AND INDUSTRIAL TRADES, ETC.; WITH RARE INCIDENTS OF BARGAIN AND SALE, LUDICROUS ADVENTURES, HAPS AND MISHAPS—BUSINESS FREAKS, GENIUS, APTITUDE, NOVELTY AND RENOWN, ETC., ETC.

Of all the bonds by which society is united, those of business connection are the most numerous and most extensive.—ROSCOE.

Sweet is the destiny of *all* trades, whether of the brow or of the mind.—BISHOP HALL.

Work for some good, be it ever so lowly :
Labor—*all* labor is noble and holy.—OSGOOD.

Music-Seller's Customers.

HAYDN used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music seller in London. Amusing himself, one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music seller :

"Have you any select and beautiful music?"

"Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's."

"Oh," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that."

"How, sir; you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?"

"Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other."

The music seller, who was a warm friend of Haydn, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him.

As Haydn was going away, smiling,

a gentleman of his acquaintance entered and accosted him by name. The music seller, still out of humor, turned round at hearing the name pronounced which had just been the occasion of such a flutter, and said to the person who had entered the shop :

"Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music."

A laugh followed this remark; an explanation took place, and the music seller was made personally acquainted with the "fellow" who found fault with Haydn's music.

Books and Newspapers in China.

The best Chinese books, and chiefly historical ones, are printed at the imperial press, where the booksellers of Peking and other towns buy them at prices fixed by the Government. This press publishes, likewise, every two days, a gazette, containing the extraordinary events which occur in the empire, the ordinances, and especially a

list of the promotions and favors granted by the emperor, such as yellow robes and peacock's feathers, which are equivalent to orders of knighthood in Europe; it also announces the punishment inflicted on mandarins who have been guilty of misconduct, etc. Printers, and even booksellers have copper and wooden plates engraved for works of minor interest; as many copies are printed off as required, and sold at arbitrary prices. Very neat and legible characters, printed on fine paper, enhance the prices of the work. Movable types cannot be used for the Chinese language. Their best paper is made of cotton.

Tonson, the Literary Trader.

JACOB TONSON'S portrait represents him in his gown and cap, holding in his right hand a volume lettered *Paradise Lost*—such a favorite object was Milton and copyright. His rise in life is curious. He was at first unable to pay twenty pounds for a play by Dryden, and joined with another bookseller to advance that sum; the play sold, and Tonson was afterward enabled to produce the succeeding ones. He and his nephew died leaving the large fortune of two hundred thousand pounds.

Tonson owed much to his industry; but he was a mere literary trader. He and Dryden had frequent bickerings; he insisted on receiving ten thousand verses for two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and poor Dryden threw in the finest ode in the language to make up that number. He would pay in the base coin which was then current, and which of course was a loss to the poet.

On one occasion, Tonson complained to Dryden, that he had only received fourteen hundred and forty-six lines of his translations of Ovid for his Miscellany, for fifty guineas, when he had calculated at the rate of fifteen hundred and eighteen lines for forty guineas; he gives the poet a piece of critical rea-

soning, that he considered he had a better bargain with *Juvenal*, which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid. Fortunately for men of letters, such mere traders in literature have about disappeared. Tonson, and all his family and assignees, rode in their carriages, with the immense profits of Milton's *five-pound* Epic.

Wimprecht, the Blind Bookseller.

PERHAPS one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg, some years since, was a bookseller of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consisted of more than eight thousand volumes, which were of course subjected to frequent change and renewal. But as soon as he acquired a new stock, the particulars of each book were read to him by his wife, and his discrimination enabled him to fix its value. His touch, to recognize it at any period, however distant, and his memory, never failed him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information of books in general, procured him a large custom; and under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he became a useful, and happily rendered himself a wealthy member of the trade to which he belonged.

The First Color Shop.

It was of advantage to the old school of Italian painters, that they were under the necessity of making most of their colors themselves, or at least under the inspection of such as possessed chemical knowledge, which excluded all possibility of those adulterations to

which the moderns are exposed. The same also was the case in England, till the time of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, when he went to London, took a servant with him, whose sole employment was to prepare all the colors and materials for his work. Kneller afterward set him up as a color-maker for artists; and this man's success in his establishment—the first in London, and perhaps in the world, of its kind—caused a great increase of the trade, and they are now to be found, some of them too on a most extensive scale, in all civilized countries.

Queer Phases of the Butcher Trade.

Down in Frankfort street, hard by William street, New York, lives a Dutch pork seller and sausage-maker. Some rude boys in his vicinity had annoyed him with taunting inquiries as to the *matériel* of which his "links" were composed, and he had trounced one or two of them rather roughly for their impertinence. The whirligig of time, however, soon brought about their revenges. They went down, one morning, into "the Swamp," and collected a long string of the rats that infest the stores of that neighborhood; and while two or three boys, by dint of joke and taunt, seduced the butcher to pursue them down the street, another entered his shop and hung up the string of rats on a nail in his show-window, between the tempting festoons of his savory sausages!

By-and-by, people began to stop before his shop, and stare into his window—then roar out laughing, and pass on. Presently a large crowd collected, and the butcher at last came out to ascertain what it was that could attract their curiosity. He was not long in finding out. "Is *that* the kind of stuff you make sausages of?" asked one, pointing to the string of rats: "Got any rat steaks?" inquired another: "Send me over a rat sparerib!" added

a third: until the man, livid with rage, shut his door upon the crowd, removed the "incumbrance" from his window, and "sat him down and wept," like a big Dutch baby!

Johnson and the Butcher.

AN eminent carcase butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of showing his taste, repeated the following line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, "What think you of that, sir?" said he.

"Rank nonsense," replied Dr. J. "It is an assertion without a proof; and you might with as much propriety, say:

Who slays fat oxen, should himself be fat."

Copy of a Painter's Bill.

A SCOTCH newspaper, of 1707, gives the following copy of a painter's bill, presented to the vestry of a church, for professional work done therein:—

"To filling up a chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host,

To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lions' den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness,

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard,

To cleaning the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm,

To a new skirt for Joseph's garment, To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

To giving a blush to the cheek of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam,

To painting a new city in the land of Nod,

To clearing the garden of Eden, after
Adam's expulsion,
To making a bridle for the Samari-
tan's horse, and mending one of
his legs,
To putting a new handle to Moses'
basket and fitting bulrushes,
To adding more fuel to the fire of
Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

Rec'd payment,
D. Z."

Napoleon's Opinion of a Journalist.

ABOUT the worst recommendation which a man could have, in Napoleon's eyes, was to carry on the business of a newspaper writer or editor. Shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Fabre de l'Aude, who was always a favorite with Napoleon, solicited, in imperial hearing, an appointment for one of his acquaintance.

"What has he done?" was the laconic inquiry.

"He has been a journalist."

"A journalist!" repeated the first consul; "that means a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The *cabanons* of Bicetre are the fittest places for people of that stamp."

English Peruquiers before the King.

IN the month of February, 1765, the peruke makers presented a petition to the king of England, stating their distressed condition, occasioned by so many people wearing their own hair, and employing foreigners to cut and dress it; or, when they employ natives, obliging them to work on the Lord's day, to the neglect of their religious duties.

They therefore humbly besought his majesty, that he would be pleased to grant them relief; submitting to his majesty's goodness and wisdom, whether *his own example* was not the only means of rescuing them from their dis-

tresses, as far as it occasioned so many people wearing their own hair. His majesty was "graciously pleased" to receive the petition, and to return for answer, "That he held nothing dearer to his heart than the happiness of his people, and that they might be assured, he should at all times use his endeavors to promote their welfare."

Several of the adventurous barbers who attended on this occasion, gave such offence by their inconsistency in wearing their own hair, that it was cut off by the mob on their return. His majesty was not unmindful of the promise he gave to the fraternity—at least, if we may judge from some of his public exhibitions, on which he appears to have sacrificed everything like personal vanity, to his reverence for wigs.

Theatrical Debut of a Barber.

A HAIRDRESSER, in a considerable town in England, made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy. To silence an abundant hissing, he stepped forward and delivered the following speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen: yesterday I *dressed* you; to-night I *ad-dress* you; and to-morrow, if you please, I will *re-dress* you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horsetails, I find it easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bagatelle!* I hope I shall yet shine in the capital part of a *beau*, though I have not the felicity of pleasing you in the character of an emperor."

Penny Newspapers in America.

ONLY about thirty years ago, or less, two journeyman printers commenced the publication of the New York Sun, writing and setting up their own editorials and other matter. They issued seven hundred copies daily, which they sold to the newsboys at the price of sixty-two and a half cents a hundred copies, and the boys sold them for a

cent each. An old Ramage press was worked with their own hands. As their edition increased—which it did—the printing was done on a Napier press. Afterward they employed a steam press. One of the parties sold his interest for ten thousand dollars, and became a lawyer and public man at the West. Now, some tens of thousands of copies of this paper are thrown off daily, and it was not long before a brood of penny papers sprung up in different parts of the country.

“Concerned in Trade.”

At a political meeting in England, a “noble lord”—*par excellence*, ventured to speak disrespectfully of several distinguished individuals of opposite principles to his own, because they or their ancestors had been “concerned in trade.” Let us see:

Euripides was the son of a fruiterer; Virgil’s father was a potter or brick-maker; Plautus was a baker; Luther was the son of a poor miner; the celebrated Italian writer, Gelli, when holding the high dignity of council of the Florentine Academy, still continued to work at his original profession of a tailor.

The father of John Opie, the great English portrait painter, was a working carpenter in Cornwall; Opie was raised from the bottom of a sawpit, where he was employed in cutting wood, to the professorship of painting, in the Royal Academy.

The father of Haydn, the famous musical composer, was a wheelwright; and filled also the humble occupation of a sexton.

Boccaccio was the natural son of a merchant; Columbus was the son of a weaver, and originally a weaver himself; Bunyan was the son of a traveling tinker; the founder of the house of Baring Brothers was a weaver; Shakspeare was the son of a butcher;

Cowley, of a grocer; Ben Jonson, of a mason; Fletcher, of a chandler; Pope, of a linen draper; Collins, of a hatter; Gray, of a notary; Akenside, of a butcher; Whitehead, of a baker; Henry Kirke White of a butcher, and Thomas Moore, of a grocer.

Gay was apprenticed to a silk mercer; Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Tenterden, and Jeremy Taylor, were sons of barbers; Dr. Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a pastry cook; Dr. Milner was a weaver, and Sir Samuel Romilly was the son of a goldsmith; Richardson, the gifted writer, and Franklin, the philosopher, were printers; John Hunter was the son of a carpenter; Defoe was a hosier, and son of a butcher; and Dymond, author of *Principles of Morality*, etc., was a linen draper, and traded, or wrote, according as he had, or had not, customers. Woods, Curran, Jeffrey, Brydges, Atkins, and Lord Ellenborough, were all the sons of humble tradesmen; Amyot, of France, was the son of a currier; Rabelais, of an apothecary; Voltaire, of a tax gatherer; Lamothe, of a hatter; Massillon, of a turner; Griennault, of a baker; Molière, of a tapestry maker; Rousseau, of a watchmaker; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook, and Quentin Matsys was a blacksmith.

“Our Editor,” Sixty Years Ago.

“OUR editor,” as one may read in Jerdan’s *Autobiography*, “was originally intended for the kirk, and was a well-informed person; but to see him at or after midnight in his official chair, a writing his ‘leader,’ was a treat for a philosopher. With the slips of paper before him, a pot of porter close at hand, and a piece of tobacco in his mouth, or casually laid down, he proceeded *secundem artem*. The head hung with the chin on his collar-bone, as in deep thought,—a whiff—another—a tug at the beer—and a line and a half

or two lines committed to the blotted paper."

Rivalry in Business Beneficial.

WHEN I was a young man,—says a wealthy retired hatter,—I set up in the hat trade, and took a store where there was not a hat store within a quarter of a mile, thinking I should do more where there were no others; but I found that, at the end of a year, all that I had made might have been put into my naturally small eye, and not injured its sight.

I sat down one day, and after thinking that my lot was a mighty hard one, told my boy that I was going out awhile, and that he must keep a sharp look out for customers. I went down town, and, looking around, found that two or three hatters were driving a very good trade quite near together, and, passing into one of these stores, I found its owner quite a talkative man. We put our heads together, and in the course of a week, the store directly opposite his received my stock in trade, and a coat of blue paint on the outside, while his received a coat of green.

The first day I did nothing but stand at the door, and look pouty at the green store, and my friend Blake stood on his steps looking ditto at me. As people came in, I commenced running down the green store, and Blake always run the blue; so between us both we built up a trade that was quite lively. People having "taken sides," and newcomers always purchasing of one or the other, we gradually grew rich, and at the end of some dozen years, we settled up, and I found that opposition, or what answered that name, had brought custom, and had made my fortune.

Quaker Hatter and His Journeyman.

WHEN I was in the hatting business, says Mr. Hanchett, I employed a man by the name of Jonas Pike, from Mas-

sachusetts, who was a skilful workman in the manufacture of hats. But he was one of that kind of journeymen who will have their "trains," as they were familiarly called in former days. Therefore, as a natural consequence, he was without comfortable clothing the most of the time. After he got a shop he would work very industriously until he had earned from twenty to thirty, and sometimes forty dollars' worth of clothing,—for he was always in want of clothing when he commenced work; and then he would get on one of his trains, and dispose of every article of his clothing that would fetch six cents, expending all for whiskey. When all was gone, and he began to cool off a little, he would be very ugly; sometimes he would fret and scold, and then he would coax and plead, to get trusted for a hat or something else, that he might sell, and by that means get more whiskey. When I refused him, he would become very angry and threaten to whip me, which I told him he might do as soon as he pleased. "But," said he, "I will not do it in your own shop—if I had you out of doors, I would thrash you like a sack." After hearing him repeat these sayings several times, I walked out at the door. I then spoke to him, saying, "I am now out of the shop, thou canst whip me if thou wishest to do so very much;" at which he stepped out of the shop, came furiously toward me, squaring himself for a box, and struck me a blow on my breast, at which I put my hand upon my cheek, and presenting it to his notice, said: "Now strike here, Jonas." At this, he looked at me, with dumb astonishment, saying, at the same time, with an oath, "If you will not fight, I will let you alone,"—and went into the shop, sat down, and was quiet. He got sober, and went to work; and ever afterward, during the long period I employed him, his peaceable and obliging disposition was most marked.

Juvenile Bookseller's Wit.

A GENTLEMAN crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic venders of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, sir? only two shillin'." The gentleman, disposed to have a laugh with the urchin, said: "Why, I am Bulwer myself!" Off went the knowing little lad, and whispering to another, at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eying the pretended author of "Pelham" with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and, holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly: "Buy the Women of England, sir? You're *not* Mrs. Ellis, be's you?" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

Almanac Making—Fortunate Hit.

WHEN Mr. Thomas was preparing one of his first almanacs, a man who was employed upon the work with him, asked what he should say about the weather opposite a certain week in July. Thomas humorously or peevishly replied, "Thunder, hail, and *snow*." It was so put down and printed; and it so happened that it *did* thunder, hail, and even snow, at the very time. This fortunate hit or prediction raised the almanac maker in the estimation of many, and made his almanac the most popular in America.

Derivation of Names of Trades.

THE names that designate the various orders of tradesmen are in some cases very curiously derived.

Tinkers, for instance, or tinklers, as the Scotch call them, were originally so called, because the itinerant members of that profession used to give notice of their approach to villages and farm-

houses by making a tinkling noise on an old brass kettle.

Milliner is a word corrupted, or at least altered from Milaner, which signified a person from Milan, in Italy. Certain fashions of female dress, that first prevailed in that city, were introduced, by notices of it, into England, and hence arose the word milliner.

The term cordwainer was one applied to a numerous and flourishing fraternity, but is now falling into disuse. A cordwainer was maker of a peculiar kind of shoes, much worn formerly; and the appellation is a corruption from cordovaner, a worker of leather—brought from the city of Cordova, in Spain. The same kind of leather is now manufactured in abundance elsewhere, from horsehides, and is still familiarly called Cordovan.

The word landlord was first applied to the keeper of an inn. Formerly, wayfaring guests were for the most part entertained by the proprietors of the *land*, the *lords* of the manor through which they journeyed.

Iron Merchant and the Blacksmith.

THERE was in the city of Philadelphia a blacksmith who was in the habit of complaining to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family, in the course of the day. Upon his answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his rum account amounted to more money in the year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic, that he determined from that day to buy and drink no spirits of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year, he paid his rent and bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in it through the course of his life, and the result was competence and respectability.

Hitting his Trade.

A FRIEND having been cited as a witness at a quarter sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know of the Quaker why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said the Friend, "in which the laws and liberties of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," rejoined the Quaker, dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

"Honor and Fame from no Condition Rise."

AN American President, when asked what was his coat-of-arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "*A pair of shirt sleeves!*"

Lord Tenterden was proud to point out to his son the shop in which his father had shaved for a penny.

A French doctor once taunted Fleichier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Fleichier replied: "*If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a dipper of candles.*"

A distinguished man, once a fiddler, being reproached because of his vocation, replied: "*Did I not fiddle well?*"

Per contra: a wealthy but stupid English dyer, having gained his money by honest chimney sweeping, and on this account feeling ashamed of chimneys, built his house without one, sending all his smoke into the shaft of his dye works.

Butcher's Blue Blouse or Frock.

THE custom is almost universal in England—and the same may be said to

apply in a good degree to America, excepting that white is also extensively worn—for butchers to wear a blouse or frock of a blue color; a color or custom so common as to form a distinctive mark of the trade—a sort of uniform. The explanation of this custom is, that a blue dress does not show stains of blood, inasmuch as blood, when dry, becomes of a somewhat bluish color.

Shoemaker Determined to Benefit the World.

SHOEMAKERS have in all ages been a somewhat remarkable class of men. Meditative and energetic, as it would appear, from the nature of their profession, they have at various times distinguished themselves as patriots, men of letters, and other high callings. Numerous examples are related of individuals who have thus imparted a gloss to the "gentle craft"—as shoemaking has been called, since the days of the illustrious Crispin.

Timothy Bennett, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest shoemaker, "unwilling"—as he said—"to leave the world any worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process: "I have seven hundred pounds," said he, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry."

The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigor in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime, Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made ac-

quainted with his intentions, and sent for him: "Who are you, sir," inquired his lordship, "that has the assurance to meddle in this affair?"

"My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am unwilling (it was his favorite expression) to leave the world any worse than I found it. This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct."

"Begone; you are an impertinent fellow! you are an impertinent fellow!" However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—"Lord Halifax, the nobleman, non-suited by Timothy Bennett, the shoemaker"—he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day.

Payment for News.

PERHAPS the origin of newspaper publishers paying for reliable news from distant places may be found in the advertisement announcing the first number of the London Evening Post, Sep. 6, 1707, as follows:—"There must be three or four pound per ann. paid by those gentlemen who are out of town, for written news, which is so far, generally, from having any probability of matter-of-fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with a *We hear, &c.*; or, *An eminent Jew merchant has received a letter, &c.*; being nothing more than downright fiction." The same advertisement, speaking of the published papers, says: "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers than in any of our own."

"Letting-out" Clothes.

AN Irish tailor making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was requested to take them back and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman, on calling at the tailor's establishment, was told that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, and he had "let them out" at a shilling a week.

Peculiar Custom of a Tailor.

A TAILOR of Samarcand, living near the gate leading to the burying place, had by his shop board an earthen pot hanging on a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and at the end of every day he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the dead. At length the tailor died himself; and some time after, one that was unacquainted with the fact of his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what had become of him, when one of the deceased's neighbors replied, "The fellow has gone to pot, as well as the rest."

Archæological Tailor's Measures.

ONE day, Sir Robert Cotton, being at his tailor's, discovered that the man was holding in his hand, ready to cut up for "measures," an original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought the singular curiosity for a trifle, and recovered in this manner what had been given over for lost. This anecdote is told by Colomies, who long resided and died in Great Britain. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the Cottonian library. It exhibits marks of dilapidation; but whether from the invisible scythe of time, or the humble scissors of a tailor, archæologists must be left to decide.

“Shall I Cut?”

At the first representation of the Tom Jones of Poinset, two persons were observed in the pit, one of whom was overheard saying to the other, from time to time, “Shall I cut? Shall I cut?” This suspicious phrase attracted attention, and the pair were just on the point of being arrested as pickpockets. “What have we done?” said one of them; “we are only tailors, and have the honor of making clothes for M. Poinset, the author of the new play. As I have to furnish him with a new dress to appear before the public, which will be sure to demand his appearance at the second representation, and as I know very little of dramatic works, I have brought with me my principal journeyman, a very clever man, for he makes out all my accounts; and I was only asking him, from time to time, if he would advise me to cut the cloth in question, which must be paid for out of the profits of the play.”

Answering a Tailor's Dun.

SHERIDAN,—scholar, wit, and spend-thrift—being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the interest. The tailor thoughtfully retired.

Byron's Genoese Tailor.

It is said that Byron would never have gone to Greece but for a tailor in Genoa. The noble bard was very economical, as was well known, in small matters. He had hired a villa at Genoa, and furnished it with the intention of making it a permanent residence. Lord and Lady Blessington, and a large society of English people, of good style, were residing there at the time. In the fullest enjoyment of his house and his mode of life, Byron

wanted a new coat; and, having some English cloth, he left it, with his measure, in the hands of a Genoese tailor, with no particular instructions as to the making.

The tailor, overcome with the honor of making a coat for an *Eccellenza Inglese*, embroidered it from collar to tail, and sent it home with a bill as thickly embroidered as the coat. Byron kept the coat, for fear of its being sold *as his* to an actor of English parts on the stage, but resolutely refused to pay for more than the making of a plain and plebeian garment. The tailor threatened an attachment, and Byron assigned over his furniture to his banker, and finally quitted Genoa in disgust, ready, of course, as he would not otherwise have been, for a new project.

From indignation at an embroidered coat tail, the transition to “Liberty or death!” “Woe to the Moslem!” or any other vent for his accumulated bile, was easy and natural. He embarked in the Greek cause soon after, and the embroidered coat was *not* (as it should have been) “flung to the breeze at Salamis”—the banner of inspired heroism.

“A Roland for an Oliver.”

“WILL you pay me this bill, sir?” said a tailor in Charles street, New Orleans, to a waggish debtor.

“Do *you* owe anybody anything?” asked the wag.

“No, sir,” replied the tailor.

“Then you can afford to wait!” and off he walked.

A day or two afterward the tailor called again. Our wag was not “at his wit's *end*”; so, turning to his creditor, he said—

“Are you in debt to anybody?”

“Yes, sir, I am sorry to say I am.”

“Well, why don't you *pay*?”

“I haven't got the *money*,” replied the tailor, with a woe-begone countenance.

"That's just *my* case, my dear sir! I am glad to see that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, sir—give me your hand, sir!"

Canine News Dealer.

ONE of the carriers of a New York paper having become indisposed, his son took his place; but not knowing the subscribers he was to supply he took for his guide a dog which had usually attended his father. The animal trotted on, ahead of the boy, and stopped at every door where the paper used to be left, without making a single omission or mistake.

Newspaper Publisher Described.

NONE but such as have been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the newspaper world know the activity, the intense mental labor, or the foresight and unceasing energy that are required to insure the commercial prosperity of a first-rate journal. A person involved in the conducting of a high-class daily newspaper lives in a perpetual whirl of excitement, his existence being little else, from the first day of January to the last day of December, than one continued worry. From morning to night he is obliged to be in harness, and at every person's command, never having one moment of the day that he can call his own; his eye must be on all, and his active body everywhere. At one moment he is deep in a confabulation with the party who is fitting up his new machine; at another he is arranging terms of agreement with a special correspondent who is required in some foreign country; now he has to complain of the non-arrival of his new types, or the unpunctuality of the person who supplies him with ink; now he gets into a passion at an impudent liner who has "done" the paper with an invented murder, or a

"heart-rending suicide;" anon, a conference with the principal editor as to the line of writing to be taken up consequent on some great political movement, demands his presence. Or the paper maker has a woeful tale to harass him: His machinery has become deranged, and he has unfortunately run out of rags in consequence of difficulties attending their importation—and so, with melancholy visage, he announces that there is only sufficient paper on hand to last three days, and that it will take four days to get his machinery put right, even if the rags should arrive in the mean time. And so the day speeds its length along, till wearied, worried, and headached, the poor manager hurries away home, to dinner. On the morrow, a similar routine of cares and anxieties is repeated, with similar expenditure of bodily and mental labor. These little annoyances, it may be stated, are only a little of what the proprietor has to endure; indeed, the efforts required to compete with other journals are alone sufficient to wear out his life in a very short time.

Commercial Value of Dramatic Literature.

THE value of dramatic literature varies with different managers, different authors, different theatres, in England. Mr. Webster is very liberal, and will, perhaps, pay from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars for a good and successful play; two hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars, for a farce. Sometimes, when the continued prosperity of a piece is rather doubtful, the *quid pro quo* takes the form of a nightly payment up to a certain sum. The Keeleys used to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars for a good burlesque; or fifteen dollars per night up to seven hundred and fifty, which the authors consider very generous. But the

muneration does not stop with the London pay. A good metropolitan reputation will insure a frequent provincial performance and subsequent revivals, and if the author preserves his interest in the copyright, he may derive a perpetual income from the frequency of performance. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is said to receive fifty dollars for every performance of the "Lady of Lyons." This, however, is a rare exception to the average rate of remuneration. From ten dollars to two dollars and a half is the price ordinarily paid.

Report of a Lord's Speech.

MR. WEDDERBURN, afterward Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which was reported in the newspaper as having been made by him. "Why, to be sure," said he, "there are many things in that speech which I did say, and there are more which I wish I had said." A fair average of reported speeches of public men, not only of that period, but of the present also

Proby, the Reporter.

JOHN PROBY, according to his biographer, had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bagwigs he wore a bag; he was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without in wet weather or dry; yet he usually reported the whole debates in the Peers from memory, without a note, for the daily paper, and wrote two or three novels, depicting the social manners of the times. He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners' shops (for one of whose scores his friends had to bail him); he was always in a perspiration,

whence he acquired the *sobriquet* of "King Porus;" and he was always so punctual to a minute that when he arrived in sight of the office window, the hurry used to be—"There's Proby, it is half-past two," and yet he never set his watch. If ever it came to right time, no one can tell; but if asked what o'clock it was, he would look at it and calculate something in this sort—"I am twenty-six minutes past seven—four, twenty-one from twelve forty—it is just three minutes past three!" Poor, strange, and simple, yet curiously informed Proby! his last domicile was the parish workhouse, out of which he would come in his coarse gray garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who always entertain "an 'orrid" jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was allowed to be shown in.

Rising in the World.

SIMON EYRE, a name familiarly known in British annals,—was originally a humble shoemaker in Leadenhall street, in the city of London, and worked his way up a "peg" or two, in a manner bordering somewhat on the romantic. Hearing that a vessel laden with leather from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, he conceived he might realize a handsome profit by purchasing it. He accordingly collected as much money as his limited means and good name would permit, and departed from London on foot to Penzance, where he bought the leather, and returned to London. Here he established himself as a dealer in that article, and soon amassed an immense fortune, sufficient to erect Leadenhall, obtain the royal honor of knighthood, and found a splendid ecclesiastical brotherhood.

Franklin and the London Printer.

WHEN quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer. "Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. "America," was the reply. "Ah," said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Nathaniel saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." This was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him a character and standing with all in the office.

Placard Printing in Vienna.

THERE is a printing office in Vienna, the sole employment of which is the announcement of *fêtes*, plays, and concerts—nothing else being printed there but placards. The proprietor of the establishment has many persons in his service, who thoroughly understand the most striking way of announcing such matters to the street public, by the unique arrangement of the alluring words, "Bal Brilliant," "Magic Illumination," "Rose-tinted Garments of Pleasure," etc.

The monster types used are all of wood; the effect of the great colored letters upon men's eyes and fancies is always speculated upon; and the pictorial announcements of estates for sale by lottery, when all the letters are composed of pictures of castles and rural views, and where every "million" is represented entwined with the elegant and flowery wreaths of hope, are really

masterpieces in a psychological as in a xylographic point of view.

The unusual words, or those that do not frequently occur, are composed, as occasion may require, from single letters; but the celebrated names, Strauss, Lanner, Sperl, Elysium, Prater, Golden Pear, etc., are cut out of single blocks. It is the same with the standing phrases, such as "Splendid Illuminations," "Dancing *Scirée*," etc.

Nothing like Leather.

AT a public sale of books in a certain city, the auctioneer put up a copy of "Drew's Essay on Souls." The book was finally knocked down to a shoemaker, who very innocently—but to the infinite amusement of the crowded room—asked the auctioneer if he had "any *more* works on shoemaking to sell."

Need of Reference for a Tailor.

IN the British Museum there is a manuscript with a remarkable anecdote of a tailor and his mysterious customer. The tailor was met out of doors by a person who requested to be measured for a suit of clothes, to be ready on that spot by that day week; and the stranger gave him a piece of cloth to make them with. From certain circumstances, the tailor suspected his new customer to be the devil, and communicated his conjectures to a clergyman, who advised him to execute the order, but carefully to save every piece, even the minutest shred, he cut from the cloth, and put the whole into a wrapper with the clothes; he further promised the tailor to go with him on the appointed day to the place where they were delivered. When all was ready, and the day arrived, they both went thither, and the person waiting justified the tailor's suspicions; for he abused the tailor with unearthly imprecations because he brought a divine,

and immediately vanished in their presence, leaving the clothes and pieces of cloth in possession of the tailor, who could not sell the devil's cloth to pay himself for the making, for fear of the consequences—from which may be drawn, by way of moral, that a tailor ought not to take an order from a stranger without a reference.

Freaks of the Hair-Dressing Trade in France.

ALONG toward the close of the last century, the hair-dressing of ladies was so important and increasing a business in France, that it became necessary to augment the number of the builders of those "edifices of beauty." In consequence of this, the Government declared that six hundred ladies' hair-dressers should be admitted to the company of *Maitres Barbiers-Perruquiers*. The price of their admission was fixed at six hundred livres. Besides this company, whose talents were to be devoted only to illustrious and brilliant heads, there were hair-dressers for the ladies of the poorer classes, and the Bourgeoises. But the affairs of these ladies' hair-dressers became rather serious in course of time. Their order was augmenting at every hour, and they formed one of the most important bodies among the business circles of Paris. Proud of the daily favors they enjoyed, and giddy with their pride, they openly showed the most liberal contempt for the rest of their honorable confraternity. Barbers and wig-combers they considered as unworthy peers, and attempted to separate themselves from such ignoble associates. They even pretended that they had a just right to be joined to some scientific corps. This imperious rivalry, and the melancholy groans of the barbers, at last caused government interference. Another decree was issued from the king, which fixed their number at six hundred; prohibited their having more than one apprentice

every three years; to keep "schools" of hair-dressing; and, above all, to place under their signs, the words—*Academie de Coiffeurs!*

Partridge's Almanac Making.

A PLEASANT story is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about one hundred years since. In travelling on horseback in the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterward called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac maker; "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called Partridge's *Almanac*, and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac indoors as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

Sale of Noted Works and Plays.

THE ultimate sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost*, produced to Milton's widow eight pounds. The publisher of *Lalla Rookh* gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem.

From an old account book of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices paid heretofore for the copyright of plays is obtained: Tragedies were then the fashionable drama, and obtained the best price. Dr. Young received for his *Busiris*, eighty-four pounds; Smith, for his *Phædra and Hippolytus*, fifty pounds; Rowe, for his *Jane Shore*, fifty pounds and fifteen shillings; and for *Lady Jane Gray*, seventy-five pounds and five shillings; and Cibber, for his *Nonjuror*, obtained one hundred and five pounds.

Robinson Crusoe, in manuscript, ran through the whole trade; nor would any one print it, though the writer, Defoe, was in good repute as an author. One bookseller, at last, not remarkable for his discernment, but for his speculative turn, engaged in this publication. This bookseller got above a thousand guineas by it; and the booksellers may be said to be accumulating money every hour by editions of this work in all shapes.

Goldsmith was astonished when the bookseller gave him five shillings a couplet for his delightful poem of the *Deserted Village*—though each line was fairly worth as many pounds.

Balance of Trade; or, Beauties of Competition.

THE owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which, after much difficulty and on borrowed capital, he had succeeded in firmly establishing, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of a debt. The widow carried on the establishment after his decease, and threw so

well, that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the street made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie shop; and acting on the principle universal among bakers of doing business for the first month or two at a loss, made his pies twice as big as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was, that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to her ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievances to him, and lamented her lost trade and direful prospects. "Ho, ho!" said her friend, "that 'ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't git your trade ag'in, there ain't no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying, he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring t'other four to-morrer arternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way.

Singular enough, so distasteful was *cat-mutton*, or the idea of it, among the prejudiced population of that neighborhood, that the shop was cleared in an instant, and the floor was seen covered with hastily abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large influx of customers and calls for "goes" of brandy, while interjectional ejaculations not purely grammatical

were not only audible, but visible, too, in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded, as it was, upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring *the balance of trade*. The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who conceived this measure of justice against her competitor received the hand of the lady as a reward for his commercial aptness.

Learning the Saddler's Trade.

A RICH saddler, whose daughter was afterward married to a duke, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will, that she should lose the whole of her fortune, if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, seeing how things stood, and being anxious to win so desirable a bride—or fortune—actually served as an apprentice, for the usual period of seven years, to a saddler, and afterward “bound himself” to the rich saddler's daughter for life. He was probably a firm believer that there's “nothing like leather.”

Printers and Editors at Midnight.

Night scene in the printing office of a metropolitan daily journal: The clock has just struck ONE, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks nervously at “new copy” (manuscript to be set into type). He is quite a peculiar in his way—the master or boss printer in the newspaper office; a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half deferential, half conscious of his own importance, giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never

put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity.

“This *can't* go in, sir.” “It *must* go in.” “Very well, sir,”—is the regular colloquy, about this time of the night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors sometimes choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the newspaper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He seldom gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper office, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over—all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising *prima donnas*, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one to his cottage, some “miles out,” the other on foot to his city lodgings. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passions, opinions—all come alike to them. The most horrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and brevier type.

Patriotic Hatter.

DURING the visit of General Lafayette to the United States, when all classes

of citizens were eager to testify the respect and gratitude which they felt for the last general of the Revolutionary army, a hatter in New York sent the noble patriot a hat of the last American manufacture. The General's son, George Washington Lafayette, was so much pleased with it, that he at once ordered a similar one for himself. It was most readily furnished; but when his servant offered money, "Tell your master," said the grateful American, "that all the hats I can furnish the Fayette family, were paid for forty years ago."

First Newspaper in America.

THE first newspaper established in America, was issued at Boston, in 1690, September 25th. It immediately attracted the attention of the colonial legislature, which declared that its publication was contrary to law, and that it contained "reflections of a very high nature." The authorities probably prohibited the further publication, for a second number does not appear to have been issued, and only one copy of number one is known to be in existence, which is in the state paper office at London, and is a small sheet of four quarto pages; one of them blank. Its contents record public occurrences, foreign and domestic. Richard Pierce was the printer, and Benjamin Harris the publisher.

The first *regular* paper in this country was also issued at Boston. Its title was the "*News-Letter*," and its date was September 24th, 1704, copies of it being still preserved in the Boston Historical Society's collections. An examination of its earliest numbers is of peculiar interest. Thus, its latest news from England was dated one hundred and twenty days previously, and consisted of a speech of Queen Anne to Parliament. There is a notice, also, that the mail between Boston and New York set out once a fortnight. In the

succeeding numbers of the paper, negro men, women, and children are advertised for sale; and an urgent appeal is made in one, calling upon a female who had stolen a piece of fine lace, valued at fourteen shillings a yard—and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico from its proper destination under her riding-hood, to return the same, or suffer exposure in the newspapers.

The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was *fifty dollars a year*. Price for advertising, ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

Oldest Daily Newspaper.

THE "*Pennsylvania Packet and General Advertiser*," which was commenced in 1771 by John Dunlap, was published in 1784, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, by Daniel C. Claypole. Its last issue as a tri-weekly, was Saturday, September 18th, 1784, No. 1754. The next paper, No. 1755, was issued September 21st, by John Dunlap and David C. Claypole, as the "*Pennsylvania Packet and DAILY Advertiser*," and from that day onward it was published daily. In Isaiah Thomas's "History of Printing," and, indeed, in every book containing any account of American newspapers, this is alluded to as the *first daily newspaper* in the United States. The name was afterward changed to "*American Daily Advertiser*." It is now the "*North American*."

The first daily in New York, was commenced March 1st, 1783, and called the "*New York Daily Advertiser*," by Francis Child & Co. No. 17 Dutch street, one door from the corner of Old Slip and Smith street. Price four cents." Attempts were made to publish a daily newspaper in Boston, in 1796, 1798, and 1809, but the "*Boston Daily Advertiser*," commenced about

1813, was the first successful daily in that city.

Showing Up Tailors.

TAILORS must live; at least they think so, and what here follows must not be considered any objection to such an idea being entertained by most of them. But the fact is—says a somewhat roiled writer, who must have failed to have got *suit*ed in his dealings with one of the fraternity—the “leaders” are great tyrants, and have ingenious ways of torturing their victims. One way is this: They invent a fashion which is strikingly peculiar, and get it into vogue by acts best known to themselves; for example, *very* short overcoats, with long waists, which look well on men like Count Rossi, whose figure is faultless. Their next movement, *after* everybody is overcoated for the winter, is to bring out a garment which differs *as much as possible* from the one in fashion, that is, an overcoat with skirts to the heels, and waist under the armpits. They get half a dozen men of high fashion, who look well in anything, to parade their new invention in Broadway, and this makes the short-coated majority appear out of date. The manœuvre succeeds; all the dandies are driven to the extravagance of ordering a superfluous coat; the tailors smile, and the dandies bleed—or their fathers do. Some time ago these tailor tyrants put everybody into long waistcoats, and, consequently, into “continuations” that just lapped over the hips. Suddenly the waistcoats were abbreviated four inches. What was the consequence? Why, of course, the continuations “failed to connect,” and he who would not exhibit to mankind a broad belt of white around his waist, was compelled to discard all his store of well-saved unnamables. And in vain might the oldest customer protest and order garments of the last fashion. “Consider my reputation, sir,” says

the tailor, with the air of offended majesty.

Of course, no clever tailor will take the above to himself; and whoever wrote it, deserves to be passed over to the tender mercies of the yardstick and shears, without benefit of clergy.

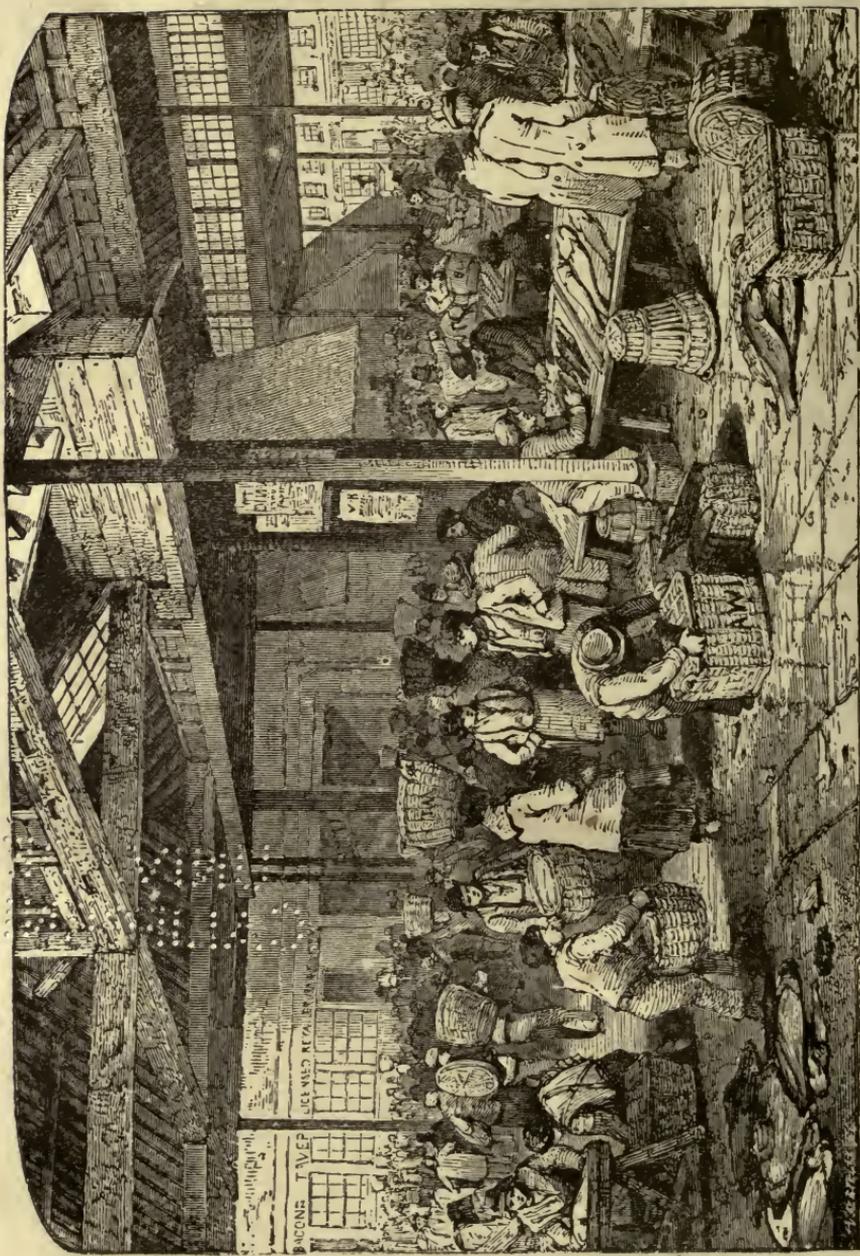
Ungrateful Publisher.

WHEN Mr. Holt, a printer, established his newspaper in New York in 1766, a person in the vicinity of Albany, who was wealthy, but notorious for his narrow, penurious disposition, became one of his earliest subscribers. At the end of the first year, the editor sent his account for the yearly subscription, urging a request that it might be settled the first convenient opportunity. No answer, however, came. The bills were sent regularly for eighteen years, but with the same success; till at length Mr. Holt, as may well be supposed, got out of all patience with his customer, and had the whole account made out and sent to him—adding, at the foot thereof, that if it was not *immediately* paid, he would put it in suit, and discontinue sending any more newspapers. The subscriber, having read the account and notice, exclaimed, with a disdainful sneer, “What an ungrateful puppy! I was one of the first that encouraged his paper by subscribing—have continued it ever since—and *this* is the return he makes me!”

Mr. Gales Reporting Mr. Webster's Speech.

AT the time that Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, made his memorable speech on Mr. Foot's resolution, in the United States Senate, Mr. Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, happened to be present; and hearing that Mr. Webster intended to reply, and would probably be quite brief, he resolved to try his hand, for this particular occasion, of his long-neglected vocation of

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BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET.

short-hand reporter. He undertook the task, but finding the "reply" was likely to occupy a number of hours instead of some thirty minutes, the magnitude of the labor it would be to write out his notes appeared so formidable, that he shrank from it as an impossibility, with the many engagements that demanded his attention. The friends of Mr. Webster urged upon Mr. Gales the imperative necessity of writing out the speech, but the prospect was gloomy, when suddenly an intimation was received from Mrs. Gales—who had in former years been in the habit of assisting her husband in elaborating his reports—that she would do all in her power to write out the speech in full. The result was, that in the course of a week a copy was presented to Mr. Webster in the handwriting of Mrs. Gales, and when published in the *National Intelligencer* had an extraordinary circulation. The original notes, adorned with a few unimportant alterations in the handwriting of Mr. Webster himself, were subsequently neatly bound in a volume and preserved in Mr. G.'s library. It is also well known that the faithfulness of the report not only elicited the warmest commendations from Mr. Webster, but likewise a costly gift from him to Mrs. Gales, in token of his gratitude.

America's First Printed Book.

It seems to have been pretty definitely ascertained, that the first printed book on this continent, was by Cromberger, in Mexico, in 1544. The first book in our own territory was the Bay Psalm Book, printed in 1640, at Cambridge, by Stephen Daye.

Scotch Cabinet Maker's Apprentice.

A YOUNG Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinet maker in Glasgow, and, as a first job, had a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish.

After a sufficient time had elapsed for doing the work assigned him, the foreman inquired whether he was ready with the drawers yet? "Oich no; it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin off my ain two hands before I'll get it off the drawers." "What!" replied the startled director of plane and chisel, "you are not taking the *venering* off, you blockhead?" "What I'll do, then? I could not surely put a polish on before I'll take the bark off!"

Billingsgate Market Dealers.

THERE are about fifty fish-salesmen who have stalls in the famous Billingsgate market, London, for which they pay a comparatively trifling rent. The tables of the salesmen, which are ranged from one side of the covered area to the other, afford ample space for clustering throngs of buyers around each. Each range appears to form one table; but the portion assigned to each salesman is nine feet by six.

Each seller sits with his back to another, and between them is a wooden board, so that they are apparently enclosed in a recess; but by this arrangement their pockets escape the pick-pocket, which was not the case when they were not separated from the crowd. The market management is as follows:

At the lower end of the market, nearest the fishing boats, porters stand with baskets of fish on their heads. Not one of them is allowed to have the advantage over his fellows by an unfair start, or to overstep a line marked out by the clerk of the market. The instant the clock strikes the accustomed hour, the race commences, and each porter rushes at his utmost speed to the respective salesman to whom his budren is assigned. The baskets are instantly emptied on the tables, and the porters hasten for a fresh supply, repeating this until all is brought. It

is the fishmonger's interest to bring his whole cargo into the market as soon as possible, for, if the quantity brought to market be large, prices will fall the more quickly, and if they are high, buyers purchase less freely, and he may miss the sale. Some of these heaps of glistening fish would enchant a Dutch painter. The manners of Billingsgate—so proverbial and disparaging—have improved, and yet the standard phrase for abuse, either of the tongue or pen, will probably never be altered.

Millionaire Butcher of London.

M. WEX, a French writer of distinction, while riding in a London omnibus, formed a passing acquaintance with a fellow traveller, and addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which just drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box, adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to the shoulders; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him as a girdle—so that the coachman looked like a millionaire driving a mechanic in his working dress. Mr. Wey asked his neighbor who and what was the strange-looking occupant of the dashing carriage. "The richest butcher in London," was the reply; "he is returning in his own carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of two millions, and he, out of modesty, follows his profession—a very honorable old custom. This gentleman-butcher possesses four millions."

Profits of a Stall.

A POLISH woman, who has a stall in the Franklin market, New York, found herself, about five years ago, a widow with four young children and an estate of just one dollar and fifty cents in money. Though embarrassed by a very poor knowledge of our language, she immediately invested her capital in some articles which she could sell, and commenced operations, employing her children as she could for her assistance. For a year or two past she has had the market stall. A few months ago she learned that the owner of a good farm of seventy-five acres, in one of the central counties of the State, was desirous to sell his farm for ready money. She examined the farm, found a good house, barn, etc., and fifty acres under cultivation. Her small pittance had grown to \$1,200. The Polish widow thus secured her a country estate, though still carrying on the business of her stall. Five years of determined effort, even in a small sphere, will bring a large amount to the credit side of the cash book.

Classification of Newspaper Readers.

SHENSTONE, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes. These are as follows: The ill-natured look at the list of bankrupts; the poor to the price of bread; the stockjobber to the lies of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal to the deaths; the monopolizers to the hopes of a wet and bad harvest; the boarding-school and all other young misses, to all matters relative to Greta Green.

"Extras," etc.

WHEN Mr. Hallock became the partner of Mr. Hale, in the publication of the *Journal of Commerce*, a new era in some respects was inaugurated in

American journalism. The times were troublous in Europe. The great revolution of 1830 was approaching. There was intense anxiety in America for news. The new partners bought and equipped a small schooner, called her "The Journal of Commerce," and sent her out to cruise for packet ships, get the European papers, and bring them in, one, two, or three days ahead of the vessel's arrival. This was the first American newsboat of any size. The other papers had row-boats cruising in the harbor. The new plan was laughed at—"they are fools, and will only ruin themselves the sooner," was the common remark. But the result proved the wisdom of the idea. The semaphoric telegraph would announce "*The Journal of Commerce* in the offing, standing in." A few hours later, "*The Journal of Commerce* passing the Hook." Then the crowd would begin to collect in the publishing office. No news would be delivered until an extra evening edition was ready, and then Mr. Hale would sometimes read the news aloud to hundreds of citizens, while the extras were sold by thousands. This was the commencement of New York Extras.

Lawyers and Barbers.

It is a singular circumstance that two of the most eminent lawyers of the present century, Lord St. Leonards and the late Chief Justice Abbott (Lord Tenterden) were the sons of operative barbers. The late chief justice perhaps never practised tensorially—in the shop, at least; but certainly the ex-lord chancellor spent part of his boyhood in the parental shaving shop, in Duke street, St. James. It is also narrated that on one occasion, an eminent counsellor called at the shop of the elder Sugden, when the latter, in the course of some familiar small talk, of which barbers are so fond, remarked, "I have sent my son to be a lawyer,

sir; I hope no offence, but I've tried him at my own profession, but he hadn't the genius for it."

Perils of Reporting the Parliamentary Debates.

THE first attempt at a monthly publication of the parliamentary debates was made in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for August, 1735; and the practice was continued in succeeding numbers. The reports were of the most timid and cautious description, the names of the speakers being given only by the first and last letters, and, in many cases, no speaker's name is mentioned; all that appears is a summary of the argument and discussion. They got bolder by degrees, and at last published the names at length. This audacity, coupled with the fact that some of the members appeared in a light not very satisfactory to themselves, either from their own defects, or the incorrect version of their oratory, caused the attention of the Commons to be drawn to the subject. It was brought under notice by the speaker, who was followed by Yonge, Windham, and Sir Thomas Winnington. The last concluded a very angry speech with these words: "Why, sir, you will have the speeches of this house every day printed, even during your session; and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth." The result was a thundering resolution, unanimously agreed to, declaring it "a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of, the privileges of the house to publish the debates, either while Parliament is sitting, or during the recess," and threatening to proceed against offenders "with the utmost severity." The *Gentleman's Magazine* published them under the title of the "Debates of the Senate of Lilliput," and the *London Magazine* under that of a "Journal of the Proceedings and Debates in the Political Club;" giving Roman names

to the speakers, while each publication printed an explanatory key at the end of the year.

Dr. Johnson in the Capacity of a Reporter.

DR. JOHNSON was at one time employed by the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the composition of the parliamentary debates, having the assistance of Mr. Guthrie, somewhat famous in this line. The latter, who had a good memory, brought home as much as he could recollect from the house, mending his draught by whatever other assistance he could command; after which, the matter thus collected underwent the finishing touches of Johnson. At times, Johnson had no other aid than the names of the speakers, and the side they took, being left to his own resources for the argument and language. A speech—the celebrated speech, commencing “The atrocious crime of being a young man,” which he put into the mouth of Pitt, when that distinguished orator replied to the taunts of Walpole—Johnson afterward declared, in the company of Francis, Wedderburn, Foote, and Murphy, that he “wrote in a garret in Exeter street.” His reports, however, are considered by the editors of Hansard's *Parliamentary History*, the most authentic extant, faithfully embodying the argument, if not the style, of the speakers. It was once observed to him, that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. “That is not quite true,” said Johnson; “I saved appearances pretty well; but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.”

Obtaining a Copyright.

MR. JOHNSON, the bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard, London, obtained the copyright of Cowper's *Poems*, which proved a source of great profit

to him, in the following manner: A relation of Cowper called one evening at dusk on Johnson, with a bundle of these poems, which he offered to him for publication, provided he would print them on his own risk, and let the author have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson perused and approved of them, and accordingly printed and published them. Soon after they had appeared before the public, there was not a review which did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn to the butter shops. In consequence of the public taste being thus terrified, or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop as an unsalable pile for a long period. Some time afterward, the same person appeared, with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author; which were offered and accepted upon the same terms. In this fresh collection was the inimitable poem of *The Task*. Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured, as he was, of their great merit, Mr. Johnson resolved to publish them. Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers instantly changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion, and Johnson immediately reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment.

Johnson and His Dictionary.

MR. ANDREW MILLAR, bookseller in the Strand, had the principal charge in conducting the publication of Johnson's *Dictionary*; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried, and almost exhausted, by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy money by different drafts, a

considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

Price of "Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination."

DODSLEY, who published Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, says, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for "this was no everyday writer."

Benjamin Franklin as a Bookseller.

ONE fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar!" said the lounger, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger said,

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes; he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store, waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could better have afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

Rival Publishers.

BOTH Tonson and Lintot were rivals for publishing a work of Dr. Young's. The poet happened to answer both of their letters the same morning, and unfortunately misdirected them. In these epistles he complained of the rascally cupidity of each. In the one he intended for Tonson, he said that Lintot was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question; and writing to Lintot, he declared that Tonson was an old rascal, with many other epithets equally opprobrious.

Sir Robert Peel's Factory Operative.

EVERY one knows that old Sir Robert Peel, father of the late prime minister of England and grandfather of the present baronet, made his money by the cotton spinning. In the early part

of his career his business was not remarkably extensive, but suddenly he made a tremendous start, and soon distanced all his rivals. He grew immensely rich, as we all know, but all do not know the lucky accident to which he was indebted for his enormous wealth.

In the early days of the cotton spinning machinery, a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins or tapes, which then formed portions of the looms. These filaments accumulating, soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleared, which involved frequent stoppages, and much loss of time.

The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton, and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel, as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom—among them James Watt—who suggested various corrections; but spite of all they could do the inconvenience remained—the cotton would adhere to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to be insurmountable.

Of course, these delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who, on Saturdays, generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay—his work was always accomplished; in fact, his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere. It was important that it should be discovered, if possible.

The man was watched, but all to no purpose; his fellow workmen tried to "pump" him, but they couldn't; at last Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man—unable to read or write—little better,

indeed, than a mere animal. He entered the "presence" pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his great clumsy wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me your bobbins are always clean, is that so?"

"Ee's, master, 't be."

"Well, Dick, how do you manage it—have you any objection to let me know?"

"Why, master Pill, 't be a sort o' sacret loike, ye see, and if oi told, t'others 'd know 's much as oi," replied Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you something if you'll tell me—and if you can make all the looms in the factory work as smoothly as yours—"

"Ev'ry one 'n them, master Pill."

"Well, what shall I give you? Name your price, Dick, and let me have your secret."

Dick grinned, scratched and shook his great head, and shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would most willingly have given him. Presently Dick said,

"Well, master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about it, if you'll give me—a quart o' beer a day as long as I'm in the mills—you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick, and half a gallon every Sunday into the bargain."

"Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously around to see that no one was near—"this be it;" and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered, "*Chalk your bobbins!*"

That indeed was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adherence of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalking had escaped detection.

Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention—had “chalking” machinery contrived, and soon took the lead in the cotton spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.

Publisher's Generosity to an Author.

THE celebrated work so well known as “Burn's Justice,” was written by Burn, a poor clergyman in the north of England. He went to London to sell his manuscript, and inquired of the landlord of the inn where he lodged if he was acquainted with any bookseller. The innkeeper introduced him to one, who, after keeping the manuscript for eight days, offered him twenty pounds. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Millar, who was then rising fast into fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that honesty is the best policy, and by treating every writer with justice, and often with generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen, in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merits of the different books submitted to their inspection.

The manuscript in question was sent to a Scotch student in the Temple, and Burn, in the interim, received a general invitation to Millar's table. In eight or ten days the manuscript was returned to Mr. Millar, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day, after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn what was the lowest sum that he would be willing to receive for his work. The poor man replied that the highest offer which he had received was twenty pounds—a sum too small to defray the expenses of his journey!

“Will you accept two hundred guineas?” said Mr. Millar.

“Two hundred guineas!” cried the parson, clapping his hands; “I am extremely fortunate.”

The book went through many impressions, and Mr. Millar, of his own good will, paid the author one hundred pounds additional for each of them. As the author loved port, the bookseller further gave him a letter of credit for the purchase of a pipe per annum, during the rest of his life, in any wine cellar in London, where he thought proper.

“After all this,” added Mr. Millar, in telling the story, “I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain.”

Mr. Millar gave two hundred pounds for the copyright of “Tom Jones.” Before he died, he had cleared eighteen thousand pounds by it, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds. He also bequeathed a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

Business Mistakes of Publishers.

CAVE offered half the booksellers in London the property of the “Gentleman's Magazine;” as they all refused to engage in it, he was obliged to publish it himself, and it became one of the most popular and profitable magazines in the world.

Dr. Buchan offered his “Domestic Medicine” to every principal bookseller of Edinburgh and London, for one hundred pounds, without obtaining a purchaser; and, after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty-two shares of fifty pounds each.

Beresford offered his copyright of the “Miseries of Human Life” to a bookseller, for twenty pounds. It was rejected. It was subsequently publish-

ed, however, and over five thousand pounds realized by its publication.

Chinese Barbers.

THE barbers, in the towns of China, go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, a basin, a towel, and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them, they run to him; and, planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eyebrows, and brush the shoulders—all for the value of one cent. They then ring the bell again, and start in pursuit of another customer.

Barbers' Chairs.

THE chair in a barber's shop was long proverbial, from its capaciousness, for accommodating all sizes of occupants; whence arose the phrase—"as common as a barber's chair."

Plutarch remarks that barbers are naturally a loquacious race; and gives an anecdote of King Archelaus, who stipulated with his barber to shave him in silence. Not so, however, have thought most of barbers' customers: the cithara, or lute, was hung up in the shop, to be played for their diversion; and snapping his shears or fingers was a barber's qualification. Of his art, or trade, as practised of old, Lyly gives a curious sample: "How, sir, will you be trimmed? will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? a penthouse on your upper lip, or an ally on your chin? a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling locke like a spaniell? your moustachios sharpe at the ends, like shoemakers' aules, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?"

Forfeits in a Barber's Shop.

FORMERLY forfeits were enforced for certain breaches of conduct in a barber's shop—as, for handling the razors; for

talking of cutting throats; for calling hair-powder flour; for meddling with anything on the shopboard.

In 1856, there was hanging in a barber's shop at Stratford, Eng., a set of rules, which the possessor mounted when he was an apprentice, some fifty years previously; and his employer, who was in business as a barber at Stratford, in 1769, frequently alluded to this list of forfeits as being generally acknowledged by all the fraternity to have been in use for centuries. The old man well remembered large wooden bowls for lathering; which bowls were placed under the chin, a convenient niche having been cut in the side in which the chin dropped and kept the bowl suspended during the lathering operation. He used to relate that some of the customers paid by the quarter, and for these an especial bowl was set apart, to be used only at the time when their shaving money was due; and inside this particular bowl, inscribed in perfectly unmistakable characters, were the words, "Sir, your quarter's up!"

Pushing Business.

A GENEROUS-HEARTED but thoroughly driving business man was coming out of a hair-dresser's rooms, when he paused in the shop and looked around: "Oh, you sell brushes, and things of this kind?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I suppose you sell to about every one that comes?" "No, indeed, sir." "But I should. At all events you try, I suppose, to sell to every one that comes?" "Well, no, we do not, sir; one doesn't always think of it." "But you ought—you have your family to provide for, and you should have tact and *push*; if I were in your place, I would sell *something* to every one that comes, and you ought to try." "Very well, sir, suppose we begin with you," making a show of displaying some wares. "Yes, to be sure, why not?—let us see." To work he sets, and by way of encouraging the hair-

dresser in the proposed plan of doing business, he bought brushes, combs, etc., to the amount of nearly ten dollars.

Moses as an Engraver.

FROM the book of Exodus, it appears that when Moses had liberated the Jews from Egyptian bondage, he was commanded to make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, "holiness to the Lord." He was also commanded to "take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel, according to their birth, with the work of an engraver on stone, like the engravings of a signet." Both of these passages distinctly imply the practice of gem and seal engraving, and also of engraving on metal plates.

Wit of a Gravestone Maker.

A GOOD story is told of the facetious Dr. Thornton, of Derry, N. H., who undertook to quiz a neighbor of his—an old Scotch gravestone maker. The doctor, one day, in passing the residence of the Scotchman, who was busily at work, drew up and accosted him as follows: "Mr. W., don't you believe it to be your duty, as a rational man and a Christian, to pray for your daily bread?" "Ay," quoth Old Mortality, "I have thought it to be my duty, but I dinna noo min muckle about it." "I suppose, then," said the doctor, "that you pray that people may die, in order for you to enjoy the profit of furnishing their gravestones?" "No, fath," replied the old man; "there's no need o'that, while one Matthew Thornton continues to *practise physic*; he kills off folks faster than I can make stones for them."

The Learned Blacksmith.

ELIHU BURRITT is known the world over as "the learned blacksmith." Mr.

Burritt mentions that, being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself, when very young, to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading, that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one winter. He next studied Greek, and carried the Greek grammar about him in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some large iron. In the evenings he sat down to Homer's Iliad, and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German and Italian, and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and master'd it with ease, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast, this, with an hour at noon, being all the time he could spare from work. Being unable to procure such works as he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking that he could there meet with books at the different ports he touched at. He travelled more than one hundred miles on foot, to Boston, with this view, but was not able to find what he sought; and at this period he heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Thither he bent his steps, and arrived in the city in the most utter indigence. Here he found a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental books, such as he never imagined to be collected in one place. He was there allowed to read whatever books he liked, and reaped great benefit from the privilege. He used to spend three hours daily in the hall, and he made such use of his opportunities, as to be able to read upward of fifty languages, with greater or less facility.

Incorrect Editions of the Bible.

THE number of typographical inaccuracies which abound in the bibles printed by the king's printers is remarkable. Dr. Lee states, "I do not know any book in which it is so difficult to find a very correct edition as the English bible." What is in England called the *Standard Bible*, is that printed at Oxford, in 1769, which was superintended by Dr. Blayney; yet it has been ascertained that there are at least one hundred and sixteen errors in it.

These errors were discovered in printing an edition in London, in 1806, which has been considered as very correct; yet Dr. Lee says that that edition contains a greater number of mistakes. Mr. T. Curtis corroborates Dr. Lee's testimony. He states his general impression to be, that the text of the common English bible is incorrect, and he gives a great variety of instances.

Dr. A. Clarke, in his preface to the bible, states that he has corrected many thousand errors in the Italics, which, in general, are said to be in a very incorrect state. Between the Oxford edition of 1830 and the Cambridge edition, there are eight hundred variations in the Psalms alone. Dr. Horne says: "Booksellers' edition, 1806. In the course of printing, by Woodfall, this edition from the Cambridge copy, a great number of very gross errors were discovered in the latter, and the errors of the common Oxford edition were not so few as twelve hundred."

Mr. Ofor, a retired bookseller, and who made a collection of upward of four hundred bibles of different editions, states that he was not aware of any edition he had examined which was without errors; but Pasham's bible, in 1776, and another printed at Edinburgh, in 1811, were the most accurate and the most beautiful he had found.

Printed Books; or, the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

THE first printed book on record is the *Book of Psalms*, by one Faust, of Mentz, and his son-in-law, Schæffer. It appeared in 1457, more than four hundred years ago. Several works were printed many years before, by Guttenberg; but as the inventors wished to keep the secret to themselves, they sold their first printed works as *manuscripts*.

This gave rise to an adventure that brought calamity on Faust. Having in 1450, begun an edition of the bible, and finished it in 1460, he carried several printed copies of it to Paris, and offered them for sale as manuscripts. This made him at once an object of suspicion. It was in those days when Satan was thought to be ready at every man's elbow, to offer his magic if called upon, and as the French could not conceive how so many books should perfectly agree in every letter and point, they ascribed it to infernal agency, and poor Faust had the misfortune to be thrown into prison. Here it was, that, in order to prove he had no aid from the devil, he was obliged to reveal the secret, and show to the proper officers how the work was done.

Perhaps it was upon this adventure that somebody built up the story of the league of the devil and Dr. Faustus, as well as wrote those ludicrous dialogues, which, in some of the puppet-shows, Faust, under the name of Dr. Faustus, is made to hold with the devil.

Paying a Newspaper Bill.

A LONG-WINDED subscriber to a newspaper—there are many such—after repeated dunnings, at last promised that the bill *should* be paid by a certain day, *if he were then alive*. The day passed over, and no money reached the office.

In the next number, therefore, of

the newspaper, the publisher inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the publisher—not with the pale and ghastly countenance ascribed to apparitions, nor, like them, did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence with—"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, I mean what I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz., to let the world know that you are dead." "Well, but I am not dead." "Not dead; then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead—for I will not believe that you would *forfeit* your word." "Oh, ho! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Publisher; but say no more about it—here's the money. And hearkee, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week?" "Oh, certainly, sir, just to please you; though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have really come back to pay this bill, on account of your friendship to me."

Trading in News.

THE desire of the English for news from the capital, on the part of the wealthier country residents, and probably the false information, as well as the impertinence, of the news writers, led, anciently, to the common establishment of a very curious trade—that of a news correspondent, who, for a subscription of three or four pounds per annum, wrote a letter of news every post day to his subscriber in the country. This profession probably existed in the reign of James I.; for in Ben Jonson's play, the *Staple of News*, written in the first year of Charles I., we have a very curious and amusing

description of an office of news manufacturers:

"This is the outer room where my clerks sit,
And keep their sides, the register i' the
midst:

The examiner, he sits private there within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads."

The news thus communicated appears to have fallen into as much disrepute as the public news. In the advertisement announcing the first number of the *Evening Post*, September 6th, 1709, it is said: "There must be three or four pounds per annum paid by those gentlemen who are out of town, for written news, which is so far generally from having any probability of matter of fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with *We hear, &c.*, or, *An eminent Jew merchant has received a letter, &c.*; being nothing more than downright fiction." The same advertisement, speaking of the published papers, says: "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers, than in any of our own." The trade of a newspaper correspondent seems to have suggested a sort of union of written news and published news; for toward the end of the seventeenth century, we have *news letters* printed in type to imitate writing. The most famous of these was that commenced by Ichabod Dawks in 1696, the first number of which was thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the *written news*, contains double the quantity, is read with abundantly more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand."

Tailor Turned Prophet.

A TAILOR in Dublin, near the residence of Dean Swift, took into the

"ninth part" of his head, that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and more especially the Book of Revelation. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts.

One night the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up his line of march to the deanery. The dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice, "Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the dean; "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

The unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the earth and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now, my knowledge of mathematics," continued the dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wished to ascertain *how much cloth* it will take to make a pair of breeches; and, as that is exactly in

your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He rushed from the house, hastened to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches *was* exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of prophetic revelation by the wit of the dean.

"A Tailor for Many Years."

It was a good trait in the character of that quaint old Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, that he was not ashamed of the shop. It is related of him by his biographer, that one day, while he was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, during his sojourn abroad, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked: "Those people are very respectable; but they are not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our 'set.' Their father was a mechanic." "Well, *I'm* a mechanic myself," said Isaac; "perhaps if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited me!" "Is it possible," responded his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?" "I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest; "look at my hands. Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the street with the chief justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."

"Spanish."

A BRICKMAKER, being hired by a brewer to make some brick for him at his country house, wrote to the brewer that he could not go forward unless he had two or three loads of "Spanish;"

that otherwise his brick would cost him six or seven thousand chaldrons of coal extra, and the bricks would not be so good nor so hard, by a great deal, when they were burnt. The brewer hereupon sends down two cartloads, with about twelve hogsheads or casks of molasses, which startled the brick-maker almost out of his senses. The case was this: The brewers formerly mixed molasses with the ale to sweeten it, and abate the quantity of malt, molasses being at that time much cheaper, and this they called "Spanish," not willing their customers should know it. Again, the brickmakers all about London, mix sea-coal ashes with their clay, and by that shift, manage to save eight chaldrons of coal out of eleven, to the burning of one hundred thousand bricks, in proportion to what other people burn with them; and these ashes they call "Spanish;" but neither the brewer on the one hand, nor the brickmaker on the other, understood anything else of the term than as it related to his own separate business.

Country Bankers.

QUITE a ludicrous case is told of a young woman of shabby genteel appearance, who was taken before a London magistrate for vagrancy. The constable reported that he detected her in the act of begging. The magistrate, in the usual authoritative tone of addressing beggars, said, "Now, young woman, you cannot be allowed to go about begging. I think you are an impostor. What is your name? Where did you come from? What is your father?"

These three interrogatories were all put at once, but, of course, required separate replies. The young woman, not having been used to appear before a magistrate, began to cry. She was told that that sort of whimpering would not do there, but the questions must be answered. The girl hesitated

for some time, but, on being threatened with the treadmill, she replied, "My name is Smith; I came from Lincolnshire, and my father is a banker."

On hearing this, the tone and tenor of the worthy magistrate's address underwent a change. "What!" he said, "my good young woman, your father a *country banker*, and allow his daughter to be begging in the streets of London! I consider he disgraces himself by such conduct. But surely, my good young creature, you must have done something to offend your father." "No, sir; my father said he could not afford to keep me, so I was obliged to leave home."

"Not afford to keep you, and yet a country banker. How can that be? I must inquire into this; I shall write to the clergyman of your town, whom I happen to know, and ascertain the truth of your story, and, if possible, prevail on your father to take you home again."

In the mean time, the now kind and attentive magistrate ordered that the young woman should be taken good care of, and every requisite afforded her until he received a reply to his letter.

A few days brought the clergyman's answer, who stated that the young woman was not a daughter of the highly respectable banker of that name, but was the daughter of a *mud banker* in the fens, and that her father had been compelled to refuse to support her. The writer also added, that it was possible the mistake into which the worthy magistrate had fallen arose from the circumstance that in his part of the country *all the laborers engaged in draining are called bankers*—hence the term "country banker."

Hutton's Success as a Bookseller.

THE well-known bookseller William Hutton, struggled in early life with in-

numerable difficulties. His own account of his first adventure as a bookseller is a good specimen of that spirit of indomitable perseverance which is ever the forerunner of success. He determined to set up that character in the town of Southwell, about fourteen miles from Nottingham. Here he accordingly opened a shop, with, as he expresses it, about twenty shillings' worth of trash for all his stock.

"I was," says he, "my own joiner, put up my shelves and furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place." Being employed, however, during the other days of the week, in working at Nottingham as a bookbinder, he could only give his attendance at Southwell on Saturdays, that being, besides, quite enough for the literary wants of the place. "Throughout a very rainy summer," says he, "I set out at five every Saturday morning, carried a burden of from three pounds' weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham at nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister."

This humble attempt, however, was the beginning of his great prosperity. Next year he was offered about two hundred pounds' weight of old books, on his note of hand, for twenty-seven shillings, by a clergyman, to whom he was known; and upon this he immediately determined to break up his establishment at Southwell, and to transfer himself to Birmingham. He did so, and succeeded so well, that by never suffering his expenses to exceed five shillings a week, he found that by the end of the first year he had saved about twenty pounds. This, of course, enabled him to extend his business, which he soon made a very valuable one, and

by which he in time acquired an ample fortune.

Bookmaking a Trade.

LA BRUYERE, many years ago, observed, that "'tis as much a trade to make a book as a clock; c'est un metier que de faire un livre, comme de faire une pendule." But since his day many and vast improvements have been made. Solomon said, that "of making books there is no end;" and Seneca complained, that "as the Romans had more than enough of other things, so they had also of books and bookmaking." But Solomon and Seneca lived in an age when books were considered as a luxury, and not a necessary of life. The case is now altered; and though, perhaps, as a wit once observed, no man gets a bellyful of knowledge, every one has at least a mouthful.

Lee, the Learned Carpenter in England.

SAMUEL LEE, professor of Hebrew at the University of Cambridge, England, was seventeen years of age before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language. Out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a carpenter, he purchased, at a bookstore, a volume, which, when read, was exchanged for another; and soon, by degrees, he advanced in knowledge. He had not even the privilege of balancing between reading and relaxation; he was obliged to pass from bodily fatigue to mental exertion. During six years previous to his twenty-fifth year, he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labor, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock in the evening. And yet at the age of thirty-one years he had actually *taught* seventeen languages.

Apt Speech by a Carpenter.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behindhand in his payments to the workmen; and coming one day among them to see what progress they made, he requested the carpenter to get upon the rostrum and make a speech, that he might judge how it could be heard. The fellow mounted, and stretching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator.

"Oh," cries the knight, "no matter for that; speak anything that comes uppermost."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," says the carpenter-orator, "here have we been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?"

"Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down. I have heard quite enough. I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject."

Sticking to the Contract.

A SEA captain, in the vicinity of Boston, was about to start on a long voyage, and entered into a contract with a builder to erect him a commodious house during his absence. Everything was to be done according to the contract—no more, no less—which the captain caused to be drawn up with great care. A large sum was to be forfeited by the builder if he should fail to observe any of the stipulations, or attempt to put in his notions where the contract made no provision for them.

The captain sailed, and returned. His house stood in ample and imposing proportions before his sight, and he confessed himself delighted with the exterior. But when he entered and attempted to ascend to the

second floor of the building, he found no stairs, and no means of ascent were to be had till ladders were sent for. The captain felt that he was trifled with, and a bit of a nautical gale seemed brewing. But this was soon quieted by the opening of the written contract, and there was found not the least provision for stairs in any part of the house! "Give me your hand, sir," said the noble captain at once; "all right! You've stuck to the contract, and I like it."

The stairs were subsequently, at a great expense, put in, and the captain often remarked that one of the pleasantest things about his elegant residence was, the remembrance of one man who could stick to the very terms of a contract!

Ben Russell, the Printer: Exciting Scene.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL—or "Major Ben," as he was familiarly called—who for years figured with such diversified conspicuousness, as editor and publisher of the *Columbian Centinel*, Boston, was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after the publication of that paper, he not only acted as the sole editor and reporter, but also worked considerably at the "case," in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press-work.

It is related of him—among a thousand anecdotes and incidents illustrating his marked individuality of character—that once having published an article which was considered personal and highly offensive by a certain gentleman of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited the unfortunate printer, armed with a sanguinary-looking cowskin, and fully determined to give him a sound thrashing. According to the custom of the times, he was arrayed in white kersey—mere small clothes, white silk stock-

ings, and white vest. Mr. Russell was at the time most busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, in handling the press balls for distributing ink—rollers were not known in those days—and his astonishment may barely be conceived when he saw a well-dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in a towering passion, and, making toward him, “fall to” with a cowskin.

The printer fronted his antagonist, and very professionally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect, one on his visitor’s snowy vest, the other on his left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the cowskin—another thrust with the balls—which served admirably well the purposes of both sword and shield.

In a few minutes the advocate of Lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a bandbox, was covered with ink—*printers’ ink*, black and oily—from head to foot; his hat was knocked off in the *mêlée*, his gay costume was transformed into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native citizen of Timbuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by Major Ben, who had now got his hand conveniently in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between the shoulders, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer, *especially* when engaged in his calling.

Wholesale Joke upon Shoemakers.

HENLEY, the celebrated mob orator, succeeded in collecting the greatest number of shoemakers ever known to assemble, at one time, by announcing that he would teach them “a new and most expeditious mode of making shoes.” When they were gathered together in prodigious numbers, they learned that the “new art” to be

taught them was no other than that of cutting off the tops of boots! Being thus enlightened in respect to their “understandings,” the innocent fraternity dispersed.

The writer of this anecdote displays his penchant for punning by saying, “I cannot think the representatives of Prince Crispin would have pocketed this ‘bootless’ insult. I think they would have ‘bristled’ up, one and ‘all,’ and ‘waxing’ wrath, would not have waited for the ‘ends’ of justice, but would have brought the orator down from his ‘gilt tub,’ and, persevering to the ‘last,’ have put their ‘soles’ upon his neck till he had discovered, too late, that the ‘gentle craft’ might not be insulted with impunity.”

German Book Fairs.

THE long celebrated Leipsic book fair was established before the end of the sixteenth century. It prospered so rapidly that, in 1600, the Easter catalogue, which has been annually printed ever since, was printed for the first time. It now presents every year, in a thick octavo volume, a collection of new books and new editions, to which there is no parallel in Europe. At the fair all the brethren of the trade flock together in Leipsic, not only from every part of Germany, but from every European country where German books are sold, to settle accounts and examine the harvest of the year. The number always amounts to several hundreds, and they have built an exchange for themselves. It is here that every German author wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion that his work may be ready for publication by that important season, when the whole brotherhood is in labor, from the Rhine to the Vistula. If the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his bur-



W. H. WOODS, N. Y. SC

WHOLESALE JOKE UPON SHOEMAKERS

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
CITY OF
BOSTON

den twelve months longer, till the next bibliopical littering.

Property in Books.

MR. ALEXANDER DONALDSON, bookseller, of Edinburgh, had for some time opened a shop in London, and sold his cheap editions of the most popular English books, in defiance of the supposed common law right of literary property. Dr. Johnson, though he concurred in the opinion which was afterward sanctioned by a judgment of the House of Lords, that there was no such right, was at this time very angry that the booksellers of London, for whom he uniformly professed much regard, should suffer from an invasion of what they had ever considered to be secure, and he was loud and violent against Mr. Donaldson. *Johnson*: "He is a fellow who takes advantage of the law to injure his brethren; for notwithstanding that the statute secures only fourteen years of exclusive right, it has always been understood by *the trade* that he who buys the copyright of a book from the author, obtains a perpetual property; and, upon that belief, numberless bargains are made to transfer that property after the expiration of the statutory term. Now Donaldson, I say, takes advantage here of people who have really an equitable title from usage; and if we consider how few of the books of which they buy the property succeed so well as to bring profit, we should be of opinion that the term of fourteen years is too short; it should be sixty years."

Dempster: "Donaldson, sir, is anxious for the encouragement of literature. He reduces the price of books, so that poor students may buy them."

Johnson (laughing): "Well, sir, allowing that to be his motive, he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor."

English Almanacs—First Issue.

THE first almanac in England was printed in Oxford, in 1673. There were near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanac for twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of said almanac, and its title, they were all vended. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross the profits in their own hands.

Rather a Puzzling Occupation.

OF Stuart—no mean name, certainly—the following anecdote is related: He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"You are a hair-dresser, then?"

"What!" said he, "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask you what you are then?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some gentleman?"

"A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats, for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor."

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one."

By this time they were all in a roar.

"What *are* you then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waist-

coats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oh, ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing!"

"Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Mathews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman, after all, belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession—when to their increased astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions,

"Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words, *I am a portrait painter!* As such, if you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

Humors of a Reporter.

MARK SUPPLE was a well-known parliamentary reporter. He took his wine frequently at Bellamy's, and then went up into the gallery and reported like a gentleman and a man of genius.

The members hardly knew their own speeches again; but they admired his free and bold manner of dressing them up. None of them ever went to the printing office of the *Morning Chronicle*, to complain that the tall Irishman had given a lame, sneaking version of their sentiments. They pocketed the affront of their metamorphosis, and *fathered* speeches they had never made. His way was the hyperbole; a strong spice of orientalism, with a dash of the *bog-trotter*. His manner seemed to please, and he presumed upon it. One evening, as he sat at his post in the gallery, waiting the issue of things, and a hint to hang his own tropes and figures upon, a dead silence happened to prevail in the house. It was when Mr. Addington was speaker. The bold leader of the press-gang was never bent upon serious business much, and at this time he was particularly full of meat and wine.

Delighted, therefore, with the pause, but thinking that something might as well be going forward, he called out lustily, "A song from Mr. Speaker." Imagine Addington's long, prim, upright figure, his consternation, and utter want of preparation for, or of a clue to repel, such an interruption of the rules and orders of the Parliament. The house was in a roar. Pitt, it is said, could hardly keep his seat for laughing. When the bustle and the confusion were abated, the sergeant-at-arms went into the gallery to take the audacious culprit into custody, and indignantly desired to know who it was; but nobody would tell. Mark sat like a tower on the hindermost bench of the gallery, imperturbable in his own gravity, and safe in the faith of the brotherhood of reporters, who alone were in the secret. At length, as the mace-bearer was making fruitless inquiries, and getting impatient, Supple pointed to a fat Quaker, who sat in the middle of the crowd, and nodded assent that he was the man. The

Quaker was, to his great surprise, taken into immediate custody; but after a short altercation and some further explanation, he was released, and the hero of our story put in his place for an hour or two, but let off on an assurance of his contrition, and of showing less wit and more discretion in future.

Reporting from Memory.

MR. WILLIAM WOODFALL, the son of the celebrated printer of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the Letters of Junius first appeared, undertook, without any assistance, the arduous task of reporting the debates of both houses of Parliament, day by day, in his father's paper, and afterward in other daily journals. This gentleman possessed a most extraordinary memory, as well as wonderful powers of literary labor. It is asserted that he has been known to sit through a long debate of the House of Commons, not making a single note of the proceedings, and afterward to write out a full and faithful account of what had taken place, extending to sixteen columns, without allowing himself an interval of rest. The remarkable exertions of this most famous reporter gave the newspaper for which he wrote a celebrity which compelled other newspapers to aim at the same fulness and freshness in their parliamentary reports.

Rare Editorial Philosophy.

PERHAPS it would be difficult to find an instance of calmer or more pleasant philosophy under business trials than that exhibited by Mr. Greeley, on the occasion of the burning of the Tribune Buildings in 1845. In his editorial article the day after, he says of the catastrophe:—We have been called, editorially, to scissor out a great many fires, both small and great, and have done so with cool philosophy, not reflecting how much to some one man

the little paragraph would assuredly mean. The late complete and summary burning up of our office, licked clean as it was by the red flames, in a few hours, has taught us a lesson on this head. Aside from all pecuniary loss, how great is the suffering produced by a fire! A hundred little articles of no use to any one save the owner, things that people would look at day after day and see nothing in, that we ourselves have contemplated with cool indifference, now that they are irrevocably destroyed, come up in the shape of reminiscences, and seem as if they had been worth their weight in gold. We would not indulge in unnecessary sentiment, but even the old desk at which we sat, the ponderous inkstand, the familiar faces of files of Correspondence, the choice collection of pamphlets, the unfinished essay, the charts by which we steered—can they all have vanished, never more to be seen? Truly your fire makes clean work, and is, of all executive officers, supereminent. Perhaps that last choice batch of letters may be somewhere on file; we are almost tempted to say, "Devil! find it up!" Poh! it is a mere cinder now. No Arabian tale can cradle a wilder fiction, or show better how altogether illusory life is. Those solid walls of brick, those five decent stories, those steep and difficult stairs, the swinging doors, the Sanctum, scene of many a deep political drama, of many a pathetic tale—utterly whiffed out, as one summarily snuffs out a spermaceti on retiring for the night. And all perfectly true.

Editors in a hard Fix.

SOME time since, an eminent English jurist, Lord Denman, laid down the law of an editor's liability, to the effect that an editor has no right to insert any paragraph before he has ascertained "that the assertion made in it is absolutely true." So, then, in the case of

the recent discoveries by the Earl of Rosse's telescope, an editor ought to have proceeded to the different planets mentioned and thoroughly ferreted out the whole matter, before he inserted any statement respecting them. According to Lord Denman's rather loose phraseology, the man in the Moon and Orion would both recover swinging damages from almost every editor in the United Kingdom for the "reflections" cast by the Earl's telescope on their character as planets.

Affidavit by an Apothecary.

A HIGHWAYMAN, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor, to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "By getting an apothecary to make an affidavit of his illness." This was accordingly done in the following manner: "The deponent verily believes, that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life;" to which the learned judge on the bench answered that he verily believed so too. The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

Pun on a Cooper.

A YOUNG man, a cooper by trade, being pressed very hard by some of his companions to sing, even after he had earnestly assured them that he could not, observed, testily, that they merely intended to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good sir," replied one of them, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

"Hopping" from Obscurity.

THERE was an Englishman of some celebrity, who used to say that the first of his ancestors, of any note, was a baker and dealer in hops, who, on one occasion, to procure a sum of money, robbed his feather beds of their

contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsalable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailed, and hops became very scarce, and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops which, in a plentiful season, would not have been salable,—and thus, said he, "our family *hopped* from obscurity."

Hatter's Present to a Judge.

JUDGE SEWALL, of Massachusetts, whose judicial career, in the last century, was an honor to himself and his profession, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price, sir?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, upon hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop; upon which the hatter said to him, "Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit." "By no means," answered the judge; "if you please to set a price I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."

Compliment to Wharfingers.

A BILL was ONCE brought into the House of Assembly of Jamaica, for regulating the duties and fees of wharfingers. During its discussion, Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said, "I very much approve the bill. The wharfingers are a set of knaves,—*I was one myself for ten years, sir!*"

Old English Ticker.

AN account is given of an old English watch, which was purchased of Joseph Story, Clerkenwell street, London, in 1676, by Benjamin Andrews, then about the first hardware merchant in Boston, Mass. It was given to the father of the present owner, for good behavior and attention to business, in his sixteenth year, on condition that he would never dispose of it. He died in 1803, and the present owner has had it in his possession ever since. The first time it was cleaned, there were but two watchmakers in Boston, and one of them was unwilling to take it in hand lest he should injure the fine work. The watch was then sent to London, where it remained a year, and was cleaned at a cost of five pounds. The original watch paper still remains in the case with the date of its purchase. This venerable ticker keeps as good time as ever, and seems likely to hold good for a hundred years more.

Ship-building in Ancient Times.

THE art of ship-building has been attributed to the Egyptians as the first inventors, the first ship—probably a galley—having been brought from Egypt to Greece, by Danaus, 1485 B. C. The first double-decked ship was built by the Tyrians, 786 B. C. The first double-decked one built in England was of one thousand tons burthen, by order of Henry VII., 1509; it was called the Great Harry, and cost about sixty thousand dollars. Ship-building was first treated as a science by Hoste, 1696.

Too Awkward to be a Watchmaker.

BEAUMARCHAIS, the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*, was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but raised himself to fame, wealth, and rank by the mere force of his talents. A young nobleman, envious of Beaumarchais's

reputation, once undertook to wound his vanity and pride by an allusion to his humble origin—handing him his watch, and saying, "Examine it, sir; it does not keep time well—pray ascertain the cause." Beaumarchais extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. "You see, my dear sir," replied he, "you have applied to the wrong person; my father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker."

An Emperor Blowing a Blacksmith's Bellows.

DURING the journey of the Emperor Joseph the Second, to Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there, his majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop the town afforded, and desired him to repair the wheel without delay.

"That I would do, very willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday, all my men are at church,—the very boy who blows the bellows is not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming one's self," replied the emperor, preserving his incognito; and he immediately set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron.

The wheel repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the emperor gave six ducats. The blacksmith returned them to the traveller, saying, "Sir, you have made a mistake, and instead of six sols have given me six pieces of gold, which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the emperor, stepping into the carriage; "an emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

Errors of the Press.

THE original memoirs of Cowper the poet, were apparently printed from an obscurely written manuscript. Of this there is a whimsical proof, where the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu are spoken of, and the compositor, unable to decipher the author's name, has converted it into *Mules Quince!*

A newspaper heads an advertisement, "*Infernal Remedy.*" This may be quite true, but it is probable that "internal remedy" was intended. Mistakes, even of a single letter, are sad things. As another example, a newspaper commenced an article on Profanity, with saying, "It was a practice with our immoral Washington, never to allow profanity in his presence," etc.; the word "immoral" should of course have been "immortal." So, in publishing an obituary notice of a distinguished and esteemed man, the compositor made the writer to say of the deceased, "He has truly left no shallow "footprints on the sands of time," instead of "footprints," as Longfellow's immortal line has it.

The editor of a religious newspaper, in reference to an individual, took occasion to write that he was *rectus in ecclesia*, that is, in good standing in the church. The type-setter, to whom this was a dead language, converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, alters, in some degree, the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of, only a *good standing in the kitchen.*

By a ridiculous error of the press, the *Eclectic Review* was advertised as the *Epileptic Review*, and, on enquiry being made for it at a bookseller's shop the bibliopole replied: "He knew of no periodical called the *Epileptic Review*, though there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

Modern Newspaper Office.

To take a peep at the busy picture presented in the office of a largely circulating city newspaper, is an era in one's life. Such a picture is thus graphically drawn by an English writer, and the description will answer about equally as well on this side of the Atlantic:—See that gigantic machine, instinct with life, throwing off the printed sheets as quickly—or more so—than the eye can count them. See the host of men, reminding one of a body of large ants, picking up tons of metal by half a pennyweight at a time. See the great intellectual head, the foremost man of all, the mighty "we," at whose frown potentates tremble and ministries dissolve, surrounded by his *aides*—the busy reporter new from his turn in "the gallery," industriously extending his notes,—the sub-editor, condensing verbose communications, and extracting information and readable matter from a mountain of letters, blue books, and country papers. See also how the post-office, the telegraph, and the train rain a countless succession of communications upon the editorial table from all the corners of the earth. Look—there is a packet from "our special correspondent," who is tracking the steps of the British army in India; another from our "own" correspondent, who has been assisting to annihilate time and distance between Britain and America, by laying down an electric cable in the depths of the Atlantic; a third from a lively correspondent, who is dodging the footsteps of royalty at the Cherbourg fêtes. Then, again, observe that active gentleman in the closely buttoned coat, who drops a letter into the communication box and disappears: that is a penny-a-liner, who has just gleaned the particulars of an exciting murder, perpetrated in "the most mysterious manner"; another liner has preceded him with what he calls a capital suicide; and a

third will follow, just as the paper is going to press, with a terrific conflagration accompanied by loss of life. The knowing sub-editor has in a few minutes revised, and—most necessary duty of all—abridged this “copy,” and given it a corner in the paper.

Greatest Reportorial Feat.

THE greatest reportorial feat of ante-telegraphic journalism is stated to be that which was performed by Mr. Attree, of the New York *Herald*. Daniel Webster delivered a speech one afternoon, at Patchogue, Long Island, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. Mr. Attree went down to Patchogue, took full notes of the speech, rode the entire distance to New York on relays of horses, wrote out his report, and published it complete in the next morning's *Herald*. For reportorial skill and physical endurance combined this achievement is believed to be unsurpassed.

Reason why Pitt's Great Speech was not Reported.

IN former times, the reporters of the proceedings in the British parliament were obliged to sit or stand with the rest of the unofficial spectators, no accommodations whatever being provided for the newspaper press.

While Pitt, therefore, was premier, all the reporters consulted together, and agreed that, upon a certain day, they would omit to notice the premier's speech. The day came; Pitt delivered a great and important oration; in the next morning's paper the triumphant gladiator *found no record of his magnificent effort*. Highly incensed, the premier sent for the editors, and demanded the reason for this remarkable omission. The editors referred him to the reporters. The reporters represented that they were so crowded and inconvenienced, and at such a distance

from the speakers, that it was almost impossible to hear, much less to report, the speeches.

The result of this well-devised protest was an order from the premier that benches should be reserved for the reporters; and afterward a portion of the gallery was railed in for them, with a lattice-work in front, so that they could see and hear, but be unseen by the members. Thus the reporters, by a thoroughly British fiction, were present in, but not actually in the presence of, parliament, and were therefore allowed to remain in spite of the old rule against them.

Verbatim Reporters.

FOR a long while, American reporters followed the example of Doctor Johnson, and reported no speech which they did not adorn or spoil. Daniel Webster complained bitterly of this habit, and frequently demanded that his speeches should be reported as delivered or not at all. Of all reporters, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, then connected with the *Courier*, and now the chief editor of the New York *Daily Times*, is said to have pleased Mr. Webster most. The classical quotations in which Webster indulged were always remarkably *apropos*, and he felt considerable pride in having them reported correctly. Mr. Raymond, with an equal pride in his profession, never depended upon his notes or his memory for these quotations, but took the trouble of looking them out in the books and copying them *verbatim et literatim*. In those days it was a great feat to report and publish a long speech. Upon one occasion, Webster delivered an address at Washington, and Mr. Raymond was among the reporters present. Webster concluded his remarks but a few moments before the mail closed, and the reporters were therefore unable to write out their notes for transmission to the New York papers before the next

day. Mr. Raymond, however, being an exceeding rapid writer, had taken down the speech in long hand, with only a few simple abbreviations, and observing the perplexity of the other reporters, he determined to send off his notes as they were, and trust to the compositors to decipher them. This plan was successful.

Shoes and Shoemakers—Facetiæ.

AMONG the works which may be facetiously classed under the head of "Cobbler Literature," are the veracious histories of "Goody Two Shoes," and the "Giant with his Seven-League Boots"; the affecting story of "Cinderella and her Glass Slipper," and the pathetic and touching poem of the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," with her interesting or at least numerous progeny.

It is also most curious how many proverbs, and sayings, and witticisms have had their origin in the vocabulary of the shoemaker. Thus, the young are enjoined on all occasions to "put their best foot forward"; to rely on themselves, and "not to wait for dead men's shoes"; "whatever the value of a body, it is useless without a *sole*." It was a sentimental shoemaker who invented the name of the "Oxford Ties"—how appropriate to the friendships and associations formed at that celebrated seat of learning, and which had their origin in that place! When one is haughty or presuming, he is said to be "high in the instep"; when he has become poor, he is said to be "run down in the heel." Formerly, shoes were made so extravagantly large in France, that the toes had to be looped up, until at length a law was made reducing their length "in *toto*." There can be no more useful and economical proverb than the familiar one, that "a stitch in time saves nine."

Lord Byron was exceedingly sensitive on account of the deformity of his

feet, which was probably the reason of his avoiding the "clubs." In Hood's "Diary of a Joke-Hunter," the unconscious punster of a coachman says: "I expect to draw the boot of my vehicle on the heel of Lunnen Bridge by twelve o'clock." A traveller in China says, that no Chinese will allow himself to be visited until his boots are on; and any one calling must wait till he has performed that part of etiquette. The Roman Catholics remove their hats in passing the door of a cathedral; and the Mohammedans take off their shoes on entering a mosque. An old gouty gentleman, having lost a pair of capacious shoes, said that the worst wish he had was, that the shoes might *fit* the thief.

The celebrated radical, Hunt, made a fortune by the manufacture of shoe-blackening. After he obtained a seat in parliament, Sir Robert Peel satirically made an allusion, in a speech, to the *shining* qualities of his opponent—to which Hunt replied, that whereas he (Hunt) was the first of his family who had obtained a fortune by trade, Sir Robert was the first of his who had been able to live without trade.

There have been several eminent shoemakers who, having taken *Pegasus* for their hobby, have become devoted followers of the muses. *Footie*, the actor, had a wooden *leg*. Coleman says: "this prop to his person, I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and a gold buckle, waiting the owner's getting-up; it had a kind of tragically comic appearance, and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a *Footie* in bed and a *leg* out of it. Although rather too serious a subject for a pun, it seems somewhat of a paradox, how a man could be so long a celebrated comedian *with one foot in the grave!*"

Mrs. Partington,—a dame of well-known *understanding*,—one day took up the papers, in which she saw something about the "Shoe Dealers' Bank,"

and laying down her spectacles, she exclaimed, "Law, me! I wonder who will have a bank next? I don't want any of their 'bills;' I have had enough of 'em; and Mr. Partington was always complaining of their extravagant charges." It is a custom, still kept up among superstitious people, to throw their old shoes over their heads for good luck, when vacating a house in which they have lived; to insure success, the person must not look behind after the performance of the operation.

An old woman having predicted to her graceless son, that he would "die in his shoes," the unfilial vagabond, determined to disappoint so tender a parental prophecy, took the malicious pains to kick them off, just previous to being hanged!

Shooting a Bookseller.

"MANY a true word is spoken in jest," the proverb teaches; and an anecdote told of Campbell may be thought to indicate a feeling within not very favorable to those who had given his poem to the world. Being in a festive party at a period when the actions of Bonaparte were most severely condemned, on being called upon for a toast, Campbell gave, "The Health of Napoleon." This caused great surprise to all the company, and an explanation was called for.

"The only reason I have for proposing to honor Bonaparte," said he, "is, that he had the *virtue to shoot a bookseller.*" Palm, a bookseller, had recently been executed in Germany, by order of the French chief.

Profitable Book Job.

A DUBLIN paper says, that about the year 1837 Longfellow, being engaged in making a tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked

with an illness, which ultimately proved fatal.

It so happened, however, that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six-and-thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife.

The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time with no better success than at first. Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. *Hyperion* was the result.

His labor and his constancy were not thrown away; they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand, her heart, and a large fortune, and the book also brought fame and money,—a very profitable job all around!

Attempt to Print a Perfect Book.

THE celebrated Foulises, of Glasgow, attempted to publish a work which should be perfect as a specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page, and after it was thought to be perfect, it was posted up in the hall of the university, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who could discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks

in the place where it had been posted, before the work was printed, and the printers thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When the work was issued, it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was in the very first line of the first page. The Foulis editions of classical works are still much prized by scholars and collectors.

Austen, the Famous Metal Founder.

ALL have heard of the English "Tubal Cain," William Austen, who worked "at his peril" in the construction of the celebrated tomb at Warwick, in St. Mary's church, of Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439.

In a document given in Dugdale's Warwickshire, William Austen is oracularly styled "citizen and founder of London," from which and the details of the agreement it appears that he was not the designer or modeller of the figures which he cast in brass, for it is expressly stated that he is to work from models made of timber. This document is rather an amusing one, as will be seen: Will. Austen, citizen and founder, of London, xiv. Martii, 30 n. 6, covenanteth &c. to cast, work, and perfectly to make, of the finest latten (brass) to be gilded, that may be found, xiv. images embossed, of lords and ladies in divers vestures called weepers, to stand in housings made about the tomb, those images to be made in breadth, length, and thickness, &c., to xiv. patterns made of timbers. Also he shall make xviii. less images of angells, to stand in other housings, as shall be appointed by patterns, whereof ix. after one side, and ix. after another. Also he must make an hearse to stand on the tombe above and about the principal image that shall lye in the tomb according to a pattern; the stuff and workmanship to be at the charge of

the said Will. Austen. The said William Austen, xi. Feb., 28 n. 6, doth covenant to cast and make an image of a man armed, of fine latten, garnished with certain ornaments, viz., with sword and dagger; with a garter; with a helm and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear musted (muzzled), and a griffon perfectly made of the finest latten, according to patterns; all of which to be brought to Warwick and laid on the tombe, at the peril (risk) of the said Austen.

Miners' Commandments.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Thou shalt not take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gambling-table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down, the less thou shalt take up.

Thou shalt not pick up specimens from the company pan and put them in thy mouth or in thy purse. Neither shalt thou take from thy cabin mate his gold dust to add to thine, lest he find thee out, and straightway call his fellow miners together, and they hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes and two hours to leave the country; or brand thee like a horse-thief, with R upon thy cheek, to be "known and read of all"—Californians in particular. And if thou steal a shovel, or a pick or a pan from thy toiling fellow miner, hanging will be too good for thee, and thou wilt be kicked and cowhided for thy pains.

Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "good diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit thy friend who hath mules and provisions and tools and blankets that he cannot sell; lest, in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught save his rifle, he presenteth thee with the contents thereof.

1875



PROFESSIONAL USE OF BOOKS.

Son of an Eminent Turkey Merchant.

HORNE TOOKE was the son of a poulterer, which fact he facetiously alluded to, when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself: "I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

Dryden Describing his Publisher.

TONSON, the eminent publisher of his time, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work on which he was engaged, the enraged bard sent a message to him, and the following lines, adding, "Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more :

With leering looks, bull-faced and freckled skin,

With two left legs, and Judas-colored hair,
And frozy, pores, that taint the ambient air."

The bookseller felt the force of the description, and to avoid the completion of the portrait, lost no time in sending the money.

Professional Use of Books.

TOM OSBORNE, the bookseller, was one of "that mercantile, rugged race, to which the delicacy of the poet is sometimes exposed," as the following anecdote will more fully evince :

It appears that Johnson being engaged by him to translate a work of some consequence, he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance of it as possible, and in consequence of which the work went on, according to Osborne's ideas, rather slowly ; he therefore frequently spoke to Johnson of this circumstance, and, being a man of coarse mind, sometimes, by his expressions, made him feel the situation of dependence. Johnson, however,

seemed to take no notice of him, but went on according to the plan which he had prescribed for himself.

Osborne, irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay, went one day into the room where Johnson was sitting, and abused him in the most illiberal manner : among other things, he told Johnson he had been much mistaken in his man ; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar and a ready hand—but he doubted both ; for "Tom Such-a-one would have turned out the work much sooner ; and that being the case, the probability was, that by this *here* time the first edition would have moved off."

Johnson listened to all this for some time unmoved ; but, at last, losing all patience, he seized a huge folio, which he was at that time consulting, and, aiming it at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly as to send him sprawling on the floor. Osborne alarmed the family with his cries ; but Johnson, clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir, till he had exposed him in that situation ; and then left him, with this triumphant expression,—“Lie there, thou son of dulness, ignorance, and obscurity !”

First Newspaper in the world.

THE oldest news sheet appearing to be of a periodical character, is one which was offered for sale with the Libri Collection on the 25th of July, 1862, and of which there is a duplicate in the British Museum. Its title is, "*Neue Zeitung aus Hispanien und Italien* (New Tidings from Spain and Italy) ; black letter, 4 leaves 4to. Mense Febrero, 1534."

The description of this in the catalogue is as follows : "A gazette of excessive rarity, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first news of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographers we have been

able to consult. It is announced that the governor of Panumya (Panama), in the Indies, has written to his Majesty (the emperor Charles V.) that a ship had arrived from Peru with a letter from the regent Francisco Pizarro (Pizarro), stating that he had disembarked and seized the country; that with two hundred Spaniards (infantry and cavalry) he had embarked; that he had arrived at the lands of a great lord named Cassiko, who had refused peace and attacked him; that the Spaniards had been victorious, and had seized five thousand castillons (pieces of gold), and had twenty thousand marks of silver; that they had drawn two millions in gold from the said Cassiko," etc.

It has generally been supposed, from the various researches which have been made, that the first newspaper published in modern Europe made its appearance at Venice in 1536; but the jealousy of the government would not allow of its being printed, so that, for many years, it was circulated in manuscript.

Earliest Newspaper in the English Language.

It would seem that newspapers were first issued in England by authority during the alarm occasioned by the approach of the Armada to her shores—in order, as was stated, by giving real information, to allay the general anxiety, and to hinder the dissemination of false and exaggerated statements. From this era, newspapers, of one sort or other, have, with a few intermissions, generally appeared in London, sometimes at regular, and sometimes at irregular intervals. The "English Mercurie" has been regarded the first printed newspaper in the English language, and was, by authority, "imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1583;" in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The earliest number preserved is dated July 23, in that year.

The following are the names of some of the earliest publications which, whether correctly or incorrectly need not now be argued, were regarded as "newspapers":—"England's Memorable Accidents," "The Kingdom's Intelligencer," "The Diurnal of Certain Passages in Parliament," "The Mercurius Aulicus," "The Parliament's Scout," "The Parliament's Scout Discovery, or Certain Information," "The Mercurius Civicus," "The Country's Complaint," "Mercurius Britannicus," etc.

The first *regular* series of weekly newspapers hitherto discovered was entitled the "Weekly Newes from Italy, Germanie," &c., published in London in 1622. This statement is founded on the assertion made by a British historian, that the "English Mercurie of 1583," long regarded as the first English newspaper, was a myth—a forgery. The first daily morning newspaper was the "Daily Courant," 1702, London. It consisted of but one page of two columns, and containing five paragraphs translated from foreign journals.

It has been supposed by many that the "Gentleman's Magazine" was the earliest periodical of that description, while, in fact, it was preceded nearly forty years by the "Gentleman's Journal" of Matteux, a work much more resembling our modern magazines.

Facetiæ for Shoemakers.

"STICK to your last" is a homely but common proverb, enjoining perseverance, and may have originated with those who made it the means of such honorable promotion.

"None but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches," is another as common, and originated with a noble Roman who was asked why he had put away his beautiful wife, and gave this for an answer.

"The shoemaker must not go beyond his last," is immediately understood to advise no one to pass judgment on things concerning which he has no knowledge; and is derived from the incident of a shoemaker's criticizing a slipper which an artist had painted, and, being applauded, he attempted to extend his strictures to other parts of the picture, thus making himself ridiculous.

Roman Saint Making Shoes.

By common consent, Crispin is the patron saint of shoemakers, and he, it appears, suffered martyrdom about the year 303, for his efforts to propagate the doctrines of the Christian religion, travelling from Rome to France for this purpose, and making shoes by the way as a means of obtaining nourishment for the body. St. Crispin's Day is the twenty-fifth of October, and Shakspeare and many inferior poets have immortalized its festivals and promoted its importance in the list of holidays.

Buying Shoes and Sermons.

AN anecdote is told of the chaplain of the Duke of Leeds and his shoemaker, which the facetious like to relate as an instance of the wit of the "gentle craft" of the thread and last. A shoemaker, named Walkden, had made for him a pair of shoes, and on being asked the price replied, "Half a guinea, sir."

"Half a guinea for a pair of shoes!" replied the astonished chaplain; "why, I could go to Cranbourne Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than these ever were or will be, for five and sixpence." He then threw one of the shoes to the other end of the room, and Walkden threw the other after it, saying, at the same time, "Sir, I can go to a store in Moorfields and buy a better sermon than my lord gives you a guinea for."

The duke, being present, was much

amused by this retort, and immediately ordered half a dozen pairs of shoes to be made directly.

Dowse, the "Literary Leather Dresser."

THOMAS DOWSE was a leather dresser, living in Cambridgeport, Mass., and who, to good industry and success in his calling, added a most liberal taste for books and engravings of the rarest quality. He was commonly known as "the literary leather dresser," and his case is almost if not wholly without a parallel. From an early age, all his spare earnings were expended in the purchase of books. After pursuing his trade as an apprentice to his father until he was twenty-one years of age, he made the endeavor to visit Europe, but was prevented from fulfilling that purpose on account of poverty and other obstacles. He therefore applied himself to his trade, and in this vocation he was eminently fortunate. He attended to the duties of his shop during business hours, and to reading in those of the morning and evening, devoting constantly a large part of his income to the purchase of books. His taste was not only for good books, but for handsome editions, and these he imported directly from London. About the year 1820, his agent in London sent him the prospectus of a lottery for the disposal of the sets of a costly collection of engravings of the most famous works of the old masters, and of the water-color copies made from the originals. Mr. Dowse bought three tickets in this lottery, and drew two prizes, one prize consisting of two sets of the engravings, colored and uncolored; the other prize being one-half of the water-color copies framed, fifty-two in number. He thus became possessed of a large collection of admirable copies of some of the most celebrated paintings in England. The paintings were advantageously arranged in rooms adjoining Mr. Dowse's library,

and formed with it an attraction of great interest to persons of letters and taste resident in the neighborhood, and to strangers.

Mr. Dowse continued to work at his trade till after he was seventy years of age, and he lived a life of retirement as well as celibacy. He was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin—so much so, that he erected, at his own expense, a substantial granite obelisk in Mount Auburn, to Franklin's memory. A few months before his decease, Mr. Dowse presented his library to the Massachusetts Historical Society. It consisted of about five thousand volumes of a miscellaneous character, many of them in elegant bindings, and of the best editions. It is almost exclusively an English library, containing translations of the principal authors in the ancient languages, and the cultivated languages of modern Europe. It is estimated to have cost Mr. Dowse forty thousand dollars, without interest. He left forty thousand dollars to literary, scientific, and charitable purposes.

Eminent Shoemakers.

ARNIGIO, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century, of considerable genius and learning, followed his father's trade, that of a shoemaker, and in the course of his life published a very elaborate work on the shoemaking of the ancients.

Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Sweden, but was afterward taken notice of, in consequence of his ability, and sent to college.

David Parens, the elder, who was afterward a celebrated professor of theology at Heidelberg, Germany, was at one time apprentice to a shoemaker.

Joseph Pendell, of London, who was a profound and scientific scholar, leaving a superb library, was bred to and

pursued through life the trade of a shoemaker.

Hans Sachs, one of the most famous of the early poets, was the son of a tailor, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and afterward became and continued a weaver

Benedict Badlouth, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, was a shoemaker, as was likewise his father. This man wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, which he traced up to the time of Adam himself. Thus Adam was a shoemaker, and Eve a tailoress. She "sewed fig leaves together," proving truly the antiquity of these two branches of industry and skill.

To these may be added those ornaments of literature, Holcroft, the author of the Critic and other works; Gifford, the founder, and for many years the editor, of the London Quarterly Review, one of the most profound writers and elegant scholars of the age; Bloomfield, the celebrated author; Gibbon, Lackington, Dr. Carey, and Whittier,—all these were shoemakers.

John Brand, of the London Antiquarian Society, and author of several learned works, was originally a shoemaker, but fortunately found means to complete his studies at Oxford. Winckelmann, the learned German antiquary, was the son of a shoemaker, and was for some time engaged in the same employment, but finally burst from his obscurity, and became a professor of belles-lettres: he was the friend and correspondent of the most learned men of his times.

Fox, the founder of the sect or body called Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and apprenticed to a shoemaker.

Roger Sherman, the distinguished Connecticut statesman, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and found ample time, during his minority, to acquire a stock of knowledge that led him on to fame and fortune.

Longworth, the great real estate mil-

lionnaire, of Cincinnati, was formerly a shoemaker.

Breaking and Waxing the "Thread."

A CERTAIN member of the Irish Parliament, whose father had followed the honest occupation of a shoemaker, having, in the course of his speech, used some language which caused him to be called to order by Mr. Curran, the gentleman complained that Mr. Curran had "*broken the thread of his discourse.*"

"Then *was it better*, the next time," replied Curran, disdainfully.

One of the Largest Book Establishments in the World.

THIS well-known house was established by the two senior partners, James and John Harper, who opened a small book and job printing office in Dover street, New York, in 1817. Their first employer in book printing was Mr. Evert Duyckinck, a leading publisher of that day, to whose order, on the 5th of August, they delivered two thousand copies of Seneca's *Morals*; on the 3d of December, twenty-five hundred copies of Mair's *Introduction to Latin*; and on the 7th of April, 1818, five hundred copies of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. These were the first books they printed. In 1823, the third brother, John Wesley Harper, became a partner in the establishment, and in 1826 Fletcher Harper entered as a member of the firm. At that time their printing office had become the largest in the city, though it employed but fifty persons, and did all its work on ten hand-presses. The establishment is at present believed to be the largest of its kind in the world. Thurlow Weed worked as a journeyman printer at the same time and in the same establishment with Mr. Harper. "James," says he, "was our partner at the press. We were at work as soon as the day dawned; and though, on a

pleasant summer afternoon, *we* used to sigh occasionally for a walk upon the Battery before sundown, *he* never would allow the 'balls to be capped' until he had broken the back of the thirteenth 'token.'" Thus, by habits of industry, perseverance, economy and industry, the journeyman printer became the head of the greatest publishing house in the western world, amassed an ample fortune, and at one time filled the chair of chief magistrate of the greatest metropolis in America.

Charles Knight's Reminiscences of the London Book Trade.

PATERNOSTER ROW and the immediate neighborhood of St. Paul's churchyard and Ave-Maria Lane, were the principal seats of the wholesale book-trade in former days. At the beginning of the present century, according to Britton, "most of the tradesmen attended to their respective shops, and dwelt in the upper part of their houses." He had lived to see the heads of many of the largest establishments visit their counting houses only for a few hours in the day, and leave the working part to junior partners, clerks, and apprentices. The greater number of city booksellers did not carry on the business of publisher *pur et simple*. They were factors of books for the London collectors; they were the agents of the country booksellers; they almost all were shareholders of what were called chapter books, from the business concerning them being conducted at the Chapter Coffee House. If we open a book (says Mr. Charles Knight, in his interesting volume, "*Passages of a Working Life*"), of fifty years ago, which had become a standard work in its frequent reprints, we find the names of twelve or twenty or even more booksellers on the title page. The copyright had probably long expired. But these shareholders, who formed a Limited

Liability Company (not registered), were considered as the only legitimate dealers, and their editions the only legitimate ones. It was long before their monopoly was broken up by a few daring adventurers who defied these banded hosts, and were ready to pounce upon an expired copyright before it could be appropriated by the large and small potentates who had parcelled out the realms of print, with absolute exclusiveness, in the good times before innovation. Trade sales, as they were called, were frequent and general among the primitive race of booksellers; at which sales these share books were sold, among other wares, to the best bidders. The company was not attracted by elegant banquets, such as those at which, in later times, I have assisted as a guest and as a host. There was a plain dinner of substantial beef and mutton, which the bookseller ordered at an adjacent tavern, directing what dishes should be provided to meet the number of his expected guests. I have heard an illustrative anecdote—I do not vouch for its truth—of one of the respectable firm that lived under the sign of the Bible and Crown. In the midst of family prayer he suddenly paused, and exclaimed, "John, go and tell Higgins to make another marrow pudding."

The "legitimate" trade had its code of "protection," on which it had reposed since the days of the Tonsons and Lintots. Its system of associating many shareholders in the production and sale of an established work kept up its price. The retailers were only allowed to purchase of the wholesale houses upon certain conditions, which had the effect of making it difficult, if not impossible, for the private purchaser to obtain a book under the sum advertised. No publisher had discovered that it was to his interest that the profit of the middle man should be small, so that a book should be vended at the cheapest rate. The very notion

of cheap books stank in the nostrils, not only of the ancient magnates of the East, but of the new potentates of the West. For a new work which involved the purchase of copyright, it was the established rule that the wealthy few, to whom price was not a consideration, were alone to be depended upon for the remuneration of the author and the first profit of the publisher. The proud quarto, with a rivulet of text meandering through a wide plain of margin, was the "decus et tutamen" of the Row and of Albemarle street. Conduit street now and then vied in its grandiosity; but more commonly sent forth legions of octavos, translated from the French with a rapidity that was not very careful about correctness or elegance—qualities which were not contemplated in the estimate of the literary cost. These were the books whose cheapness was deceptive, like the books issued by the number-publishers. One of these successful tradesmen, who, although he became lord mayor, was once "Thomas" the porter in an old concern for the production of the dearest books in folio—such as we may still find among the heir-looms of a humble family in some remote village—was never solicitous to buy an author; his great object was to buy a "ground." "A ground" was like a milk-walk—there were a body of customers to be transferred to the new capitalist. He was once tempted into the employment of original authorship. When his press one day stood still for want of a sufficient supply of the commodity for which he had indiscreetly bargained, he exclaimed, "Give me dead authors!—they never keep you waiting for copy."

Buying a Saddle.

MONKEYS are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the pro-

prietor being in the back room. The customer, seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.

Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," which monkey shoved into the drawer as the man laid it down. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted the man, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushes in, and wants to know what's the fuss.

"Fuss?" said the customer; "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son settin' there, and when I went to take it, he won't let me have it!"

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him he was no relation.

Dignity Conferred by the Blacking Business.

THE report of M. Dumas, member of the French Institute, on the Great Exposition of French Industry, has been "done into English" for the benefit of a manufacturer of blacking, whose article is highly spoken of. The following is an extract in the translator's most *polished* style:

"The service done by Messrs. Jacquand is real. One does perceive it the better when one does consider his effects on the less comfortable orders of the population, on those for which there are not little economies, and on which it is of a great importance to spread habits of cleanliness, which conduct to the self-consideration, and which announce at the man who observes them, the sentiment of his dignity. The jury confers on Messrs. Jacquand a medal of bronze."

Breeches without a Body.

Brooks is an office boy, and is quite a character. He is about sixteen years old, and five feet ten inches in height,

and proportionably narrow. A more brief and very graphic description of his physical build is expressed by him when speaking of himself. He says, "Very little Brooks—principally legs." Brooks needed a renewal of that useful article of raiment known to him as "trowsis," wherewith to protect the before-mentioned legs from the inclemency of the weather and the vulgar gaze.

Brooks applied to a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, who published to the world the fact that he manufactured raiment of every description. By "particular request" the tailor measured Brooks for the required article of clothing, insuring, at the same time, a "dead fit." Our friend of the shears, being of an inquiring turn of mind—though we suspect some irony in his remark—thought to question his customer, as he inquired, addressing Brooks:

"Does my fine shentleman vish any pody to his pantaloons?"

Brooks answered, "Of course I want a body to them. Who ever heard of breeches without a body?"

"Vel, den," said the Jew, "if such is the case, den you musht tie dem round your neck; for, help me Moses, I never saw such long legs before!"

Books and Music.

"NOT very long ago, two gentlemen from our town," writes a rural reader to *Harper's Magazine*, "paid a visit of pleasure and business to New York city. Not particularly well acquainted with localities, they were upon one afternoon absent on an exploring expedition, and suddenly and unexpectedly 'fetched up' opposite your magnificent publishing house and printing establishment in Franklin Square. Having of course a knowledge, acquired by reading, of your extensive buildings and grounds, when the large gilt letters which indicate to the rural visitor the name and nature of the firm struck

the eye of one of the friends, he incontinently cried out, 'Hold on, Joe! I want to take a look at the Harpers!' Joe dropped his head, and stood for several minutes in musing mood, intently listening, during which time his friend was surveying the building and its surroundings. Presently Joe said,

"Well, come along; you won't hear any more music if you stand here all day!"

"Music? What music?" said his friend, eyeing Joe curiously.

"Why, 'the Harpers' playing," replied Joe, very innocently.

"The strain on Andy's vest buttons was intense for some minutes; and it has never been settled to this day whether the music was in Joe's head, or whether he really expected to hear 'the Harpers' playing."

Willing to Swallow the Joke.

EVERYBODY in Cincinnati knows that Jake Myers is a good fellow, and considerable of a wag. He and thirty-five other German cabinet makers put their funds together and formed themselves into an association known as the Cabinet Makers' Union. Jake was made agent of the concern, and, by his good management and the hard work of the others, they prospered, and shipped a large amount of their wares to the South. Some time ago, one of their customers living in Kentucky, and in debt to the concern about \$1,500, showed signs of weakness, and they thought it necessary for Jake to go and look after their interests. He found the man had just sold out, and he had to take a house and lot instead of the money. Jake was a stanch friend of the South, and the balance of the concern were abolitionists, and had bored Jake a good deal about his notions on the slavery question; so Jake found he had a chance of getting even or a little ahead of his partners. On his return he told them he had to take

two negroes (a boy and girl), or get nothing; but knowing his thirty-five partners to be strong abolitionists, he thought they might wish to set the darkeys free, and he had declined taking the money he had been offered for them until after he had a consultation with his partners. They all bit; and, after some deliberation, concluded to sell the negroes, as it would be too great a loss (\$42 to each partner) for them to stand. They directed Jake to sell them as soon as possible, for fear they might run away. A few days afterward they found out that Jake had sold them instead of the negroes, and thereon they all adjourned over to the nearest grocery store, and had a good time of it the balance of the day; declaring, by the strength of the lager, that they all knew that Jake was only joking.

Paying the Driver.

THE Rev. Dr. —, of Boston, was to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Orville Dewey, whilom of New York. Taking the Sound boat on Saturday night, he did not arrive at the pier, in consequence of a dense fog, until long after the bells had ceased to call the people to church. He immediately jumped into a cab and drove with all haste to the church, jumped out, whispered to the sexton to pay the driver, and walked with ministerial dignity up the aisle. When about to ascend the steps of the pulpit a hand was laid on his shoulder, and—judge of his surprise, on turning, to behold cabby with outstretched hand for his fare. This must be true, for he told it himself.

Explaining the Philosophy of Trade.

THE following dialogue between a "saucy"-looking Irishwoman and a fellow countryman, who had apparently just come over from the old sod, was

accidentally overheard by a Broadway pedestrian :

"Well, Misther Murphy, ye tell me that ye think of gettin' into the daling [trading] way here," said the lady, with that patronizing air always assumed toward late arrivals by the ould residenthers.

"Yis, ma'am, I was thinking something about it; and I'd like to have your advice, Mrs. Dimpsey, upon it, if y'd plase," humbly responded Mr. Murphy.

"Take my advice, thin," said the female oracle, "and thry the provision business, Misther Murphy; it's always lookey, and always safe. Calicoes and coats gits out of fashion, and lift on your hands often; but who ever heard of the cut of a ham, or a shoulder of beef, or a leg of mutton changin'?"

Mr. Murphy's countenance brightened up at the originality of the idea suggested to him; and by this time he is ready to supply all consumers of ham, beef, and mutton, on reasonable terms.

Would not Stoop.

SIR ROBERT PEEL made George Stephenson, the great engineer, the offer of knighthood more than once, but he steadily refused. He was not the creature of patronage, and had no desire to shine with borrowed lustre. He gave a characteristic reply to a request that he would state what were his ornamental or honorary initials, in order that they might be added to his name in the title of a work proposed to be dedicated to him: "I have to state, that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and I think it will be as well if you merely say 'George Stephenson.' It is true that I am a Belgian knight; but I do not wish to have any use made of it. I have had the offer of knighthood of my own country made to me several times, but would not have it. I have been invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, and also

of the Civil Engineers' Society, but objected to the empty addition to my name. I am a member of the Geological Society, and I have consented to become president of, I believe, a highly respectable mechanics' institution at Birmingham." He wished to join the Civil Engineers' Institute; but the council would not waive the condition that he should compose a probationary essay in proof of his capacity as an engineer! Mr. Stephenson would not stoop to enter, and turned his back upon the institute.

Lord Eardley's "Gentleman" Applicant.

DURING breakfast, one day, Lord Eardley was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place, then vacant. He was ordered into the room; and a double-refined specimen of a *genus* greatly detested by his lordship, made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and it was evident that he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow," said he, "what, you want a lackey's place, do you?"

"I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord," said the gentleman, bridling up his head.

"Oh! do ye, *do ye*?" replied Lord Eardley; "I keep no 'upper servants;' all alike, all alike, here."

"Indeed, my lord," exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity; "what *department*, then, am I to consider myself expected to fill?"

"Department, department," quoth my lord, in a tone of inquiry.

"In what *capacity*, my lord?"

My lord repeated the word "*capacity*" as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, my lord," exclaimed the man, "what shall I be expected to do, if I take the *situation*?"

"Oh! you mean if you take the

place. I understand you now," rejoined my lord; "why, you're to do everything but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and those *I do myself!*"

The "gentleman" stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and after a short pause, inquired, "What *salary* does your lordship give?"

"Salary, salary!" reiterated his incorrigible lordship; "don't know the word, my good man."

Again the "gentleman" explained—"I mean, what wages?"

"Oh! what wages," echoed my lord; "what d'ye ask, what d'ye ask?"

Trip regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business; and, considering for a few minutes, answered—first stipulating to be found in hair powder, and (on state occasions) silk stockings, gloves and bouquets—that he should expect thirty pounds a year.

"How much!—how much!" demanded my lord, rapidly.

"Thirty pounds, my lord."

"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Lord Eardley, in affected amazement, "make it guineas, and I'll come and *live with you*;" then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it: "Let out this '*gentleman!*'—he's too good for me;" and then turning to a visitor, who was much amused, said, as the man made his exit, "Conceited, impudent puppy!—soon sent him off—soon sent *him* off!"

Prize Won by Stephenson for his Famous Locomotive.

WHILE the Liverpool and Manchester railroad was in process of construction (in the early days of railroads), many consultations were held by the directors as to the kind of power which was to be employed in the working of the line when opened for traffic.

Two eminent practical engineers reported against the employment of the locomotive. The whole profession stood opposed to George Stephenson, but he still held to his purpose. Urged by his solicitations to *test* the powers of the locomotive, the directors at last determined to offer a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine which, on a certain day, should be produced on the railway and fulfil certain conditions in the most satisfactory manner. A speed of ten miles an hour was all that was required to be maintained.

Mr. Stephenson, assisted by his son, immediately set about the construction of his famous "Rocket." An important principle introduced in the construction of this engine, was the multitubular boiler, by which the power of generating steam was greatly increased.

On the day appointed for the competition at Rainhill, four engines were entered for the prize: first, Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericsson's "Novelty"; second, Mr. Timothy Hackworth's "Sanspareil"; third, Mr. Robert Stephenson's "Rocket"; fourth, Mr. Burstall's "Perseverance." Mr. Stephenson's engine was first ready, and entered upon the contest. It drew after it thirteen tons' weight, in wagons, and the maximum velocity attained during the trial trip was twenty-nine miles an hour—three times the speed that one of the judges had declared to be the limit of possibility. The average speed was fifteen miles an hour. The spectators were filled with astonishment; and one of the directors lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Now is George Stephenson at last delivered!" The "Sanspareil" weighed five hundred-weights beyond the weight specified, and was therefore excluded from competition. The steam-generator of the "Novelty" burst, and ended *its* performance. The "Perseverance" did not fulfil the advertised conditions; and the prize of £500 was accordingly

awarded to the "Rocket," as the successful engine.

—

Samuel Wheeler, the Iron-Smith, and General Washington.

SAMUEL WHEELER was the most eminent iron-smith of his time in the United States, and probably equal to any in the world. During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Wheeler made a chain, to be put across the North River, to stop the British troops in ships. General Washington had thought that the river could not be defended except by two armies, one on each side. He happened to say, in the hearing of General Mifflin, "I wish I could get a chain made; but that is impossible." Said General Mifflin, "I know a man that can make such a chain." "Who is he?" "Mr. Samuel Wheeler, a friend and a townsman of mine." "I should like to see that man." Mifflin said, "He is here, now, in the army." Mr. Wheeler was forthcoming. General Washington then said, "I wish a chain made, to put across the North River, to stop the British ships. Can you make it?" "I can." "Then I wish you to make it." "I cannot do it here." "Then," said General Washington, "I will cheerfully give you dismissal from the army. Badly as we want men, we cannot afford to keep such a man as you." Mr. Wheeler made the chain. It was hauled in links across New Jersey. It was hung, and did good service. It was ultimately cut, by building a fire about a link, and then using a chisel and sledge-hammer.

—

Ludwick, the Baker-General in the Revolutionary War.

CHRISTOPHER LUDWICK was by birth a German, who, after various experiences, went to Philadelphia, in 1753, with an adventure of £25 worth of clothing, on which he made a profit of three hundred dollars, and again returned to

Europe. He had taken the idea of becoming a gingerbread baker in Philadelphia; and in 1754 he came out with the necessary prints—seemingly a new idea among the simple cake eaters then! He commenced his career in Letitia Court, and began to make money fast by his new employment. He proved himself an industrious, honest, and good neighbor, which led to a deserved influence among the people, and to the *sobriquet* of the "Governor of Letitia Court."

At the commencing period of the Revolution, in 1774, he had become rich, and gave his influence and his money freely to help on the resistance of the Colonies. He was elected readily on all the committees and conventions of the time for that object. On one occasion, when it was proposed by General Mifflin to procure firearms by private subscription, and while several demurred to it as not feasible, he put down the opposition by saying aloud, "Let the poor gingerbread baker be put down for £200!" He became a soldier, and was active and influential as such.

In the year 1777, he was cordially appointed by Congress as baker-general of the American army, and to choose freely his own assistants and necessities. In their instructions to him, they expected to require from him one pound of bread for every pound of flour, but Christopher readily replied, "Not so; I must not be enriched by the war [are there no Ludwicks in 1864?]. I shall return one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread for every one hundred pounds of flour."

As a proof that he was respected and valued in his sphere, he was often invited to dine with Washington in large companies, besides having many opportunities of long conferences alone with him, as commander of the army, in relation to the bread supplies. The general appreciated his worth, and usually addressed him in company as his "honest friend."

Trades and Genealogies.

THE connection between trades and surnames—the derivation of the latter from the former—affords some curious material, and is by no means destitute of practical information. The fact that a particular vocation was, in former times much more than in modern days, pursued hereditarily, throws a good deal of light upon the subject, and is indeed the key to its solution. Of the surnames thus derived, the following list will be found quite ample:—

Barber, Bottler, Mason, and Builder,
Carrier, Carter, Carver, and Gilder;
Dancer, Drover, Dresser, and Dyer,
Cartwright, Clothier, Caner, and Crier;
Arrowsmith, Arkwright, Agent, and But-
ler,
Carpenter, Chandler, Cooper, and Cutler;
Bathmaker, Butcher, Brewer, and Broker,
Cardmaker, Carman, Corder, and Coker;
Bellringer, Bellman, Bowman, and Black-
er,
Pavior, Peddler, Painter, and Packer;
Currier, Collier, Chanter, and Cropper,
Huntsman, Hosier, Hacker, and Hopper;
Boatwright, Baker, Binder, and Brazier,
Grocer, Gouger, Grinder, and Glazier;
Merriman, Mercer, Merchant, and Miller,
Banker, Chapman, Cutter, and Killer;

Fiddler, Farmer, Joiner, and Stringer,
Gardener, Goldsmith, Tapper, and Ring-
er;

Horseman, Hooker, Barker, and Peeler,
Fryman, Fowler, Draper, and Dealer;
Ploughright, Packman, Puller, and Plater,
Traveller, Tapster, Thatcher, and Slater;
Plater, Pitman, Pincher, and Potter,
Turner, Trimmer, Tanner, and Trotter;
Shoyeller, Swindler, Stainer, and Smoker,
Saddler, Shearer, Salter, and Stoker;
Fleshman, Foyeman, Fuller, and Fyler,
Taverner, Taylor, Tasker, and Tyler;
Dairyman, Doctor, Drawer, and Dredger,
Herdsmen, Hawker, Hewer, and Hedger;
Quarrier, Quitter, Rhymer, and Reader,
Bowmaker, Scrivener, Presser, and Plead-
er;

Pressman, Plainer, Poet, and Pinner,
Staymaker, Sheppard, Glover, and Skin-
ner;

Tuner, Threader, Bridger, and Archer,
Tirer, Thrower, Loader, and Marcher;
Girdler, Stamper, Keeper, and Nailer,
Rasper, Trainer, Baster, and Sailer;
Warrener, Workman, Webber, and Whit-
er,
Wheelwright, Watchman, Roper, and
Writer.

This list of names we might extend,
And fifty more at least append;
Nay—if inclined, we could recite 'em
Thus, one by one, *ad infinitum*.

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1842

TO THE BARRON COUNTY

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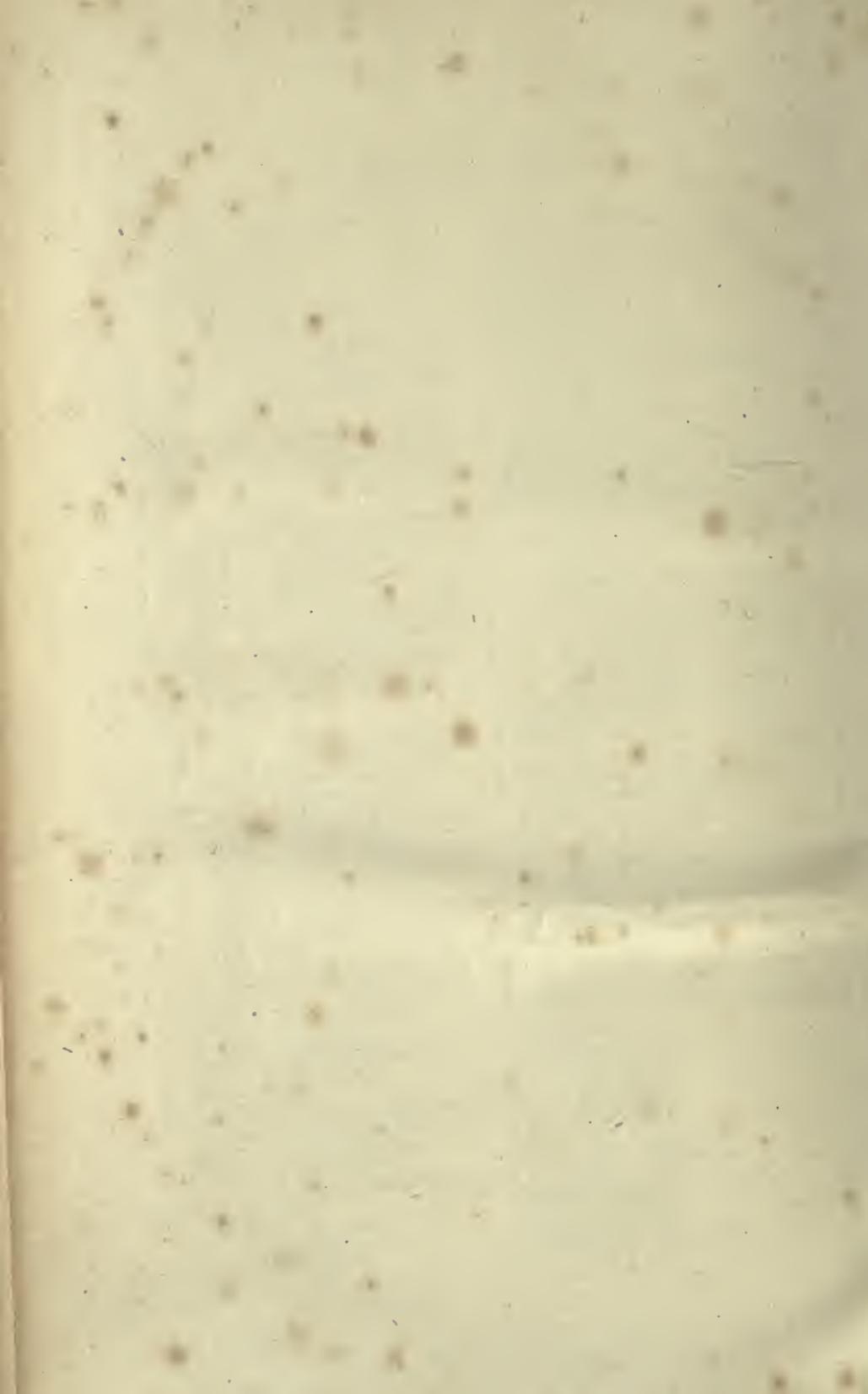
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