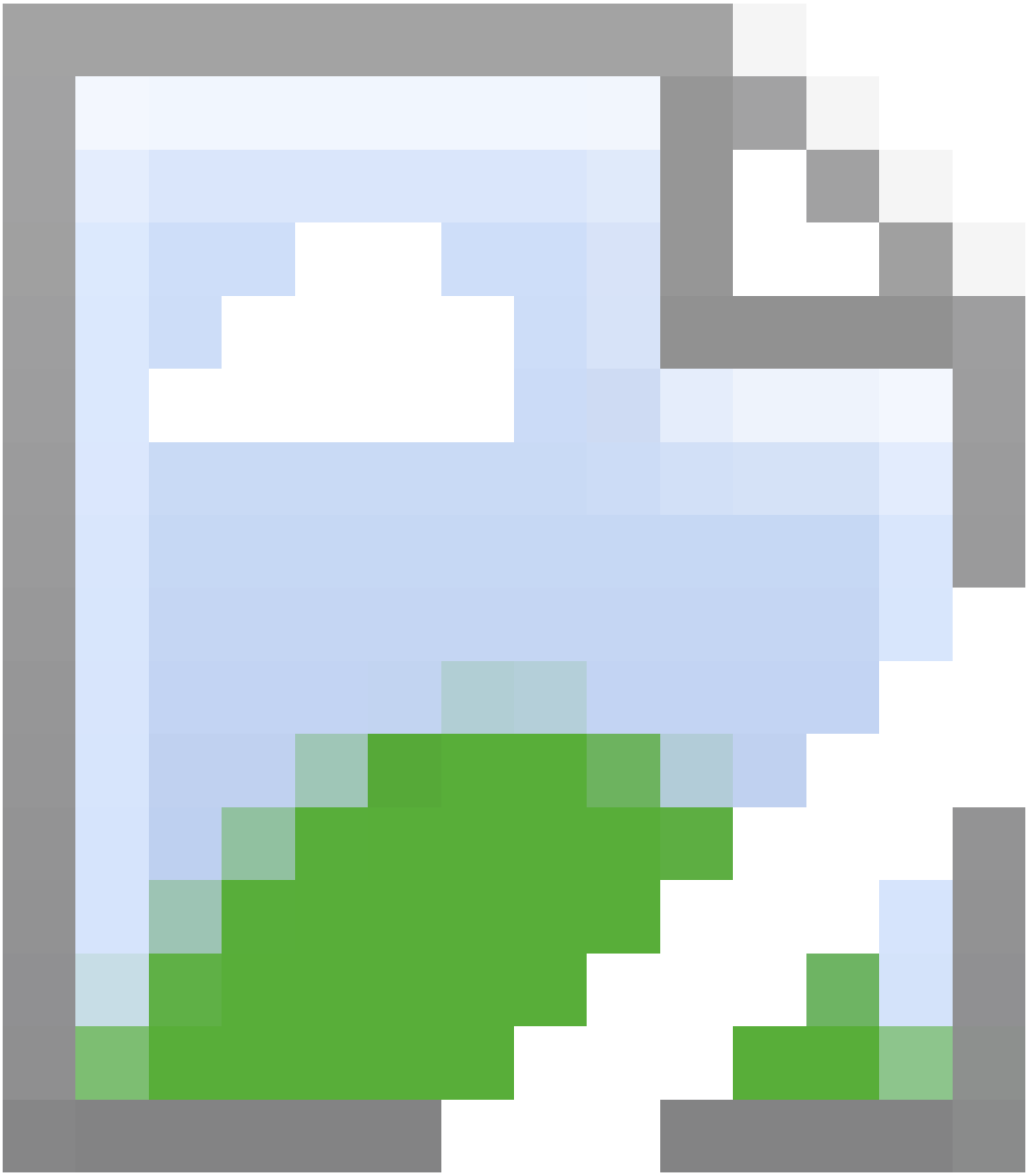
# STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS

## P. T. Barnum



ALICE & BOOKS

This book has been downloaded from www.aliceandbooks.com. You can find many more public domain books in our website

To
My Wife and Family
I Dedicate
This Story of a Life Which Has Been Largely
Devoted to Their
Interests and Service.

# Preface

This book is my recollections of forty busy years. Few men in civil life have had a career more crowded with incident, enterprise, and various intercourse with the world than mine. With the alternations of success and defeat, extensive travel in this and foreign lands; a large acquaintance with the humble and honored; having held the preeminent place among all who have sought to furnish healthful entertainment to the American people, and, therefore, having had opportunities for garnering an ample storehouse of incident and anecdote, while, at the same time, needing a sagacity, energy, foresight and fortitude rarely required or exhibited in financial affairs, my struggles and experiences (it is not altogether vanity in me to think) can not be without interest to my fellow countrymen.

Various leading publishers have solicited me to place at their disposal my recollections of what I have been, and seen, and done. These proposals, together with the partiality of friends and kindred, have constrained me, now that I have retired from all active participation in business, to put in a permanent form what, it seems to me, may be instructive, entertaining and profitable.

Fifteen years since, for the purpose, principally, of advancing my interests as proprietor of the American Museum, I gave to the press some personal reminiscences and sketches. Having an extensive sale, they were, however, very hastily, and, therefore, imperfectly, prepared. These are not only out of print, but the plates have been destroyed. Though including, necessarily, in common with them, some of the facts of my early life, in order to make this autobiography a complete and continuous narrative, yet, as the latter part of my life has been the more eventful, and my recollections so various and abundant, this book is new and independent of the former. It is the matured and leisurely review of almost half a century of work and strug-

gle, and final success, in spite of fraud and fire—the story of which is blended with amusing anecdotes, funny passages, felicitous jokes, captivating narratives, novel experiences, and remarkable interviews—the sunny and sombre so intermingled as not only to entertain, but convey useful lessons to all classes of readers.

These recollections are dedicated to those who are nearest and dearest to me, with the feeling that they are a record which I am willing to leave in their hands, as a legacy which they will value.

And above and beyond this personal satisfaction, I have thought that the review of a life, with the wide contrasts of humble origin and high and honorable success; of most formidable obstacles overcome by courage and constancy; of affluence that had been patiently won, suddenly wrenched away, and triumphantly regained—would be a help and incentive to the young man, struggling, it may be, with adverse fortune, or, at the start, looking into the future with doubt or despair.

All autobiographies are necessarily egotistical. If my pages are as plentifully sprinkled with "I's" as was the chief ornament of Hood's peacock, "who thought he had the eyes of Europe on his tail," I can only say, that the "I's" are essential to the story I have told. It has been my purpose to narrate, not the life of another, but that career in which I was the principal actor.

There is an almost universal, and not unworthy curiosity to learn the methods and measures, the ups and downs, the strifes and victories, the mental and moral personnel of those who have taken an active and prominent part in human affairs. But an autobiography has attractions and merits superior to those of a "Life" written by another, who, however intimate with its subject, cannot know all that helps to give interest and accuracy to the narrative, or completeness to the character. The story from the actor's own lips has always a charm it can never have when told by another.

That my narrative is interspersed with amusing incidents, and even the recital of some very practical jokes, is simply because my natural disposition impels me to look upon the brighter side of life, and I hope my humorous experiences will entertain my readers as much as they were enjoyed by myself. And if this record of trials and triumphs, struggles and successes, shall stimulate any to the exercise of that energy, industry, and courage in their callings, which will surely lead to happiness and prosperity, one main object I have in yielding to the solicitations of my friends and my publishers will have been accomplished.

P. T. Barnum.
Waldemere, Bridgeport,
Connecticut, July 5, 1869.

# Struggles and Triumphs
## Or, Forty Years' Recollections

# I

## Early Life

My Birth—First Property—Farmer-Boy Life—Going to School—Early Acquisitiveness—A Holiday Peddler—First Visit to New York—Learning to "Swap"—Miseries from Molasses Candy—"Ivy Island"—Entering Upon My Estate—Clerkship in a Country Store—Trading Morals—The Bethel Meetinghouse—Stove Question—Sunday School and Bible Class—My Composition—The One Thing Needful.

I was born in the town of Bethel, in the State of Connecticut, July 5, 1810. My name, Phineas Taylor, is derived from my maternal grandfather, who was a great wag in his way, and who, as I was his first grandchild, gravely handed over to my mother at my christening a gift-deed, in my behalf, of five acres of land situated in that part of the parish of Bethel known as the "Plum Trees." I was thus a real estate owner almost at my very birth; and of my property, "Ivy Island," something shall be said anon.

My father, Philo Barnum, was the son of Ephraim Barnum, of Bethel, who was a captain in the revolutionary war. My father was a tailor, a farmer, and sometimes a tavern-keeper, and my advantages and disadvantages were such as fall to the general run of farmers' boys. I drove cows to and from the pasture, shelled corn, weeded the garden; as I grew larger, I rode horse for ploughing, turned and raked hay; in due time I handled the shovel and the hoe, and when I could do so I went to school.

I was six years old when I began to go to school, and the first date I remember inscribing upon my writing-book was 1818. The ferule, in those days, was the assistant schoolmaster; but in spite of it, I was a willing, and, I think, a pretty apt scholar; at least, I was so considered by my teachers and schoolmates, and as the years went on there were never more than two or three in the school who were deemed my superiors. In arithmetic I was un-

usually ready and accurate, and I remember, at the age of twelve years, being called out of bed one night by my teacher who had wagered with a neighbor that I could calculate the correct number of feet in a load of wood in five minutes. The dimensions given, I figured out the result in less than two minutes, to the great delight of my teacher and to the equal astonishment of his neighbor.

My organ of "acquisitiveness" was manifest at an early age. Before I was five years of age, I began to accumulate pennies and "fourpences," and when I was six years old my capital amounted to a sum sufficient to exchange for a silver dollar, the possession of which made me feel far richer and more independent than I have ever since felt in the world.

Nor did my dollar long remain alone. As I grew older I earned ten cents a day for riding the horse which led the ox team in ploughing, and on holidays and "training days," instead of spending money, I earned it. I was a small peddler of molasses candy (of home make), gingerbread, cookies and cherry rum, and I generally found myself a dollar or two richer at the end of a holiday than I was at the beginning. I was always ready for a trade, and by the time I was twelve years old, besides other property, I was the owner of a sheep and a calf, and should soon, no doubt, have become a small Croesus, had not my father kindly permitted me to purchase my own clothing, which somewhat reduced my little store.

When I was nearly twelve years old I made my first visit to the metropolis. It happened in this wise: Late one afternoon in January, 1822, Mr. Daniel Brown, of Southbury, Connecticut, arrived at my father's tavern, in Bethel, with some fat cattle he was driving to New York to sell. The cattle were put into our large barnyard, the horses were stabled, and Mr. Brown and his assistant were provided with a warm supper and lodging for the night. After supper I heard Mr. Brown say to my father that he intended to buy more cattle, and that he would be glad to hire a boy to assist in driving the cattle. I immediately besought my father to secure the situation for me, and he did so. My mother's consent was also gained, and at daylight next morning, after a slight breakfast, I started on foot in the midst of a heavy snow storm to help drive the cattle. Before reaching Ridgefield, I was sent on horseback after a stray ox, and, in galloping, the horse fell and my ankle was sprained. I suffered severely, but did not complain lest my employer should send me back. But he considerately permitted me to ride behind him

on his horse; and, indeed, did so most of the way to New York, where we arrived in three or four days.

We put up at the Bull's Head Tavern, where we were to stay a week while the drover was disposing of his cattle, and we were then to return home in a sleigh. It was an eventful week for me. Before I left home my mother had given me a dollar which I supposed would supply every want that heart could wish. My first outlay was for oranges which I was told were four pence apiece, and as "fourpence" in Connecticut was six cents, I offered ten cents for two oranges which was of course readily taken; and thus, instead of saving two cents, as I thought, I actually paid two cents more than the price demanded. I then bought two more oranges, reducing my capital to eighty cents. Thirty-one cents was the "charge" for a small gun which would "go off" and send a stick some little distance, and this gun I bought. Amusing myself with this toy in the barroom of the Bull's Head, the arrow happened to hit the barkeeper, who forthwith came from behind the counter and shook me and soundly boxed my ears, telling me to put that gun out of the way or he would put it into the fire. I sneaked to my room, put my treasure under the pillow, and went out for another visit to the toy shop.

There I invested six cents in "torpedoes," with which I intended to astonish my schoolmates in Bethel. I could not refrain, however, from experimenting upon the guests of the hotel, which I did when they were going in to dinner. I threw two of the torpedoes against the wall of the hall through which the guests were passing, and the immediate results were as follows: two loud reports—astonished guests—irate landlord—discovery of the culprit, and summary punishment—for the landlord immediately floored me with a single blow with his open hand, and said:

"There, you little greenhorn, see if that will teach you better than to explode your infernal fire crackers in my house again."

The lesson was sufficient if not entirely satisfactory. I deposited the balance of the torpedoes with my gun, and as a solace for my wounded feelings I again visited the toy shop, where I bought a watch, breastpin and top, leaving but eleven cents of my original dollar.

The following morning found me again at the fascinating toy shop, where I saw a beautiful knife with two blades, a gimlet, and a corkscrew—a whole carpenter shop in miniature, and all for thirty-one cents. But, alas! I had only eleven cents. Have that knife I must, however, and so I proposed to the shop woman to take back the top and breastpin at a slight deduction, and

with my eleven cents to let me have the knife. The kind creature consented, and this makes memorable my first "swap." Some fine and nearly white molasses candy then caught my eye, and I proposed to trade the watch for its equivalent in candy. The transaction was made and the candy was so delicious that before night my gun was absorbed in the same way. The next morning the torpedoes "went off" in the same direction, and before night even my beloved knife was similarly exchanged. My money and my goods all gone I traded two pocket handkerchiefs and an extra pair of stockings I was sure I should not want for nine more rolls of molasses candy, and then wandered about the city disconsolate, sighing because there was no more molasses candy to conquer.

I doubt not that in these first wanderings about the city I often passed the corner of Broadway and Ann Street—never dreaming of the stir I was destined at a future day to make in that locality as proprietor and manager of the American Museum.

After wandering, gazing and wondering, for a week, Mr. Brown took me in his sleigh and on the evening of the following day we arrived in Bethel. I had a thousand questions to answer, and then and for a long time afterwards I was quite a lion among my mates because I had seen the great metropolis. My brothers and sisters, however, were much disappointed at my not bringing them something from my dollar, and when my mother examined my wardrobe and found two pocket handkerchiefs and one pair of stockings missing she whipped me and sent me to bed. Thus ingloriously terminated my first visit to New York.

Previous to my visit to New York, I think it was in 1820, when I was ten years of age, I made my first expedition to my landed property, "Ivy Island." This, it will be remembered, was the gift of my grandfather, from whom I derived my name. From the time when I was four years old I was continually hearing of this "property." My grandfather always spoke of me (in my presence) to the neighbors and to strangers as the richest child in town, since I owned the whole of "Ivy Island," one of the most valuable farms in the State. My father and mother frequently reminded me of my wealth and hoped I would do something for the family when I attained my majority. The neighbors professed to fear that I might refuse to play with their children because I had inherited so large a property.

These constant allusions, for several years, to "Ivy Island" excited at once my pride and my curiosity and stimulated me to implore my father's

permission to visit my property. At last, he promised I should do so in a few days, as we should be getting some hay near "Ivy Island." The wished for day at length arrived and my father told me that as we were to mow an adjoining meadow, I might visit my property in company with the hired man during the "nooning." My grandfather reminded me that it was to his bounty I was indebted for this wealth, and that had not my name been Phineas I might never have been proprietor of "Ivy Island." To this my mother added:

"Now, Taylor, don't become so excited when you see your property as to let your joy make you sick, for remember, rich as you are, that it will be eleven years before you can come into possession of your fortune."

She added much more good advice, to all of which I promised to be calm and reasonable and not to allow my pride to prevent me from speaking to my brothers and sisters when I returned home.

When we arrived at the meadow, which was in that part of the "Plum Trees" known as "East Swamp," I asked my father where "Ivy Island" was.

"Yonder, at the north end of this meadow, where you see those beautiful trees rising in the distance."

All the forenoon I turned grass as fast as two men could cut it, and after a hasty repast at noon, one of our hired men, a good natured Irishman, named Edmund, took an axe on his shoulder and announced that he was ready to accompany me to "Ivy Island." We started, and as we approached the north end of the meadow we found the ground swampy and wet and were soon obliged to leap from bog to bog on our route. A misstep brought me up to my middle in water. To add to the dilemma a swarm of hornets attacked me. Attaining the altitude of another bog I was cheered by the assurance that there was only a quarter of a mile of this kind of travel to the edge of my property. I waded on. In about fifteen minutes more, after floundering through the morass, I found myself half-drowned, hornet-stung, mud-covered, and out of breath, on comparatively dry land.

"Never mind, my boy," said Edmund, "we have only to cross this little creek, and ye'll be upon your own valuable property."

We were on the margin of a stream, the banks of which were thickly covered with alders. I now discovered the use of Edmund's axe, for he felled a small oak to form a temporary bridge to my "Island" property. Crossing over, I proceeded to the center of my domain; I saw nothing but a few stunted ivies and straggling trees. The truth flashed upon me. I had been the laughingstock of the family and neighborhood for years. My valuable "Ivy

Island" was an almost inaccessible, worthless bit of barren land, and while I stood deploring my sudden downfall, a huge black snake (one of my tenants) approached me with upraised head. I gave one shriek and rushed for the bridge.

This was my first, and, I need not say, my last visit to "Ivy Island." My father asked me "how I liked my property?" and I responded that I would sell it pretty cheap. My grandfather congratulated me upon my visit to my property as seriously as if it had been indeed a valuable domain. My mother hoped its richness had fully equalled my anticipations. The neighbors desired to know if I was not now glad I was named Phineas, and for five years forward I was frequently reminded of my wealth in "Ivy Island."

As I grew older, my settled aversion to manual labor, farm or other kind, was manifest in various ways, which were set down to the general score of laziness. In despair of doing better with me, my father concluded to make a merchant of me. He erected a building in Bethel, and with Mr. Hiram Weed as a partner, purchased a stock of dry goods, hardware, groceries, and general notions and installed me as clerk in this country store.

Of course I "felt my oats." It was condescension on my part to talk with boys who did outdoor work. I stood behind the counter with a pen over my ear, was polite to the ladies, and was wonderfully active in waiting upon customers. We kept a cash, credit and barter store, and I drove some sharp bargains with women who brought butter, eggs, beeswax and feathers to exchange for dry goods, and with men who wanted to trade oats, corn, buckwheat, axe-helves, hats, and other commodities for tenpenny nails, molasses, or New England rum. But it was a drawback upon my dignity that I was obliged to take down the shutters, sweep the store, and make the fire. I received a small salary for my services and the perquisite of what profit I could derive from purchasing candies on my own account to sell to our younger customers, and, as usual, my father stipulated that I should clothe myself.

There is a great deal to be learned in a country store, and principally this—that sharp trades, tricks, dishonesty, and deception are by no means confined to the city. More than once, in cutting open bundles of rags, brought to be exchanged for goods, and warranted to be all linen and cotton, I have discovered in the interior worthless woolen trash and sometimes stones, gravel or ashes. Sometimes, too, when measuring loads of oats, corn or rye, declared to contain a specified number of bushels, say sixty, I have

found them four or five bushels short. In such cases, someone else was always to blame, but these happenings were frequent enough to make us watchful of our customers. In the evenings and on wet days trade was always dull, and at such times the story-telling and joke-playing wits and wags of the village used to assemble in our store, and from them I derived considerable amusement, if not profit. After the store was closed at night, I frequently joined some of the village boys at the houses of their parents, where, with story-telling and play, a couple of hours would soon pass by, and then as late, perhaps, as eleven o'clock, I went home and slyly crept upstairs so as not to awaken my brother with whom I slept, and who would be sure to report my late hours. He made every attempt, and laid all sorts of plans to catch me on my return, but as sleep always overtook him, I managed easily to elude his efforts.

Like most people in Connecticut in those days, I was brought up to attend church regularly on Sunday, and long before I could read I was a prominent scholar in the Sunday school. My good mother taught me my lessons in the New Testament and the Catechism, and my every effort was directed to win one of those "Rewards of Merit," which promised to pay the bearer one mill, so that ten of these prizes amounted to one cent, and one hundred of them, which might be won by faithful assiduity every Sunday for two years, would buy a Sunday school book worth ten cents. Such were the magnificent rewards held out to the religious ambition of youth.

There was but one church or "meetinghouse" in Bethel, which all attended, sinking all differences of creed in the Presbyterian faith. The old meetinghouse had neither steeple nor bell and was a plain edifice, comfortable enough in summer, but my teeth chatter even now when I think of the dreary, cold, freezing hours we passed in that place in winter. A stove in a meetinghouse in those days would have been a sacrilegious innovation. The sermons were from an hour and one half to two hours long, and through these the congregation would sit and shiver till they really merited the title the profane gave them of "blue skins." Some of the women carried a "footstove" consisting of a small square tin box in a wooden frame, the sides perforated, and in the interior there was a small square iron dish, which contained a few live coals covered with ashes. These stoves were usually replenished just before meeting time at some neighbor's near the meetinghouse.

After many years of shivering and suffering, one of the brethren had the temerity to propose that the church should be warmed with a stove. His impious proposition was voted down by an overwhelming majority. Another year came around, and in November the stove question was again brought up. The excitement was immense. The subject was discussed in the village stores and in the juvenile debating club; it was prayed over in conference; and finally in general "society's meeting," in December, the stove was carried by a majority of one and was introduced into the meetinghouse. On the first Sunday thereafter, two ancient maiden ladies were so oppressed by the dry and heated atmosphere occasioned by the wicked innovation, that they fainted away and were carried out into the cool air where they speedily returned to consciousness, especially when they were informed that owing to the lack of two lengths of pipe, no fire had yet been made in the stove. The next Sunday was a bitter cold day, and the stove, filled with well-seasoned hickory, was a great gratification to the many, and displeased only a few. After the benediction, an old deacon rose and requested the congregation to remain, and called upon them to witness that he had from the first raised his voice against the introduction of a stove into the house of the Lord; but the majority had been against him and he had submitted; now, if they *must* have a stove, he insisted upon having a large one, since the present one did not heat the whole house, but drove the cold to the back outside pews, making them three times as cold as they were before! In the course of the week, this deacon was made to comprehend that, unless on unusually severe days, the stove was sufficient to warm the house, and, at any rate, it did not drive all the cold in the house into one corner.

During the Rev. Mr. Lowe's ministrations at Bethel, he formed a Bible class, of which I was a member. We used to draw promiscuously from a hat a text of scripture and write a composition on the text, which compositions were read after service in the afternoon, to such of the congregation as remained to hear the exercises of the class. Once, I remember, I drew the text, Luke X 42: "But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Question, "What is the one thing needful?" My answer was nearly as follows:

> "This question 'what is the one thing needful?' is capable of receiving various answers, depending much upon the persons to whom it is addressed. The merchant might answer that 'the one thing needful' is

plenty of customers, who buy liberally, without beating down and pay cash for all their purchases.' The farmer might reply, that 'the one thing needful is large harvests and high prices.' The physician might answer that 'it is plenty of patients.' The lawyer might be of opinion that 'it is an unruly community, always engaged in bickerings and litigations.' The clergyman might reply, 'It is a fat salary with multitudes of sinners seeking salvation and paying large pew rents.' The bachelor might exclaim, 'It is a pretty wife who loves her husband, and who knows how to sew on buttons.' The maiden might answer, 'It is a good husband, who will love, cherish and protect me while life shall last.' But the most proper answer, and doubtless that which applied to the case of Mary, would be, 'The one thing needful is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, follow in his footsteps, love God and obey His commandments, love our fellow-man, and embrace every opportunity of administering to his necessities.' In short, 'the one thing needful' is to live a life that we can always look back upon with satisfaction, and be enabled ever to contemplate its termination with trust in Him who has so kindly vouchsafed it to us, surrounding us with innumerable blessings, if we have but the heart and wisdom to receive them in a proper manner."

The reading of a portion of this answer occasioned some amusement in the congregation, in which the clergyman himself joined, and the name of "Taylor Barnum" was whispered in connection with the composition; but at the close of the reading I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Lowe say that it was a well written and truthful answer to the question, "What is the one thing needful?"

# II

## Incidents and Anecdotes

Death of My Grandmother—My Father—His Character—His Death—Beginning the World Barefooted—Going to Grassy Plains—The Tin Ware and Green Bottle Lottery—"Chairy" Hallett—Our First Meeting—Evening Ride to Bethel—A Novel Fur Trade—Old "Rushia" and Young "Rushia"—The Buyer Sold—Country Store Experiences—Old "Uncle Bibbins"—A Terrible Duel Between Benton and Bibbins—Fall of Benton—Flight of Bibbins.

In the month of August, 1825, my maternal grandmother met with an accident in stepping on the point of a rusty nail, and, though the matter was at first considered trivial, it resulted in her death. Alarming symptoms soon made her sensible that she was on her deathbed; and while she was in full possession of her faculties, the day before she died she sent for her grandchildren to take final leave of them. I shall never forget the sensations I experienced when she took me by the hand and besought me to lead a religious life, and especially to remember that I could in no way so effectually prove my love to God as by loving all my fellow-beings. The impressions of that deathbed scene have ever been among my most vivid recollections, and I trust they have proved in some degree salutary. A more exemplary woman, or a more sincere Christian than my grandmother, I have never known.

My father, for his time and locality, was a man of much enterprise. He could, and actually did, "keep a hotel"; he had a livery stable and ran, in a small way, what in our day would be called a Norwalk Express; and he also kept a country store. With greater opportunities and a larger field for his efforts and energies, he might have been a man of mark and means. Not that he was successful, for he never did a profitable business; but I, who saw

him in his various pursuits, and acted as his clerk, caught something of his enterprising spirit, and, perhaps without egotism, I may say I inherited that characteristic. My business education was as good as the limited field afforded, and I soon put it to account and service.

On the 7th of September, 1825, my father, who had been sick since the month of March, died at the age of forty-eight years. My mother was left with five children, of whom I, at fifteen years of age, was the eldest, while the youngest was but seven. It was soon apparent that my father had provided nothing for the support of his family; his estate was insolvent, and it did not pay fifty cents on the dollar. My mother, by economy, industry, and perseverance, succeeded in a few years afterwards in redeeming the homestead and becoming its sole possessor; but, at the date of the death of my father, the world looked gloomy indeed; the few dollars I had accumulated and loaned to my father, holding his note therefor, were decided to be the property of a minor, belonging to the father and so to the estate, and my small claim was ruled out. I was obliged to get trusted for the pair of shoes I wore to my father's funeral. I literally began the world with nothing, and was barefooted at that.

Leaving Mr. Weed, I went to Grassy Plain, a mile northwest of Bethel, and secured a situation as clerk in the store of James S. Keeler & Lewis Whitlock at six dollars a month and my board. I lived with Mrs. Jerusha Wheeler and her daughters, Jerusha and Mary, and found an excellent home. I chose my uncle, Alanson Taylor, as my guardian. I did my best to please my employers and soon gained their confidence and esteem and was regarded by them as an active clerk and a 'cute trader. They afforded me many facilities for making money on my own account and I soon entered upon sundry speculations and succeeded in getting a small sum of money ahead.

I made a very remarkable trade at one time for my employers by purchasing, in their absence, a whole wagon load of green glass bottles of various sizes, for which I paid in unsalable goods at very profitable prices. How to dispose of the bottles was then the problem, and as it was also desirable to get rid of a large quantity of tin ware which had been in the shop for years and was considerably "shopworn," I conceived the idea of a lottery in which the highest prize should be twenty-five dollars, payable in any goods the winner desired, while there were to be fifty prizes of five dollars each, payable in goods, to be designated in the scheme. Then there were one hun-

dred prizes of one dollar each, one hundred prizes of fifty cents each, and three hundred prizes of twenty-five cents each. It is unnecessary to state that the minor prizes consisted mainly of glass and tin ware; the tickets sold like wildfire, and the worn tin and glass bottles were speedily turned into cash.

As my mother continued to keep the village tavern at Bethel, I usually went home on Saturday night and stayed till Monday morning, going to church with my mother on Sunday. This habit was the occasion of an experience of momentous consequence to me. One Saturday evening, during a violent thunder shower, Miss Mary Wheeler, a milliner, sent me word that there was a girl from Bethel at her house, who had come up on horseback to get a new bonnet; that she was afraid to go back alone; and if I was going to Bethel that evening she wished me to escort her customer. I assented, and went over to "Aunt Rushia's" where I was introduced to "Chairy" (Charity) Hallett, a fair, rosy-cheeked, buxom girl, with beautiful white teeth. I assisted her to her saddle, and mounting my own horse, we trotted towards Bethel.

My first impressions of this girl as I saw her at the house were exceedingly favorable. As soon as we started I began a conversation with her and finding her very affable I regretted that the distance to Bethel was not five miles instead of one. A flash of lightning gave me a distinct view of the face of my fair companion and then I wished the distance was twenty miles. During our ride I learned that she was a tailoress, working with Mr. Zerah Benedict, of Bethel. We soon arrived at our destination and I bid her good night and went home. The next day I saw her at church, and, indeed, many Sundays afterwards, but I had no opportunity to renew the acquaintance that season.

Mrs. Jerusha Wheeler, with whom I boarded, and her daughter Jerusha were familiarly known, the one as "Aunt Rushia," and the other as "Rushia." Many of our store customers were hatters, and among the many kinds of furs we sold for the nap of hats was one known to the trade as "Russia." One day a hatter, Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs. I sold him several kinds, including "beaver" and "cony," and he then asked for some "Russia." We had none, and, as I wanted to play a joke upon him, I told him that Mrs. Wheeler had several hundred pounds of "Russia."

"What on earth is a woman doing with 'Russia?'" said he.

I could not answer, but I assured him that there were one hundred and thirty pounds of old Rushia and one hundred and fifty pounds of young

Rushia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether or not it was for sale I could not say. Off he started to make the purchase and knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler, the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed that he had come for her daughter "Rushia."

"What do you want of Rushia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean?" responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No, for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats," said the old lady, "but I will call my daughter."

Passing into another room where "Rushia" the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"Oh, he means sister Mary; probably. I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," replied Rushia, as she went into the parlor.

"This is my daughter," said the old lady.

"I want to get your Russia," said he, addressing the young lady.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said young Rushia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for, and as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy her "Russia."

"Buy Rushia!" exclaimed Mary in surprise; "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe," said the hatter, who was annoyed by the difficulty he met with in being understood.

"It is, sir."

"Ah! very well. Is there old and young Russia in the house?"

"I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, who were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound?" asked the hatter.

"I believe, sir, that old Rushia is not for sale," replied Mary indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir," said Miss Rushia the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do, sir, we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

“Ladies!” exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, “what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here on a business matter. I want to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia I want to do so—but if that can’t be done, please to say so and I will trouble you no further.”

“Mother, open the door and let this man go out; he is undoubtedly crazy,” said Miss Mary.

“By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long,” exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. “I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man is crazy if he attempts such a thing?”

“Business! poor man!” said Mary soothingly, approaching the door.

“I am not a poor man, madam,” replied the hatter. “My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some ‘beaver’ and ‘cony,’ and now it seems I am to be called ‘crazy’ and a ‘poor man,’ because I want to buy a little ‘Russia’ to make up my assortment.”

The ladies began to open their eyes; they saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light upon the subject.

“Who sent you here?” asked sister Mary.

“The clerk at the opposite store,” was the reply.

“He is a wicked young fellow for making all this trouble,” said the old lady; “he has been doing this for a joke.”

“A joke!” exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. “Have you no Russia, then?”

“My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter’s,” said Mrs. Wheeler, “and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Rushia.”

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without another word and made directly for our store. “You young scamp!” said he as he entered; “what did you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?”

“I did not send you to *buy* Rushia; I supposed you were either a bachelor or widower and wanted to *marry* Rushia,” I replied, with a serious countenance.

“You lie, you young dog, and you know it; but never mind, I’ll pay you off some day;” and taking his furs, he departed with less ill-humor than could have been expected under the circumstances.

Among our customers were three or four old Revolutionary pensioners, who traded out the amounts of their pensions before they were due, leaving their papers as security. One of these pensioners was old Bevans, commonly known as "Uncle Bibbins," a man who loved his glass and was very prone to relate romantic Revolutionary anecdotes and adventures, in which he, of course, was conspicuous. At one time he was in our debt, and though we held his pension papers, it would be three months before the money could be drawn. It was desirable to get him away for that length of time, and we hinted to him that it would be pleasant to make a visit to Guilford, where he had relations, but he would not go. Finally, I hit upon a plan which "moved" him.

A journeyman hatter, named Benton, who was fond of a practical joke, was let into the secret, and was persuaded to call "Uncle Bibbins" a coward, to tell him that he had been wounded in the back, and thus to provoke a duel, which he did, and at my suggestion "Uncle Bibbins" challenged Benton to fight him with musket and ball at a distance of twenty yards. The challenge was accepted, I was chosen second by "Uncle Bibbins," and the duel was to come off immediately. My principal, taking me aside, begged me to put nothing in the guns but blank cartridges. I assured him it should be so, and therefore that he might feel perfectly safe. This gave the old man extra courage; he declared that he had not been so long in bloody battles "for nothing," and that he would put a bullet through Benton's heart at the first shot.

The ground was measured in the lot at the rear of our store, and the principals and seconds took their places. At the word given both parties fired. "Uncle Bibbins," of course, escaped unhurt, but Benton leaped several feet into the air, and fell upon the ground with a dreadful yell, as if he had been really shot. "Uncle Bibbins" was frightened. As his second, I ran to him, told him I had neglected to extract the bullet from his gun (which was literally true, as there was no bullet in it to extract), and he supposed, of course, he had killed his adversary. I then whispered to him to go immediately to Guilford, to keep quiet, and he should hear from me as soon as it would be safe to do so. He started up the street on a run, and immediately quit the town for Guilford, where he kept himself quiet until it was time for him to return and sign his papers. I then wrote him that "he could return in safety; that his adversary had recovered from his wound, and now forgave him all,

as he felt himself much to blame for having insulted a man of his known courage."

"Uncle Bibbins" returned, signed the papers, and we obtained the pension money. A few days thereafter he met Benton.

"My brave old friend," said Benton, "I forgive you my terrible wound and long confinement on the brink of the grave, and I beg you to forgive me also. I insulted you without a cause."

"I forgive you freely," said "Uncle Bibbins"; "but," he added, "you must be careful next time how you insult a dead shot."

Benton promised to be more circumspect in future, and "Uncle Bibbins" supposed to the day of his death that the duel, wound, danger, and all, were matters of fact.

# III

## In Business for Myself

My Clerkship in Brooklyn—Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction—The Small Pox—Going Home to Recruit—"Chairy" Hallett Again—Back to Brooklyn—Opening a Porterhouse—Selling Out—My Clerkship in New York—My Habits—Observance of Sunday—In Bethel Once More—Beginning Business on My Own Account—Opening Day—Large Sales and Great Profits—The Lottery Business—Views Thereon—About a Pocketbook—Wits and Wags—Swearing Out a Fine—First Appearance at the Bar—Securing "Arabian"—A Model Love-Letter.

Mr. Oliver Taylor removed from Danbury to Brooklyn, Long Island, where he kept a grocery store and also had a large comb factory and a comb store in New York. In the fall of 1826 he offered me a situation as clerk in his Brooklyn store, and I accepted it. I soon became conversant with the routine of my employer's business and before long he entrusted to me the purchasing of all goods for his store. I bought for cash entirely, going into the lower part of New York City in search of the cheapest market for groceries, often attending auctions of teas, sugars, molasses, etc., watching the sales, noting prices and buyers, and frequently combining with other grocers to bid off large lots, which we subsequently divided, giving each of us the quantity wanted at a lower rate than if the goods had passed into other hands, compelling us to pay another profit.

Situated as I was, and well treated as I was by my employer, who manifested great interest in me, still I was dissatisfied. A salary was not sufficient for me. My disposition was of that speculative character which refused to be satisfied unless I was engaged in some business where my profits might be enhanced, or, at least, made to depend upon my energy, perseverance, attention to business, tact, and "calculation." Accordingly, as I had

no opportunity to speculate on my own account, I became uneasy, and, young as I was, I began to talk of setting up for myself; for, although I had no capital, several men of means had offered to furnish the money and join me in business. I was in that uneasy, transitory state between boyhood and manhood when I had unbounded confidence in my own abilities, and yet needed a discreet counsellor, adviser and friend.

In the following summer, 1827, I was taken down with the smallpox and was confined to the house for several months. This sickness made a sad inroad upon my means. When I was sufficiently recovered, I started for home to recruit, taking passage on board a sloop for Norwalk, but the remaining passengers were so frightened at the appearance of my face, which still bore the marks of the disease, that I was obliged to go ashore again, which I did, stopping at Holt's, in Fulton Street, going to Norwalk by steamboat next morning, and arriving at Bethel in the afternoon.

During my convalescence at my mother's house, I visited my old friends and neighbors and had the opportunity to slightly renew my acquaintance with the attractive tailoress, "Chairy" Hallett. A month afterwards, I returned to Brooklyn, where I gave Mr. Taylor notice of my desire to leave his employment; and I then opened a porterhouse on my own account. In a few months I sold out to good advantage and accepted a favorable offer to engage as clerk in a similar establishment, kept by Mr. David Thorp, 29 Peck Slip, New York. It was a great resort for Danbury and Bethel comb makers and hatters and I thus had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing from my fellow-townsmen. I lived in Mr. Thorp's family and was kindly treated. I was often permitted to visit the theater with friends who came to New York, and, as I had considerable taste for the drama, I soon became, in my own opinion, a discriminating critic—nor did I fail to exhibit my powers to my Connecticut friends who accompanied me to the play. Let me gratefully add that my habits were not bad. Though I sold liquors to others, I do not think I ever drank a pint of liquor, wine, or cordials before I was twenty-two years of age. I always had a Bible, which I frequently read, and I attended church regularly. These habits, so far as they go, are in the right direction, and I am thankful today that they characterized my early youth. However worthy or unworthy may have been my later years, I *know* that I owe much of the better part of my nature to my youthful regard for Sunday and its institutions—a regard, I trust, still strong in my character.

In February, 1828, I returned to Bethel and opened a retail fruit and confectionery store in a part of my grandfather's carriage-house, which was situated on the main street, and which was offered to me rent free if I would return to my native village and establish some sort of business. This beginning of business on my own account was an eventful era in my life. My total capital was one hundred and twenty dollars, fifty of which I had expended in fitting up the store, and the remaining seventy dollars purchased my stock in trade. I had arranged with fruit dealers whom I knew in New York, to receive my orders, and I decided to open my establishment on the first Monday in May—our "general training" day.

It was a "red letter" day for me. The village was crowded with people from the surrounding region and the novelty of my little shop attracted attention. Long before noon I was obliged to call in one of my old schoolmates to assist in waiting upon my numerous customers and when I closed at night I had the satisfaction of reckoning up sixty-three dollars as my day's receipts. Nor, although I had received the entire cost of my goods, less seven dollars, did the stock seem seriously diminished; showing that my profits had been large. I need not say how much gratified I was with the result of this first day's experiment. The store was a fixed fact. I went to New York and expended all my money in a stock of fancy goods, such as pocketbooks, combs, beads, rings, pocketknives, and a few toys. These, with fruit, nuts, etc., made the business good through the summer, and in the fall I added stewed oysters to the inducements.

My grandfather, who was much interested in my success, advised me to take an agency for the sale of lottery tickets, on commission. In those days, the lottery was not deemed objectionable on the score of morality. Very worthy people invested in such schemes without a thought of evil, and then, as now, churches even got up lotteries, with this difference—that then they were called lotteries, and now they go under some other name. While I am very glad that an improved public sentiment denounces the lottery in general as an illegitimate means of getting money, and while I do not see how anyone, especially in or near a New England State, can engage in a lottery without feeling a reproach which no pecuniary return can compensate; yet I cannot now accuse myself for having been lured into a business which was then sanctioned by good Christian people, who now join with me in reprobating enterprises they once encouraged. But as public sentiment was forty years ago, I obtained an agency to sell lottery tickets on a commission of

ten percent, and this business, in connection with my little store, made my profits quite satisfactory.

I used to have some curious customers. On one occasion a young man called on me and selected a pocketbook which pleased him, asking me to give him credit for a few weeks. I told him that if he wanted any article of necessity in my line, I should not object to trust him for a short time, but it struck me that a pocketbook was a decided superfluity for a man who had no money; I therefore declined to trust him as I did not see the necessity for his possessing such an article till he had something to put into it. Later in life I have been credited with the utterance of some sagacious remarks, but this with regard to the pocketbook, trivial as the matter is in itself, seems to me quite as deserving of note as any of my ideas which have created more sensation.

My store had much to do in giving shape to my future character as well as career, in that it became a favorite resort; the theater of village talk, and the scene of many practical jokes. For any excess of the jocose element in my character, part of the blame must attach to my early surroundings as a village clerk and merchant. In that true resort of village wits and wags, the country store, fun, pure and simple, will be sure to find the surface. My Bethel store was the scene of many most amusing incidents, in some of which I was an immediate participant, though in many, of course, I was only a listener or spectator.

The following scene makes a chapter in the history of Connecticut, as the State was when "blue-laws" were something more than a dead letter. To swear in those days was according to custom, but contrary to law. A person from New York State, whom I will call Crofut, who was a frequent visitor at my store, was a man of property, and equally noted for his self-will and his really terrible profanity. One day he was in my little establishment engaged in conversation, when Nathan Seelye, Esq., one of our village justices of the peace, and a man of strict religious principles, came in, and hearing Crofut's profane language he told him he considered it his duty to fine him one dollar for swearing.

Crofut responded immediately with an oath, that he did not care a d——n for the Connecticut blue-laws.

"That will make two dollars," said Mr. Seelye.

This brought forth another oath.

"Three dollars," said the sturdy justice.

Nothing but oaths were given in reply, until Esquire Seelye declared the damage to the Connecticut laws to amount to fifteen dollars.

Crofut took out a twenty-dollar bill, and handed it to the justice of the peace, with an oath.

"Sixteen dollars," said Mr. Seelye, counting out four dollars to hand to Mr. Crofut, as his change.

"Oh, keep it, keep it," said Crofut, "I don't want any change, I'll d——d soon swear out the balance." He did so, after which he was more circumspect in his conversation, remarking that twenty dollars a day for swearing was about as much as he could stand.

On another occasion, a man arrested for assault and battery was to be tried before my grandfather; who was a justice of the peace. A young medical student named Newton, volunteered to defend the prisoner, and Mr. Couch, the grand-juryman, came to me and said that as the prisoner had engaged a pettifogger, the State ought to have someone to represent its interests and he would give me a dollar to present the case. I accepted the fee and proposition. The fame of the "eminent counsel" on both sides drew quite a crowd to hear the case. As for the case itself, it was useless to argue it, for the guilt of the prisoner was established by evidence of half a dozen witnesses. However, Newton was bound to display himself, and so, rising with much dignity, he addressed my grandfather with, "May it please the honorable court," etc., proceeding with a mixture of poetry and invective against Couch, the grand-juryman whom he assumed to be the vindictive plaintiff in this case. After alluding to him as such for the twentieth time, my grandfather stopped Newton in the midst of his splendid peroration and informed him that Mr. Couch was not the plaintiff in the case.

"Not the plaintiff! Then may it please your honor I should like to know who is the plaintiff?" inquired Newton.

He was quietly informed that the State of Connecticut was the plaintiff, whereupon Newton dropped into his seat as if he had been shot. Thereupon, I rose with great confidence, and speaking from my notes, proceeded to show the guilt of the prisoner from the evidence; that there was no discrepancy in the testimony; that none of the witnesses had been impeached; that no defence had been offered; that I was astonished at the audacity of both counsel and prisoner in not pleading guilty at once; and then, soaring aloft on general principles, I began to look about for a safe place to alight, when my grandfather interrupted me with—

"Young man, will you have the kindness to inform the court which side you are pleading for—the plaintiff or the defendant?"

It was my turn to drop, which I did amid a shout of laughter from every corner of the courtroom. Newton, who had been very downcast, looked up with a broad grin and the two "eminent counsel" sneaked out of the room in company, while the prisoner was bound over to the next County Court for trial.

While my business in Bethel continued to increase beyond my expectations, I was also happy in believing that my suit with the fair tailoress, Charity Hallett, was duly progressing. Of all the young people with whom I associated in our parties, picnics, and sleigh-rides, she stood highest in my estimation and continued to improve upon acquaintance.

How I managed at one of our sleigh rides is worth narrating. My grandfather would, at any time, let me have a horse and sleigh, always excepting his new sleigh, the finest in the village, and a favorite horse called "Arabian." I especially coveted this turnout for one of our parties, knowing that I could eclipse all my comrades, and so I asked grandfather if I could have "Arabian" and the new sleigh.

"Yes, if you have twenty dollars in your pocket," was the reply.

I immediately showed the money, and, putting it back in my pocket, said with a laugh: "you see I have the money. I am much obliged to you; I suppose I can have Arab and the new sleigh?"

Of course, he meant to deny me by making what he thought to be an impossible condition, to wit: that I should hire the team, at a good round price, if I had it at all, but I had caught him so suddenly that he was compelled to consent, and "Chairy" and I had the crack team of the party.

There was a young apprentice to the tailoring trade in Bethel, whom I will call John Mallett, whose education had been much neglected, and who had been paying his addresses to a certain "Lucretia" for some six months, with a strong probability of being jilted at last. On a Sunday evening she had declined to take his arm, accepting instead the arm of the next man who offered, and Mallett determined to demand an explanation. He accordingly came to me the Saturday evening following, asking me, when I had closed my store, to write a strong and remonstratory "love-letter" for him. I asked Bill Shepard, who was present, to remain and assist, and, in due time, the joint efforts of Shepard, Mallett, and myself resulted in the following production. I give the letter as an illustrative chapter in real life. In novels such

correspondence is usually presented in elaborate rhetoric, with studied elegance of phrase. But the true language of the heart is always nearly the same in all time and in all tongues, and when the blood is up the writer is far more intent upon the matter than the manner, and aims to be forcible rather than elegant. The subjoined letter is certainly not after the manner of Chesterfield, but it is such a letter as a disappointed lover, spurred by

> The green-eyed monster, which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on,

frequently indites. With a demand from Mallett that we should begin in strong terms, and Shepard acting as scribe, we concocted the following:

> Bethel, ———, 18——.
>
> Miss Lucretia—I write this to ask an explanation of your conduct in giving me the mitten on Sunday night last. If you think, madam, that you can trifle with my affections, and turn me off for every little whippersnapper that you can pick up, you will find yourself considerably mistaken.

[We read thus far to Mallett, and it met his approval. He said he liked the idea of calling her "madam," for he thought it sounded so "distant," it would hurt her feelings very much. The term "little whippersnapper" also delighted him. He said he guessed that would make her feel cheap. Shepard and myself were not quite so sure of its aptitude, since the chap who succeeded in capturing Lucretia, on the occasion alluded to, was a head and shoulders taller than Mallett. However, we did not intimate our thoughts to Mallett, and he desired us to "go ahead and give her another dose."]

> You don't know me, madam, if you think you can snap me up in this way. I wish you to understand that I can have the company of girls as much above you as the sun is above the earth, and I won't stand any of your impudent nonsense no how.

[This was duly read and approved. "Now," said Mallett, "try to touch her feelings. Remind her of the pleasant hours we have spent together"; and we continued as follows:]

My dear Lucretia, when I think of the many pleasant hours we have spent together—of the delightful walks which we have had on moonlight evenings to Fenner's Rocks, Chestnut Ridge, Grassy Plains, Wildcat, and Puppy-town—of the strolls which we have taken upon Shelter Rocks, Cedar Hill—the visits we have made to Old Lane, Wolfpits, Toad-hole and Plum-trees[1]—when all these things come rushing on my mind, and when, my dear girl, I remember how often you have told me that you loved me better than anybody else, and I assured you my feelings were the same as yours, it almost breaks my heart to think of last Sunday night.

["Can't you stick in some affecting poetry here?" said Mallett. Shepard could not recollect any to the point, nor could I, but as the exigency of the case seemed to require it, we concluded to manufacture a verse or two, which we did as follows:]

Lucretia, dear, what have I done,
That you should use me thus and so,
To take the arm of Tom Beers' son,
And let your dearest truelove go?
  Miserable fate, to lose you now,
And tear this bleeding heart asunder!
Will you forget your tender vow?
I can't believe it—no, by thunder!

[Mallett did not like the word "thunder," but being informed that no other word could be substituted without destroying both rhyme and reason, he consented that it should remain, provided we added two more stanzas of a *softer* nature; something, he said, that would make the tears come, if possible. We then ground out the following:]

Lucretia, dear, do write to Jack,
And say with Beers you are not smitten;
And thus to me in love come back,
And give all other boys the mitten.
  Do this, Lucretia, and till death
I'll love you to intense distraction;

I'll spend for you my every breath,
And we will live in satisfaction.

["That will do very well," said Mallett. "Now I guess you had better blow her up a little more." We obeyed orders as follows:]

It makes me mad to think what a fool I was to give you that finger-ring and bosom-pin, and spend so much time in your company, just to be flirted and bamboozled as I was on Sunday night last. If you continue this course of conduct, we part forever, and I will thank you to send back that jewelry. I would sooner see it crushed under my feet than worn by a person who abused me as you have done. I shall despise you forever if you don't change your conduct towards me, and send me a letter of apology on Monday next. I shall not go to meeting tomorrow, for I would scorn to sit in the same meetinghouse with you until I have an explanation of your conduct. If you allow any young man to go home with you tomorrow night, I shall know it, for you will be watched.

["There," said Mallett, "that is pretty strong. Now I guess you had better touch her feelings once more, and wind up the letter." We proceeded as follows:]

My sweet girl, if you only knew the sleepless nights which I have spent during the present week, the torments and sufferings which I endure on your account; if you could but realize that I regard the world as less than nothing without you, I am certain you would pity me. A homely cot and a crust of bread with my adorable Lucretia would be a paradise, where a palace without you would be a Hades.

["What in thunder is Hades?" inquired Jack. We explained. He considered the figure rather bold, and requested us to close as soon as possible.]

Now, dearest, in bidding you adieu, I implore you to reflect on our past enjoyments, look forward with pleasure to our future happy meetings, and rely upon your affectionate Jack in storm or calm, in sickness, distress, or want, for all these will be powerless to change my love. I hope to hear from you on Monday next, and, if favorable, I shall be happy to

call on you the same evening, when in ecstatic joy we will laugh at the past, hope for the future, and draw consolation from the fact that "the course of true love never did run smooth." This from your disconsolate but still hoping lover and admirer,

Jack Mallett,

P.S.—On reflection I have concluded to go to meeting tomorrow. If all is well, hold your pocket-handkerchief in your left hand as you stand up to sing with the choir—in which case I shall expect the pleasure of giving you my arm tomorrow night.

J. M.

The effect of this letter upon Lucretia, I regret to say, was not as favorable as could have been desired or expected. She declined to remove her handkerchief from her right hand and she returned the "ring and bosom-pin" to her disconsolate admirer, while, not many months after, Mallett's rival led Lucretia to the altar. As for Mallett's agreement to pay Shepard and myself five pounds of carpet rags and twelve yards of broadcloth "lists," for our services, owing to his ill success, we compromised for one-half the amount.

# IV

## Struggles for a Livelihood

Pleasure Visit to Philadelphia—Living in Grand Style—The Bottom of the Pile—Borrowing Money—My Marriage—Return to Bethel—Early Marriages—More Practical Joking—Second Appearance as Counsel—Going to Housekeeping—Selling Books at Auction—The "Yellow Store"—A New Field—"The Herald of Freedom"—My Editorial Career—Libel Suits—Fined and Imprisoned—Life in the Danbury Jail—Celebration of My Liberation—Poor Business and Bad Debts—Removal to New York—Seeking My Fortune—"Wants," in the "Sun"—Wm. Niblo—Keeping a Boardinghouse—A Whole Shirt on My Back.

During this season I made arrangements with Mr. Samuel Sherwood, of Bridgeport, to go on an exploring expedition to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where we understood there was a fine opening for a lottery office and where we meant to try our fortunes, provided the prospects should equal our expectations. We went to New York where I had an interview with Mr. Dudley S. Gregory, the principal business man of Messrs. Yates and McIntyre, who dissuaded me from going to Pittsburg, and offered me the entire lottery agency for the State of Tennessee, if I would go to Nashville and open an office. The offer was tempting, but the distance was too far from a certain tailoress in Bethel.

As the Pittsburg trip was given up, Sherwood and I went to Philadelphia for a pleasure excursion and put up at Congress Hall in Chestnut Street where we lived in much grander style than we had been accustomed to. The array of waiters and display of dishes were far ahead of our former experiences and for a week we lived in clover. At the end of that time, however, when we concluded to start for home, the amount of our hotel bill astound-

ed us. After paying it and securing tickets for New York, our combined purses showed a balance of but twenty-seven cents.

Twenty-five cents of this sum went to the bootblack, and as our breakfast was included in our bill we secured from the table a few biscuits for our dinner on the way to New York.

Arriving in New York we carried our own baggage to Holt's Hotel. The next morning Sherwood obtained a couple of dollars from a friend, and went to Newark and borrowed fifty dollars from his cousin, Dr. Sherwood, loaning me one-half the sum. After a few days' sojourn in the city we returned home.

During our stay in New York, I derived considerable information from the city managers with regard to the lottery business, and thereafter I bought my tickets directly from the Connecticut lottery managers at what was termed "the scheme price," and also established agencies throughout the country, selling considerable quantities of tickets at handsome profits. My uncle, Alanson Taylor, joined me in the business, and, as we sold several prizes, my office came to be considered "lucky," and I received orders from all parts of the country.

During this time I kept a close eye upon the attractive tailoress, Charity Hallett, and in the summer of 1829 I asked her hand in marriage. My suit was accepted, and the wedding day was appointed; I, meanwhile, applying myself closely to business, and no one but the parties immediately interested suspecting that the event was so near at hand. Miss Hallett went to New York in October, ostensibly to visit her uncle, Nathan Beers, who resided at No. 3 Allen Street. I followed in November, pressed by the necessity of purchasing goods for my store; and the evening after my arrival, November 8, 1829, the Rev. Dr. McAuley married us in the presence of sundry friends and relatives of my wife, and I became the husband of one of the best women in the world. In the course of the week we went back to Bethel and took board in the family where Charity Barnum as "Chairy" Hallett had previously resided.

I do not approve or recommend early marriages. The minds of men and women taking so important a step in life should be somewhat matured, and hasty marriages, especially marriages of boys and girls, have been the cause of untold misery in many instances. But although I was only little more than nineteen years old when I was married, I have always felt assured that if I had waited twenty years longer I could not have found another woman so

well suited to my disposition and so admirable and valuable in every character as a wife, a mother, and a friend.

My business occupations amply employed nearly all my time, yet so strong was my love of fun that when the opportunity for a practical joke presented itself, I could not resist the temptation. On one occasion I engaged in the character of counsel to conduct a case for an Irish peddler whose complaint was that one of our neighbors had turned him out of his house and had otherwise abused him.

The court was just as "real" as the attorney—no more—and consisted of three judges, one a mason, the second a butcher, and the third an old gentleman of leisure who was an ex-justice of the peace. The constable was of my own appointment, and my "writ" arrested the culprit who had turned my client out of house and home. The court was convened, but as the culprit did not appear, and as it seemed necessary that my client should get testimonials as to his personal character; the court adjourned nominally for one week, the client consenting to "stand treat" to cover immediate expenses.

I supposed that this was the end of it. But at the time named for the reassembling of the "court," a *real* lawyer from Newtown put in an appearance. He had been engaged by the Irishman to assist me in conducting the case! I saw at once that the joke was likely to prove a sorry one, and immediately notified the members of the "court," who were quite as much alarmed as I was at the serious turn the thing had taken. I need not say that while the danger threatened we all took precious good care to keep out of the way. However, the affair was explained to Mr. Belden, the lawyer, who in turn set forth the matter to the client, but not in such a manner as to soothe the anger so natural under the circumstances—in fact, he advised the Irishman to get out of the place as soon as possible. The Irishman threatened me and my "court" with prosecution—a threat I really feared he would carry into execution, but which, to the great peace of mind of myself and my companions, he concluded not to follow up. Considering the vexation and annoyance of this Irishman, it was a mitigation to know that he was the party in the wrong and that he really deserved a severer punishment than my practical joke had put upon him.

In the winter of 1829–30, my lottery business had so extended that I had branch offices in Danbury, Norwalk, Stamford and Middletown, as well as agencies in the small villages for thirty miles around Bethel. I had also purchased from my grandfather three acres of land on which I built a house and

went to housekeeping. My lottery business, which was with a few large customers, was so arranged that I could safely entrust it to an agent, making it necessary for me to find some other field for my individual enterprise.

So I tried my hand as an auctioneer in the book trade. I bought books at the auctions and from dealers and publishers in New York, and took them into the country, selling them at auction and doing tolerably well; only at Litchfield, Connecticut, where there was then a law school. At Newburgh, New York, several of my best books were stolen, and I quit the business in disgust.

In July, 1831, my uncle, Alanson Taylor, and myself opened a country store, in a building, which I had put up in Bethel in the previous spring, and we stocked the "yellow store," as it was called, with a full assortment of groceries, hardware, crockery, and "notions"; but we were not successful in the enterprise, and in October following, I bought out my uncle's interest and we dissolved partnership.

About this time, circumstances partly religious and partly political in their character led me into still another field of enterprise which honorably opened to me that notoriety of which in later life I surely have had a surfeit. Considering my youth, this new enterprise reflected credit upon my ability, as well as energy, and so I may be excused if I now recur to it with something like pride.

In a period of strong political excitement, I wrote several communications for the Danbury weekly paper, setting forth what I conceived to be the dangers of a sectarian interference which was then apparent in political affairs. The publication of these communications was refused and I accordingly purchased a press and types, and October 19, 1831, I issued the first number of my own paper, *The Herald of Freedom*.

I entered upon the editorship of this journal with all the vigor and vehemence of youth. The boldness with which the paper was conducted soon excited widespread attention and commanded a circulation which extended beyond the immediate locality into nearly every State in the Union. But lacking that experience which induces caution, and without the dread of consequences, I frequently laid myself open to the charge of libel and three times in three years I was prosecuted. A Danbury butcher, a zealous politician, brought a civil suit against me for accusing him of being a spy in a Democratic caucus. On the first trial the jury did not agree, but after a second trial I was fined several hundred dollars. Another libel suit against me

was withdrawn and need not be mentioned further. The third was sufficiently important to warrant the following detail:

A criminal prosecution was brought against me for stating in my paper that a man in Bethel, prominent in the church, had "been guilty of taking *usury* of an orphan boy," and for severely commenting on the fact in my editorial columns. When the case came to trial the truth of my statement was substantially proved by several witnesses and even by the prosecuting party. But "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," and then I had used the term "usury," instead of extortion, or note-shaving, or some other expression which might have softened the verdict. The result was that I was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and to be imprisoned in the common jail for sixty days.

The most comfortable provision was made for me in Danbury jail. My room was papered and carpeted; I lived well; I was overwhelmed with the constant visits of my friends; I edited my paper as usual and received large accessions to my subscription list; and at the end of my sixty days' term the event was celebrated by a large concourse of people from the surrounding country. The court room in which I was convicted was the scene of the celebration. An ode, written for the occasion, was sung; an eloquent oration on the freedom of the press was delivered; and several hundred gentlemen afterwards partook of a sumptuous dinner followed by appropriate toasts and speeches. Then came the triumphant part of the ceremonial, which was reported in my paper of December 12, 1832, as follows:

> "P. T. Barnum and the band of music took their seats in a coach drawn by six horses, which had been prepared for the occasion. The coach was preceded by forty horsemen, and a marshal, bearing the national standard. Immediately in the rear of the coach was the carriage of the Orator and the President of the day, followed by the Committee of Arrangements and sixty carriages of citizens, which joined in escorting the editor to his home in Bethel.
>
> "When the procession commenced its march amidst the roar of cannon, three cheers were given by several hundred citizens who did not join in the procession. The band of music continued to play a variety of national airs until their arrival in Bethel, (a distance of three miles,) when they struck up the beautiful and appropriate tune of 'Home, Sweet Home!' After giving three hearty cheers, the procession re-

turned to Danbury. The utmost harmony and unanimity of feeling prevailed throughout the day, and we are happy to add that no accident occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion."

My editorial career was one of continual contest. I however published the 160th number of *The Herald of Freedom* in Danbury, November 5, 1834, after which my brother-in-law, John W. Amerman, issued the paper for me at Norwalk till the following year, when the *Herald* was sold to Mr. George Taylor.

Meanwhile, I had taken Horace Fairchild into partnership in my mercantile business, in 1831, and I had sold out to him and to a Mr. Toucey, in 1833, they forming a partnership under the firm of Fairchild & Co. So far as I was concerned my store was not a success. Ordinary trade was too slow for me. I bought largely and in order to sell I was compelled to give extensive credits. Hence I had an accumulation of bad debts; and my old ledger presents a long series of accounts balanced by "death," by "running away," by "failing," and by other similarly remunerative returns. I had expended money as freely as I had gained it, for I had already learned that I could make money rapidly and in large sums, when I set about it with a will, and hence I did not realize the worth of what I seemed to gain so readily. I looked forward to a future of saving when I should see the need of accumulation.

There was nothing more for me to do in Bethel; and in the winter of 1834–5, I removed my family to New York, where I hired a house in Hudson Street. I had no pecuniary resources, excepting such as might be derived from debts left for collection with my agent at Bethel, and I went to the metropolis literally to seek my fortune. I hoped to secure a situation in some mercantile house, not at a fixed salary, but so as to derive such portion of the profits as might be due to my individual tact, energy, and perseverance in the interests of the business. But I could find no such position; my resources began to fail; my family were in ill health; I must do something for a living; and so I acted as "drummer" to several concerns which allowed me a small commission on sales to customers of my introduction.

Every morning I used to look at the "wants" in the *Sun* for something that would suit me; and I had many a wildgoose chase in following up those "wants." In some instances success depended upon my advancing from three hundred to five hundred dollars; in other cases a new patent life-pill,

or a self-acting mouse trap was to make my fortune. An advertisement announcing "An immense speculation on a small capital! $10,000 easily made in one year!" turned out to be an offer of Professor Somebody at Scudder's American Museum to sell a hydro-oxygen microscope, offered to me at two thousand dollars—one thousand in cash and the balance in sixty and ninety days, on good security—and warranted to secure an independence after a short public exhibition through the country. If I had the desire to undertake this exhibition and experiment, I had not the capital. Other and many similar temptations were extended, but none of them seemed to open the door of fortune to me.

The advertisement in the *Sun*, of Mr. William Niblo, of Niblo's Garden, for a barkeeper first brought me in contact with that gentlemanly and justly-popular proprietor. He wanted a well-recommended, well-behaved, trustworthy man to fill a vacant situation, but as he wished him to bind himself to remain three years, I, who was only seeking the means of temporary support, was precluded from accepting the position.

Nor did all my efforts secure a situation for me during the whole winter; but, in the spring, I received several hundred dollars from my agent in Bethel, and finding no better business, May 1, 1835, I opened a small private boardinghouse at No. 52 Frankfort Street. We soon had a very good run of custom from our Connecticut acquaintances who had occasion to visit New York, and as this business did not sufficiently occupy my time, I bought an interest with Mr. John Moody in a grocery store, No. 156 South Street.

Although the years of manhood brought cares, anxieties, and struggles for a livelihood, they did not change my nature and the jocose element was still an essential ingredient of my being. I loved fun, practical fun, for itself and for the enjoyment which it brought. During the year, I occasionally visited Bridgeport where I almost always found at the hotel a noted joker, named Darrow, who spared neither friend nor foe in his tricks. He was the life of the barroom and would always try to entrap some stranger in a bet and so win a treat for the company. He made several ineffectual attempts upon me, and at last, one evening, Darrow, who stuttered, made a final trial as follows: "Come, Barnum, I'll make you another proposition; I'll bet you hain't got a whole shirt on your back." The catch consists in the fact that generally only one-half of that convenient garment is on the back; but I had anticipated the proposition—in fact I had induced a friend, Mr. Hough, to

put Darrow up to the trick—and had folded a shirt nicely upon my back, securing it there with my suspenders. The barroom was crowded with customers who thought that if I made the bet I should be nicely caught, and I made pretence of playing off and at the same time stimulated Darrow to press the bet by saying:

"That is a foolish bet to make; I am sure my shirt is whole because it is nearly new; but I don't like to bet on such a subject."

"A good reason why," said Darrow, in great glee; "it's ragged. Come, I'll bet you a treat for the whole company you hain't got a whole shirt on your b-b-b-back!"

"I'll bet my shirt is cleaner than yours," I replied.

"That's nothing to do w-w-with the case; it's ragged, and y-y-you know it."

"I know it is not," I replied, with pretended anger, which caused the crowd to laugh heartily.

"You poor ragged f-f-fellow, come down here from D-D-Danbury, I'm sorry for you," said Darrow tantalizingly.

"You would not pay if you lost," I remarked.

"Here's f-f-five dollars I'll put in Captain Hinman's (the landlord's) hands. Now b-b-bet if you dare, you ragged c-c-creature, you."

I put five dollars in Captain Hinman's hands, and told him to treat the company from it if I lost the bet.

"Remember," said Darrow, "I b-b-bet you hain't got a whole shirt on your b-b-back!"

"All right," said I, taking off my coat and commencing to unbutton my vest. The whole company, feeling sure that I was caught, began to laugh heartily. Old Darrow fairly danced with delight, and as I laid my coat on a chair he came running up in front of me, and slapping his hands together, exclaimed:

"You needn't t-t-take off any more c-c-c-clothes, for if it ain't all on your b-b-back, you've lost it."

"If it is, I suppose you have!" I replied, pulling the whole shirt from off my back!

Such a shriek of laughter as burst forth from the crowd I scarcely ever heard, and certainly such a blank countenance as old Darrow exhibited it would be hard to conceive. Seeing that he was most incontinently "done

for," and perceiving that his neighbor Hough had helped to do it, he ran up to him in great anger, and shaking his fist in his face, exclaimed:

"H-H-Hough, you infernal r-r-rascal, to go against your own n-n-neighbor in favor of a D-D-Danbury man. I'll pay you for that some time, you see if I d-d-don't."

All hands went up to the bar and drank with a hearty good will, for it was seldom that Darrow got taken in, and he was such an inveterate joker they liked to see him paid in his own coin. Never till the day of his death did he hear the last of the "whole shirt."

# V

## My Start as a Showman

The Amusement Business—Different Grades—Catering for the Public—My Claims, Aims and Efforts—Joice Heth—Apparent Genuineness of Her Vouchers—Beginning Life as a Showman—Success of My First Exhibition—Second Step in the Show Line—Signor Vivalla—My First Appearance on Any Stage—At Washington—Anne Royall—Stimulating the Public—Contests Between Vivalla and Roberts—Excitement at Fever Heat—Connecting Myself with a Circus—Bread and Butter Dinner for the Whole Company—Narrow Escape from Suffocation—Lecturing an Abusive Clergyman—Aaron Turner—A Terrible Practical Joke—I Am Represented to Be a Murderer—Rails and Lynch Law—Novel Means for Securing Notoriety.

By this time it was clear to my mind that my proper position in this busy world was not yet reached. I had displayed the faculty of getting money, as well as getting rid of it; but the business for which I was destined, and, I believe, made, had not yet come to me; or rather, I had not found that I was to cater for that insatiate want of human nature—the love of amusement; that I was to make a sensation on two continents; and that fame and fortune awaited me so soon as I should appear before the public in the character of a showman. These things I had not foreseen. I did not seek the position or the character. The business finally came in my way; I fell into the occupation, and far beyond any of my predecessors on this continent, I have succeeded.

The show business has all phases and grades of dignity, from the exhibition of a monkey to the exposition of that highest art in music or the drama, which entrances empires and secures for the gifted artist a worldwide fame which princes well might envy. Such art is merchantable, and so with the

whole range of amusements, from the highest to the lowest. The old word "trade" as it applies to buying cheap and selling at a profit, is as manifest here as it is in the dealings at a street-comer stand or in Stewart's store covering a whole square. This is a trading world, and men, women and children, who cannot live on gravity alone, need something to satisfy their gayer, lighter moods and hours, and he who ministers to this want is in a business established by the Author of our nature. If he worthily fulfils his mission, and amuses without corrupting, he need never feel that he has lived in vain.

Whether I may claim a preeminence of grandeur in my career as a dispenser of entertainment for mankind, I may not say. I have sometimes been weak enough to think so, but let others judge; and whether I may assume that on the whole, I have sought to make amusement harmless, and have succeeded to a very great degree, in eliminating from public entertainments certain corruptions which have made so many theatrical "sensations" positively shameful, may safely be left, I think, to the thousands upon thousands who have known me and the character of my amusement so long and so well.

But I shall by no means claim entire faultlessness in my history as a showman. I confess that I have not always been strong enough to rise out of the exceptional ways which characterize the art of amusing—not more, however, than any other art of trade. When, in beginning business under my own name in Bethel, in 1831, I advertised that I would sell goods "25 percent cheaper" than any of my neighbors, I was guilty of a trick of trade, but so common a trick, that very few who saw my promise were struck with a sense of any particular enormity therein, while, doubtless, a good many, who claim to be specially exemplary, thought they were reading one of their own advertisements. And in the show business I was never guilty of a greater sin than this against truthfulness and fair dealing.

The least deserving of all my efforts in the show line was the one which introduced me to the business; a scheme in no sense of my own devising; one which had been sometime before the public and which had so many vouchers for its genuineness that at the time of taking possession of it I honestly believed it to be genuine; something, too, which, as I have said, I did not seek, but which by accident came in my way and seemed almost to compel my agency—such was the "Joice Heth" exhibition which first brought me forward as a showman.

In the summer of 1835, Mr. Coley Bartram, of Reading, Connecticut, informed me that he had owned an interest in a remarkable negro woman whom he believed to be one hundred and sixty-one years old, and whom he also believed to have been the nurse of General Washington. He then showed me a copy of the following advertisement in the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, of July 15, 1835:

> CURIOSITY.—The citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity have an opportunity of witnessing at the Masonic Hall, one of the greatest natural curiosities ever witnessed, viz: Joyce Heth, a negress, aged 161 years, who formerly belonged to the father of General Washington. She has been a member of the Baptist Church one hundred and sixteen years, and can rehearse many hymns, and sing them according to former custom. She was born near the old Potomac River in Virginia, and has for ninety or one hundred years lived in Paris, Kentucky, with the Bowling family.
>
> All who have seen this extraordinary woman are satisfied of the truth of the account of her age. The evidence of the Bowling family, which is respectable, is strong, but the original bill of sale of Augustine Washington, in his own handwriting, and other evidences which the proprietor has in his possession, will satisfy even the most incredulous.
>
> A lady will attend at the hall during the afternoon and evening for the accommodation of those ladies who may call.

Mr. Bartram further stated that he had sold out his interest to his partner, R. W. Lindsay, of Jefferson County, Kentucky, who was then exhibiting Joice Heth in Philadelphia, but was anxious to sell out and go home—the alleged reason being that he had very little tact as a showman. As the New York papers had also contained some account of Joice Heth, I went on to Philadelphia to see Mr. Lindsay and his exhibition.

Joice Heth was certainly a remarkable curiosity, and she looked as if she might have been far older than her age as advertised. She was apparently in good health and spirits, but from age or disease, or both, was unable to change her position; she could move one arm at will, but her lower limbs could not be straightened; her left arm lay across her breast and she could not remove it; the fingers of her left hand were drawn down so as nearly to

close it, and were fixed; the nails on that hand were almost four inches long and extended above her wrist; the nails on her large toes had grown to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; her head was covered with a thick bush of grey hair; but she was toothless and totally blind and her eyes had sunk so deeply in the sockets as to have disappeared altogether.

Nevertheless she was pert and sociable, and would talk as long as people would converse with her. She was quite garrulous about her protégé "dear little George," at whose birth she declared she was present, having been at the time a slave of Elizabeth Atwood, a half-sister of Augustine Washington, the father of George Washington. As nurse she put the first clothes on the infant and she claimed to have "raised him." She professed to be a member of the Baptist church, talking much in her way on religious subjects, and she sang a variety of ancient hymns.

In proof of her extraordinary age and pretensions, Mr. Lindsay exhibited a bill of sale, dated February 5, 1727, from Augustine Washington, County of Westmoreland, Virginia, to Elizabeth Atwood, a half-sister and neighbor of Mr. Washington, conveying "one negro woman, named Joice Heth, aged fifty-four years, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-three pounds lawful money of Virginia." It was further claimed that as she had long been a nurse in the Washington family she was called in at the birth of George and clothed the newborn infant. The evidence seemed authentic and in answer to the inquiry why so remarkable a discovery had not been made before, a satisfactory explanation was given in the statement that she had been carried from Virginia to Kentucky, had been on the plantation of John S. Bowling so long that no one knew or cared how old she was, and only recently the accidental discovery by Mr. Bowling's son of the old bill of sale in the Record Office in Virginia had led to the identification of this negro woman as "the nurse of Washington."

Everything seemed so straightforward that I was anxious to become proprietor of this novel exhibition, which was offered to me at one thousand dollars, though the price first demanded was three thousand. I had five hundred dollars, borrowed five hundred dollars more, sold out my interest in the grocery business to my partner, and began life as a showman. At the outset of my career I saw that everything depended upon getting people to think, and talk, and become curious and excited over and about the "rare spectacle." Accordingly, posters, transparencies, advertisements, newspaper paragraphs—all calculated to extort attention—were employed, regardless

of expense. My exhibition rooms in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany and in other large and small cities, were continually thronged and much money was made. In the following February, Joice Heth died, literally of old age, and her remains received a respectable burial in the town of Bethel.

At a postmortem examination of Joice Heth by Dr. David L. Rogers, in the presence of some medical students, it was thought that the absence of ossification indicated considerably less age than had been assumed for her; but the doctors disagreed, and this "dark subject" will probably always continue to be shrouded in mystery.

I had at last found my true vocation. Indeed, soon after I began to exhibit Joice Heth, I had entrusted her to an agent and had entered upon my second step in the show line. The next venture, whatever it may have been in other respects, had the merit of being, in every essential, unmistakably genuine. I engaged from the Albany Museum an Italian who called himself "Signor Antonio" and who performed certain remarkable feats of balancing, stilt-walking, plate-spinning, etc. He had gone from England to Canada, and thence to Albany, and had performed in other American cities. I made terms with him for one year to exhibit anywhere in the United States at twelve dollars a week and expenses, and induced him to change his stage name to "Signor Vivalla." I then wrote a notice of his wonderful qualities and performances, printed it in one of the Albany papers as news, sent copies to the theatrical managers in New York and in other cities, and went with Vivalla to the metropolis.

Manager William Dinneford, of the Franklin Theater, had seen so many performances of the kind that he declined to engage my "eminent Italian artist"; but I persuaded him to try Vivalla one night for nothing and by the potent aid of printer's ink the house was crammed. I appeared as a supernumerary to assist Vivalla in arranging his plates and other "properties"; and to hand him his gun to fire while he was hopping on one stilt ten feet high. This was "my first appearance on any stage." The applause which followed Vivalla's feats was tremendous, and Manager Dinneford was so delighted that he engaged him for the remainder of the week at fifty dollars. At the close of the performance, in response to a call from the house, I made a speech for Vivalla, thanking the audience for their appreciation and announcing a repetition of the exhibition every evening during the week.

Vivalla remained a second week at the Franklin Theater, for which I received $150. I realized the same sum for a week in Boston. We then went to Washington to fulfil an engagement which was far from successful, since my remuneration depended upon the receipts, and it snowed continually during the week. I was a loser to such an extent that I had not funds enough to return to Philadelphia. I pawned my watch and chain for thirty-five dollars, when fortunately Manager Wemyss arrived on Saturday morning and loaned me the money to redeem my property.

As this was my first visit to Washington I was much interested in visiting the capitol and other public buildings. I also satisfied my curiosity in seeing Clay, Calhoun, Benton, John Quincy Adams, Richard M. Johnson, Polk, and other leading statesmen of the time. I was also greatly gratified in calling upon Anne Royall, author of the *Black Book*, publisher of a little paper called "Paul Pry," and quite a celebrated personage in her day. I had exchanged *The Herald of Freedom* with her journal and she strongly sympathized with me in my persecutions. She was delighted to see me and although she was the most garrulous old woman I ever saw, I passed a very amusing and pleasant time with her. Before leaving her, I manifested my showman propensity by trying to hire her to give a dozen or more lectures on "Government," in the Atlantic cities, but I could not engage her at any price, although I am sure the speculation would have been a very profitable one. I never saw this eccentric woman again; she died at a very advanced age, October 1, 1854, at her residence in Washington.

I went with Vivalla to Philadelphia and opened at the Walnut Street Theater. Though his performances were very meritorious and were well received, theatricals were dull and houses were slim. It was evident that something must be done to stimulate the public.

And now that instinct—I think it must be—which can arouse a community and make it patronize, provided the article offered is worthy of patronage—an instinct which served me strangely in later years, astonishing the public and surprising me, came to my relief, and the help, curiously enough, appeared in the shape of an emphatic hiss from the pit!

This hiss, I discovered, came from one Roberts, a circus performer, and I had an interview with him. He was a professional balancer and juggler, who boasted that he could do all Vivalla had done and something more. I at once published a card in Vivalla's name, offering $1,000 to anyone who would publicly perform Vivalla's feats at such place as should be designated, and

Roberts issued a counter card, accepting the offer. I then contracted with Mr. Warren, treasurer of the Walnut St. Theater, for one-third of the proceeds, if I should bring the receipts up to $400 a night—an agreement he could well afford to make as his receipts the night before had been but seventy-five dollars. From him I went to Roberts, who seemed disposed to "back down," but I told him I should not insist upon the terms of his published card, and asked him if he was under any engagement? Learning that he was not, I offered him thirty dollars to perform under my direction one night at the Walnut, and he accepted. A great trial of skill between Roberts and Vivalla was duly announced by posters and through the press. Meanwhile, they rehearsed privately to see what tricks each could perform, and the "business" was completely arranged.

Public excitement was at fever heat, and on the night of the trial the pit and upper boxes were crowded to the full; indeed sales of tickets to these localities were soon stopped, for there were no seats to sell. The "contest" between the performers, was eager and each had his party in the house. So far as I could learn, no one complained that he did not get all he paid for on that occasion. I engaged Roberts for a month and his subsequent "contests" with Vivalla amused the public and put money in my purse.

Vivalla continued to perform for me in various places, including Peale's Museum, in New York, and I took him to different towns in Connecticut and in New Jersey, with poor success sometimes, as frequently the expenses exceeded the receipts.

In April, 1836, I connected myself with Aaron Turner's travelling circus company as ticket-seller, secretary and treasurer, at thirty dollars a month and one-fifth of the entire profits, while Vivalla was to receive a salary of fifty dollars. As I was already paying him eighty dollars a month, our joint salaries reimbursed me and left me the chance of twenty percent of the net receipts. We started from Danbury for West Springfield, Massachusetts, April 26th, and on the first day, instead of halting to dine, as I expected, Mr. Turner regaled the whole company with three loaves of rye bread and a pound of butter, bought at a farm house at a cost of fifty cents, and, after watering the horses, we went on our way.

We began our performances at West Springfield, April 28th, and as our expected band of music had not arrived from Providence, I made a prefatory speech announcing our disappointment, and our intention to please our patrons, nevertheless. The two Turner boys, sons of the proprietor, rode

finely. Joe Pentland, one of the wittiest, best, and most original of clowns, with Vivalla's tricks and other performances in the ring, more than made up for the lack of music. In a day or two our band arrived and our "houses" improved. My diary is full of incidents of our summer tour through numerous villages, towns, and cities in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

While we were at Cabotville, Massachusetts, on going to bed one night one of my roommates threw a lighted stump of a cigar into a spit-box filled with sawdust and the result was that about one o'clock T. V. Turner, who slept in the room, awoke in the midst of a dense smoke and barely managed to crawl to the window to open it, and to awaken us in time to save us from suffocation.

At Lenox, Massachusetts, one Sunday I attended church as usual, and the preacher denounced our circus and all connected with it as immoral, and was very abusive; whereupon when he had read the closing hymn I walked up the pulpit stairs and handed him a written request, signed "P. T. Barnum, connected with the circus, June 5, 1836," to be permitted to reply to him. He declined to notice it, and after the benediction I lectured him for not giving me an opportunity to vindicate myself and those with whom I was connected. The affair created considerable excitement and some of the members of the church apologized to me for their clergyman's ill-behavior. A similar affair happened afterwards at Port Deposit, on the lower Susquehanna, and in this instance I addressed the audience for half an hour, defending the circus company against the attacks of the clergyman, and the people listened, though their pastor repeatedly implored them to go home. Often have I collected our company on Sunday and read to them the Bible or a printed sermon, and one or more of the men frequently accompanied me to church. We made no pretence of religion, but we were not the worst people in the world, and we thought ourselves entitled to at least decent treatment when we went to hear the preaching of the gospel.

The proprietor of the circus, Aaron Turner, was a self-made man, who had acquired a large fortune by his industry. He believed that any man with health and common sense could become rich if he only resolved to be so, and he was very proud of the fact that he began the world with no advantages, no education, and without a shilling. Withal, he was a practical joker, as I more than once discovered to my cost. While we were at Annapolis,

Maryland, he played a trick upon me which was fun to him, but was very nearly death to me.

We arrived on Saturday night and as I felt quite "flush" I bought a fine suit of black clothes. On Sunday morning I dressed myself in my new suit and started out for a stroll. While passing through the barroom Turner called the attention of the company present to me and said:

"I think it very singular you permit that rascal to march your streets in open day. It wouldn't be allowed in Rhode Island, and I suppose that is the reason the black-coated scoundrel has come down this way."

"Why, who is he?" asked half a dozen at once.

"Don't you know? Why that is the Rev. E. K. Avery, the murderer of Miss Cornell!"

"Is it possible!" they exclaimed, all starting for the door, eager to get a look at me, and swearing vengeance.

It was only recently that the Rev. Ephraim K. Avery had been tried in Rhode Island for the murder of Miss Cornell, whose body was discovered in a stack-yard, and though Avery was acquitted in court, the general sentiment of the country condemned him. It was this Avery whom Turner made me represent. I had not walked far in my fine clothes, before I was overtaken by a mob of a dozen, which rapidly increased to at least a hundred, and my ears were suddenly saluted with such observations as, "the lecherous old hypocrite," "the sanctified murderer," "the black-coated villain," "lynch the scoundrel," "let's tar and feather him," and like remarks which I had no idea applied to me till one man seized me by the collar, while five or six more appeared on the scene with a rail.

"Come," said the man who collared me, "old chap, you can't walk any further; we know you, and as we always make gentlemen ride in these parts, you may just prepare to straddle that rail!"

My surprise may be imagined. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, as they all pressed around me, "gentlemen, what have I done?"

"Oh, we know you," exclaimed half a dozen voices; "you needn't roll your sanctimonious eyes; that game don't take in this country. Come, straddle the rail, and *remember the stack-yard*!"

I grew more and more bewildered; I could not imagine what possible offence I was to suffer for, and I continued to exclaim, "Gentlemen, what have I done? Don't kill me, gentlemen, but tell me what I have done."

"Come, make him straddle the rail; well show him how to hang poor factory girls," shouted a man in the crowd.

The man who had me by the collar then remarked, "Come, *Mr. Avery*, it's no use, you see, we know you, and we'll give you a touch of Lynch law, and start you for home again."

"My name is *not* Avery, gentlemen; you are mistaken in your man," I exclaimed.

"Come, come, none of your gammon; straddle the rail, Ephraim."

The rail was brought and I was about to be placed on it, when the truth flashed upon me.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, "I am not Avery; I despise that villain as much as you can; my name is Barnum; I belong to the circus which arrived here last night, and I am sure Old Turner, my partner, has hoaxed you with this ridiculous story."

"If he has we'll lynch him," said one of the mob.

"Well, he has, I'll assure you, and if you will walk to the hotel with me, I'll convince you of the fact."

This they reluctantly assented to, keeping, however, a close hand upon me. As we walked up the main street, the mob received a re-enforcement of some fifty or sixty, and I was marched like a malefactor up to the hotel. Old Turner stood on the piazza ready to explode with laughter. I appealed to him for heaven's sake to explain this matter, that I might be liberated. He continued to laugh, but finally told them "he believed there was some mistake about it. The fact is," said he, "my friend Barnum has a new suit of black clothes on and he looks so much like a priest that I thought he must be Avery."

The crowd saw the joke and seemed satisfied. My new coat had been half torn from my back and I had been very roughly handled. But some of the crowd apologized for the outrage, declaring that Turner ought to be served in the same way, while others advised me to "get even with him." I was very much offended, and when the mob dispersed I asked Turner what could have induced him to play such a trick upon me.

"My dear Mr. Barnum," he replied, "it was all for our good. Remember, all we need to insure success is notoriety. You will see that this will be noised all about town as a trick played by one of the circus managers upon the other, and our pavilion will be crammed tomorrow night."

It was even so; the trick was told all over town and everyone came to see the circus managers who were in a habit of playing practical jokes upon each other. We had fine audiences while we remained at Annapolis, but it was a long time before I forgave Turner for his rascally "joke."

# VI

## My First Travelling Company

Three Meals and Lodging in One Hour—Turning the Tables on Turner—A Son as Old as His Father—Leaving the Circus with Twelve Hundred Dollars—My First Travelling Company—Preaching to the People—Appearing as a Negro Minstrel—Threatened with Assassination—Escapes from Danger—Temperance—Report of My Arrest for Murder—Reenforcing My Company—"Barnum's Grand Scientific and Musical Theater"—Outwitting a Sheriff—"Lady Hayes's" Mansion and Plantation—A Brilliant Audience—Bass Drum Solo—Crossing the Indian Nation—Joe Pentland as a Savage—Terror and Flight of Vivalla—A Nonplussed Legerdemain Performer—A Male Egg-Layer—Disbanding My Company—A New Partnership—Public Lecturing—Difficulty with a Drover—The Steamboat "Ceres"—Sudden Marriage on Board—Mobbed in Louisiana—Arrival at New Orleans.

An amusing incident occurred when we were at Hanover Court House, in Virginia. It rained so heavily that we could not perform there and Turner decided to start for Richmond immediately after dinner, when he was informed by the landlord that as our agent had engaged three meals and lodging for the whole company, the entire bill must be paid whether we went then, or next morning. No compromise could be effected with the stubborn landlord and so Turner proceeded to get the worth of his money as follows:

He ordered dinner at twelve o'clock, which was duly prepared and eaten. The table was cleared and reset for supper at half-past twelve. At one o'clock we all went to bed, every man carrying a lighted candle to his room. There were thirty-six of us and we all undressed and tumbled into bed as if we were going to stay all night. In half an hour we rose and went down to the hot breakfast which Turner had demanded and which we found smoking

on the table. Turner was very grave, the landlord was exceedingly angry, and the rest of us were convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the whole proceeding. We disposed of our breakfast as if we had eaten nothing for ten hours and then started for Richmond with the satisfaction that we fairly settled with our unreasonable landlord.

At Richmond, after performances were over one night, I managed to partially pay Turner for his Avery trick. A dozen or more of us were enjoying ourselves in the sitting room of the hotel, telling stories and singing songs, when some of the company proposed sundry amusing arithmetical questions, followed by one from Turner, which was readily solved. Hoping to catch Turner I then proposed the following problem:

"Suppose a man is thirty years of age and he has a child one year of age; he is thirty times older than his child. When the child is thirty years old, the father, being sixty, is only twice as old as his child. When the child is sixty the father is ninety, and therefore only one-third older than the child. When the child is ninety the father is one hundred and twenty, and therefore only one-fourth older than the child. Thus you see, the child is gradually but surely gaining on the parent, and as he certainly continues to come nearer and nearer, in time he must overtake him. The question therefore is, suppose it was possible for them to live long enough, how old would the father be when the child overtook him and became of the same age?"

The company generally saw the catch; but Turner was very much interested in the problem, and although he admitted he knew nothing about arithmetic he was convinced that as the son was gradually gaining on the father he must reach him if there was time enough—say, a thousand years, or so—for the race. But an old gentleman gravely remarked that the idea of a son becoming as old as his father while both were living was simply nonsense, and he offered to bet a dozen of champagne that the thing was impossible, even "in figures." Turner, who was a betting man, and who thought the problem might be proved, accepted the wager; but he was soon convinced that however much the boy might relatively gain upon his father, there would always be thirty years difference in their ages. The champagne cost him $25, and he failed to see the fun of my arithmetic, though at last he acknowledged that it was a fair offset to the Avery trick.

We went from Richmond to Petersburg, and from that place to Warrenton, North Carolina, where, October 30th, my engagement expired with a profit to myself of $1,200. I now separated from the circus company, taking

Vivalla, James Sanford, (a negro singer and dancer,) several musicians, horses, wagons, and a small canvas tent with which I intended to begin a travelling exhibition of my own. My company started and Turner took me on the way in his own carriage some twenty miles. We parted reluctantly and my friend wished me every success in my new venture.

On Saturday, November 12, 1836, we halted at Rocky Mount Falls, North Carolina, and on my way to the Baptist Church, Sunday morning, I noticed a stand and benches in a grove near by, and determined to speak to the people if I was permitted. The landlord who was with me said that the congregation, coming from a distance to attend a single service, would be very glad to hear a stranger and I accordingly asked the venerable clergyman to announce that after service I would speak for half an hour in the grove. Learning that I was not a clergyman, he declined to give the notice, but said that he had no objection to my making the announcement, which I did, and the congregation, numbering about three hundred, promptly came to hear me.

I told them I was not a preacher and had very little experience in public speaking; but I felt a deep interest in matters of morality and religion, and would attempt, in a plain way, to set before them the duties and privileges of man. I appealed to every man's experience, observation and reason, to confirm the Bible doctrine of wretchedness in vice and happiness in virtue. We cannot violate the laws of God with impunity, and he will not keep back the wages of well-doing. The outside show of things is of very small account. We must look to realities and not to appearances. "Diamonds may glitter on a vicious breast," but "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy is virtue's prize." The rogue, the passionate man, the drunkard, are not to be envied even at the best, and a conscience hardened by sin is the most sorrowful possession we can think of. I went on in this way, with some scriptural quotations and familiar illustrations, for three-quarters of an hour. At the close of my address several persons took me by the hand, expressing themselves as greatly pleased and desiring to know my name; and I went away with the feeling that possibly I might have done some good in the beautiful grove on that charming Sunday morning.

When we were at Camden, South Carolina, Sanford suddenly left me, and as I had advertised negro songs and none of my company was competent to fill Sanford's place, not to disappoint my audience, I blacked myself and sung the advertised songs, "Zip Coon," etc., and to my surprise was

much applauded, while two of the songs were encored. One evening after singing my songs I heard a disturbance outside the tent and going to the spot found a person disputing with my men. I took part on the side of the men, when the person who was quarrelling with them drew a pistol and exclaiming, "you black scoundrel! how dare you use such language to a white man," he proceeded to cock it. I saw that he thought I was a negro and meant to blow my brains out. Quick as thought I rolled my sleeve up, showed my skin, and said, "I am as white as you are, sir." He dropped his pistol in positive fright and begged my pardon. My presence of mind saved me.

On four different occasions in my life I have had a loaded pistol pointed at my head and each time I have escaped death by what seemed a miracle. I have also often been in deadly peril by accidents, and when I think of these things I realize my indebtedness to an all-protecting Providence. Reviewing my career, too, and considering the kind of company I kept for years and the associations with which I was surrounded and connected, I am surprised as well as grateful that I was not ruined. I honestly believe that I owe my preservation from the degradation of living and dying a loafer and a vagabond, to the single fact that I was never addicted to strong drink. To be sure, I have in times past drank liquor, but I have generally wholly abstained from intoxicating beverages, and for more than twenty years past, I am glad to say, I have been a strict "teetotaller."

At Camden I lost one of my musicians, a Scotchman named Cochran, who was arrested for advising the negro barber who was shaving him to run away to the Free States or to Canada. I made every effort to effect Cochran's release, but he was imprisoned more than six months.

While I was away from home I generally wrote twice a week to my family and received letters nearly as often from my wife. One of her letters, which I received in Columbia, South Carolina, informed me it was currently reported in Connecticut that I was under sentence of death in Canada for murder! The story grew out of a rumor about a difficulty in Canada between some rowdies and a circus company—not Turner's—for we met his troupe at Columbia, December 5, 1836. That company was then to be disbanded and I bought four horses and two wagons and hired Joe Pentland and Robert White to join my company. White, as a negro-singer, would relieve me from that roll, and Pentland, besides being a capital clown, was celebrated as a ventriloquist, comic singer, balancer, and legerdemain performer. My reen-

forced exhibition was called "Barnum's Grand Scientific and Musical Theater."

Some time previously, in Raleigh, North Carolina, I had sold one-half of my establishment to a man, whom I will call Henry, who now acted as treasurer and ticket-taker. At Augusta, Georgia, the sheriff served a writ upon this Henry for a debt of $500. As Henry had $600 of the company's money in his possession, I immediately procured a bill of sale of all his property in the exhibition and returned to the theater where Henry's creditor and the creditor's lawyer were waiting for me. They demanded the keys of the stable so as to levy on the horses and wagons. I begged delay till I could see Henry, and they consented. Henry was anxious to cheat his creditor and he at once signed the bill of sale. I returned and informed the creditor that Henry refused to pay or compromise the claim. The sheriff then demanded the keys of the stable door to attach Henry's interest in the property. "Not yet," said I, showing a bill of sale, "you see I am in full possession of the property as entire owner. You confess that you have not yet levied on it, and if you touch my property, you do it at your peril."

They were very much taken aback and the sheriff immediately conveyed Henry to prison. The next day I learned that Henry owed his creditors thirteen hundred dollars and that he had agreed when the Saturday evening performance was ended to hand over five hundred dollars (company money) and a bill of sale of his interest, in consideration of which one of the horses was to be ready for him to run away with, leaving me in the lurch! Learning this, I had very little sympathy for Henry and my next step was to secure the five hundred dollars he had secreted. Vivalla had obtained it from him to keep it from the sheriff; I received it from Vivalla, on Henry's order, as a supposed means of procuring bail for him on Monday morning. I then paid the creditor the full amount obtained from Henry as the price of his half interest in the exhibition and received in return an assignment of five hundred dollars of the creditor's claims and a guaranty that I should not be troubled by my late partner on that score. Thus, promptness of action and good luck relieved me from one of the most unpleasant positions in which I had ever been placed.

While travelling with our teams and show through a desolate part of Georgia, our advertiser, who was in advance of the party, finding the route, on one occasion, too long for us to reach a town at night, arranged with a poor widow woman named Hayes to furnish us with meals and let us lodge

in her hut and outhouses. It was a beggarly place, belonging to one of the poorest of "poor whites." Our horses were to stand out all night, and a farmer, six miles distant, was to bring a load of provender on the day of our arrival. Bills were then posted announcing a performance under a canvas tent near Widow Hayes's, for, as a show was a rarity in that region, it was conjectured that a hundred or more small farmers and "poor whites" might be assembled and that the receipts would cover the expenses.

Meanwhile, our advertiser, who was quite a wag, wrote back informing us of the difficulties of reaching a town on that part of our route and stating that he had made arrangements for us to stay overnight on the plantation of "Lady Hayes," and that although the country was sparsely settled, we could doubtless give a profitable performance to a fair audience.

Anticipating a fine time on this noble "plantation," we started at four o'clock in the morning so as to arrive at one o'clock, thus avoiding the heat of the afternoon. Towards noon we came to a small river where some men, whom we afterwards discovered to be down-east Yankees, from Maine, were repairing a bridge. Every flooring plank had been taken up and it was impossible for our teams to cross. "Could the bridge be fixed so that we could go over?" I inquired; "No; it would take half a day, and meantime if we must cross, there was a place about sixteen miles down the river where we could get over." "But we can't go so far as that; we are under engagement to perform on Lady Hayes's place tonight and we must cross here. Fix the bridge and we will pay you handsomely."

They wanted no money, but if we would give them some tickets to our show they thought they might do something for us. I gladly consented and in fifteen minutes we crossed that bridge. The cunning rascals had seen our posters and knew we were coming; so they had taken up the planks of the bridge and had hidden them till they had levied upon us for tickets, when the floor was re-laid in a quarter of an hour. We laughed heartily at the trick and were very glad to cross so cheaply.

Towards dinner time, we began to look out for the grand mansion of "Lady Hayes," and seeing nothing but little huts we quietly pursued our journey. At one o'clock—the time when we should have arrived at our destination—I became impatient and riding up to a poverty-stricken hovel and seeing a ragged, barefooted old woman, with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, who was washing clothes in front of the door, I inquired—

"Hallo! can you tell me where Lady Hayes lives?"

The old woman raised her head, which was covered with tangled locks and matted hair, and exclaimed—

"Hey?"

"No, Hayes, Lady Hayes; where is her plantation?"

"This is the place," she answered; "I'm Widder Hayes and you are all to stay here tonight."

We could not believe our ears or eyes; but after putting the dirty old woman through a severe cross-examination she finally produced a contract, signed by our advertiser, agreeing for board and lodging for the company and we found ourselves booked for the night. It appeared that our advertiser could find no better quarters in that forlorn section and he had indulged in a joke at our expense by exciting our appetites and imaginations in anticipation of the luxuries we should find in the magnificent mansion of "Lady Hayes."

Joe Pentland grumbled, Bob White indulged in some very strong language, and Signor Vivalla laughed. He had travelled with his monkey and organ in Italy and could put up with any fare that offered. I took the disappointment philosophically, simply remarking that we must make the best of it and compensate ourselves when we reached a town next day.

When the old woman called us to dinner we crept into her hut and found that she had improvised benches at her table by placing boards upon the only four chairs in her possession, and at that, some of us were obliged to stand. The dinner consisted of a piece of boiled smoked bacon, a large dish of "greens," and corn bread. Three plates, two knives, and three forks made up the entire table furniture and compelled a resort to our jackknives. "A short horse is soon curried," and dinner was speedily despatched. It did not seem possible for an audience to assemble in that forsaken quarter, and we concluded not to take the canvas tent out of the wagon.

By three o'clock, however, at least fifty persons had arrived on the ground to attend the night show and they reported "more a coming." Accordingly we put up the tent and arranged our small stage and curtains, preparing seats for two hundred people. Those who had already arrived were mostly women, many of them from sixteen to twenty years old—poor, thin, sallow-faced creatures, wretchedly clad, some of them engaged in smoking pipes, while the rest were chewing snuff. This latter process was new to me; each chewer was provided with a short stick, softened at one end, by chewing it, and this stick was occasionally dipped into a snuff box and then stuck

into the mouth, from whence it protruded like a cigar. The technical term for the proceeding is "snuff-dipping."

Before night, stragglers had brought the number of people on Lady Hayes' plantation up to one hundred, and soon after dark, we opened our exhibition to an audience of about two hundred. The men were a pale, haggard set of uncombed, uncouth creatures, whose constantly-moving jaws and the streams of colored saliva exuding from the corners of their mouths indicated that they were confirmed tobacco chewers. I never saw a more stupid and brutish assemblage of human beings. The performance delighted them; Pentland's sleight-of-hand tricks astonished them and led them to declare that he must be in league with the evil one; Signor Vivalla's ball-tossing and plate spinning elicited their loudest applause; and Bob White's negro songs and breakdowns made them fairly scream with laughter.

At last, the performance terminated and Pentland stepped forward and delivered the closing address, which he had repeated, word for word, a hundred times, and which was precisely as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The entertainments of the evening have now come to a conclusion, and, we hope, to your general satisfaction."

But now came a dilemma; the meaning of this announcement was quite above the comprehension of the audience; they had not the remotest idea that the performance was finished, and they sat like statues.

With a hearty laugh at Pentland I told him that his language was not understood in this locality and that he must try again. He was chagrined, and declared that he would not say another word. Little Vivalla laughed, danced around like a monkey, and said, in his broken English:

"Ah, ha! Signor Pentland; you no speak good Eenglish, hah! These educated peoples no understand you, eh? By gar what d——d fools. Ah, Signor Barnum, let me speaks to them; I will make them jump double queek."

I quite enjoyed the fun and said, "Well, Signor, go ahead."

The little Italian jumped upon the stage and with a broad grimace and tremendous gesture exclaimed—

"Eet is feenish!"

He then retired behind the curtain, but, of course, the audience did not understand that he had told them the performance was finished. No one would have understood him. Hence, the spectators sat still, wondering what would come next. "By gar," said Vivalla, losing his temper, "I will give

them a hint," and he loosened the cord and down fell the curtain on one side of the stage.

"Good, good," cried out an enthusiastic "poor white," giving his quid a fresh roll to the other side of his mouth, "now we are going to have something new."

"I reckon they's totin' that plunder off to get ready for a dance," said a delicate "dipper," making a lunge into her box for another mouthful of the dust.

Things were becoming serious, and I saw that in order to get rid of these people they must be addressed in plain language; so, walking upon the stage, I simply said, making at the same time a motion for them to go—

"It is all over; no more performance; the show is out."

This was understood, but they still stood upon the order of their going and were loth to leave, especially as the, to them, extraordinary announcements of Pentland and Vivalla had prepared them for something fresh. Several days before, our band of musicians had left us, reducing our orchestra to an organ and pipes, ground and blown by an Italian whom we had picked up on the road. We had, in addition, a large bass drum, with no one to beat it, and this drum was espied by some of the audience in going out. Very soon I was waited upon by a masculine committee of three, who informed me that "the young ladies were very anxious to hear a tune on the big drum." Pentland heard the request and replied, "I will accommodate the young ladies," and strapping on the drum he took a stick in each hand and began to pound tremendously. Occasionally he would rap the sticks together, toss one of them into the air, catching it as it came down, and then pound away again like mad. In fact, he cut up all sorts of pranks with that big drum and when he was tired out and stopped, he was gratified at being told by the "young ladies" that they had never heard a big drum before, but he "played it splendid," and they thought it was altogether the best part of the entire performance!

The next forenoon we arrived at Macon, and congratulated ourselves that we had again reached the regions of civilization.

In going from Columbus, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, we were obliged to cross a thinly-settled, desolate tract, known as the "Indian Nation," and as several persons had been murdered by hostile Indians in that region, it was deemed dangerous to travel the road without an escort. Only the day before we started, the mail stage had been stopped and the passen-

gers murdered, the driver alone escaping. We were well armed, however, and trusted that our numbers would present too formidable a force to be attacked, though we dreaded to incur the risk. Vivalla alone was fearless and was ready to encounter fifty Indians and drive them into the swamp.

Accordingly, when we had safely passed over the entire route to within fourteen miles of Montgomery, and were beyond the reach of danger, Joe Pentland determined to test Vivalla's bravery. He had secretly purchased at Mount Megs, on the way, an old Indian dress with a fringed hunting shirt and moccasins and these he put on, after coloring his face with Spanish brown. Then, shouldering his musket he followed Vivalla and the party and, approaching stealthily, leaped into their midst with a tremendous whoop.

Vivalla's companions were in the secret, and they instantly fled in all directions. Vivalla himself ran like a deer and Pentland after him, gun in hand and yelling horribly. After running a full mile the poor little Italian, out of breath and frightened nearly to death, dropped on his knees and begged for his life. The "Indian" levelled his gun at his victim, but soon seemed to relent and signified that Vivalla should turn his pockets inside out—which he did, producing and handing over a purse, containing eleven dollars. The savage then marched Vivalla to an oak and with a handkerchief tied him in the most approved Indian manner to the tree, leaving him half dead with fright.

Pentland then joined us, and washing his face and changing his dress, we all went to the relief of Vivalla. He was overjoyed to see us, and when he was released his courage returned; he swore that after his companions left him the Indian had been reenforced by six more to whom, in default of a gun or other means to defend himself, Vivalla had been compelled to surrender. We pretended to believe his story for a week and then told him the joke, which he refused to credit, and also declined to take the money which Pentland offered to return, as it could not possibly be his since seven Indians had taken his money. We had a great deal of fun over Vivalla's courage, but the matter made him so cross and surly that we were finally obliged to drop it altogether. From that time forward, however, Vivalla never boasted of his prowess.

We arrived at Montgomery, February 28th, 1837. Here I met Henry Hawley a legerdemain performer, about forty-five years of age, but as he was prematurely gray he looked at least seventy, and I sold him one-half of my exhibition. He had a ready wit, a happy way of localizing his tricks, was

very popular in that part of the country, where he had been performing for several years, and I never saw him nonplussed but once. This was when he was performing on one occasion the well-known egg and bag trick, which he did with his usual success, producing egg after egg from the bag and finally breaking one to show that they were genuine. "Now," said Hawley, "I will show you the old hen that laid them." It happened, however, that the negro boy to whom had been entrusted the duty of supplying the bag had made a slight mistake which was manifest when Hawley triumphantly produced, not "the old hen that laid the eggs," but a rooster! The whole audience was convulsed with laughter and the abashed Hawley retreated to the dressing room cursing the stupidity of the black boy who had been paid to put a hen in the bag.

After performing in different places in Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, we disbanded at Nashville in May, 1837, Vivalla going to New York, where he performed on his own account for a while previous to sailing for Cuba, Hawley staying in Tennessee to look after our horses which had been turned out to grass, and I returning home to spend a few weeks with my family.

Early in July, returning west with a new company of performers, I rejoined Hawley and we began our campaign in Kentucky. We were not successful; one of our small company was incompetent; another was intemperate—both were dismissed; and our negro-singer was drowned in the river at Frankfort. Funds were low and I was obliged to leave pledges here and there, in payment for bills, which I afterwards redeemed. Hawley and I dissolved in August and making a new partnership with Z. Graves, I left him in charge of the establishment and went to Tiffin, Ohio, where I re-engaged Joe Pentland, buying his horses and wagons and taking him, with several musicians, to Kentucky.

During my short stay at Tiffin, a religious conversation at the hotel introduced me to several gentlemen who requested me to lecture on the subjects we had discussed, and I did so to a crowded audience in the schoolhouse Sunday afternoon and evening. At the solicitation of a gentleman from Republic, I also delivered two lectures in that town on the evenings of September 4th and 5th.

On our way to Kentucky, just before we reached Cincinnati, we met a drove of hogs and one of the drivers making an insolent remark because our wagons interfered with his swine, I replied in the same vein, when he dis-

mounted and pointing a pistol at my breast swore he would shoot me if I did not apologize. I begged him to permit me to consult with a friend in the next wagon, and the misunderstanding should be satisfactorily settled. My friend was a loaded double-barreled gun which I pointed at him and said:

"Now, sir, *you* must apologize, for your brains are in danger. You drew a weapon upon me for a trivial remark. You seem to hold human life at a cheap price; and now, sir, you have the choice between a load of shot and an apology."

This led to an apology and a friendly conversation in which we both agreed that many a life is sacrificed in sudden anger because one or both of the contending parties carry deadly weapons.

In our subsequent southern tour we exhibited at Nashville (where I visited General Jackson, at the Hermitage), Huntsville, Tuscaloosa, Vicksburg and intermediate places, doing tolerably well. At Vicksburg we sold all our land conveyances, excepting the band wagon and four horses, bought the steamboat *Ceres* for six thousand dollars, hired the captain and crew, and started down the river to exhibit at places on the way. At Natchez our cook left us and in the search for another I found a white widow who would go, only she expected to marry a painter. I called on the painter who had not made up his mind whether to marry the widow or not, but I told him if he would marry her the next morning I would hire her at twenty-five dollars a month as cook, employ him at the same wages as painter, with board for both, and a cash bonus of fifty dollars. There was a wedding on board the next day and we had a good cook and a good dinner.

During one of our evening performances at Francisville, Louisiana, a man tried to pass me at the door of the tent, claiming that he had paid for admittance. I refused him entrance; and as he was slightly intoxicated he struck me with a slung shot, mashing my hat and grazing what phrenologists call "the organ of caution." He went away and soon returned with a gang of armed and half-drunken companions who ordered us to pack up our "traps and plunder" and to get on board our steamboat within an hour. The big tent speedily came down. No one was permitted to help us, but the company worked with a will and within five minutes of the expiration of the hour we were on board and ready to leave. The scamps who had caused our departure escorted us and our last load, waving pine torches, and saluted us with a hurrah as we swung into the stream.

The New Orleans papers of March 19, 1838, announced the arrival of the "Steamer Ceres, Captain Barnum, with a theatrical company." After a week's performances, we started for the Attakapas country. At Opelousas we exchanged the steamer for sugar and molasses; our company was disbanded, and I started for home, arriving in New York, June 4, 1838.

# VII

## At the Foot of the Ladder

Disgust at the Travelling Business—Advertising for an Associate—Rush of the Million-Makers—Counterfeiters, Cheats and Quacks—A New Business—Swindled by My Partner—Diamond the Dancer—A New Company—Desertions—Successes at New Orleans—Tyrone Power and Fanny Ellsler—In Jail Again—Back to New York—Acting as a Book Agent—Leasing Vauxhall—from Hand to Mouth—Determination to Make Money—Fortune Opening Her Door—The American Museum for Sale—Negotiations for the Purchase—Hopes and Disappointments—The Train Laid—Smashing a Rival Company.

I have said that the show business has as many grades of dignity as trade, which ranges all the way from the mammoth wholesale establishment down to the corner stand. The itinerant amusement business is at the bottom of the ladder. I had begun there, but I had no wish to stay there; in fact, I was thoroughly disgusted with the trade of a travelling showman, and although I felt that I could succeed in that line, yet I always regarded it, not as an end, but as a means to something better.

Longing now for some permanent respectable business, I advertised for a partner, stating that I had $2,500 to invest and would add my unremitting personal attention to the capital and the business. This advertisement gave me an altogether new insight into human nature. Whoever wishes to know how some people live, or want to live, let him advertise for a partner, at the same time stating that he has a large or small capital to invest. I was flooded with answers to my advertisements and received no less than ninety-three different propositions for the use of my capital. Of these, at least one-third were from porterhouse keepers. Brokers, pawnbrokers, lottery-policy dealers, patent medicine men, inventors, and others also made application.

Some of my correspondents declined to specifically state the nature of their business, but they promised to open the door to untold wealth.

I had interviews with some of these mysterious million-makers. One of them was a counterfeiter, who, after much hesitation and pledges of secrecy showed me some counterfeit coin and bank notes; he wanted $2,500 to purchase paper and ink and to prepare new dies, and he actually proposed that I should join him in the business which promised, he declared, a safe and rich harvest. Another sedate individual, dressed in Quaker costume, wanted me to join him in an oat speculation. By buying a horse and wagon and by selling oats, bought at wholesale, in bags, he thought a good business could be done, especially as people would not be particular to measure after a Quaker.

"Do you mean to cheat in measuring your oats?" I asked.

"O, I should probably make them hold out," he answered, with a leer.

One application came from a Pearl Street wool merchant, who failed a month afterwards. Then came a "perpetual motion" man who had a fortune-making machine, in which I discovered a mainspring slyly hid in a hollow post, the spring making perpetual motion—till it ran down. Finally, I went into partnership with a German, named Proler, who was a manufacturer of paste-blacking, waterproof paste for leather, Cologne water and bear's grease. We took the store No. 101½ Bowery, at a rent (including the dwelling) of $600 per annum, and opened a large manufactory of the above articles. Proler manufactured and sold the goods at wholesale in Boston, Charleston, Cleveland, and various other parts of the country. I kept the accounts, and attended to sales in the store, wholesale and retail. For a while the business seemed to prosper—at least till my capital was absorbed and notes for stock began to fall due, with nothing to meet them, since we had sold our goods on long credits. In January, 1840, I dissolved partnership with Proler, he buying the entire interest for $2,600 on credit, and then running away to Rotterdam without paying his note, and leaving me nothing but a few recipes. Proler was a good-looking, plausible, promising—scamp.

During my connection with Proler, I became acquainted with a remarkable young dancer named John Diamond. He was one of the first and best of the numerous negro and "breakdown" dancers who have since surprised and amused the public, and I entered into an engagement with his father for his services, putting Diamond in the hands of an agent, as I did not wish to appear in the transaction. In the spring of 1840, I hired and opened the

Vauxhall Garden saloon, in New York, and gave a variety of performances, including singing, dancing, Yankee stories, etc. In this saloon Miss Mary Taylor, afterwards so celebrated as an actress and singer, made her first appearance on the stage. The enterprise, however, did not meet my expectation and I relinquished it in August.

What was to be done next? I dreaded resuming the life of an itinerant showman, but funds were low, I had a family to care for, and as nothing better presented I made up my mind to endure the vexations and uncertainties of a tour in the West and South. I collected a company, consisting of Mr. C. D. Jenkins, an excellent singer and delineator of Yankee and other characters; Master John Diamond, the dancer; Francis Lynch, an orphan vagabond, fourteen years old, whom I picked up at Troy, and a fiddler. My brother-in-law, Mr. John Hallett, preceded us as agent and advertiser, and our route passed through Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Ottawa, Springfield, the intermediate places, and St. Louis, where I took the steamboat for New Orleans with a company reduced by desertions to Master Diamond and the fiddler.

Arriving in New Orleans, January 2, 1841, I had but $100 in my purse, and I had started from New York four months before with quite as much in my pocket. Excepting some small remittances to my family I had made nothing more than current expenses; and, when I had been in New Orleans a fortnight, funds were so low that I was obliged to pledge my watch as security for my board bill. But on the 16th, I received from the St. Charles Theater $500 as my half share of Diamond's benefit; the next night I had $50; and the third night $479 was my share of the proceeds of a grand dancing match at the theater between Diamond and a negro dancer from Kentucky. Subsequent engagements at Vicksburg and Jackson were not so successful, but returning to New Orleans we again succeeded admirably and afterwards at Mobile. Diamond, however, after extorting considerable sums of money from me, finally ran away, and, March 12th, I started homeward by way of the Mississippi and the Ohio.

While I was in New Orleans I made the acquaintance of that genial man, Tyrone Power, who was just concluding an engagement at the St. Charles Theater. In bidding me farewell, he wished me every success and hoped we should meet again. Alas, poor Power! All the world knows how he set sail from our shores, and he and his ship were never seen again. Fanny Ellsler was also in New Orleans, and when I saw seats in the dress circle sold at an

average of four dollars and one-half, I gave her agent, Chevalier Henry Wyckoff, great credit for exciting public enthusiasm to the highest pitch and I thought the prices enormous. I did not dream then that, within twelve years, I should be selling tickets in the same city for full five times that sum.

At Pittsburg, where I arrived March 30th, I learned that Jenkins, who had enticed Francis Lynch away from me at St. Louis, was exhibiting him at the Museum under the name of "Master Diamond," and visiting the performance, the next day I wrote Jenkins an ironical review for which he threatened suit and he actually instigated R. W. Lindsay, from whom I hired Joice Heth in Philadelphia in 1835, and whom I had not seen since, though he was then residing in Pittsburg, to sue me for a pipe of brandy which, it was pretended, was promised in addition to the money paid him. I was required to give bonds of $500, which, as I was among strangers, I could not immediately procure, and I was accordingly thrown into jail till four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was liberated. The next day I caused the arrest of Jenkins for trespass in assuming Master Diamond's name and reputation for Master Lynch, and he was sent to jail till four o'clock in the afternoon. Each having had his turn at this amusement, we adjourned our controversy to New York where I beat him. As for Lindsay, I heard nothing more of his claim or him till twelve years afterwards when he called on me in Boston with an apology. He was very poor and I was highly prosperous, and I may add that Lindsay did not lack a friend.

I arrived in New York, April 23rd, 1841, after an absence of eight months; finding my family in good health, I resolved once more that I would never again be an itinerant showman. Three days afterwards I contracted with Robert Sears, the publisher, for five hundred copies of "Sears' Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible," at $500, and accepting the United States agency, I opened an office, May 10th, at the corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets, the site of the present Nassau Bank. I had had a limited experience with that book in this way: When I was in Pittsburg, an acquaintance, Mr. C. D. Harker, was complaining that he had nothing to do, when I picked up a New York paper and saw the advertisement of "Sears's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible, price $2 a copy." Mr. Harker thought he could get subscribers, and I bought him a specimen copy, agreeing to furnish him with as many as he wanted at $1.37½ a copy, though I had never before seen the work and did not know the wholesale price. The result was that he obtained eighty subscribers in two days, and made $50. My own venture in the work

was not so successful; I advertised largely, had plenty of agents, and, in six months, sold thousands of copies; but irresponsible agents used up all my profits and my capital.

While engaged in this business I once more leased Vauxhall saloon, opening it June 14th, 1841, employing Mr. John Hallett, my brother-in-law, as manager under my direction, and at the close of the season, September 25th, we had cleared about two hundred dollars. This sum was soon exhausted, and with my family on my hands and no employment I was glad to do anything that would keep the wolf from the door. I wrote advertisements and notices for the Bowery Amphitheater, receiving for the service four dollars a week, which I was very glad to get, and I also wrote articles for the Sunday papers, deriving a fair remuneration and managing to get a living. But I was at the bottom round of fortune's ladder, and it was necessary to make an effort which would raise me above want.

I was specially stimulated to this effort by a letter which I received, about this time, from my esteemed friend, Hon. Thomas T. Whittlesey, of Danbury. He held a mortgage of five hundred dollars on a piece of property I owned in that place, and, as he was convinced that I would never lay up anything, he wrote me that I might as well pay him then as ever. This letter made me resolve to live no longer from hand to mouth, but to concentrate my energies upon laying up something for the future.

While I was forming this practical determination I was much nearer to its realization than my most sanguine hopes could have predicted. The road to fortune was close by. Without suspecting it, I was about to enter upon an enterprise, which, while giving full scope for whatever tact, industry and pluck I might possess, was to take me from the foot of the ladder and place me many rounds above.

As outside clerk for the Bowery Amphitheater I had casually learned that the collection of curiosities comprising Scudder's American Museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, was for sale. It belonged to the daughters of Mr. Scudder, and was conducted for their benefit by John Furzman, under the authority of Mr. John Heath, administrator. The price asked for the entire collection was fifteen thousand dollars. It had cost its founder, Mr. Scudder, probably fifty thousand dollars, and from the profits of the establishment he had been able to leave a large competency to his children. The Museum, however, had been for several years a losing concern, and the heirs were anxious to sell it. Looking at this property, I thought I saw that

energy, tact and liberality, were only needed to make it a paying institution, and I determined to purchase it if possible.

"You buy the American Museum!" said a friend, who knew the state of my funds, "what do you intend buying it with?"

"Brass," I replied, "for silver and gold have I none."

The Museum building belonged to Mr. Francis W. Olmsted, a retired merchant, to whom I wrote stating my desire to buy the collection, and that although I had no means, if it could, be purchased upon reasonable credit, I was confident that my tact and experience, added to a determined devotion to business, would enable me to make the payments when due. I therefore asked him to purchase the collection in his own name; to give me a writing securing it to me provided I made the payments punctually, including the rent of his building; to allow me twelve dollars and a half a week on which to support my family; and if at any time I failed to meet the instalment due, I would vacate the premises and forfeit all that might have been paid to that date. "In fact, Mr. Olmsted," I continued in my earnestness, "you may bind me in any way, and as tightly as you please—only give me a chance to dig out, or scratch out, and I will do so or forfeit all the labor and trouble I may have incurred."

In reply to this letter, which I took to his house myself, he named an hour when I could call on him, and as I was there at the exact moment, he expressed himself pleased with my punctuality. He inquired closely as to my habits and antecedents, and I frankly narrated my experiences as a caterer for the public, mentioning my amusement ventures in Vauxhall Garden, the circus, and in the exhibitions I had managed at the South and West.

"Who are your references?" he inquired.

"Any man in my line," I replied, "from Edmund Simpson, manager of the Park Theater, or William Niblo, to Messrs. Welch, June, Titus, Turner, Angevine, or other circus or menagerie proprietors; also Moses Y. Beach, of the New York *Sun*.

"Can you get any of them to call on me?" he continued.

I told him that I could, and the next day my friend Niblo rode down and had an interview with Mr. Olmsted, while Mr. Beach and several other gentlemen also called, and the following morning I waited upon him for his decision.

"I don't like your references, Mr. Barnum," said Mr. Olmsted, abruptly, as soon as I entered the room.

I was confused, and said "I regretted to hear it."

"They all speak too well of you," he added, laughing; "in fact they all talk as if they were partners of yours, and intended to share the profits."

Nothing could have pleased me better. He then asked me what security I could offer in case he concluded to make the purchase for me, and it was finally agreed that, if he should do so, he should retain the property till it was entirely paid for, and should also appoint a ticket-taker and accountant (at my expense), who should render him a weekly statement. I was further to take an apartment hitherto used as a billiard room in an adjoining building, allowing therefor, $500 a year, making a total rent of $3,000 per annum, on a lease of ten years. He then told me to see the administrator and heirs of the estate, to get their best terms, and to meet him on his return to town a week from that time.

I at once saw Mr. John Heath, the administrator, and his price was $15,000. I offered $10,000, payable in seven annual instalments, with good security. After several interviews, it was finally agreed that I should have it for $12,000, payable as above—possession to be given on the 15th November. Mr. Olmsted assented to this, and a morning was appointed to draw and sign the writings. Mr. Heath appeared, but said he must decline proceeding any farther in my case, as he had sold the collection to the directors of Peale's Museum (an incorporated institution), for $15,000, and had received $1,000 in advance.

I was shocked, and appealed to Mr. Heath's honor. He said that he had signed no writing with me; was in no way legally bound, and that it was his duty to do the best he could for the heirs. Mr. Olmsted was sorry, but could not help me; the new tenants would not require him to incur any risk, and my matter was at an end.

Of course, I immediately informed myself as to the character of Peale's Museum company. It proved to be a band of speculators who had bought Peale's collection for a few thousand dollars, expecting to join the American Museum with it, issue and sell stock to the amount of $50,000, pocket $30,000 profits, and permit the stockholders to look out for themselves.

I went immediately to several of the editors, including Major M. M. Noah, M. Y. Beach, my good friends West, Herrick and Ropes, of the *Atlas*, and others, and stated my grievances. "Now," said I, "if you will grant me the use of your columns, I'll blow that speculation sky-high." They all consented, and I wrote a large number of squibs, cautioning the public against

buying the Museum stock, ridiculing the idea of a board of broken-down bank directors engaging in the exhibition of stuffed monkey and gander skins; appealing to the case of the Zoological Institute, which had failed by adopting such a plan as the one now proposed; and finally I told the public that such a speculation would be infinitely more ridiculous than Dickens's "Grand United Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet-baking and Punctual Delivery Company."

The stock was as "dead as a herring!" I then went to Mr. Heath and asked him when the directors were to pay the other $14,000. "On the 26th day of December, or forfeit the $1,000 already paid," was the reply. I assured him that they would never pay it, that they could not raise it, and that he would ultimately find himself with the Museum collection on his hands, and if once I started off with an exhibition for the South, I would not touch the Museum at *any* price. "Now," said I, "if you will agree with me confidentially, that in case these gentlemen do not pay you on the 26th of December, I may have it on the 27th for $12,000, I will run the risk, and wait in this city until that date." He readily agreed to the proposition, but said he was sure they would not forfeit their $1,000.

"Very well," said I; "all I ask of you is, that this arrangement shall not be mentioned." He assented. "On the 27th day of December, at ten o'clock a.m., I wish you to meet me in Mr. Olmsted's apartments, prepared to sign the writings, provided this incorporated company do not pay you $14,000 on the 26th." He agreed to this, and by my request put it in writing.

From that moment I felt that the Museum was mine. I saw Mr. Olmsted, and told him so. He promised secrecy, and agreed to sign the documents if the other parties did not meet their engagement.

This was about November 15th, and I continued my shower of newspaper squibs at the new company, which could not sell a dollar's worth of its stock. Meanwhile, if anyone spoke to me about the Museum, I simply replied that I had lost it.

# VIII

## The American Museum

A Trap Set for Me—I Catch the Trappers—I Become Proprietor of the American Museum—History of the Establishment—Hard Work and Cold Dinners—Additions to the Museum—Extraordinary Advertising—Barnum's Brick-Man—Exciting Public Curiosity—Incidents and Anecdotes—A Drunken Actor—Imitations of the Elder Booth—Pleasing My Patrons—Securing Transient Novelties—Living Curiosities—Making People Talk—A Wilderness of Wonders—Niagara Falls with Real Water—The Club That Killed Cook—Selling Louis Gaylord Clark—The Fish with Legs—The Fejee Mermaid—How It Came Into My Possession—The True Story of That Curiosity—Japanese Manufacture of Fabulous Animals—The Use I Made of the Mermaid—Wholesale Advertising Again—The Balcony Band—Drummond Lights.

My newspaper squib war against the Peale combination was vigorously kept up; when one morning, about the first of December, I received a letter from the Secretary of that company (now calling itself the "New York Museum Company,") requesting me to meet the directors at the Museum on the following Monday morning. I went, and found the directors in session. The venerable president of the board, who was also the ex-president of a broken bank, blandly proposed to hire me to manage the united museums, and though I saw that he merely meant to buy my silence, I professed to entertain the proposition, and in reply to an inquiry as to what salary I should expect, I specified the sum of $3,000 a year. This was at once acceded to, the salary to begin January 1, 1842, and after complimenting me on my ability, the president remarked: "Of course, Mr. Barnum, we shall have no more of your squibs through the newspapers"—to which I replied that I should "ever try to serve the interests of my employers," and I took my leave.

It was as clear to me as noonday that after buying my silence so as to appreciate their stock, these directors meant to sell out to whom they could, leaving me to look to future stockholders for my salary. They thought, no doubt, that they had nicely entrapped me, but I knew I had caught them.

For, supposing me to be out of the way, and having no other rival purchaser, these directors postponed the advertisement of their stock to give people time to forget the attacks I had made on it, and they also took their own time for paying the money promised to Mr. Heath, December 26th—indeed, they did not even call on him at the appointed time. But on the following morning, as agreed, I was promptly and hopefully at Mr. Olmstead's apartments with my legal adviser, at half-past nine o'clock; Mr. Heath came with his lawyer at ten, and before two o'clock that day I was in formal possession of the American Museum. My first managerial act was to write and despatch the following complimentary note:

American Museum, New York, Dec. 27, 1841.

To the President and Directors of the New York Museum:

Gentlemen:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that you are placed upon the Free List of this establishment until further notice.

P. T. Barnum, Proprietor.

It is unnecessary to say that the "President of the New York Museum" was astounded, and when he called upon Mr. Heath, and learned that I had bought and was really in possession of the American Museum, he was indignant. He talked of prosecution, and demanded the $1,000 paid on his agreement, but he did not prosecute, and he justly forfeited his deposit money.

And now that I was proprietor and manager of the American Museum I had reached a new epoch in my career which I felt was the beginning of better days, though the full significance of this important step I did not see. I was still in the show business, but in a settled, substantial phase of it, that invited industry and enterprise, and called forever earnest and ever heroic endeavor. Whether I should sink or swim depended wholly upon my own energy. I must pay for the establishment within a stipulated time, or forfeit it with whatever I had paid on account. I meant to make it my own, and brains, hands and every effort were devoted to the interests of the Museum.

The nucleus of this establishment, Scudder's Museum, was formed in 1810, the year in which I was born. It was begun in Chatham Street, and was afterwards transferred to the old City Hall, and from small beginnings, by purchases, and to a considerable degree by presents, it had grown to be a large and valuable collection. People in all parts of the country had sent in relics and rare curiosities; sea captains, for years, had brought and deposited strange things from foreign lands; and besides all these gifts, I have no doubt that the previous proprietor had actually expended, as was stated, $50,000 in making the collection. No one could go through the halls, as they were when they came under my proprietorship, and see one-half there was worth seeing in a single day; and then, as I always justly boasted afterwards, no one could visit my Museum and go away without feeling that he had received the full worth of his money. In looking over the immense collection, the accumulation of so many years, I saw that it was only necessary to properly present its merits to the public, to make it the most attractive and popular place of resort and entertainment in the United States.

Valuable as the collection was when I bought it, it was only the beginning of the American Museum as I made it. In my long proprietorship I considerably more than doubled the permanent attractions and curiosities of the establishment. In 1842, I bought and added to my collection the entire contents of Peale's Museum; in 1850, I purchased the large Peale collection in Philadelphia; and year after year, I bought genuine curiosities, regardless of cost, wherever I could find them, in Europe or America.

At the very outset, I was determined to deserve success. My plan of economy included the intention to support my family in New York on $600 a year, and my treasure of a wife not only gladly assented, but was willing to reduce the sum to $400, if necessary. Some six months after I had bought the Museum, Mr. Olmsted happened in at my ticket-office at noon and found me eating a frugal dinner of cold corned beef and bread, which I had brought from home.

"Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he asked.

"I have not eaten a warm dinner, except on Sundays," I replied, "since I bought the Museum, and I never intend to, on a weekday, till I am out of debt."

"Ah!" said he, clapping me on the shoulder, "you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out."

And he was right, for within twelve months I was in full possession of the property as my own and it was entirely paid for from the profits of the business.

In 1865, the space occupied for my Museum purposes was more than double what it was in 1842. The Lecture Room, originally narrow, ill-contrived and inconvenient, was so enlarged and improved that it became one of the most commodious and beautiful amusement halls in the City of New York. At first, my attractions and inducements were merely the collection of curiosities by day, and an evening entertainment, consisting of such variety performances as were current in ordinary shows. Then Saturday afternoons, and, soon afterwards, Wednesday afternoons were devoted to entertainments and the popularity of the Museum grew so rapidly that I presently found it expedient and profitable to open the great Lecture Room every afternoon, as well as every evening, on every weekday in the year. The first experiments in this direction, more than justified my expectations, for the day exhibitions were always more thronged than those of the evening. Of course I made the most of the holidays, advertising extensively and presenting extra inducements; nor did attractions elsewhere seem to keep the crowd from coming to the Museum. On great holidays, I gave as many as twelve performances to as many different audiences.

By degrees the character of the stage performances was changed. The transient attractions of the Museum were constantly diversified, and educated dogs, industrious fleas, automatons, jugglers, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gipsies, Albinoes, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, ropedancers, live "Yankees," pantomime, instrumental music, singing and dancing in great variety, dioramas, panoramas, models of Niagara, Dublin, Paris, and Jerusalem; Hannington's dioramas of the Creation, the Deluge, Fairy Grotto, Storm at Sea; the first English Punch and Judy in this country, Italian Fantoccini, mechanical figures, fancy glass-blowing, knitting machines and other triumphs in the mechanical arts; dissolving views, American Indians, who enacted their warlike and religious ceremonies on the stage—these, among others, were all exceedingly successful.

I thoroughly understood the art of advertising, not merely by means of printer's ink, which I have always used freely, and to which I confess myself so much indebted for my success, but by turning every possible circumstance to my account. It was my monomania to make the Museum the town wonder and town talk. I often seized upon an opportunity by instinct, even

before I had a very definite conception as to how it should be used, and it seemed, somehow, to mature itself and serve my purpose. As an illustration, one morning a stout, hearty-looking man, came into my ticket-office and begged some money. I asked him why he did not work and earn his living? He replied that he could get nothing to do and that he would be glad of any job at a dollar a day. I handed him a quarter of a dollar, told him to go and get his breakfast and return, and I would employ him at light labor at a dollar and a half a day. When he returned I gave him five common bricks.

"Now," said I, "go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, by the Astor House: put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church, opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point, and say nothing to anyone."

"What is the object of this?" inquired the man.

"No matter," I replied; "all you need to know is that it brings you fifteen cents wages per hour. It is a bit of my fun, and to assist me properly you must seem to be as deaf as a post; wear a serious countenance; answer no questions; pay no attention to anyone; but attend faithfully to the work and at the end of every hour by St. Paul's clock show this ticket at the Museum door; enter, walking solemnly through every hall in the building; pass out, and resume your work."

With the remark that it was "all one to him, so long as he could earn his living," the man placed his bricks and began his round. Half an hour afterwards, at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had assumed a military step and bearing, and looking as sober as a judge, he made no response whatever to the constant inquiries as to the object of his singular conduct. At the end of the first hour, the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people all anxious to solve the mystery. The man, as directed, then went into the Museum, devoting fifteen minutes to a solemn survey of the halls, and afterwards returning to his round. This was repeated every hour till sundown and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to gratify their curiosity in regard to the purpose of his movements. This was continued for several days—the curious people who followed the man into the Museum considerably more than paying his wages—till finally the po-

liceman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become so serious that I must call in my "brick man." This trivial incident excited considerable talk and amusement; it advertised me; and it materially advanced my purpose of making a lively corner near the Museum.

I am tempted to relate some of the incidents and anecdotes which attended my career as owner and manager of the Museum. The stories illustrating merely my introduction of novelties would more than fill this book, but I must make room for a few of them.

An actor, named La Rue, presented himself as an imitator of celebrated histrionic personages, including Macready, Forrest, Kemble, the elder Booth, Kean, Hamblin, and others. Taking him into the greenroom for a private rehearsal, and finding his imitations excellent, I engaged him. For three nights he gave great satisfaction, but early in the fourth evening he staggered into the Museum so drunk that he could hardly stand, and in half an hour he must be on the stage! Calling an assistant, we took La Rue between us, and marched him up Broadway as far as Chambers Street, and back to the lower end of the Park, hoping to sober him. At this point we put his head under a pump, and gave him a good ducking, with visible beneficial effect—then a walk around the Park, and another ducking—when he assured me that he should be able to give his imitations "to a charm."

"You drunken brute," said I, "if you fail, and disappoint my audience, I will throw you out of the window."

He declared that he was "all right," and I led him behind the scenes, where I waited with considerable trepidation to watch his movements on the stage. He began by saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I will now give you an imitation of Mr. Booth, the eminent tragedian."

His tongue was thick, his language somewhat incoherent, and I had great misgivings as he proceeded; but as no token of disapprobation came from the audience, I began to hope he would go through with his parts without exciting suspicion of his condition. But before he had half finished his representation of Booth, in the soliloquy in the opening act of Richard III, the house discovered that he was very drunk, and began to hiss. This only seemed to stimulate him to make an effort to appear sober, which, as is usual in such cases, only made matters worse, and the hissing increased. I lost all patience, and going on the stage and taking the drunken fellow by the

collar, I apologized to the audience, assuring them that he should not appear before them again. I was about to march him off, when he stepped to the front, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Booth often appeared on the stage in a state of inebriety, and I was simply giving you a truthful representation of him on such occasions. I beg to be permitted to proceed with my imitations."

The audience at once supposed it was all right, and cried out, "go on, go on"; which he did, and at every imitation of Booth, whether as Richard, Shylock, or Sir Giles Overreach, he received a hearty round of applause. I was quite delighted with his success; but when he came to imitate Forrest and Hamblin, necessarily representing them as drunk also, the audience could be no longer deluded; the hissing was almost deafening, and I was forced to lead the actor off. It was his last appearance on my stage.

From the first, it was my study to give my patrons a superfluity of novelties, and for this I make no special claim to generosity, for it was strictly a business transaction. To send away my visitors more than doubly satisfied, was to induce them to come again and to bring their friends. I meant to make people talk about my Museum; to exclaim over its wonders; to have men and women all over the country say: "There is not another place in the United States where so much can be seen for twenty-five cents as in Barnum's American Museum." It was the best advertisement I could possibly have, and one for which I could afford to pay. I knew, too, that it was an honorable advertisement, because it was as deserved as it was spontaneous. And so, in addition to the permanent collection and the ordinary attractions of the stage, I labored to keep the Museum well supplied with transient novelties; I exhibited such living curiosities as a rhinoceros, giraffes, grizzly bears, ourang-outangs, great serpents, and whatever else of the kind money would buy or enterprise secure.

Knowing that a visit to my varied attractions and genuine curiosities was well worth to anyone three times the amount asked as an entrance fee, I confess that I was not so scrupulous, as possibly I should have been, about the methods used to call public attention to my establishment. The one end aimed at was to make men and women think and talk and wonder, and, as a practical result, go to the Museum. This was my constant study and occupation.

It was the world's way then, as it is now, to excite the community with flaming posters, promising almost everything for next to nothing. I confess

that I took no pains to set my enterprising fellow-citizens a better example. I fell in with the world's way; and if my "puffing" was more persistent, my advertising more audacious, my posters more glaring, my pictures more exaggerated, my flags more patriotic and my transparencies more brilliant than they would have been under the management of my neighbors, it was not because I had less scruple than they, but more energy, far more ingenuity, and a better foundation for such promises. In all this, if I cannot be justified, I at least find palliation in the fact that I presented a wilderness of wonderful, instructive and amusing realities of such evident and marked merit that I have yet to learn of a single instance where a visitor went away from the Museum complaining that he had been defrauded of his money. Surely this is an offset to any eccentricities to which I may have resorted to make my establishment widely known.

Very soon after introducing my extra exhibitions, I purchased for $200, a curiosity which had much merit and some absurdity. It was a model of Niagara Falls, in which the merit was that the proportions of the great cataract, the trees, rocks, and buildings in the vicinity were mathematically given, while the absurdity was in introducing "real water" to represent the falls. Yet the model served a purpose in making "a good line in the bill"—an end in view which was never neglected—and it helped to give the Museum notoriety. One day I was summoned to appear before the Board of Croton Water Commissioners, and was informed that as I paid only $25 per annum for water at the Museum, I must pay a large extra compensation for the supply for my Niagara Falls. I begged the board not to believe all that appeared in the papers, nor to interpret my show-bills too literally, and assured them that a single barrel of water, if my pump was in good order, would furnish my falls for a month.

It was even so, for the water flowed into a reservoir behind the scenes, and was forced back with a pump over the falls. On one occasion, Mr. Louis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, came to view my museum, and introduced himself to me. As I was quite anxious that my establishment should receive a first-rate notice at his hands, I took pains to show him everything of interest, except the Niagara Falls, which I feared would prejudice him against my entire show. But as we passed the room the pump was at work, warning me that the great cataract was in full operation, and Clark, to my dismay, insisted upon seeing it.

"Well, Barnum, I declare, this is quite a new idea; I never saw the like before."

"No?" I faintly inquired, with something like reviving hope.

"No," said Clark, "and I hope, with all my heart, I never shall again."

But the *Knickerbocker* spoke kindly of me, and refrained from all allusions to "the Cataract of Niagara, with real water." Some months after, Clark came in breathless one day, and asked me if I had the club with which Captain Cook was killed? As I had a lot of Indian war clubs in the collection of aboriginal curiosities, and owing Clark something on the old Niagara Falls account, I told him I had the veritable club with documents which placed its identity beyond question, and I showed him the warlike weapon.

"Poor Cook! poor Cook!" said Clark, musingly. "Well, Mr. Barnum," he continued, with great gravity, at the same time extending his hand and giving mine a hearty shake, "I am really very much obliged to you for your kindness. I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook, and I felt quite confident you could accommodate me. I have been in half a dozen smaller museums, and as they all had it, I was sure a large establishment like yours would not be without it."

A few weeks afterwards, I wrote to Clark that if he would come to my office I was anxious to consult him on a matter of great importance. He came, and I said:

"Now, I don't want any of your nonsense, but I want your sober advice."

He assured me that he would serve me in any way in his power, and I proceeded to tell him about a wonderful fish from the Nile, offered to me for exhibition at $100 a week, the owner of which was willing to forfeit $5,000, if, within six weeks, this fish did not pass through a transformation in which the tail would disappear and the fish would then have legs.

"Is it possible!" asked the astonished Clark.

I assured him that there was no doubt of it.

Thereupon he advised me to engage the wonder at any price; that it would startle the naturalists, wake up the whole scientific world, draw in the masses, and make $20,000 for the Museum. I told him that I thought well of the speculation, only I did not like the name of the fish.

"That makes no difference whatever," said Clark; "what is the name of the fish?"

"Tadpole," I replied with becoming gravity, "but it is vulgarly called 'pollywog.'"

"Sold, by thunder!" exclaimed Clark, and he left.

A curiosity, which in an extraordinary degree served my ever-present object of extending the notoriety of the Museum was the so-called "Fejee Mermaid." It has been supposed that this mermaid was manufactured by my order, but such is not the fact. I was known as a successful showman, and strange things of every sort were brought to me from all quarters for sale or exhibition. In the summer of 1842, Mr. Moses Kimball, of the Boston Museum, came to New York and showed me what purported to be a mermaid. He had bought it from a sailor whose father, a sea captain, had purchased it in Calcutta, in 1822, from some Japanese sailors. I may mention here that this identical preserved specimen was exhibited in London in 1822, as I fully verified in my visit to that city in 1858, for I found an advertisement of it in an old file of the London *Times*, and a friend gave me a copy of the *Mirror*, published by J. Limbird, 335 Strand, November 9, 1822, containing a cut of this same creature and two pages of letterpress describing it, together with an account of other mermaids said to have been captured in different parts of the world. The *Mirror* stated that this specimen was "the great source of attraction in the British metropolis, and three to four hundred people every day pay their shilling to see it."

This was the curiosity which had fallen into Mr. Kimball's hands. I requested my naturalist's opinion of the genuineness of the animal and he said he could not conceive how it could have been manufactured, for he never saw a monkey with such peculiar teeth, arms, hands, etc., and he never saw a fish with such peculiar fins; but he did not believe in mermaids. Nevertheless, I concluded to hire this curiosity and to modify the general incredulity as to the possibility of the existence of mermaids, and to awaken curiosity to see and examine the specimen, I invoked the potent power of printer's ink.

Since Japan has been opened to the outer world it has been discovered that certain "artists" in that country manufacture a great variety of fabulous animals, with an ingenuity and mechanical perfection well calculated to deceive. No doubt my mermaid was a specimen of this curious manufacture. I used it mainly to advertise the regular business of the Museum, and this effective indirect advertising is the only feature I can commend, in a special show of which, I confess, I am not proud. I might have published columns in the newspapers, presenting and praising the great collection of genuine specimens of natural history in my exhibition, and they would not have at-

tracted nearly so much attention as did a few paragraphs about the mermaid which was only a small part of my show. Newspapers throughout the country copied the mermaid notices, for they were novel and caught the attention of readers. Thus was the fame of the Museum, as well as the mermaid, wafted from one end of the land to the other. I was careful to keep up the excitement, for I knew that every dollar sown in advertising would return in tens, and perhaps hundreds, in a future harvest, and after obtaining all the notoriety possible by advertising and by exhibiting the mermaid at the Museum, I sent the curiosity throughout the country, directing my agent to everywhere advertise it as "From Barnum's Great American Museum, New York." The effect was immediately felt; money flowed in rapidly and was readily expended in more advertising.

While I expended money liberally for attractions for the inside of my Museum, and bought or hired everything curious or rare which was offered or could be found, I was prodigal in my outlays to arrest or arouse public attention. When I became proprietor of the establishment, there were only the words: "American Museum," to indicate the character of the concern; there was no bustle or activity about the place; no posters to announce what was to be seen;—the whole exterior was as dead as the skeletons and stuffed skins within. My experiences had taught me the advantages of advertising. I printed whole columns in the papers, setting forth the wonders of my establishment. Old "fogies" opened their eyes in amazement at a man who could expend hundreds of dollars in announcing a show of "stuffed monkey skins"; but these same old fogies paid their quarters, nevertheless, and when they saw the curiosities and novelties in the Museum halls, they, like all other visitors, were astonished as well as pleased, and went home and told their friends and neighbors and thus assisted in advertising my business.

For other and not less effective advertising—flags and banners, began to adorn the exterior of the building. I kept a band of music on the front balcony and announced "Free Music for the Million." People said, "Well, that Barnum is a liberal fellow to give us music for nothing," and they flocked down to hear my outdoor free concerts. But I took pains to select and maintain the poorest band I could find—one whose discordant notes would drive the crowd into the Museum, out of earshot of my outside orchestra. Of course, the music was poor. When people expect to get "something for nothing" they are sure to be cheated, and generally deserve to be, and so, no

doubt, some of my outdoor patrons were sorely disappointed; but when they came inside and paid to be amused and instructed, I took care to see that they not only received the full worth of their money, but were more than satisfied. Powerful Drummond lights were placed at the top of the Museum, which, in the darkest night, threw a flood of light up and down Broadway, from the Battery to Niblo's, that would enable one to read a newspaper in the street. These were the first Drummond lights ever seen in New York, and they made people talk, and so advertise my Museum.

# IX

## The Road to Riches

The Most Popular Place of Amusement in the World—The Moral Drama—Reforming the Abuses of the Stage—Famous Actors and Actresses at the Museum—Adding to the Saloons—Afternoon and Holiday Performances—Fourth of July Flags—The Museum Connected with St. Paul's—Victory Over the Vestrymen—The Egress—St. Patrick's Day in the Morning—A Wonderful Animal, the "Aigress"—Inpouring of Money—Zoological Eruption—The City Astounded—Baby Shows, and Their Object—Flower, Bird, Dog and Poultry Shows—Grand Free Buffalo Hunt in Hoboken—N. P. Willis—The Woolly Horse—Where He Came From—Colonel Benton Beaten—Purpose of the Exhibition—American Indians—P. T. Barnum Exhibited—A Curious Spinster—The Touching Story of Charlotte Temple—Services in the Lecture Room—A Financial View of the Museum—An "Awful Rich Man."

The American Museum was the ladder by which I rose to fortune. Whenever I cross Broadway at the head of Vesey Street, and see the *Herald* building and that gorgeous pile, the Park Bank, my mind's eye recalls that less solid, more showy edifice which once occupied the site and was covered with pictures of all manner of beasts, birds and creeping things, and in which were treasures that brought treasures and notoriety and pleasant hours to me. The Jenny Lind enterprise was more audacious, more immediately remunerative, and I remember it with a pride which I do not attempt to conceal; but instinctively I often go back and live over again the old days of my struggles and triumphs in the American Museum.

The Museum was always open at sunrise, and this was so well known throughout the country that strangers coming to the city would often take a tour through my halls before going to breakfast or to their hotels. I do not

believe there was ever a more truly popular place of amusement. I frequently compared the annual number of visitors with the number officially reported as visiting (free of charge), the British Museum in London, and my list was invariably the larger. Nor do I believe that any man or manager ever labored more industriously to please his patrons. I furnished the most attractive exhibitions which money could procure; I abolished all vulgarity and profanity from the stage, and I prided myself upon the fact that parents and children could attend the dramatic performances in the so-called Lecture Room, and not be shocked or offended by anything they might see or hear; I introduced the "Moral Drama," producing such plays as "The Drunkard," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Moses in Egypt," "Joseph and His Brethren," and occasional spectacular melodramas produced with great care and at considerable outlay.

Mr. Sothern, who has since attained such widespread celebrity at home and abroad as a character actor, was a member of my dramatic company for one or two seasons. Mr. Barney Williams also began his theatrical career at the Museum, occupying, at first, quite a subordinate position, at a salary of ten dollars a week. During the past twelve or fifteen years, I presume his weekly receipts, when he has acted, have been nearly $3,000. The late Miss Mary Gannon also commenced at the Museum, and many more actors and actresses of celebrity have been, from time to time, engaged there. What was once the small Lecture Room was converted into a spacious and beautiful theater, extending over the lots adjoining the Museum, and capable of holding about three thousand persons. The saloons were greatly multiplied and enlarged, and the "egress" having been made to work to perfection, on holidays I advertised Lecture Room performances every hour through the afternoon and evening, and consequently the actors and actresses were dressed for the stage as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, and did not resume their ordinary clothes till ten o'clock at night. In these busy days the meals for the company were brought in and served in the dressing-rooms and greenrooms, and the company always received extra pay.

Leaving nothing undone that would bring Barnum and his Museum before the public, I often engaged some exhibition, knowing that it would directly bring no extra dollars to the treasury, but hoping that it would incite a newspaper paragraph which would float through the columns of the American press and be copied, perhaps, abroad, and my hopes in this respect were often gratified.

I confess that I liked the Museum mainly for the opportunities it afforded for rapidly making money. Before I bought it, I weighed the matter well in my mind, and was convinced that I could present to the American public such a variety, quantity and quality of amusement, blended with instruction, "all for twenty-five cents, children half price," that my attractions would be irresistible, and my fortune certain. I myself relished a higher grade of amusement, and I was a frequent attendant at the opera, first-class concerts, lectures, and the like; but I worked for the million, and I knew the only way to make a million from my patrons was to give them abundant and wholesome attractions for a small sum of money.

About the first of July, 1842, I began to make arrangements for extra novelties, additional performances, a large amount of extra advertising, and an outdoor display for the "Glorious Fourth." Large particolored bills were ordered, transparencies were prepared, the free band of music was augmented by a trumpeter, and columns of advertisements, headed with large capitals, were written and put on file.

I wanted to run out a string of American flags across the street on that day, for I knew there would be thousands of people passing the Museum with leisure and pocket-money, and I felt confident that an unusual display of national flags would arrest their patriotic attention, and bring many of them within my walls. Unfortunately for my purpose, St. Paul's Church stood directly opposite, and there was nothing to which I could attach my flag-rope, unless it might be one of the trees in the churchyard. I went to the vestrymen for permission to so attach my flag rope on the Fourth of July, and they were indignant at what they called my "insulting proposition"; such a concession would be "sacrilege." I plied them with arguments, and appealed to their patriotism, but in vain.

Returning to the Museum I gave orders to have the string of flags made ready, with directions at daylight on the Fourth of July to attach one end of the rope to one of the third story windows of the Museum, and the other end to a tree in St. Paul's churchyard. The great day arrived, and my orders were strictly followed. The flags attracted great attention, and before nine o'clock I have no doubt that hundreds of additional visitors were drawn by this display into the Museum. By half-past nine Broadway was thronged, and about that time two gentlemen in a high state of excitement rushed into my office, announcing themselves as injured and insulted vestrymen of St. Paul's Church.

"Keep cool, gentlemen," said I; "I guess it is all right."

"Right!" indignantly exclaimed one of them, "do you think it is right to attach your Museum to our Church? We will show you what is 'right' and what is law, if we live till tomorrow; those flags must come down instantly."

"Thank you," I said, "but let us not be in a hurry. I will go out with you and look at them, and I guess we can make it all right."

Going into the street I remarked: "Really, gentlemen, these flags look very beautiful; they do not injure your tree; I always stop my balcony music for your accommodation whenever you hold weekday services, and it is but fair that you should return the favor."

"We could indict your 'music,' as you call it, as a nuisance, if we chose," answered one vestryman, "and now I tell you that if these flags are not taken down in ten minutes, *I* will cut them down."

His indignation was at the boiling point. The crowd in the street was dense, and the angry gesticulation of the vestryman attracted their attention. I saw there was no use in trying to parley with him or coax him, and so, assuming an angry air, I rolled up my sleeves, and exclaimed, in a loud tone—

"Well, Mister, I should just like to see you dare to cut down the American flag on the Fourth of July; you must be a Britisher to make such a threat as that; but I'll show you a thousand pairs of Yankee hands in two minutes, if you dare to attempt to take down the stars and stripes on this great birthday of American freedom!"

"What's that John Bull a-saying," asked a brawny fellow, placing himself in front of the irate vestryman; "Look here, old fellow," he continued, "if you want to save a whole bone in your body, you had better slope, and never dare to talk again about hauling down the American flag in the city of New York."

Throngs of excited, exasperated men crowded around, and the vestryman, seeing the effect of my ruse, smiled faintly and said, "Oh, of course it is all right," and he and his companion quietly edged out of the crowd. The flags remained up all day and all night. The next morning I sought the vanquished vestrymen and obtained formal permission to make this use of the tree on following holidays, in consideration of my willingness to arrest the doleful strains of my discordant balcony band whenever services were held on weekdays in the church.

On that Fourth of July, at one o'clock, p.m., my Museum was so densely crowded that we could admit no more visitors, and we were compelled to stop the sale of tickets. I pushed through the throng until I reached the roof of the building, hoping to find room for a few more, but it was in vain. Looking down into the street it was a sad sight to see the thousands of people who stood ready with their money to enter the Museum, but who were actually turned away. It was exceedingly harrowing to my feelings. Rushing downstairs, I told my carpenter and his assistants to cut through the partition and floor in the rear and to put in a temporary flight of stairs so as to let out people by that egress into Ann Street. By three o'clock the egress was opened and a few people were passed down the new stairs, while a corresponding number came in at the front. But I lost a large amount of money that day by not having sufficiently estimated the value of my own advertising, and consequently not having provided for the thousands who had read my announcements and seen my outside show, and had taken the first leisure day to visit the Museum. I had learned one lesson, however, and that was to have the egress ready on future holidays.

Early in the following March, I received notice from some of the Irish population that they meant to visit me in great numbers on "St. Patrick's day in the morning." "All right," said I to my carpenter, "get your egress ready for March 17"; and I added, to my assistant manager: "If there is much of a crowd, don't let a single person pass out at the front, even if it were St. Patrick himself; put every man out through the egress in the rear." The day came, and before noon we were caught in the same dilemma as we were on the Fourth of July; the Museum was jammed and the sale of tickets was stopped. I went to the egress and asked the sentinel how many hundreds had passed out?

"Hundreds," he replied, "why only three persons have gone out by this way and they came back, saying that it was a mistake and begging to be let in again."

"What does this mean?" I inquired; "surely thousands of people have been all over the Museum since they came in."

"Certainly," was the reply "but after they have gone from one saloon to another and have been on every floor, even to the roof, they come down and travel the same route over again."

At this time I espied a tall Irish woman with two good-sized children whom I had happened to notice when they came in early in the morning.

"Step this way, madam," said I politely, "you will never be able to get into the street by the front door without crushing these dear children. We have opened a large egress here and you can pass by these rear stairs into Ann Street and thus avoid all danger."

"Sure," replied the woman, indignantly, "an' I'm not going out at all, at all, nor the children aither, for we've brought our dinners and we are going to stay all day."

Further, investigation showed that pretty much all of my visitors had brought their dinners with the evident intention of literally "making a day of it." No one expected to go home till night; the building was overcrowded, and meanwhile hundreds were waiting at the front entrance to get in when they could. In despair I sauntered upon the stage behind the scenes, biting my lips with vexation, when I happened to see the scene-painter at work and a happy thought struck me: "Here," I exclaimed, "take a piece of canvas four feet square, and paint on it, as soon as you can, in large letters—

Symbol of pointing hand.To The Egress."

Seizing his brush he finished the sign in fifteen minutes, and I directed the carpenter to nail it over the door leading to the back stairs. He did so, and as the crowd, after making the entire tour of the establishment, came pouring down the main stairs from the third story, they stopped and looked at the new sign, while some of them read audibly: "To the Aigress."

"The Aigress," said others, "sure: that's an animal we haven't seen," and the throng began to pour down the back stairs only to find that the "Aigress" was the elephant, and that the elephant was all out o' doors, or so much of it as began with Ann Street. Meanwhile, I began to accommodate those who had long been waiting with their money at the Broadway entrance.

Notwithstanding my continual outlays for additional novelties and attractions, or rather I might say, because of these outlays, money poured in upon me so rapidly that I was sometimes actually embarrassed to devise means to carry out my original plan for laying out the entire profits of the first year in advertising. I meant to sow first and reap afterwards. I finally hit upon a plan which cost a large sum, and that was to prepare large oval oil paintings to be placed between the windows of the entire building, representing nearly every important animal known in zoology. These paintings were put on

the building in a single night, and so complete a transformation in the appearance of an edifice is seldom witnessed. When the living stream rolled down Broadway the next morning and reached the Astor House corner, opposite the Museum, it seemed to meet with a sudden check. I never before saw so many open mouths and astonished eyes. Some people were puzzled to know what it all meant; some looked as if they thought it was an enchanted palace that had suddenly sprung up; others exclaimed, "Well, the animals all seem to have 'broken out' last night," and hundreds came in to see how the establishment survived the sudden eruption. At all events, from that morning the Museum receipts took a jump forward of nearly a hundred dollars a day, and they never fell back again. Strangers would look at this great pictorial magazine and argue that an establishment with so many animals on the outside must have something on the inside, and in they would go to see. Inside, I took particular pains to please and astonish these strangers, and when they went back to the country, they carried plenty of pictorial bills and lithographs, which I always lavishly furnished, and thus the fame of Barnum's Museum became so widespread, that people scarcely thought of visiting the city without going to my establishment.

In fact, the Museum had become an established institution in the land. Now and then someone would cry out "humbug" and "charlatan," but so much the better for me. It helped to advertise me, and I was willing to bear the reputation—and I engaged queer curiosities, and even monstrosities, simply to add to the notoriety of the Museum.

Dr. Valentine will be remembered by many as a man who gave imitations and delineations of eccentric characters. He was quite a card at the Museum when I first purchased that establishment, and before I introduced dramatic representations into the "Lecture Room." His representations were usually given as follows: A small table was placed in about the center of the stage; a curtain reaching to the floor covered the front and two ends of the table; under this table, on little shelves and hooks, were placed caps, hats, coats, wigs, moustaches, curls, cravats, and shirt collars, and all sorts of gear for changing the appearance of the upper portion of the person. Dr. Valentine would seat himself in a chair behind the table, and addressing his audience, would state his intention to represent different peculiar characters, male and female, including the Yankee tin peddler; "Tabitha Twist," a maiden lady; "Sam Slick, Jr.," the precocious author; "Solomon Jenkins," a crusty old bachelor, with a song; the down-east schoolteacher with his refractory

pupils, with many other characters; and he simply asked the indulgence of the audience for a few seconds between each imitation, to enable him to stoop down behind the table and "dress" each character appropriately.

The Doctor himself was a most eccentric character. He was very nervous, and was always fretting lest his audience should be composed of persons who would not appreciate his "imitations." During one of his engagements the Lecture Room performances consisted of negro minstrelsy and Dr. Valentine's imitations. As the minstrels gave the entire first half of the entertainment, the Doctor would post himself at the entrance to the Museum to study the character of the visitors from their appearance. He fancied that he was a great reader of character in this way, and as most of my visitors were from the country, the Doctor, after closely perusing their faces, would decide that they were not the kind of persons who would appreciate his efforts, and this made him extremely nervous. When this idea was once in his head, it took complete possession of the poor Doctor, and worked him up into a nervous excitement which it was often painful to behold. Every country-looking face was a dagger to the Doctor, for he had a perfect horror of exhibiting to an unappreciative audience. When so much excited that he could stand at the door no longer, the disgusted Doctor would come into my office and pour out his lamentations in this wise:

"There, Barnum, I never saw such a stupid lot of country bumpkins in my life. I shan't be able to get a smile out of them. I had rather be horse-whipped than attempt to satisfy an audience who have not got the brains to appreciate me. Sir, mine is a highly intellectual entertainment, and none but refined and educated persons can comprehend it."

"Oh, I think you will make them laugh some, Doctor," I replied.

"Laugh, sir, laugh! why, sir, they have no laugh in them, sir; and if they had, your devilish nigger minstrels would get it all out of them before I commenced."

"Don't get excited, Doctor," I said; "you will please the people."

"Impossible, sir! I was a fool to ever permit my entertainment to be mixed up with that of nigger singers."

"But you could not give an entire entertainment satisfactorily to the public; they want more variety."

"Then you should have got something more refined, sir. Why, one of those cursed nigger breakdowns excites your audience so they don't want to hear a word from me. At all events, I ought to commence the entertainment

and let the niggers finish up. I tell you, Mr. Barnum, I won't stand it! I would rather go to the poorhouse. I won't stay here over a fortnight longer! It is killing me!"

In this excited state the Doctor would go upon the stage, dressed very neatly in a suit of black. Addressing a few pleasant words to the audience, he would then take a seat behind his little table, and with a broad smile covering his countenance would ask the audience to excuse him a few seconds, and he would appear as "Tabitha Twist," a literary spinster of fifty-five. On these occasions I was usually behind the scenes, standing at one of the wings opposite the Doctor's table, where I could see and hear all that occurred "behind the curtain." The moment the Doctor was down behind the table, a wonderful change came over that smiling countenance.

"Blast this infernal, stupid audience! they would not laugh to save the city of New York!" said the Doctor, while he rapidly slipped on a lady's cap and a pair of long curls. Then, while arranging a lace handkerchief around his shoulders, he would grate his teeth and curse the Museum, its manager, the audience and everybody else. The instant the handkerchief was pinned, the broad smile would come upon his face, and up would go his head and shoulders showing to the audience a rollicking specimen of a good-natured old maid.

"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen? You all know me, Tabitha Twist, the happiest maiden in the village; always laughing. Now, I'll sing you one of my prettiest songs."

The mock maiden would then sing a lively, funny ditty, followed by faint applause, and down would bob the head behind the table to prepare for a presentation of "Sam Slick, junior."

"Curse such a set of fools" (off goes the cap, followed by the curls). "They think it's a country Sunday school" (taking off the lace handkerchief). "I expect they will hiss me next, the donkeys" (on goes a light wig of long, flowing hair). "I wish the old Museum was sunk in the Atlantic" (puts on a Yankee round-jacket, and broadbrimmed hat). "I never will be caught in this infernal place, curse it;" up jump head and shoulders of the Yankee, and Sam Slick, junior, sings out a merry—

"Ha! ha! why, folks, how de dew. Darn glad to see you, by hokey; I came down here to have lots of fun, for you know I always believe we must laugh and grow fat."

After five minutes of similar rollicking nonsense, down would bob the head again, and the cursing, swearing, tearing, and teeth-grating would commence, and continue till the next character appeared to the audience, bedecked with smiles and good-humor.

On several occasions I got up "Baby shows," at which I paid liberal prizes for the finest baby, the fattest baby, the handsomest twins, for triplets, and so on. I always gave several months' notice of these intended shows and limited the number of babies at each exhibition to one hundred. Long before the appointed time, the list would be full and I have known many a fond mother to weep bitterly because the time for application was closed and she could not have the opportunity to exhibit her beautiful baby. These shows were as popular as they were unique, and while they paid in a financial point of view, my chief object in getting them up was to set the newspapers to talking about me, thus giving another blast on the trumpet which I always tried to keep blowing for the Museum. Flower shows, dog shows, poultry shows and bird shows, were held at intervals in my establishment and in each instance the same end was attained as by the baby shows. I gave prizes in the shape of medals, money and diplomas and the whole came back to me fourfold in the shape of advertising.

There was great difficulty, however, in awarding the principal prize of $100 at the baby shows. Every mother thought her own baby the brightest and best, and confidently expected the capital prize.

For where was ever seen the mother
Would give her baby for another?

Not foreseeing this when I first stepped into the expectant circle and announced in a matter of fact way that a committee of ladies had decided upon the baby of Mrs. So and So as entitled to the leading prize, I was ill-prepared for the storm of indignation that arose on every side. Ninety-nine disappointed, and as they thought, deeply injured, mothers made common cause and pronounced the successful little one the meanest, homeliest baby in the lot, and roundly abused me and my committee for our stupidity and partiality. "Very well, ladies," said I in the first instance, "select a committee of your own and I will give another $100 prize to the baby you shall pronounce to be the best specimen." This was only throwing oil upon flame; the ninety-nine confederates were deadly enemies from the moment and no

new babies were presented in competition for the second prize. Thereafter, I took good care to send in a written report and did not attempt to announce the prize in person.

At the first exhibition of the kind, there was a vague, yet very current rumor, that in the haste of departure from the Museum several young mothers had exchanged babies (for the babies were nearly all of the same age and were generally dressed alike) and did not discover the mistake till they arrived home and some such conversation as this occurred between husband and wife:

"Did our baby take the prize?"

"No! the darling was cheated out of it."

"Well, why didn't you bring home the same baby you carried to the Museum?"

I am glad to say that I could not trace this cruel rumor to an authentic source.

In June 1843, a herd of yearling buffaloes was on exhibition in Boston. I bought the lot, brought them to New Jersey, hired the race course at Hoboken, chartered the ferryboats for one day, and advertised that a hunter had arrived with a herd of buffaloes—I was careful not to state their age—and that August 31st there would be a "Grand Buffalo Hunt" on the Hoboken race course—all persons to be admitted free of charge.

The appointed day was warm and delightful, and no less than twenty-four thousand people crossed the North River in the ferryboats to enjoy the cooling breeze and to see the "Grand Buffalo Hunt." The hunter was dressed as an Indian, and mounted on horseback; he proceeded to show how the wild buffalo is captured with a lasso, but unfortunately the yearlings would not run till the crowd gave a great shout, expressive at once of derision and delight at the harmless humbug. This shout started the young animals into a weak gallop and the lasso was duly thrown over the head of the largest calf. The crowd roared with laughter, listened to my balcony band, which I also furnished "free," and then started for New York, little dreaming who was the author of this sensation, or what was its object.

Mr. N. P. Willis, then editor of the *Home Journal*, wrote an article illustrating the perfect good nature with which the American public submit to a clever humbug. He said that he went to Hoboken to witness the Buffalo Hunt. It was nearly four o'clock when the boat left the foot of Barclay Street, and it was so densely crowded that many persons were obliged to

stand on the railings and hold on to the awning posts. When they reached the Hoboken side a boat equally crowded was coming out of the slip. The passengers just arriving cried out to those who were coming away, "Is the Buffalo Hunt over?" To which came the reply, "Yes, and it was the biggest humbug you ever heard of!" Willis added that passengers on the boat with him instantly gave three cheers for the author of the humbug, whoever he might be.

After the public had enjoyed a laugh for several days over the Hoboken "Free Grand Buffalo Hunt," I permitted it to be announced that the proprietor of the American Museum was responsible for the joke, thus using the buffalo hunt as a skyrocket to attract public attention to my Museum. The object was accomplished and although some people cried out "humbug," I had added to the notoriety which I so much wanted and I was satisfied. As for the cry of "humbug," it never harmed me, and I was in the position of the actor who had much rather be roundly abused than not to be noticed at all. I ought to add, that the forty-eight thousand sixpences—the usual fare—received for ferry fares, less what I paid for the charter of the boats on that one day, more than remunerated me for the cost of the buffaloes and the expenses of the "hunt," and the enormous gratuitous advertising of the Museum must also be placed to my credit.

With the same object—that is, advertising my Museum—I purchased, for $500, in Cincinnati, Ohio, a "Woolly Horse" I found on exhibition in that city. It was a well formed, small sized horse, with no mane, and not a particle of hair on his tail, while his entire body and legs were covered with thick, fine hair or wool, which curled tight to his skin. This horse was foaled in Indiana, and was a remarkable freak of nature, and certainly a very curious looking animal.

I had not the remotest idea, when I bought this horse, what I should do with him; but when the news came that Colonel John C. Fremont (who was supposed to have been lost in the snows of the Rocky Mountains) was in safety, the "Woolly Horse" was exhibited in New York, and was widely advertised as a most remarkable animal that had been captured by the great explorer's party in the passes of the Rocky Mountains. The exhibition met with only moderate success in New York, and in several Northern provincial towns, and the show would have fallen flat in Washington, had it not been for the over-zeal of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, then a United States Senator from Missouri. He went to the show, and then caused the arrest of

my agent for obtaining twenty-five cents from him under "false pretences." No mention had been made of this curious animal in any letter he had received from his son-in-law, Colonel John C. Fremont, and therefore the Woolly Horse had not been captured by any of Fremont's party. The reasoning was hardly as sound as were most of the arguments of "Old Bullion," and the case was dismissed. After a few days of merriment, public curiosity no longer turned in that direction, and the old horse was permitted to retire to private life. My object in the exhibition, however, was fully attained. When it was generally known that the proprietor of the American Museum was also the owner of the famous "Woolly Horse," it caused yet more talk about me and my establishment, and visitors began to say that they would give more to see the proprietor of the Museum than to view the entire collection of curiosities. As for my ruse in advertising the "Woolly Horse" as having been captured by Fremont's exploring party, of course the announcement neither added to nor took from the interest of the exhibition; but it arrested public attention, and it was the only feature of the show that I now care to forget.

It will be seen that very much of the success which attended my many years proprietorship of the American Museum was due to advertising, and especially to my odd methods of advertising. Always claiming that I had curiosities worth showing and worth seeing, and exhibited "dog cheap" at "twenty-five cents admission, children half price"—I studied ways to arrest public attention; to startle, to make people talk and wonder; in short, to let the world know that I had a Museum.

About this time, I engaged a band of Indians from Iowa. They had never seen a railroad or steamboat until they saw them on the route from Iowa to New York. Of course they were wild and had but faint ideas of civilization. The party comprised large and noble specimens of the untutored savage, as well as several very beautiful squaws, with two or three interesting "papooses." They lived and lodged in a large room on the top floor of the Museum, and cooked their own victuals in their own way. They gave their war-dances on the stage in the Lecture Room with great vigor and enthusiasm, much to the satisfaction of the audiences. But these wild Indians seemed to consider their dances as realities. Hence when they gave a real War Dance, it was dangerous for any parties, except their manager and interpreter, to be on the stage, for the moment they had finished their war dance, they began to leap and peer about behind the scenes in search of victims for their toma-

hawks and scalping knives! Indeed, lest in these frenzied moments they might make a dash at the orchestra or the audience, we had a high rope barrier placed between them and the savages on the front of the stage.

After they had been a week in the Museum, I proposed a change of performance for the week following, by introducing new dances. Among these was the Indian Wedding Dance. At that time I printed but one set of posters (large bills) per week, so that whatever was announced for Monday, was repeated every day and evening during that week. Before the Wedding Dance came off on Monday afternoon, I was informed that I was to provide a large new red woollen blanket, at a cost of ten dollars, for the bridegroom to present to the father of the bride. I ordered the purchase to be made; but was considerably taken aback, when I was informed that I must have another new blanket for the evening, inasmuch as the savage old Indian Chief, father-in-law to the bridegroom, would not consent to his daughter's being approached with the Wedding Dance unless he had his blanket present.

I undertook to explain to the chief, through the interpreter, that this was only a "make believe" wedding; but the old savage shrugged his shoulders, and gave such a terrific "Ugh!" that I was glad to make my peace by ordering another blanket. As we gave two performances per day, I was out of pocket $120 for twelve "wedding blankets," that week.

One of the beautiful squaws named Do-humme died in the Museum. She had been a great favorite with many ladies—among whom I can especially name Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, wife of the Rev. Dr. T. J. Sawyer. Do-humme was buried on the border of Sylvan Water, at Greenwood Cemetery, where a small monument, erected by her friends, designates her last resting place.

The poor Indians were very sorrowful for many days, and desired to get back again to their western wilds. The father and the betrothed of Do-humme cooked various dishes of food and placed them upon the roof of the Museum, where they believed the spirit of their departed friend came daily for its supply; and these dishes were renewed every morning during the stay of the Indians at the Museum.

It was sometimes very amusing to hear the remarks of strangers who came to visit my Museum. One afternoon a prim maiden lady from Portland, Maine, walked into my private office, where I was busily engaged in writing, and taking a seat on the sofa she asked:

"Is this Mr. Barnum?"

"It is," I replied.

"Is this Mr. P. T. Barnum, the proprietor of the Museum?" she asked.

"The same," was my answer.

"Why, really, Mr. Barnum," she continued, "you look much like other common folks, after all."

I remarked that I presumed I did; but I could not help it, and I hoped she was not disappointed at my appearance.

"Oh, no," she said; "I suppose I have no right to be disappointed, but I have read and heard so much about you and your Museum that I was quite prepared to be astonished."

I asked her if she had been through the establishment.

"I have," she replied; "I came in immediately after breakfast; I have been here ever since, and, I can say I think with the Queen of Sheba, that 'the half had not been told me.' But, Mr. Barnum," she, continued, "I have long felt a desire to see you; I wanted to attend when you lectured on temperance in Portland, but I had a severe cold and could not go out."

"Do you like my collection as well as you do the one in the Boston Museum?" I asked.

"Dear me! Mr. Barnum," said she, "I never went to any Museum before, nor to any place of amusement or public entertainment, excepting our school exhibitions; and I have sometimes felt that they even may be wicked, for some parts of the dialogues seemed frivolous; but I have heard so much of your 'moral drama' and the great good you are doing for the rising generation that I thought I must come here and see for myself."

"We represent the pathetic story of 'Charlotte Temple' in the Lecture Room today," I remarked, with an inward chuckle at the peculiarities of my singular visitor, who, although she was nearly fifty years of age, had probably never been in an audience of a hundred persons, unless it might be at a school exhibition, or in Sunday school, or in church.

"Indeed! I am quite familiar with the sad history of Miss Temple, and I think I can derive great consolation from witnessing the representation of the touching story."

At this moment the gong sounded to announce the opening of the Lecture Room, and the crowd passed on in haste to secure seats. My spinster visitor sprang to her feet and anxiously inquired:

"Are the services about to commence?"

"Yes," I replied, "the congregation is now going up."

She marched along with the crowd as demurely as if she was going to a funeral. After she was seated, I watched her, and in the course of the play I noticed that she was several times so much overcome as to be moved to tears. She was very much affected, and when the "services" were over, without seeking another interview with me, she went silently and tearfully away.

One day, two city boys who had thoroughly explored the wonders of the Museum, on their way out passed the open door of my private office, and seeing me sitting there, one of them exclaimed to his companion:

"There! That's Mr. Barnum."

"No! is it?" asked the other, and then with his mind full of the glories of the stuffed gander-skins, and other wealth which had been displayed to his wondering eyes in the establishment, he summed up his views of the vastness and value of the whole collection, and its fortunate proprietor in a single sentence:

"Well, he's an awful rich old cuss, ain't he!"

Those boys evidently took a strictly financial view of the establishment.

# X

## Another Successful Speculation

Peale's Museum—Mysterious Mesmerism—Yankee Hill—Henry Bennett—The Rival Museums—The Orphean and Orphan Families—The Fudgee Mermaid—Buying Out My Rival—Running Opposition to Myself—Abolishing Theatrical Nuisances—No Checks and No Bar—The Museum My Mania—My First Interview with Charles S. Stratton—General Tom Thumb in New York—Re-Engagement—An Apt Pupil—Free from Debt—The Profits of Two Years—In Search of a New Field—Starting for Liverpool—The Good Ship "Yorkshire"—My Party—Escort to Sandy Hook—The Voyage—A Tobacco Trick—A Bragging John Bull Outwitted—Arrival at Liverpool—A Gentleman Beggar—Madame Celeste—Cheap Dwarfs—Twopenny Shows—Exhibition of General Tom Thumb in Liverpool—First-Class Engagement for London.

The president and directors of the "New York Museum Company" not only failed to buy the American Museum as they confidently expected to do, but, after my newspaper squib war and my purchase of the Museum, they found it utterly impossible to sell their stock. By some arrangement, the particulars of which I do not remember, if, indeed, I ever cared to know them, Mr. Peale was conducting Peale's Museum which he claimed was a more "scientific" establishment than mine, and he pretended to appeal to a higher class of patrons. Mesmerism was one of his scientific attractions, and he had a subject upon whom he operated at times with the greatest seeming success, and fairly astonished his audiences. But there were times when the subject was wholly unimpressible and then those who had paid their money to see the woman put into the mesmeric state cried out "humbug," and the reputation of the establishment seriously suffered.

It devolved upon me to open a rival mesmeric performance, and accordingly I engaged a bright little girl who was exceedingly susceptible to such mesmeric influences as I could induce. That is, she learned her lesson thoroughly, and when I had apparently put her to sleep with a few passes and stood behind her, she seemed to be duly "impressed" as I desired; raised her hands as I willed; fell from her chair to the floor; and if I put candy or tobacco into my mouth, she was duly delighted or disgusted. She never failed in these routine performances. Strange to say, believers in mesmerism used to witness her performances with the greatest pleasure and adduce them as positive proofs that there was something in mesmerism, and they applauded tremendously—up to a certain point.

That point was reached, when leaving the girl "asleep," I called up someone in the audience, promising to put him "in the same state" within five minutes, or forfeit fifty dollars. Of course, all my "passes" would not put any man in the mesmeric state; at the end of three minutes he was as wide awake as ever.

"Never mind," I would say, looking at my watch; "I have two minutes more, and meantime, to show that a person in this state is utterly insensible to pain, I propose to cut off one of the fingers of the little girl who is still asleep." I would then take out my knife and feel of the edge, and when I turned around to the girl whom I left on the chair she had fled behind the scenes to the intense amusement of the greater part of the audience and to the amazement of the mesmerists who were present.

"Why! where's my little girl?" I asked with feigned astonishment.

"Oh! she ran away when you began to talk about cutting off fingers."

"Then she was wide awake, was she?"

"Of course she was, all the time."

"I suppose so; and, my dear sir, I promised that you should be 'in the same state' at the end of five minutes, and as I believe you are so, I do not forfeit fifty dollars."

I kept up this performance for several weeks, till I quite killed Peale's "genuine" mesmerism in the rival establishment. After Peale, "Yankee" Hill undertook the management of that Museum, but in a little while he failed. It was then let to Henry Bennett, who reduced the entrance price to one shilling—a half price which led me to characterize his concern as "cheap and nasty,"—and he began a serious rivalry with my Museum. His main reliances were burlesques and caricatures of whatever novelties I was exhibit-

ing; thus, when I advertised an able company of vocalists, well-known as the Orphean Family, Bennett announced the "Orphan Family;" my Fejee Mermaid he offset with a figure made of a monkey and codfish joined together and called the "Fudg-ee Mermaid." These things created some laughter at my expense, but they also served to advertise my Museum.

When the novelty of this opposition died away, Bennett did a decidedly losing business. I used to send a man with a shilling to his place every night and I knew exactly how much he was doing and what were his receipts. The holidays were coming and might tide him over a day or two, but he was at the very bottom and I said to him, one day:

"Bennett, if you can keep open one week after New Year's I will give you a hundred dollars."

He made every effort to win the money, and even went to the landlord and offered him the entire receipts for a week if he would only let him stay there; but he would not do it, and the day after New Year's, January 2, 1843, Bennett shut up shop, having lost his last dollar and even failing to secure the handsome premium I offered him.

The entire collection fell into the hands of the landlord for arrearages of rent, and I privately purchased it for $7,000 cash, hired the building, and secretly engaged Bennett as my agent. We ran a very spirited opposition for a long time and abused each other terribly in public. It was very amusing when actors and performers failed to make terms with one of us and went to the other, carrying from one to the other the price each was willing to pay for an engagement. We thus used to hear extraordinary stories about each other's "liberal terms," but between the two we managed to secure such persons as we wanted at about the rates at which their services were really worth. While these people were thus running from one manager to the other, supposing we were rivals, Bennett said to me one day:

"You and I are like a pair of shears; we seem to cut each other, but we only cut what comes between."

I ran my opposition long enough to beat myself. It answered every purpose, however, in awakening public attention to my Museum, and was an advantage in preventing others from starting a genuine opposition. At the end of six months, the whole establishment, including the splendid gallery of American portraits, was removed to the American Museum and I immediately advertised the great card of a "Double attraction" and "Two Museums in One," without extra charge.

A Museum proper obviously depends for patronage largely upon country people who visit the city with a worthy curiosity to see the novelties of the town. As I had opened a dramatic entertainment in connection with my curiosities, it was clear that I must adapt my stage to the wants of my country customers. While I was disposed to amuse my provincial patrons, I was determined that there should be nothing in my establishment, where many of my visitors would derive their first impressions of city life, that could contaminate or corrupt them. At this period, it was customary to tolerate very considerable license on the stage. Things were said and done and permitted in theatres that elsewhere would have been pronounced highly improper. The public seemed to demand these things, and it is an axiom in political economy, that the demand must regulate the supply. But I determined, at the start, that, let the demand be what it might, the Museum dramatic entertainments should be unexceptionable on the score of morality.

I have already mentioned some of the immediate reforms I made in the abuses of the stage. I went farther, and, at the risk of some pecuniary sacrifice, I abolished what was common enough in other theatres, even the most "respectable," and was generally known as the "third tier." Nor was a bar permitted on my premises. To be sure, I had no power to prevent my patrons from going out between the acts and getting liquor if they chose to do so, and I gave checks, as is done in other theatres, and some of my city customers availed themselves of the opportunity to go out for drinks and return again. Practically, then, it was much the same as if I had kept a bar in the Museum, and so I abolished the check business. There was great reason to apprehend that such a course would rob me of the patronage of a considerable class of playgoers, but I rigidly adhered to the new rule, and what I may have lost in money, I more than gained in the greater decorum which characterized my audiences.

The Museum became a mania with me and I made everything possible subservient to it. On the eve of elections, rival politicians would ask me for whom I was going to vote, and my answer invariably was, "I vote for the American Museum." In fact, at that time, I cared very little about politics, and a great deal about my business. Meanwhile the Museum prospered wonderfully, and everything I attempted or engaged in seemed at the outset an assured success.

The giants whom I exhibited from time to time were always literally great features in my establishment, and they oftentimes afforded me, as well

as my patrons, food for much amusement as well as wonder. The Quaker giant, Hales, was quite a wag in his way. He went once to see the new house of an acquaintance who had suddenly become rich, but who was a very ignorant man. When he came back he described the wonders of the mansion and said that the proud proprietor showed him everything from basement to attic; "parlors, bedrooms, dining room, and," said Hales, "what he called his 'study'—meaning, I suppose, the place where he intends to study his spelling-book!"

I had at one time two famous men, the French giant, M. Bihin, a very slim man, and the Arabian giant, Colonel Goshen. These men generally got on together very well, though, of course, each was jealous of the other, and of the attention the rival received, or the notice he attracted. One day they quarrelled, and a lively interchange of compliments ensued, the Arabian calling the Frenchman a "Shanghai," and receiving in return the epithet of "Nigger." From words both were eager to proceed to blows, and both ran to my collection of arms, one seizing the club with which Captain Cook or any other man might have been killed, if it were judiciously wielded, and the other laying hands on a sword of the terrific size which is supposed to have been conventional in the days of the Crusades. The preparations for a deadly encounter, and the high words of the contending parties brought a dozen of the Museum attachés to the spot, and these men threw themselves between the gigantic combatants. Hearing the disturbance, I ran from my private office to the duelling ground, and said:

"Look here! This is all right; if you want to fight each other, maiming and perhaps killing one or both of you, that is your affair; but my interest lies here—you are both under engagement to me, and if this duel is to come off, I and the public have a right to participate. It must be duly advertised, and must take place on the stage of the Lecture Room. No performance of yours would be a greater attraction, and if you kill each other, our engagement can end with your duel."

This proposition, made in apparent earnest, so delighted the giants that they at once burst into a laugh, shook hands, and quarrelled no more.

I now come to the details of one of the most interesting, as well as successful, of all the show enterprises in which I have engaged—one which not only taxed all my ingenuity and industry, but which gave unqualified delight to thousands of people on two continents and put enormous sums of money into many pockets besides my own.

In November, 1842, I was in Albany on business, and as the Hudson River was frozen over, I returned to New York by the Housatonic Railroad, stopping one night at Bridgeport, Connecticut, with my brother, Philo F. Barnum, who at that time kept the Franklin Hotel. I had heard of a remarkably small child in Bridgeport, and, at my request, my brother brought him to the hotel. He was not two feet high; he weighed less than sixteen pounds, and was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone; but he was a perfectly formed, bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks and he enjoyed the best of health. He was exceedingly bashful, but after some coaxing he was induced to talk with me, and he told me that he was the son of Sherwood E. Stratton, and that his own name was Charles S. Stratton. After seeing him and talking with him, I at once determined to secure his services from his parents and to exhibit him in public.

But as he was only five years of age, to exhibit him as a "dwarf" might provoke the inquiry "How do you know he is a dwarf?" Some liberty might be taken with the facts, but even with this license, I felt that the venture was only an experiment, and I engaged him for four weeks at three dollars a week, with all travelling and boarding charges for himself and his mother at my expense. They came to New York, Thanksgiving day, December 8, 1842, and Mrs. Stratton was greatly surprised to see her son announced on my Museum bills as "General Tom Thumb."

I took the greatest pains to educate and train my diminutive prodigy, devoting many hours to the task by day and by night, and I was very successful, for he was an apt pupil with a great deal of native talent, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. He made rapid progress in preparing himself for such performances as I wished him to undertake and he became very much attached to his teacher.

When the four weeks expired, I re-engaged him for one year at seven dollars a week, with a gratuity of fifty dollars at the end of the engagement, and the privilege of exhibiting him anywhere in the United States, in which event his parents were to accompany him and I was to pay all travelling expenses. He speedily became a public favorite, and, long before the year was out, I voluntarily increased his weekly salary to twenty-five dollars, and he fairly earned it. Sometimes I exhibited him for several weeks in succession at the Museum, and when I wished to introduce other novelties I sent him to different towns and cities, accompanied by my friend, Mr. Fordyce Hitch-

cock, and the fame of General Tom Thumb soon spread throughout the country.

Two years had now elapsed since I bought the Museum and I had long since paid for the entire establishment from the profits; I had bought out my only rival; I was free from debt, and had a handsome surplus in the treasury. The business had long ceased to be an experiment; it was an established success and was in such perfect running order, that it could safely be committed to the management of trustworthy and tried agents.

Accordingly, looking for a new field for my individual efforts, I entered into an agreement for General Tom Thumb's services for another year, at fifty dollars a week and all expenses, with the privilege of exhibiting him in Europe. I proposed to test the curiosity of men and women on the other side of the Atlantic. Much as I hoped for success, in my most sanguine moods, I could not anticipate the half of what was in store for me; I did not foresee nor dream that I was shortly to be brought in close contact with kings, queens, lords and illustrious commoners, and that such association, by means of my exhibition, would afterwards introduce me to the great public and the public's money, which was to fill my coffers. Or, if I saw some such future, it was dreamily, dimly, and with half-opened eyes, as the man saw the "trees walking."

After arranging my business affairs for a long absence, and making every preparation for an extended foreign tour, on Thursday, January 18, 1844, I went on board the new and fine sailing ship *Yorkshire*, Captain D. G. Bailey, bound for Liverpool. Our party included General Tom Thumb, his parents, his tutor, and Professor Guillaudeu, the French naturalist. We were accompanied by several personal friends, and the City Brass Band kindly volunteered to escort us to Sandy Hook.

My name has been so long associated with mirthful incidents that I presume many persons do not suppose I am susceptible of sorrowful, or even sentimental emotions; but when the bell of the steamer that towed our ship down the bay announced the hour of separation, and then followed the hastily-spoken words of farewell, and the parting grasp of friendly hands, I confess that I was very much in the "melting mood," and when the band played "Home, Sweet Home," I was moved to tears.

A voyage to Liverpool is now an old, familiar story, and I abstain from entering into details, though I have abundant material respecting my own experiences of my first sea-voyage in the first two of a series of one hun-

dred letters which I wrote in Europe as correspondent of the New York *Atlas*. But some of the incidents and adventures of my voyage on the *Yorkshire* are worth transcribing in these pages of my personal history.

Occasional calms and adverse winds protracted our passage to nineteen days, but a better ship and a more competent captain never sailed. I was entirely exempt from seasickness, and enjoyed the voyage very much. Good fellowship prevailed among the passengers, the time passed rapidly, and we had a good deal of fun on board.

Several of the passengers were English merchants from Canada and one of the number, who reckoned himself "A, No. 1," and often hinted that he was too 'cute for any Yankee, boasted so much of his shrewdness that a Yankee friend of mine confederated with me to test it. I thought of an old trick and arranged with my friend to try it on the boastful John Bull. Coming out of my stateroom, with my hand to my face, and apparently in great pain, I asked my fellow passengers what was good for the toothache. My friend and confederate recommended heating tobacco, and holding it to my face. I therefore borrowed a little tobacco, and putting it in a paper of a peculiar color, placed it on the stove to warm. I then retired for a few minutes, during which time the Yankee proposed playing a trick on me by emptying the tobacco, and filling the paper with ashes, which our smart Englishman thought would be a very fine joke, and he himself made the substitution, putting ashes into the paper and throwing the tobacco into the fire.

I soon reappeared and gravely placed the paper to my face to the great amusement of the passengers and walked up and down the cabin as if I was suffering terribly. At the further end of the cabin I slyly exchanged the paper for another in my pocket of the same color and containing tobacco and then walked back again a picture of misery. Whereupon, the Merry Englishman cried out:

"Mr. Barnum, what have you got in that paper?"

"Tobacco," I replied.

"What will you bet it is tobacco?" said the Englishman.

"Oh, don't bother me," said I; "my tooth pains me sadly; I know it is tobacco, for I put it there myself."

"I'll bet you a dozen of champagne that it is not tobacco," said the Englishman.

"Nonsense," I replied, "I will not bet, for it would not be fair; I know it is tobacco."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars it is not," said John Bull, and he counted ten sovereigns upon the table.

"I'll not bet the money," I replied, "for I tell you I know it is tobacco; I placed it there myself."

"You dare not bet!" he rejoined.

At last, merely to accommodate him, I bet a dozen of champagne. The Englishman fairly jumped with delight, and roared out:

"Open the paper! open the paper!"

The passengers crowded round the table in great glee to see me open the paper, for all but the Yankee thought I was taken in. I quietly opened the paper, and remarked:

"There, I told you it was tobacco—how foolish you were to suppose it was not—for, as I told you, I put it there myself."

The passengers, my confederate excepted, were amazed and the Englishman was absolutely astounded. It was the biter bitten. But he told the steward to bring the champagne, and turning to my confederate who had so effectually assisted in "selling" him, he pronounced the affair "a contemptible Yankee trick." It was several days before he recovered his good humor, but he joined at last with the rest of us in laughing at the joke, and we heard no more about his extraordinary shrewdness.

On our arrival at Liverpool, quite a crowd had assembled at the dock to see Tom Thumb, for it had been previously announced that he would arrive in the *Yorkshire*, but his mother managed to smuggle him ashore unnoticed, for she carried him, as if he was an infant, in her arms. We went to the Waterloo Hotel, and, after an excellent dinner, walked out to take a look at the town. While I was viewing the Nelson monument a venerable looking, well-dressed old gentleman volunteered to explain to me the different devices and inscriptions. I looked upon him as a disinterested and attentive man of means who was anxious to assist a stranger and to show his courtesy; but when I gave him a parting bow of thanks, half ashamed that I had so trespassed on his kindness, he put out the hand of a beggar and said that he would be thankful for any remuneration I saw fit to bestow upon him for his trouble. I was certainly astonished, and I thrust a shilling into his hand and walked rapidly away.

In the evening of the same day, a tall, rawboned man came to the hotel and introduced himself to me as a brother Yankee, who would be happy in

pointing out the many wonders in Liverpool that a stranger would be pleased to see.

I asked him how long he had been in Liverpool, and he replied, "Nearly a week." I declined his proffered services abruptly, remarking that if he had been there only a week, I probably knew as much about England as he did.

"Oh," said he, "you are mistaken. I have been in England before, though never till recently in Liverpool."

"What part of England?" I inquired.

"Opposite Niagara Falls," he replied; "I spent several days there with the British soldiers."

I laughed in his face, and reminded him that England did not lie opposite Niagara Falls. The impudent fellow was confused for a moment, and then triumphantly exclaimed:

"I didn't mean England. I know what country it is as well as you do."

"Well, what country is it?" I asked, quite assured that he did not know.

"Great Britain, of course," he replied.

It is needless to add that the honor of his company as a guide in Liverpool was declined, and he went off apparently in a huff because his abilities were not appreciated.

Later in the evening, the proprietor of a cheap waxworks show, at three ha' pence admission, called upon me. He had heard of the arrival of the great American curiosity, and he seized the earliest opportunity to make the General and myself the magnificent offer of ten dollars a week if we would join ourselves to his already remarkable and attractive exhibition. I could not but think, that dwarfs must be literally at a "low figure" in England, and my prospects were gloomy indeed. I was a stranger in the land; my letters of introduction had not been delivered; beyond my own little circle, I had not seen a friendly face, nor heard a familiar voice. I was "blue," homesick, almost in despair. Next morning, there came a ray of sunshine in the following note:

> "Madame Celeste presents her compliments to Mr. Barnum, and begs to say that her private box is quite at his service, any night, for himself and friends.
>
> "Theater Royal, Williamson Square."

This polite invitation was thankfully accepted, and we went to the theater that evening. Our party, including the General, who was partly concealed by his tutor's cloak, occupied Celeste's box, and in the box adjoining sat an English lady and gentleman whose appearance indicated respectability, intelligence and wealth. The General's interest in the performance attracted their attention, and the lady remarked to me:

"What an intelligent-looking child you have! He appears to take quite an interest in the stage."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "this is not a child. This is General Tom Thumb."

"Indeed!" they exclaimed. They had seen the announcements of our visit and were greatly gratified at an interview with the pigmy prodigy. They at once advised me in the most complimentary and urgent manner to take the General to Manchester, where they resided, assuring me that an exhibition in that place would be highly remunerative. I thanked my new friends for their counsel and encouragement, and ventured to ask them what price they would recommend me to charge for admission.

"The General is so decidedly a curiosity," said the lady, "that I think you might put it as high as tuppence!" (twopence.)

She was, however, promptly interrupted by her husband, who was evidently the economist of the family: "I am sure you would not succeed at that price," said he; "you should put admission at one penny, for that is the usual price for seeing giants and dwarfs in England."

This was worse than the ten dollars a week offer of the waxworks proprietor, but I promptly answered "Never shall the price be less than one shilling sterling and some of the nobility and gentry of England will yet pay gold to see General Tom Thumb."

My letters of introduction speedily brought me into friendly relations with many excellent families and I was induced to hire a hall and present the General to the public, for a short season, in Liverpool. I had intended to proceed directly to London and begin operations at "headquarters," that is, in Buckingham Palace, if possible; but I had been advised that the royal family was in mourning for the death of Prince Albert's father, and would not permit the approach of any entertainments.

Meanwhile confidential letters from London informed me that Mr. Maddox, Manager of Princess's Theater, was coming down to witness my exhibition, with a view to making an engagement. He came privately, but I was

fully informed as to his presence and object. A friend pointed him out to me in the hall, and when I stepped up to him, and called him by name, he was "taken all aback," and avowed his purpose in visiting Liverpool. An interview resulted in an engagement of the General for three nights at Princess's Theater. I was unwilling to contract for a longer period, and even this short engagement, though on liberal terms, was acceded to only as a means of advertisement. So soon, therefore, as I could bring my short, but highly successful season in Liverpool to a close, we went to London.

# XI

## General Tom Thumb in England

Arrival in London—The General's Debut in the Princess's Theater—Enormous Success—My Mansion at the West End—Daily Levees for the Nobility and Gentry—Hon. Edward Everett—His Interest in the General—Visit to the Baroness Rothschild—Opening in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly—Mr. Charles Murray, Master of the Queen's Household—At Buckingham Palace by Command of Her Majesty—A Royal Reception—The Favorable Impression Made by the General—Amusing Incidents of the Visit—Backing Out—Fight with a Poodle—Court Journal Notice—Second Visit to the Queen—The Prince of Wales and Princess Royal—The Queen of the Belgians—Third Visit to Buckingham Palace—King Leopold, of Belgium—Assured Success—The British Public Excited—Egyptian Hall Crowded—Queen Dowager Adelaide—The General's Watch—Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington—Distinguished Friends.

Immediately after our arrival in London, the General came out at the Princess's Theater, and made so decided a "hit" that it was difficult to decide who was best pleased, the spectators, the manager, or myself. The spectators were delighted because they could not well help it; the manager was satisfied because he had coined money by the engagement; and I was greatly pleased because I now had a visible guaranty of success in London. I was offered far higher terms for a re-engagement, but my purpose had been already answered; the news was spread everywhere that General Tom Thumb, an unparalleled curiosity, was in the city; and it only remained for me to bring him before the public, on my own account and in my own time and way.

I took a furnished mansion in Grafton Street, Bond Street, West End, in the very center of the most fashionable locality. The house had previously

been occupied for several years by Lord Talbot, and Lord Brougham and half a dozen families of the aristocracy and many of the gentry were my neighbors. From this magnificent mansion, I sent letters of invitation to the editors and several of the nobility, to visit the General. Most of them called, and were highly gratified. The word of approval was indeed so passed around in high circles, that uninvited parties drove to my door in crested carriages, and were not admitted.

This procedure, though in some measure a stroke of policy, was neither singular nor hazardous, under the circumstances. I had not yet announced a public exhibition, and as a private American gentleman, it became me to maintain the dignity of my position. I therefore instructed my liveried servant to deny admission to see my "ward," excepting to persons who brought cards of invitation. He did it in a proper manner, and no offence could be taken, though I was always particular to send an invitation immediately to such as had not been admitted.

During our first week in London, the Hon. Edward Everett, the American Minister, to whom I had letters of introduction, called and was highly pleased with his diminutive though renowned countryman. We dined with him the next day, by invitation, and his family loaded the young American with presents. Mr. Everett kindly promised to use influence at the Palace in person, with a view to having Tom Thumb introduced to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

A few evenings afterwards the Baroness Rothschild sent her carriage for us. Her mansion is a noble structure in Piccadilly, surrounded by a high wall, through the gate of which our carriage was driven, and brought up in front of the main entrance. Here we were received by half a dozen servants, and were ushered up the broad flight of marble stairs to the drawing-room, where we met the Baroness and a party of twenty or more ladies and gentlemen. In this sumptuous mansion of the richest banker in the world, we spent about two hours, and when we took our leave a well-filled purse was quietly slipped into my hand. The golden shower had begun to fall, and that it was no dream was manifest from the fact that, very shortly afterwards, a visit to the mansion of Mr. Drummond, another eminent banker, came to the same golden conclusion.

I now engaged the "Egyptian Hall," in Piccadilly, and the announcement of my unique exhibition was promptly answered by a rush of visitors, in which the wealth and fashion of London were liberally represented. I made

these arrangements because I had little hope of being soon brought to the Queen's presence, (for the reason before mentioned,) but Mr. Everett's generous influence secured my object. I breakfasted at his house one morning, by invitation, in company with Mr. Charles Murray, an author of creditable repute, who held the office of Master of the Queen's Household. In the course of conversation, Mr. Murray inquired as to my plans, and I informed him that I intended going to the Continent shortly, though I should be glad to remain if the General could have an interview with the Queen—adding that such an event would be of great consequence to me.

Mr. Murray kindly offered his good offices in the case, and the next day one of the Life Guards, a tall, noble-looking fellow, bedecked as became his station, brought me a note, conveying the Queen's invitation to General Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear at Buckingham Palace on an evening specified. Special instructions were the same day orally given me by Mr. Murray, by Her Majesty's command, to suffer the General to appear before her, as he would appear anywhere else, without any training in the use of the titles of royalty, as the Queen desired to see him act naturally and without restraint.

Determined to make the most of the occasion, I put a placard on the door of the Egyptian Hall: "Closed this evening, General Tom Thumb being at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty."

On arriving at the Palace, the Lord in Waiting put me "under drill" as to the manner and form in which I should conduct myself in the presence of royalty. I was to answer all questions by Her Majesty through him, and in no event to speak directly to the Queen. In leaving the royal presence I was to "back out," keeping my face always towards Her Majesty, and the illustrious lord kindly gave me a specimen of that sort of backward locomotion. How far I profited by his instructions and example, will presently appear.

We were conducted through a long corridor to a broad flight of marble steps, which led to the Queen's magnificent picture gallery, where Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and twenty or thirty of the nobility were awaiting our arrival. They were standing at the farther end of the room when the doors were thrown open, and the General walked in, looking like a wax doll gifted with the power of locomotion. Surprise and pleasure were depicted on the countenances of the royal circle at beholding this remarkable specimen of humanity so much smaller than they had evidently expected to find him.

The General advanced with a firm step, and as he came within hailing distance made a very graceful bow, and exclaimed, "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen!"

A burst of laughter followed this salutation. The Queen then took him by the hand, led him about the gallery, and asked him many questions, the answers to which kept the party in an uninterrupted strain of merriment. The General familiarly informed the Queen that her picture gallery was "first-rate," and told her he should like to see the Prince of Wales. The Queen replied that the Prince had retired to rest, but that he should see him on some future occasion. The General then gave his songs, dances, and imitations, and after a conversation with Prince Albert and all present, which continued for more than an hour, we were permitted to depart.

Before describing the process and incidents of "backing out," I must acknowledge how sadly I broke through the counsel of the Lord in Waiting. While Prince Albert and others were engaged with the General, the Queen was gathering information from me in regard to his history, etc. Two or three questions were put and answered through the process indicated in my drill. It was a roundabout way of doing business not at all to my liking, and I suppose the Lord in Waiting was seriously shocked, if not outraged, when I entered directly into conversation with Her Majesty. She, however, seemed not disposed to check my boldness, for she immediately spoke directly to me in obtaining the information which she sought. I felt entirely at ease in her presence, and could not avoid contrasting her sensible and amiable manners with the stiffness and formality of upstart gentility at home or abroad.

The Queen was modestly attired in plain black, and wore no ornaments. Indeed, surrounded as she was by ladies arrayed in the highest style of magnificence, their dresses sparkling with diamonds, she was the last person whom a stranger would have pointed out in that circle as the Queen of England.

The Lord in Waiting was perhaps mollified toward me when he saw me following his illustrious example in retiring from the royal presence. He was accustomed to the process, and therefore was able to keep somewhat ahead (or rather aback) of me, but even I stepped rather fast for the other member of the retiring party. We had a considerable distance to travel in that long gallery before reaching the door, and whenever the General found he was losing ground, he turned around and ran a few steps, then resumed

the position of "backing out," then turned around and ran, and so continued to alternate his methods of getting to the door, until the gallery fairly rang with the merriment of the royal spectators. It was really one of the richest scenes I ever saw; running, under the circumstances, was an offence sufficiently heinous to excite the indignation of the Queen's favorite poodle-dog, and he vented his displeasure by barking so sharply as to startle the General from his propriety. He, however, recovered immediately, and with his little cane commenced an attack on the poodle, and a funny fight ensued, which renewed and increased the merriment of the royal party.

This was near the door of exit. We had scarcely passed into the anteroom, when one of the Queen's attendants came to us with the expressed hope of Her Majesty that the General had sustained no damage—to which the Lord in Waiting playfully added, that in case of injury to so renowned a personage, he should fear a declaration of war by the United States!

The courtesies of the Palace were not yet exhausted, for we were escorted to an apartment in which refreshments had been provided for us. We did ample justice to the viands, though my mind was rather looking into the future than enjoying the present. I was anxious that the "Court Journal" of the ensuing day should contain more than a mere line in relation to the General's interview with the Queen, and, on inquiry, I learned that the gentleman who had charge of that feature in the daily papers was then in the Palace. He was sent for by my solicitation, and promptly acceded to my request for such a notice as would attract attention. He even generously desired me to give him an outline of what I sought, and I was pleased to see afterwards, that he had inserted my notice *verbatim*.

This notice of my visit to the Queen wonderfully increased the attraction of my exhibition and compelled me to obtain a more commodious hall for my exhibition. I accordingly removed to the larger room in the same building, for some time previously occupied by our countryman, Mr. Catlin, for his great Gallery of Portraits of American Indians and Indian Curiosities, all of which remained as an adornment.

On our second visit to the Queen, we were received in what is called the "Yellow Drawing-Room," a magnificent apartment, surpassing in splendor and gorgeousness anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is on the north side of the gallery, and is entered from that apartment. It was hung with drapery of rich yellow satin damask, the couches, sofas and chairs being covered with the same material. The vases, urns and ornaments were all of

modern patterns, and the most exquisite workmanship. The room was panelled in gold, and the heavy cornices beautifully carved and gilt. The tables, pianos, etc., were mounted with gold, inlaid with pearl of various hues, and of the most elegant designs.

We were ushered into this gorgeous drawing-room before the Queen and royal circle had left the dining-room, and, as they approached, the General bowed respectfully, and remarked to Her Majesty "that he had seen her before," adding, "I think this is a prettier room than the picture gallery; that chandelier is very fine."

The Queen smilingly took him by the hand, and said she hoped he was very well.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I am first rate."

"General," continued the Queen, "this is the Prince of Wales."

"How are you, Prince?" said the General, shaking him by the hand; and then standing beside the Prince, he remarked, "the Prince is taller than I am, but I feel as big as anybody"—upon which he strutted up and down the room as proud as a peacock, amid shouts of laughter from all present.

The Queen then introduced the Princess Royal, and the General immediately led her to his elegant little sofa, which we took with us, and with much politeness sat himself down beside her. Then, rising from his seat, he went through his various performances, and the Queen handed him an elegant and costly souvenir, which had been expressly made for him by her order—for which, he told her, "he was very much obliged, and would keep it as long as he lived." The Queen of the Belgians, (daughter of Louis Philippe) was present on this occasion. She asked the General where he was going when he left London?

"To Paris," he replied.

"Whom do you expect to see there?" she continued.

Of course all expected he would answer, "the King of the French," but the little fellow replied:

"I shall see Monsieur Guillaudeu in Paris."

The two Queens looked inquiringly to me, and when I informed them that M. Guillaudeu was my French naturalist, who had preceded me to Paris, they laughed most heartily.

On our third visit to Buckingham Palace, Leopold, King of the Belgians, was also present. He was highly pleased, and asked a multitude of ques-

tions. Queen Victoria desired the General to sing a song, and asked him what song he preferred to sing.

"Yankee Doodle," was the prompt reply.

This answer was as unexpected to me as it was to the royal party. When the merriment it occasioned somewhat subsided, the Queen good-humoredly remarked, "That is a very pretty song, General. Sing it if you please." The General complied, and soon afterwards we retired. I ought to add, that after each of our three visits to Buckingham Palace, a very handsome sum was sent to me, of course by the Queen's command. This, however, was the smallest part of the advantage derived from these interviews, as will be at once apparent to all who consider the force of Court example in England.

The British public were now fairly excited. Not to have seen General Tom Thumb was decidedly unfashionable, and from March 20th until July 20th, the levees of the little General at Egyptian Hall were continually crowded, the receipts averaging during the whole period about five hundred dollars per day, and sometimes going considerably beyond that sum. At the fashionable hour, between fifty and sixty carriages of the nobility have been counted at one time standing in front of our exhibition rooms in Piccadilly.

Portraits of the little General were published in all the pictorial papers of the time. Polkas and quadrilles were named after him, and songs were sung in his praise. He was an almost constant theme for the London *Punch*, which served up the General and myself so daintily that it no doubt added vastly to our receipts.

Besides his three public performances per day, the little General attended from three to four private parties per week, for which we were paid eight to ten guineas each. Frequently we would visit two parties in the same evening, and the demand in that line was much greater than the supply. The Queen Dowager Adelaide requested the General's attendance at Marlborough House one afternoon. He went in his court dress, consisting of a richly embroidered brown silk-velvet coat and short breeches, white satin vest with fancy-colored embroidery, white silk stockings and pumps, wig, bag-wig, cocked hat, and a dress sword.

"Why, General," said the Queen Dowager, "I think you look very smart today."

"I guess I do," said the General complacently.

A large party of the nobility were present. The old Duke of Cambridge offered the little General a pinch of snuff, which, he declined. The General

sang his songs, performed his dances, and cracked his jokes, to the great amusement and delight of the distinguished circle of visitors.

"Dear little General," said the kindhearted Queen, taking him upon her lap, "I see you have got no watch. Will you permit me to present you with a watch and chain?"

"I would like them very much," replied the General, his eyes glistening with joy as he spoke.

"I will have them made expressly for you," responded the Queen Dowager; and at the same moment she called a friend and desired him to see that the proper order was executed. A few weeks thereafter we were called again to Marlborough House. A number of the children of the nobility were present, as well as some of their parents. After passing a few compliments with the General, Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, placing the chain around his neck with her own hands. The little fellow was delighted, and scarcely knew how sufficiently to express his thanks. The good Queen gave him some excellent advice in regard to his morals, which he strictly promised to obey.

After giving his performances, we withdrew from the royal presence, and the elegant little watch presented by the hands of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was not only duly heralded, but was also placed upon a pedestal in the hall of exhibition, together with the presents from Queen Victoria, and covered with a glass vase. These presents, to which were soon added an elegant gold snuffbox mounted with turquoise, presented by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and many other costly gifts of the nobility and gentry, added greatly to the attractions of the exhibition. The Duke of Wellington called frequently to see the little General at his public levees. The first time he called, the General was personating Napoleon Bonaparte, marching up and down the platform, and apparently taking snuff in deep meditation. He was dressed in the well-known uniform of the Emperor. I introduced him to the "Iron Duke," who inquired the subject of his meditations. "I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo," was the little General's immediate reply. This display of wit was chronicled throughout the country, and was of itself worth thousands of pounds to the exhibition.

While we were in London the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, visited Queen Victoria, and I saw him on several public occasions. I was present at the grand review of troops in Windsor Park in honor of and before the Emperor of Russia and the King of Saxony.

General Tom Thumb had visited the King of Saxony and also Ibrahim Pacha who was then in London. At the different parties we attended, we met, in the course of the season, nearly all of the nobility. I do not believe that a single nobleman in England failed to see General Tom Thumb at his own house, at the house of a friend, or at the public levees at Egyptian Hall. The General was a decided pet with some of the first personages in the land, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert and Lady Peel, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, Duke of Bedford, Duke of Devonshire, Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bates, of the firm of Baring Brothers & Co., and many other persons of distinction. We had the free entrée to all the theatres, public gardens, and places of entertainment, and frequently met the principal artists, editors, poets, and authors of the country. Albert Smith was a particular friend of mine. He wrote a play for the General entitled "Hop o' my Thumb," which was presented with great success at the Lyceum Theater, London, and in several of the provincial theatres. Our visit in London and tour through the provinces were enormously successful, and after a brilliant season in Great Britain I made preparations to take the General to Paris.

# XII

## In France

Going Over to Arrange Preliminaries—Previous Visit to Paris—Robert Houdin—Wonderful Mechanical Toys—The Automaton Letter-Writer—Dion Boucicault—Talk on Natural Curiosities—How I Compromised—The General and Party in Paris—First Visit to King Louis Philippe—A Splendid Present—Diplomacy—I Ask a Favor and Get It—Long Champs—The General's Equipage—The Finest Advertisement Ever Known—All Paris in a Furor—Opening of the Levees—"Tom Pouce" Everywhere—The General as an Actor—"Petit Poucet"—Second and Third Visits at the Tuileries—Invitation to St. Cloud—The General Personating Napoleon Bonaparte—St. Denis—The Invalides—Regnier—Anecdote of Franklin—Leaving Paris—Tour Through France—Departure for Brussels.

Before taking the little General and party to Paris, I went over alone to arrange the preliminaries for our campaign in that city. Paris was not altogether a strange place to me. Months before, when I had successfully established my exhibition in London, I ran over to Paris to see what I could pick up in the way of curiosities for my Museum in New York, for during my whole sojourn abroad, and amid all the excitements of my new career, I never forgot the interests of my many and generous patrons at home. The occasion which first called me to France was the "quinquennial exposition" in Paris. At that time, there was an assemblage, every five years, of inventors and manufacturers who exhibited specimens of their skill, especially in articles of curious and ingenious mechanism, and I went from London mainly to attend this exposition.

There I met and became well acquainted with Robert Houdin, the celebrated conjurer. He was a watchmaker by trade, but very soon displayed a wonderful ability and ingenuity which he devoted with so much assiduity to

the construction of a complicated machine, that he lost all mental power for a considerable period. When he recovered, he employed himself with great success in the manufacture of mechanical toys and automata which attracted much attention, and afterwards he visited Great Britain and other countries, giving a series of juggling exhibitions which were famous throughout Europe.

At this quinquennial exposition which I attended, he received a gold medal for his automata, and the best figure which he had on exhibition I purchased at a good round price. It was an automaton writer and artist, a most ingenious little figure, which sat at a table, and readily answered with the pencil certain questions. For instance: if asked for an emblem of fidelity, the figure instantly drew a correct picture of a handsome dog; the emblem of love was shown in an exquisite drawing of a little Cupid; the automaton would also answer many questions in writing. I carried this curious figure to London and exhibited it for some time in the Royal Adelaide Gallery, and then sent it across the Atlantic to the American Museum.

During my very brief visit to Paris, Houdin was giving evening performances in the Palais Royale, in legerdemain, and I was frequently present by invitation. Houdin also took pains to introduce me to other inventors of moving figures which I purchased freely, and made a prominent feature in my Museum attractions. I managed, too, during my short stay, to see something of the surface of the finest city in the world.

And now, going to Paris the second time, I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who was then temporarily sojourning in that city, and who at once kindly volunteered to advise and assist me in regard to numerous matters of importance relating to the approaching visit of the General. He spent a day with me in the search for suitable accommodations for my company, and by giving me the benefit of his experience, he saved me much trouble and expense. I have never forgotten the courtesy extended to me by this gentleman.

I stopped at the Hotel Bedford, and securing an interpreter, began to make my arrangements. The first difficulty in the way was the government tax for exhibiting natural curiosities, which was no less than one-fourth of the gross receipts, while theatres paid only eleven percent. This tax was appropriated to the benefit of the city hospitals. Now, I knew from my experience in London, that my receipts would be so large as to make twenty-five percent of them a far more serious tax than I thought I ought to pay to the

French government, even for the benefit of the admirable hospitals of Paris. Accordingly, I went to the license bureau and had an interview with the chief. I told him I was anxious to bring a "dwarf" to Paris, but that the percentage to be paid for a license was so large as to deter me from bringing him; but letting the usual rule go, what should I give him in advance for a two months' license?

"My dear sir," he answered, "you had better not come at all; these things never draw, and you will do nothing, or so little that the percentage need not trouble you."

I expressed my willingness to try the experiment and offered one thousand francs in advance for a license. The chief would not consent and I then offered two thousand francs. This opened his eyes to a chance for a speculation and he jumped at my offer; he would do it on his own account, he said, and pay the amount of one-quarter of my receipts to the hospitals; he was perfectly safe in making such a contract, he thought, for he had 15,000 francs in bank.

But I declined to arrange this with him individually, so he called his associates together and presented the matter in such a way that the board took my offer on behalf of the government. I paid down the 2,000 francs and received a good, strong contract and license. The chief was quite elated and handed me the license with the remark:

"Now we have made an agreement, and if you do not exhibit, or if your dwarf dies during the two months you shall not get back your money."

"All right," thought I; "if you are satisfied I am sure I have every reason to be so." I then hired at a large rent, the Salle Musard, Rue Vivienne, in a central and fashionable quarter close by the boulevards, and engaged an interpreter, ticket-seller, and a small but excellent orchestra. In fact, I made the most complete arrangements, even to starting the preliminary paragraphs in the Paris papers; and after calling on the Honorable William Rufus King, the United States Minister at the Court of France—who assured me that after my success in London there would be no difficulty whatever in my presentation to King Louis Philippe and family—I returned to England.

I went back to Paris with General Tom Thumb and party some time before I intended to begin my exhibitions, and on the very day after my arrival I received a special command to appear at the Tuileries on the following Sunday evening. It will be remembered that Louis Philippe's daughter, the wife of King Leopold, of Belgium, had seen the General at Buckingham

Palace—a fact that had been duly chronicled in the French as well as English papers, and I have no doubt that she had privately expressed her gratification at seeing him. With this advantage, and with the prestige of our receptions by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, we went to the Tuileries with full confidence that our visit and reception would be entirely satisfactory.

At the appointed hour the General and I, arrayed in the conventional court costume, were ushered into a grand saloon of the palace where we were introduced to the King, the Queen, Princess Adelaide, the Duchess d'Orleans and her son the Count de Paris, Prince de Joinville, Duke and Duchess de Nemours, the Duchess d'Aumale, and a dozen or more distinguished persons, among whom was the editor of the official *Journal des Debats*. The court circle entered into conversation with us without restraint, and were greatly delighted with the little General. King Louis Philippe was minute in his inquiries about my country and talked freely about his experiences when he wandered as an exile in America. He playfully alluded to the time when he earned his living as a tutor, and said he had roughed it generally and had even slept in Indian wigwams. General Tom Thumb then went through with his various performances to the manifest pleasure of all who were present, and at the close the King presented to him a large emerald brooch set with diamonds. The General expressed his gratitude, and the King, turning to me, said: "you may put it on the General, if you please," which I did, to the evident gratification of the King as well as the General.

King Louis Philippe was so condescending and courteous that I felt quite at home in the royal presence, and ventured upon a bit of diplomacy. The Longchamps celebration was coming—a day once devoted to religious ceremony, but now conspicuous for the display of court and fashionable equipages in the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, and as the King was familiarly conversing with me, I ventured to say that I had hurried over to Paris to take part in the Longchamps display and I asked him if the General's carriage could not be permitted to appear in the avenue reserved for the court and the diplomatic corps, representing that the General's small but elegant establishment, with its ponies and little coachman and footman, would be in danger of damage in the general throng unless the special privilege I asked was accorded.

The King smilingly turned to one of the officers of his household and after conversing with him for a few moments he said to me:

"Call on the Prefect of Police tomorrow afternoon and you will find a permit ready for you."

Our visit occupied two hours, and when we went away the General was loaded with fine presents. The next morning all the newspapers noticed the visit, and the *Journal des Debats* gave a minute account of the interview and of the General's performances, taking occasion to say, in speaking of the character parts, that "there was one costume which the General wisely kept at the bottom of his box." That costume, however—the uniform of Bonaparte—was once exhibited, by particular request, as will be seen anon.

Longchamps day arrived, and among the many splendid equipages on the grand avenue, none attracted more attention than the superb little carriage with four ponies and liveried and powdered coachman and footman, belonging to the General, and conspicuous in the line of carriages containing the Ambassadors to the Court of France. Thousands upon thousands rent the air with cheers for "General Tom Pouce." There never was such an advertisement; the journals next day made elaborate notices of the "turnout," and thereafter whenever the General's carriage appeared on the boulevards, as it did daily, the people flocked to the doors of the cafés and shops to see it pass.

Thus, before I opened the exhibition all Paris knew that General Tom Thumb was in the city. The French are exceedingly impressible; and what in London is only excitement, in Paris becomes furor. Under this pressure, with the prestige of my first visit to the Tuileries and the numberless paragraphs in the papers, I opened my doors to an eager throng. The élite of the city came to the exhibition; the first day's receipts were 5,500 francs, which would have been doubled if I could have made room for more patrons. There were afternoon and evening performances and from that day secured seats at an extra price were engaged in advance for the entire two months. The season was more than a success, it was a triumph.

It seemed, too, as if the whole city was advertising me. The papers were profuse in their praises of the General and his performances. *Figaro*, the *Punch* of Paris, gave a picture of an immense mastiff running away with the General's carriage and horses in his mouth. Statuettes of "Tom Pouce" appeared in all the windows, in plaster, Parian, sugar and chocolate; songs were written about him and his lithograph was seen everywhere. A fine café on one of the boulevards took the name of "Tom Pouce" and displayed over the door a life-size statue of the General. In Paris, as in London, several em-

inent painters expressed their desire to paint his portrait, but the General's engagements were so pressing that he found little time to sit to artists. All the leading actors and actresses came to the General's levees and petted him and made him many presents. Meanwhile, the daily receipts continued to swell, and I was compelled to take a cab to carry my bag of silver home at night.

The official, who had compromised with me for a two months' license at 2,000 francs, was amazed as well as annoyed at the success of my "dwarf." He came, or sent a man, to the levees to take account of the receipts and every additional thousand francs gave him an additional twinge. He seriously appealed to me to give him more money; but when I reminded him of the excellent bargain he supposed he was making, especially when he added the conditional clause that I should forfeit the 2,000 francs if I did not exhibit or if the General died, he smiled faintly and said something about a "Yankee trick." I asked him if he would renew our agreement for two months more on the same terms; and he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"No, Monsieur Barnum; you will pay me twenty-five percent of your receipts when the two months of our contract expires."

But I did not; for I appealed to the authorities, claiming that I should pay only the ordinary theatrical tax, since the General's exhibition consisted chiefly of character imitations in various costumes, and he was more attractive as an actor than as a natural curiosity. My view of the case was decided to be correct, and thereafter, in Paris and throughout France, with few exceptions, I paid only the eleven percent theatrical tax.

Indeed, in Paris, the General made a great hit as an actor and was elected a member of the French Dramatic Society. Besides holding his levees, he appeared every night at the Vaudeville Theater in a French play, entitled "Petit Poucet," and written expressly for him, and he afterwards repeated the part with great success in other cities. The demands upon our time were incessant. We were invited everywhere to dinners and entertainments, and as many of these were understood to be private performances of the General, we were most liberally remunerated therefore. M. Galignani invited us to a soiree and introduced us to some of the most prominent personages, including artists, actors and editors, in Paris. The General was frequently engaged at a large price to show himself for a quarter of an hour at some fancy or charitable fair, and much money was made in this way. On Sundays, he was employed at one or another of the great gardens in the outskirts, and thus

was seen by thousands of working people who could not attend his levees. All classes became acquainted with "Tom Pouce."

We were commanded to appear twice more at the Tuileries, and we were also invited to the palace on the King's birthday to witness the display of fireworks in honor of the anniversary. Our fourth and last visit to the royal family was by special invitation at St. Cloud. On each occasion we met nearly the same persons, but the visit to St. Cloud was by far the most interesting of our interviews. On this one occasion, and by the special request of the King, the General personated Napoleon Bonaparte in full costume. Louis Philippe had heard of the General in this character, and particularly desired to see him; but the affair was quite "on the sly," and no mention was made of it in the papers, particularly in the *Journal des Debats*, which thought, no doubt, that costume was still "at the bottom of the General's box." We remained an hour, and at parting, each of the royal company gave the General a splendid present, almost smothered him with kisses, wished him a safe journey through France, and a long and happy life. After bidding them adieu, we retired to another portion of the palace to make a change of the General's costume, and to partake of some refreshments which were prepared for us. Half an hour afterwards, as we were about leaving the palace, we went through a hall leading to the front door, and in doing so passed the sitting-room in which the royal family were spending the evening. The door was open, and some of them happening to espy the General, called out for him to come in and shake hands with them once more. We entered the apartment, and there found the ladies sitting around a square table, each provided with two candles, and everyone of them, including the Queen, was engaged in working at embroidery, while a young lady was reading aloud for their edification. I am sorry to say, I believe this is a sight seldom seen in families of the aristocracy on either side of the water. At the church fairs in Paris, I had frequently seen pieces of embroidery for sale, which were labelled as having been presented and worked by the Duchess d'Orleans, Princess Adelaide, Duchess de Nemours, and other titled ladies.

We also visited, by invitation, the Napoleon School for young ladies, established by the First Napoleon, at St. Denis, five miles north of Paris, and the General greatly delighted the old pensioners at the Invalides by calling upon them, and shaking many of them by the hand. If the General could have been permitted to present to these survivors of Waterloo his represen-

tation of their chief and Emperor, he would have aroused their enthusiasm as well as admiration.

On the Fourth of July, 1844, I was in Grenelle, outside the barriers of Paris, when I remembered that I had the address of Monsieur Regnier, an eminent mechanician, who lived in the vicinity. Wishing to purchase a variety of instruments such as he manufactured, I called at his residence. He received me very politely, and I soon was deeply interested in this intelligent and learned man. He was a member of many scientific institutions, was "Chevalier of the Legion of Honor," etc.

While he was busy in making out my bill, I was taking a cursory view of the various plates, drawings, etc., which adorned his walls, when my eyes fell on a portrait which was familiar to me. I was certain that I could not be mistaken, and on approaching nearer it proved to be, as I expected, the engraved portrait of Benjamin Franklin. It was placed in a glazed frame, and on the outside of the glass were arranged thirteen stars made of metal, forming a half circle round his head.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "I see you have here a portrait of my fellow-countryman, Dr. Franklin."

"Yes," replied M. Regnier, "and he was a great and an excellent man. When he was in Paris in '98, he was honored and respected by all who knew him, and by none more so than by the scientific portion of the community. At that time, Dr. Franklin was invited by the President of the Society of Emulation to decide upon the merits of various works of art submitted for inspection, and he awarded my father, for a complicated lock, the prize of a gold medal.

"While my father was with him at his hotel, a young Quaker called upon the Doctor. He was a total stranger to Franklin, but at once proceeded to inform him that he had come to Paris on business, had unfortunately lost all his money, and wished to borrow six hundred francs to enable him to return to his family in Philadelphia. Franklin inquired his family name, and upon hearing it immediately counted out the money, gave the young stranger some excellent advice, and bade him adieu. My father was struck by the generosity of Dr. Franklin, and as soon as the young man had departed, he told the Doctor that he was astonished to see him so free with his money to a stranger; that people did not do business in that way in Paris; and what he considered very careless was, that Franklin took no receipt, not even a scratch of a pen from the young man. Franklin replied that he always felt a

duty and pleasure in relieving his fellow-men, and especially in this case, as he knew the family; and they were honest and worthy persons. My father, himself a generous man," continued M. Regnier, "was affected nearly to tears, and begged the Doctor to present him with his portrait. He did so, and this is it. My father has been dead some years. He bequeathed the portrait to me, and there is not money enough in Paris to buy it."

I need not say that I was delighted with this recital. I remarked to M. Regnier that he should double the number of stars, as we now (in 1844) had twenty-six States instead of thirteen, the original number.

"I am aware of that," he replied; "but I do not like to touch the work which was left by my father. I hold it sacred; and," added he, "I suppose you are not aware of the uses we make of these stars?" Assuring him in the negative—"Those stars," said he, "are made of steel, and on the night of every anniversary of American Independence (which is this night), it was always the practice of my father, and will always be mine, to collect our family and children together, darken the room, and by means of electricity, these stars, which are connected, are lighted up, and the portrait illuminated by electricity, Franklin's favorite science—thus forming a halo of glory about his head, and doing honor to the name of a man whose fame should be perpetuated to eternity."

In continuing the conversation, I found that this good old gentleman was perfectly acquainted with the history of America, and he spoke feelingly of what he believed to be the high and proud destiny of our republic. He insisted on my remaining to supper, and witnessing his electrical illumination. Need I say that I accepted the invitation? Could an American refuse?

We partook of a substantial supper, upon which the good old gentleman invoked the blessing of our Father in Heaven, and at the conclusion he returned hearty thanks. At nine o'clock the children and family of M. Regnier and his son-in-law were called in, the room was darkened, the electrical battery was charged, and the wire touched to one of the outer stars. The whole thirteen became instantly bright as fire, and a beautiful effect was produced. What more simple and yet beautiful and appropriate manner could be chosen to honor the memory of Franklin? And what an extraordinary coincidence it was that I, a total stranger in Paris, should meet such a singular man as M. Regnier at all, and more especially on that day of days, the anniversary of our Independence! At ten o'clock I took my leave of this wor-

thy family, but not till we had all joined in the following toast proposed by M. Regnier:

"Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette—heroes, philosophers, patriots, and honest men: May their names stand brightest on the list of earthly glory, when, in after ages, this whole world shall be one universal republic, and every individual under Heaven shall acknowledge the truth that man is capable of self-government."

It will not be considered surprising that I should feel at home with Monsieur Regnier. Both the day and the man conspired to excite and gratify my patriotism; and the presence of Franklin, my love of my native land.

During my stay in Paris, a Russian Prince, who had been living in great splendor in that city, suddenly died, and his household and personal effects were sold at auction. I attended the sale for several days in succession, buying many articles of vertu, and, among others, a magnificent gold tea-set, and a silver dining-service, and many rare specimens of Sevres china. These articles bore the initials of the family name of the Prince, and his own, "P. T.," thus damaging the articles, so that the silver and gold were sold for their weight value only. I bought them, and adding "B." to the "P. T.," had a very fine table service, still in my possession, and bearing my own initials, "P. T. B."

While dining one day with my friend, Dr. Brewster, in Paris, all the company present were in raptures over some very fine "Lafitte" wine on the table, and the usual exclamations, "delicious!" and "fruity!" were heard on all sides. When I went to the south of France, the Doctor gave me a letter of introduction to Lafitte's agent, Mr. Good, at Bordeaux, and I was shown through the extensive cellar of the establishment. The agent talked learnedly, almost affectionately, about the choice and exclusive vineyards of the establishment, and how the stones in the ground retailed the warmth derived from the sun during the day throughout the night, thus mellowing and maturing the grapes, and resulting in the production of a peculiar wine which was possible to no other plot of ground in the entire grape country.

I afterwards learned, however, that this exclusive establishment bought up the entire wine product of all the vineyards in the region round about—it was like the celebrated "Cabana" cigars in Havana. One day a friend was dining with me in Bordeaux and I called for a bottle of "Lafitte," which, purchased on the very ground of its manufacture, was of course genuine and deliciously "fruity." It was very old wine of some famous year, and the bot-

tle as brought up from the bin was covered with cobwebs and dust. But while we were sipping the wine and exclaiming "fruity" at proper intervals, I happened to take out my knife and quite inadvertently cut off a bit of the label. The next day when my friend was again dining with me I called for another bottle of the peculiar Lafitte which had so delighted us yesterday. It came cobwebbed and dust-covered and was duly discussed and pronounced deliciously "fruity." But horrors! all at once, something caught my attention and I exclaimed:

"Do you see that cut label? That is the very bottle which held the rare old wine of yesterday; there is the earmark which I left with my knife on the bottle"—and I summoned the landlord and thus addressed him:

"What do you mean, you scoundrel, by putting your infernal *vin ordinaire* into old bottles, and passing it off upon us as genuine 'Lafitte?'"

He protested that such a thing was impossible; we were at the very fountain head of the wine, and no one would dare to attempt such a fraud, especially upon experienced wine-tasters like ourselves. But I showed him my careless but remembered mark on the bottle, and proved by my friend that we had the same bottle for our wine of the day before. This was shown so conclusively and emphatically that the landlord finally confessed his fraud, and said that though he had sold thousands of bottles of so-called "Lafitte" to his guests, he never had two dozen bottles of the genuine article in his possession in his life!

Everyone who has been in the wine district knows that the wine is trodden from the grapes by the bare feet of the peasants, and while I was there, desiring a new experience, I myself trod out a half barrel or so with my own naked feet, dancing vigorously the while to the sound of a fiddle.

In spite of the extraordinary attention and unbounded petting the little General received at the hands of all classes, he was in no sense a "spoiled child," but retained throughout that natural simplicity of character and demeanor which added so much to the charm of his exhibitions. He was literally the pet of Paris, and after a protracted and most profitable season we started on a tour through France. The little General's small Shetland ponies and miniature carriage would be sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the "Provincials," so I determined to take them along with us. We went first to Rouen, and from thence to Toulon, visiting all the intermediate towns, including Orleans, Nantes, Brest, Bordeaux—where I witnessed a review by the Dukes de Nemours and d'Aumale, of 20,000 soldiers who were en-

camped near the city. From Bordeaux we went to Toulouse, Montpellier, Nismes, Marseilles, and many other less important places, holding levees for a longer or shorter time. While at Nantes, Bordeaux and Marseilles the General also appeared in the theatres in his French part of "Petit Poucet."

Very soon after leaving Paris for our tour through France, I found that there were many places where it would be impossible to proceed otherwise than by post. General Tom Thumb's party numbered twelve persons, and these, with all their luggage, four little ponies, and a small carriage, must be transported in posting vehicles of some description. I therefore resolved that as posting in France was as cheap, and more independent than any other method of travel, a purchase of posting vehicles should be made for the sole use of the renowned General Tom Thumb and suite. One vehicle, however large, would have been insufficient for the whole company and "effects," and, moreover, would have been against the regulations. These regulations required that each person should pay for the use of one horse, whether using it or not, and I therefore made the following arrangements: I purchased a post-chaise to carry six persons, to be drawn by six horses; a vehicle on springs, with seats for four persons, and room for the General's four ponies and carriage, to be drawn by four horses; and lastly, a third vehicle for conveying the baggage of the company, including the elegant little house and furniture set on the stage in the General's performances of "Petit Poucet" at the theatres, the whole drawn by two horses.

With such a retinue the General "cut quite a swell" in journeying through the country, travelling, indeed, in grander style than a Field Marshal would have thought of doing in posting through France. All this folly and expense, the uninitiated would say, of employing twelve horses and twelve persons, to say nothing of the General's four ponies, in exhibiting a person weighing only fifteen pounds! But when this retinue passed along the roads, and especially when it came into a town, people naturally and eagerly inquired what great personage was on his travels, and when told that it was "the celebrated General Tom Thumb and suite," everybody desired to go and see him. It was thus the best advertising we could have had, and was really, in many places, our cheapest and in some places, our only mode of getting from point to point where our exhibitions were to be given.

During most of the tour I was a week or two ahead of the company, making arrangements for the forthcoming exhibitions, and doing my entire business without the aid of an interpreter, for I soon "picked up" French enough

to get along very well indeed. I did not forget that Franklin learned to speak French when he was seventy years of age, and I did not consider myself too old to learn, what, indeed, I was obliged to learn in the interests of my business. As for the little General, who was accompanied by a preceptor and translator, he very soon began to give his entire speaking performances in French, and his piece "Petit Poucet" was spoken as if he were a native.

In fact, I soon became the General's *avant courier*, though not doing the duties of an *avant courier* to an ordinary exhibition, since these duties generally consist in largely puffing the "coming man" and expected show, thus endeavoring to create a public appetite and to excite curiosity. My duties were quite different; after engaging the largest theater or saloon to be found in the town, I put out a simple placard, announcing that the General would appear on such a day. Thereafter, my whole energies were directed, apparently, to keeping the people quiet; I begged them not to get excited; I assured them through the public journals, that every opportunity should be afforded to permit every person to see "the distinguished little General, who had delighted the principal monarchs of Europe, and more than a million of their subjects," and that if one exhibition in the largest audience room in the town would not suffice, two or even three would be given.

This was done quietly, and yet, as an advertisement, effectively, for, strange as it may seem, people who were told to keep quiet, would get terribly excited, and when the General arrived and opened his exhibitions, excitement would be at fever heat, the levees would be thronged, and the treasury filled!

Numerous were the word battles I had with mayors, managers of theatres, directors of hospitals, and others, relative to what I considered—justly, I think—the outrageous imposition which the laws permitted in the way of taxes upon "exhibitions." Thus the laws required, for the sake of charity, twenty-five percent of my gross receipts for the hospitals; while to encourage a local theater, or theatres, which might suffer from an outside show, twenty percent more must be given to the local managers.

Of course this law was nearly a dead letter; for, to have taken forty-five percent of my gross receipts at every exhibition would soon have driven me from the provinces, so the hospitals were generally content with ten percent, and five or ten francs a day satisfied the manager of a provincial theater. But at Bordeaux the manager of the theater wished to engage the General to appear in his establishment, and as I declined his offer, he threatened to debar

me from exhibiting anywhere in town, by demanding for himself the full twenty percent the law allowed, besides inducing the directors of the hospitals to compel me to pay them twenty-five percent more.

Here was a dilemma! I must yield and take half I thought myself entitled to and permit the General to play for the manager, or submit to legal extortion, or forego my exhibitions. I offered the manager six percent of my receipts and he laughed at me. I talked with the hospital directors and they told me that as the manager favored them, they felt bound to stand by him. I announced in the public journals that the General could not appear in Bordeaux on account of the cupidity and extortionate demands of the theater manager and the hospital directors. The people talked and the papers denounced; but manager and directors remained as firm as rocks in their positions. Tom Thumb was to arrive in two days and I was in a decided scrape. The mayor interceded for me, but to no avail; the manager had determined to enforce an almost obsolete law unless I would permit the General to play in his theater every night. My Yankee "dander" was up and I declared that I would exhibit the General gratis rather than submit to the demand. Whereupon, the manager only laughed at me the more to think how snugly he had got me.

Now it happened that, once upon a time, Bordeaux, like most cities, was a little village, and the little village of Vincennes lay one mile east of it. Bordeaux had grown and stretched itself and thickly settled far beyond Vincennes, bringing the latter nearly in the center of Bordeaux; yet, strange to say, Vincennes maintained its own identity, and had its own Mayor and municipal rights quite independent of Bordeaux. I could scarcely believe my informant who told me this, but I speedily sought out the Mayor of Vincennes, found such a personage, and cautiously inquired if there was a theater or a hospital within his limits? He assured me there was not. I told him my story, and asked:

"If I open an exhibition within your limits will there be any percentages to pay from my receipts?"

"Not a sou," replied the Mayor.

"Will you give me a writing to that effect?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the Mayor, and he did so at once.

I put this precious paper in my pocket, and in a few moments I hired the largest dancing saloon in the place, a room capable of holding over 2,000 people. I then announced, especially to the delighted citizens of Bordeaux,

that the General would open his exhibitions in Vincennes, which he soon did to an overflowing house. For thirteen days we exhibited to houses averaging more than 3,000 francs per day, and for ten days more at largely increased receipts, not one sou of which went for taxes or percentages. The manager and directors, theater and hospital, got nothing, instead of the fair allowance I would willingly have given them. Oh, yes! they got something—that is, a lesson—not to attempt to offset French Shylockism against Yankee shrewdness.

We were in the South of France in the vintage season. Nothing can surpass the richness of the country at that time of the year. We travelled for many miles where the eye could see nothing but vineyards loaded with luscious grapes and groves of olive trees in full bearing. It is literally a country of wine and oil. Our remunerative and gratifying round of mingled pleasure and profit, brought us at last to Lille, capital of the department of Nord, and fifteen miles from the Belgian frontier, and from there we proceeded to Brussels.

# XIII

## In Belgium

Crossing the Frontier—Professor Pinte—Qualifications of a Good Showman—"Soft Sup"—Generous Distribution of Medals—Prince Charles Stratton—At Brussels—Presentation to King Leopold and His Queen—The General's Jewels Stolen—The Thief Caught—Recovery of the Property—The Field of Waterloo—Miraculously Multiplied Relics—Captain Tippitiwitchet of the Connecticut Fusileers—An Accident—Getting Back to Brussels in a Cart—Stratton Swindled—Losing an Exhibition—Two Hours in the Rain on the Road—The Custom of the Country—A Strict Constructionist—Stratton's Head Shaved—"Brummagem" Relics—How They Are Planted at Waterloo—What Lyons Sausages Are Made Of—from Brussels to London.

In crossing the border from France into Belgium, Professor Pinte, our interpreter and General Tom Thumb's preceptor, discovered that he had left his passport behind him—at Lille, at Marseilles, or elsewhere in France, he could not tell where, for it was a long time since he had been called upon to present it. I was much annoyed and indignantly told him that he "would never make a good showman, because a good showman never forgot anything." I could see that my allusion to him as a "showman" was by no means pleasant, which leads me to recount the circumstances under which I was first brought in contact with the Professor.

He was really a "Professor" and teacher of English in one of the best educational establishments in Paris. Very soon after opening my exhibitions in that city, I saw the necessity of having a translator who was qualified to act as a medium between the General and the highly cultivated audiences that daily favored us at our levees. I had begun with a not over-cultivated interpreter, who, when the General personated Cupid, for instance, would cry

out "Coopeed," to which someone would be sure to respond "Stoopeed," to the annoyance of myself and the amusement of the audience. I accordingly determined to procure the best interpreter I could find and I was directed to call upon Professor Pinte. I saw him and briefly stated what I wanted, in what capacity I proposed to employ him, and what salary I would pay him. He was highly indignant and informed me that he was "no showman," and had no desire to learn or engage in the business.

"But, my dear sir," said I, "it is not as a showman that I wish to employ your valuable services, but as a preceptor to my young and interesting ward, General Tom Thumb, whom I desire to have instructed in the French language and in other accomplishments you are so competent to impart. At the same time, I should expect that you would be willing to accompany my ward and your pupil and attend his public exhibitions for the purpose of translating, as may be necessary, to the cultivated people of your own class who are the principal patrons of our entertainments."

This seemed to put an entirely new face upon the matter, especially as I had offered the Professor a salary five times larger, probably, than he was then receiving. So he rapidly revolved the subject in his mind and said:

"Ah! while I could not possibly accept a situation as a showman, I should be most happy to accept the terms and the position as preceptor to your ward."

He was engaged, and at once entered upon his duties, not only as preceptor to the General, but as the efficient and always excellent interpreter at our exhibitions, and wherever we needed his services on the route. As he had lost his passport, when we came to Courtrai on the Belgian frontier, I managed to procure a permit for him which enabled him to proceed with the party. This was but the beginning of difficulties, for I had all our property, including the General's ponies and equipage, to pass through the Customhouse, and among other things there was a large box of medals, with a likeness of the General on one side and of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on the other side, which were sold in large numbers as souvenirs at our exhibitions. They were struck off at a considerable expense in England, and commanded a ready sale.

The Customhouse officers were informed, however, that these medals were mere advertising cards, as they really were, of our exhibitions, and I begged their acceptance of as many as they pleased to put in their pockets. They were beautiful medals, and a few dozen were speedily distributed

among the delighted officials, who forthwith passed our show-bills, lithographs and other property with very little trouble. They wanted, however, to charge a duty upon the General's ponies and carriage, but when I produced a document showing that the French government had admitted them duty-free, they did the same. This superb establishment led these officials to think he must be a very distinguished man, and they asked what rank he held in his own country.

"He is Prince Charles Stratton, of the Dukedom of Bridgeport, in the Kingdom of Connecticut," said Sherman.

Whereupon they all reverently raised their hats when the General entered the car. Some of the railway men who had seen the distribution of medals among the Customhouse officers came to me and begged similar "souvenirs" of their distinguished passenger, and I gave the medals very freely, till the applications became so persistent as to threaten a serious pecuniary loss. At last I handed out a final dozen in one package, and said: "There, that is the last of them; the rest are in the box, and beyond my reach."

All this while Professor Pinte was brooding over my remark to him about the loss of his passport; the word "showman" rankled, and he asked me:

"Mr. Barnum, do you consider me a showman?"

I laughingly replied, "Why, I consider you the eminent Professor Pinte, preceptor to General Tom Thumb; but, after all, we are all showmen."

Finding himself so classed with the rest of us, he ventured to inquire "what were the qualifications of a good showman," to which I replied:

"He must have a decided taste for catering for the public; prominent perceptive faculties; tact; a thorough knowledge of human nature; great suavity; and plenty of 'soft soap.'"

"Soft sup!" exclaimed the interested Professor, "what is 'soft sup.'"

I explained, as best I could, how the literal meaning of the words had come to convey the idea of getting into the good graces of people and pleasing those with whom we are brought in contact. Pinte laughed, and as he thought of the generous medal distribution, an idea struck him:

"I think those railway officials must have very dirty hands—you are compelled to use so much 'soft sup.'"

Brussels is Paris in miniature and is one of the most charming cities I ever visited. We found elegant quarters, and the day after our arrival by command we visited King Leopold and the Queen at their palace. The King and Queen had already seen the General in London, but they wished to

present him to their children and to the distinguished persons whom we found assembled. After a most agreeable hour we came away—the General, as usual, receiving many fine presents.

The following day, I opened the exhibition in a beautiful hall, which on that day and on every afternoon and evening while we remained there, was crowded by throngs of the first people in the city. On the second or third day, in the midst of the exhibition, I suddenly missed the case containing the valuable presents the General had received from kings, queens, noblemen and gentlemen, and instantly gave the alarm; some thief had intruded for the express purpose of stealing these jewels, and, in the crowd, had been entirely successful in his object.

The police were notified, and I offered 2,000 francs reward for the recovery of the property. A day or two afterwards a man went into a jeweller's shop and offered for sale, among other things, a gold snuffbox, mounted with turquoises, and presented by the Duke of Devonshire to the General. The jeweller, seeing the General's initials on the box, sharply questioned the man, who became alarmed and ran out of the shop. An alarm was raised, and the man was caught. He made a clean breast of it, and in the course of a few hours the entire property was returned, to the great delight of the General and myself. Wherever we exhibited afterwards, no matter how respectable the audience, the case of presents was always carefully watched.

While I was in Brussels I could do no less than visit the battlefield of Waterloo, and I proposed that our party should be composed of Professor Pinte, Mr. Stratton, father of General Tom Thumb, Mr. H. G. Sherman, and myself. Going sightseeing was a new sensation to Stratton, and as it was necessary to start by four o'clock in the morning, in order to accomplish the distance (sixteen miles) and return in time for our afternoon performance, he demurred.

"I don't want to get up before daylight and go off on a journey for the sake of seeing a darned old field of wheat," said Stratton.

"Sherwood, do try to be like somebody, once in your life, and go," said his wife.

The appeal was irresistible, and he consented. We engaged a coach and horses the night previous, and started punctually at the hour appointed. We stopped at the neat little church in the village of Waterloo, for the purpose of examining the tablets erected to the memory of some of the English who fell in the contest. Thence we passed to the house in which the leg of Lord

Uxbridge (Marquis of Anglesey) was amputated. A neat little monument in the garden designates the spot where the shattered member had been interred. In the house is shown a part of the boot which is said to have once covered the unlucky leg. The visitor feels it but considerate to hand a franc or two to the female who exhibits the monument and limb. I did so, and Stratton, though he felt that he had not received the worth of his money, still did not like to be considered penurious, so he handed over a piece of silver coin to the attendant. I expressed a desire to have a small piece of the boot to exhibit in my Museum; the lady cut off, without hesitation, a slip three inches long by one in width. I handed her a couple more francs, and Stratton desiring, as he said, to "show a piece of the boot in old Bridgeport," received a similar slip, and paid a similar amount. I could not help thinking that if the lady was thus liberal in dispensing pieces of the "identical boot" to all visitors, this must have been about the ninety-nine thousandth boot that had been cut as the "Simon pure" since 1815.

With the consoling reflection that the female purchased all the cast-off boots in Brussels and its vicinity, and rejoicing that somebody was making a trifle out of that accident besides the inventor of the celebrated "Anglesey leg," we passed on towards the battlefield, lying about a mile distant.

Arriving at Mont Saint Jean, a quarter of a mile from the ground, we were beset by some eighteen or twenty persons, who offered their services as guides, to indicate the most important localities. Each applicant professed to know the exact spot where every man had been placed who had taken part in the battle, and each, of course, claimed to have been engaged in that sanguinary contest, although it had occurred thirty years before, and some of these fellows were only, it seemed, from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age! We accepted an old man, who, at first declared that he was killed in the battle, but perceiving our looks of incredulity, consented to modify his statement so far as to assert that he was horribly wounded, and lay upon the ground three days before receiving assistance.

Once upon the ground, our guide, with much gravity, pointed out the place where the Duke of Wellington took his station during a great part of the action; the locality where the reserve of the British army was stationed; the spot where Napoleon placed his favorite guard; the little mound on which was erected a temporary observatory for his use during the battle; the portion of the field at which Blucher entered with the Prussian army; the precise location of the Scotch Greys; the spot where fell Sir Alexander Gor-

don, Lieut. Col. Canning, and many others of celebrity. I asked him if he could tell me where Captain Tippitiwichet, of the Connecticut Fusileers, was killed. "Oui, Monsieur," he replied, with perfect confidence, for he felt bound to know, or to pretend to know, every particular. He then proceeded to point out exactly the spot where my unfortunate Connecticut friend had breathed his last. After indicating the locations where some twenty more fictitious friends from Coney Island, New Jersey, Cape Cod and Saratoga Springs, had given up the ghost, we handed him his commission and declined to give him further trouble. Stratton grumbled at the imposition as he handed out a couple of francs for the information received.

Upon quitting the battlefield we were accosted by a dozen persons of both sexes with baskets on their arms or bags in their hands, containing relics of the battle for sale. These consisted of a great variety of implements of war, pistols, bullets, etc., besides brass French eagles, buttons, etc. I purchased a number of them for the Museum, and Stratton was equally liberal in obtaining a supply for his friends in "Old Bridgeport." We also purchased maps of the battleground, pictures of the triumphal mound surmounted by the colossal Belgic Lion in bronze, etc., etc. These frequent and renewed taxations annoyed Stratton very much, and as he handed out a five franc piece for a "complete guidebook," he remarked, that "he guessed the battle of Waterloo had cost a darned sight more since it was fought than it did before!"

But his misfortunes did not terminate here. When we had proceeded four or five miles upon our road home, crash went the carriage. We alighted, and found that the axletree was broken. It was now a quarter past one o'clock. The little General's exhibition was advertised to commence in Brussels at two o'clock, and could not take place without us. We were unable to walk the distance in double the time at our disposal, and as no carriage was to be got in that part of the country, I concluded to take the matter easy, and forego all idea of exhibiting before evening. Stratton, however, could not bear the thought of losing the chance of taking in six or eight hundred francs, and he determined to take matters in hand, in order, if possible, to get our party into Brussels in time to save the afternoon exhibition. He hastened to a farmhouse, accompanied by the interpreter, Professor Pinte, Sherman and myself leisurely bringing up the rear. Stratton asked the old farmer if he had a carriage. He had not. "Have you no vehicle?" he inquired.

“Yes, I have that vehicle,” he replied, pointing to an old cart filled with manure, and standing in his barnyard.

“Thunder! is that all the conveyance you have got?” asked Stratton. Being assured that it was, Stratton concluded that it was better to ride in a manure cart than not get to Brussels in time.

“What will you ask to drive us to Brussels in three-quarters of an hour?” demanded Stratton.

“It is impossible,” replied the farmer; “I should want two hours for my horse to do it in.”

“But ours is a very pressing case, and if we are not there in time we lose more than five hundred francs,” said Stratton.

The old farmer pricked up his ears at this, and agreed to get us to Brussels in an hour, for eighty francs. Stratton tried to beat him down, but it was of no use.

“Oh, go it, Stratton,” said Sherman; “eighty francs you know is only sixteen dollars, and you will probably save a hundred by it, for I expect a full house at our afternoon exhibition today.”

“But I have already spent about ten dollars for nonsense,” said Stratton, “and we shall have to pay for the broken carriage besides.”

“But what can you do better?” chimed in Professor Pinte.

“It is an outrageous extortion to charge sixteen dollars for an old horse and cart to go ten miles. Why, in old Bridgeport I could get it done for three dollars,” replied Stratton, in a tone of vexation.

“It is the custom of the country,” said Professor Pinte, “and we must submit to it.”

By the way, this was a favorite expression of the Professor’s. Whenever we were imposed upon, or felt that we were not used right, Pinte would always endeavor to smooth it over by informing us it was “the custom of the country.”

“Well, it’s a thundering mean custom, anyhow,” said Stratton, “and I wont stand such an imposition.”

“But what shall we do?” earnestly inquired Mr. Pinte. “It may be a high price, but it is better to pay that than to lose our afternoon performance and five or six hundred francs.”

This appeal to the pocket touched Stratton’s feelings; so submitting to the extortion, he replied to our interpreter, “Well, tell the old robber to dump his dung-cart as soon as possible, or we shall lose half an hour in starting.”

The cart was "dumped" and a large, lazy-looking Flemish horse was attached to it with a rope harness. Some boards were laid across the cart for seats, the party tumbled into the rustic vehicle, a red-haired boy, son of the old farmer, mounted the horse, and Stratton gave orders to "get along." "Wait a moment," said the farmer, "you have not paid me yet," "I'll pay your boy when we get to Brussels, provided he gets there within the hour," replied Stratton.

"Oh, he is sure to get there in an hour," said the farmer, "but I can't let him go unless you pay in advance." The minutes were flying rapidly, the anticipated loss of the day exhibition of General Tom Thumb flitted before his eyes, and Stratton, in very desperation, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth sixteen five-franc pieces, which he dropped, one at a time, into the hand of the farmer, and then called out to the boy, "There now, do try to see if you can go ahead."

The boy did go ahead, but it was with such a snail's pace that it would have puzzled a man of tolerable eyesight to have determined whether the horse was moving or standing still. To make it still more interesting, it commenced raining furiously. As we had left Brussels in a coach, and the morning had promised us a pleasant day, we had omitted our umbrellas. We were soon soaked to the skin. We "grinned and bore it" awhile without grumbling. At length Stratton, who was almost too angry to speak, desired Mr. Pinte to ask the red-haired boy if he expected to walk his horse all the way to Brussels.

"Certainly," replied the boy; "he is too big and fat to do anything but walk. We never trot him."

Stratton was terrified as he thought of the loss of the day exhibition; and he cursed the boy, the cart, the rain, the luck, and even the battle of Waterloo itself. But it was all of no use, the horse would not run, but the rain did—down our backs.

At two o'clock, the time appointed for our exhibition, we were yet some seven miles from Brussels. The horse walked slowly and philosophically through the pitiless storm, the steam majestically rising from the old manure-cart, to the no small disturbance of our unfortunate olfactories. "It will take two hours to get to Brussels at this rate," growled Stratton. "Oh, no," replied the boy, "it will only take about two hours from the time we started."

"But your father agreed to get us there in an hour," answered Stratton.

"I know it," responded the boy, "but he knew it would take more than two."

"I'll sue him for damage, by thunder," said Stratton.

"Oh, there would be no use in that," chimed in Mr. Pinte, "for you could get no satisfaction in this country."

"But I shall lose more than a hundred dollars by being two hours instead of one," said Stratton.

"They care nothing about that; all they care for is your eighty francs," remarked Pinte.

"But they have lied and swindled me," replied Stratton.

"Oh, you must not mind that, it is the custom of the country."

Stratton gave "the country," and its "customs," another cursing.

All things will finally have an end, and our party did at length actually arrive in Brussels, cart and all, in precisely two hours and a half from the time we left the farmers house. Of course we were too late to exhibit the little General. Hundreds of visitors had gone away disappointed.

With feelings of utter desperation, Stratton started for a barber's shop. He had a fine, black, bushy head of hair, of which he was a little proud, and every morning he submitted it to the curling-tongs of the barber. His hair had not been cut for several weeks, and after being shaved, he desired the barber to trim his flowing locks a little. The barber clipped off the ends of the hair, and asked Stratton if that was sufficient. "No," he replied, "I want it trimmed a little shorter; cut away, and I will tell you when to stop."

Stratton had risen from bed at an unusual hour, and after having passed through the troubles and excitements of the unlucky morning, he began to feel a little drowsy. This feeling was augmented by the soothing sensations of the tonsorial process, and while the barber quietly pursued his avocation, Stratton as quietly fell asleep. The barber went entirely over his head, cutting off a couple of inches of hair with every clip of his scissors. He then rested for a moment; expecting his customer would tell him that it was sufficient; but the unconscious Stratton uttered not a word, and the barber, thinking he had not cut the hair close enough, went over the head again. Again did he wait for an answer, little thinking that his patron was asleep. Remembering that Stratton had told him to "cut away, and he would tell him when to stop," the innocent barber went over the head the third time, cutting the hair nearly as close as if he had shaved it with a razor! Having finished, he again waited for orders from his customer, but he uttered not a

word. The barber was surprised, and that surprise was increased when he heard a noise which seemed very like a snore coming from the nasal organ of his unconscious victim.

The poor barber saw the error that he had committed, and in dismay, as if by mistake, he hit Stratton on the side of the head with his scissors, and woke him. He started to his feet, looked in the glass, and to his utter horror saw that he was unfit to appear in public without a wig! He swore like a trooper, but he could not swear the hair back on to his head, and putting on his hat, which dropped loosely over his eyes, he started for the hotel. His despair and indignation were so great that it was some time before he could give utterance to words of explanation. His feelings were not allayed by the deafening burst of laughter which ensued. He said it was the first time that he ever went a sightseeing, and he guessed it would be the last!

Several months subsequent to our visit to Waterloo, I was in Birmingham, and there made the acquaintance of a firm who manufactured to order, and sent to Waterloo, barrels of "relics" every year. At Waterloo these "relics" are planted, and in due time dug up, and sold at large prices as precious remembrances of the great battle. Our Waterloo purchases looked rather cheap after this discovery.

While we were in Brussels, Mrs. Stratton, the mother of the General, tasted some sausages which she declared the best things she had eaten in France or Belgium; in fact, she said "she had found little that was fit to eat in this country, for everything was so Frenchified and covered in gravy, she dared not eat it; but there was something that tasted natural about these sausages; she had never eaten any as good, even in America." She sent to the landlady to inquire the name of them, for she meant to buy some to take along with her. The answer came that they were called "saucisse de Lyon," (Lyons sausages,) and straightway Mrs. Stratton went out and purchased half a dozen pounds. Mr. Sherman soon came in, and, on learning what she had in her package, he remarked: "Mrs. Stratton, do you know what Lyons sausages are made of?"

"No," she replied; "but I know that they are first-rate!"

"Well," replied Sherman, "they may be good, but they are made from donkeys!" which is said to be the fact. Mrs. Stratton said she was not to be fooled so easily—that she knew better, and that she should stick to the sausages.

Presently Professor Pinte entered the room. “Mr. Pinte,” said Sherman, “you are a Frenchman, and know everything about edibles; pray tell me what Lyons sausages are made of.”

“Of asses,” replied the inoffensive professor.

Mrs. Stratton seized the package, the street window was open, and, in less than a minute, a large brindle dog was bearing the “Lyons sausages” triumphantly away.

There were many other amusing incidents during our brief stay at Brussels, but I have no space to record them. After a very pleasant and successful week, we returned to London.

# XIV

## In England Again

Levees in Egyptian Hall—Undiminished Success—Other Engagements—"Up in a Balloon"—Provincial Tour—Travelling by Post—Going to America—A. T. Stewart—Samuel Rogers—An Extra Train—An Astonished Railway Superintendent—Left Behind and Locked Up—Sundays in London—Business and Pleasure—Albert Smith—A Day with Him at Warwick—Stratford on Avon—A Poetical Barber—Warwick Castle—Old Guy's Traps—Offer to Buy the Lot—Threat to Burst the Show—Albert Smith as a Showman—Learning the Business from Barnum—The Warwick Races—Rival Dwarfs—Manufactured Giantesses—The Happy Family—The Road from Warwick to Coventry—Peeping Tom—The Yankee Go-Ahead Principle—Albert Smith's Account of a Day with Barnum.

In London the General again opened his levees in Egyptian Hall with undiminished success. His unbounded popularity on the Continent and his receptions by King Louis Philippe, of France, and King Leopold, of Belgium, had added greatly to his prestige and fame. Those who had seen him when he was in London months before came to see him again, and new visitors crowded by thousands to the General's levees.

Besides giving these daily entertainments, the General appeared occasionally for an hour, during the intermissions, at some place in the suburbs; and for a long time he appeared every day at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, under the direction of the proprietor, my particular friend Mr. W. Tyler. This place subsequently became celebrated for its great music hall, in which Spurgeon, the sensational preacher, first attained his notoriety. The place was always crowded, and when the General had gone through with his performances on the little stage, in order that all might see him he was

put into a balloon which, secured by ropes, was then passed around the ground just above the people's heads. Some forty men managed the ropes and prevented the balloon from rising; but, one day, a sudden gust of wind took the balloon fairly out of the hands of half the men who had hold of the ropes, while others were lifted from the ground, and had not an alarm been instantly given which called at least two hundred to the rescue the little General would have been lost.

In addition to other engagements, the General frequently performed in Douglass's Standard Theater, in the city, in the play "Hop o' my Thumb," which was written for him by my friend, Albert Smith, whom I met soon after my first arrival in London and with whom I became very intimate. After my arrival in Paris, seeing the decided success of "Petit Poucet," it occurred to me that I should want such a play when I returned to England and the United States. So I wrote to Mr. Albert Smith, inviting him to make me a visit in Paris, intending to have him see this play and either translate or adapt it, or write a new one in English. He came and stayed with me a week, visiting the Vaudeville Theater to see "Petit Poucet" nearly every night, and we compared notes and settled upon a plan for "Hop o' my Thumb." He went back to London and wrote the play and it was very popular indeed.

During our stay of three months, at this time, in Egyptian Hall, we made occasional excursions and gave exhibitions at Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington and other watering places and fashionable resorts. It was at the height of the season in these places, and our houses were very large and our profits in proportion.

In October, 1844, I made my first return visit to the United States, leaving General Tom Thumb in England, in the hands of an accomplished and faithful agent, who continued the exhibitions during my absence. One of the principal reasons for my return at this time, was my anxiety to renew the Museum building lease, although my first lease of five years had still three years longer to run. I told Mr. Olmsted that if he would not renew my lease on the same terms, for at least five years more, I would immediately put up a new building, remove my Museum, close his building during the last year of my lease, and cover it from top to bottom with placards, stating where my new Museum was to be found. Pending an arrangement, I went to Mr. A. T. Stewart, who had just purchased the Washington Hall property, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, intending to erect a store on

the site, and proposed to join him in building, he to take the lower floor of the new store for his business, and I to own and occupy the upper stories for my Museum. He said he would give me an answer in the course of a week. Meanwhile, Mr. Olmsted gave me the additional five years lease I asked, and I so notified Mr. Stewart. Seeing the kind of building that Mr. Stewart erected on his lots, I do not know if he seriously entertained my proposition to join him in the enterprise; but he was by no means the great merchant then he afterwards became, and neither of us then thought, probably, of the gigantic enterprises we were subsequently to undertake, and the great things we were to accomplish. Having completed my business arrangements in New York, I returned to England with my wife and daughters, and hired a house in London. My house was the scene of constant hospitality which I extended to my numerous friends in return for the many attentions shown to me. It seemed then as if I had more and stronger friends in London than in New York. I had met and had been introduced to "almost everybody who was anybody," and among them all, some of the best soon became to me much more than mere acquaintances.

Among the distinguished people whom I met, I was introduced to the poet-banker, Samuel Rogers. I saw him at a dinner party at the residence of the American Minister, the Honorable Edward Everett. The old banker was very feeble, but careful nursing and all the appliances that unbounded wealth could bring, still kept the life in him and he managed, not only to continue to give his own celebrated breakfasts, but to go out frequently to enjoy the hospitality of others. As we were going in to dinner, I stepped aside, so that Mr. Rogers who was tottering along leaning on the arm of a friend, could go in before me, when Mr. Rogers said:

"Pass in, Mr. Barnum, pass in; I always consider it an honor to follow an American."

When our three months' engagement at Egyptian Hall had expired, I arranged for a protracted provincial tour through Great Britain. I had made a flying visit to Scotland before we went to Paris—mainly to procure the beautiful Scotch costumes, daggers, etc., which were carefully made for the General at Edinburgh, and to teach the General the Scotch dances, with a bit of the Scotch dialect, which added so much to the interest of his exhibitions in Paris and elsewhere. My second visit to Scotland, for the purpose of giving exhibitions, extended as far as Aberdeen.

In England we went to Manchester, Birmingham, and to almost every city, town, and even village of importance. We travelled by post much of the time—that is, I had a suitable carriage made for my party, and a van which conveyed the General's carriage, ponies, and such other "property" as was needed for our levees—and we never had the slightest difficulty in finding good post horses at every station where we wanted them. This mode of travelling was not only very comfortable and independent, but it enabled us to visit many out of the way places, off from the great lines of travel, and in such places we gave some of our most successful exhibitions. We also used the railway lines freely, leaving our carriages at any station, and taking them up again when we returned.

I remember once making an extraordinary effort to reach a branch-line station, where I meant to leave my teams and take the rail for Rugby. I had a timetable, and knew at what hour exactly I could hit the train; but unfortunately the axle to my carriage broke, and as an hour was lost in repairing it, I lost exactly an hour in reaching the station. The train had long been gone, and I must be in Rugby, where we had advertised a performance. I stormed around till I found the superintendent, and told him "I must instantly have an extra train to Rugby."

"Extra train!" said he, with surprise and a half sneer, "extra train! why you can't have an extra train to Rugby for less than sixty pounds."

"Is that all?" I asked; "well, get up your train immediately and here are your sixty pounds. What in the world are sixty pounds to me, when I wish to go to Rugby, or elsewhere, in a hurry!"

The astonished superintendent took the money, bustled about, and the train was soon ready. He was greatly puzzled to know what distinguished person—he thought he must be dealing with some prince, or, at least, a duke—was willing to give so much money to save a few hours of time, and he hesitatingly asked whom he had the honor of serving.

"General Tom Thumb."

We reached Rugby in time to give our performance, as announced, and our receipts were £160, which quite covered the expense of our extra train and left a handsome margin for profit.

When we were in Oxford, a dozen or more of the students came to the conclusion that as the General was a little fellow, the admission fee to his entertainments should be paid in the smallest kind of money. They accordingly provided themselves with farthings, and as each man entered, instead

of handing in a shilling for his ticket, he laid down forty-eight farthings. The counting of these small coins was a great annoyance to Mr. Stratton, the General's father, who was ticket seller, and after counting two or three handsful, vexed at the delay which was preventing a crowd of ladies and gentlemen from buying tickets, Mr. Stratton lost his temper and cried out:

"Blast your quarter pennies! I am not going to count them! you chaps who haven't bigger money can chuck your copper into my hat and walk in."

At Cambridge, some of the undergraduates pretended to take offence because our check-taker would not permit them to smoke in the exhibition hall, and one of them managed to involve him in a quarrel which ended with a challenge from the student to the check-taker, who was sure he must fight a duel at sunrise the next morning, and as he expected to be shot, he suffered the greatest mental agony. About midnight, however, after he had been sufficiently scared, I brought him the gratifying intelligence that I had succeeded in settling the dispute. His gratitude at the relief thus afforded, knew no bounds.

Mr. Stratton was a genuine Yankee, and thoroughly conversant with the Yankee vernacular, which he used freely. In exhibiting the General, I often said to visitors, that Tom Thumb's parents and the rest of the family were persons of the ordinary size, and that the gentleman who presided in the ticket-office was the General's father. This made poor Stratton an object of no little curiosity, and he was pestered with all sorts of questions; on one occasion an old dowager said to him:

"Are you really the father of General Tom Thumb?"

"Wa'al," replied Stratton, "I have to support him!"

This evasive method of answering is common enough in New England, but the literal dowager had her doubts, and promptly rejoined:

"I rather think he supports you!"

In my journeyings through England, I always tried to get back to London Saturday night, so as to pass Sunday with my family, and to meet the friends whom we invited to dine with us on the only day in the week when I could be at home. The railway facilities are so excellent in England, that, no matter how far I might be from London, I could generally reach that city by Sunday morning, and yet do a full week's work in the provinces. This, however, necessitated travel Saturday night, and while I travelled I must sleep. Sleeping cars were, and, I believe, still are unknown in that country; but I travelled so much, and was, by this time, so well known to the guards on

the leading lines, that I could generally secure one of the compartments in a first-class "coach" to myself, and my method for obtaining a good night's sleep, was to lay the seat-cushions on the floor of the car, thus, with my blanket to cover me, making a tolerable bed.

On one of these Saturday night excursions, I lay down on my extemporized couch, with the expectation of arriving at London at five o'clock in the morning. When I awoke the car was standing still, and the sun was well up in the heavens. Thinking we were very much behind time, and wondering why the train did not go on, at last I got up and looked out of the window, and, to my utter amazement, I found my car locked up in a yard, surrounded by a high fence. Espying a man who seemed to have charge of the premises, I shouted to him to come and let me out of the car, which was also locked. It instantly flashed across my mind that at this station, the guard, seeing no person sitting on the seats in the car, and concluding that it was empty, had detached it from the train, and switched it off into the yard. The astonished man whom I summoned to my assistance, informed me that I was sixty miles from London, and that there would not be another train to the city till evening. It was ten o'clock, and I was to have been home at five. I raised a great row, and demanded as my right an extra train to carry me to London, to meet the friends whom it was all-important I should see that day. I had to wait, however, till evening, and I arrived home at seven or eight o'clock, long after my friends had gone, though to the great gratification of my family, who thought some serious accident must have happened to me.

It must not be supposed that during my protracted stay abroad I confined myself wholly to business or limited my circle of observation with a golden rim. To be sure, I ever had "an eye to business," but I had also two eyes for observation and these were busily employed in leisure hours. I made the most of my opportunities and saw, hurriedly, it is true, nearly everything worth seeing in the various places which I visited. All Europe was a great curiosity shop to me and I willingly paid my money for the show.

While in London, my friend Albert Smith, a jolly companion, as well as a witty and sensible author, promised that when I reached Birmingham he would come and spend a day with me in "sightseeing," including a visit to the house in which Shakespeare was born.

Early one morning in the autumn of 1844, my friend Smith and myself took the box-seat of an English mail-coach, and were soon whirling at the

rate of twelve miles an hour over the magnificent road leading from Birmingham to Stratford. The distance is thirty miles. At a little village four miles from Stratford, we found that the fame of the bard of Avon had travelled thus far, for we noticed a sign over a miserable barber's shop, "Shakespeare hairdressing—a good shave for a penny." In twenty minutes more we were set down at the door of the Red Horse Hotel, in Stratford. The coachman and guard were each paid half a crown as their perquisites.

While breakfast was preparing, we called for a guidebook to the town, and the waiter brought in a book, saying that we should find in it the best description extant of the birth and burial place of Shakespeare. I was not a little proud to find this volume to be no other than the "Sketchbook" of our illustrious countryman, Washington Irving; and in glancing over his humorous description of the place, I discovered that he had stopped at the same hotel where we were then awaiting breakfast.

After examining the Shakespeare House, as well as the tomb and the church in which all that is mortal of the great poet rests, we ordered a post-chaise for Warwick Castle. While the horses were harnessing, a stagecoach stopped at the hotel, and two gentlemen alighted. One was a sedate, sensible-looking man; the other an addle-headed fop. The former was mild and unassuming in his manners; the latter was all talk, without sense or meaning—in fact, a regular Charles Chatterbox. He evidently had a high opinion of himself, and was determined that all within hearing should understand that he was—somebody. Presently the sedate gentleman said:

"Edward, this is Stratford. Let us go and see the house where Shakespeare was born."

"Who the devil is Shakespeare?" asked the sensible young gentleman.

Our post-chaise was at the door; we leaped into it, and were off, leaving the "nice young man" to enjoy a visit to the birthplace of an individual of whom he had never before heard. The distance to Warwick is fourteen miles. We went to the Castle, and approaching the door of the Great Hall, were informed by a well-dressed porter that the Earl of Warwick and family were absent, and that he was permitted to show the apartments to visitors. He introduced us successively into the "Red Drawing-Room," "The Cedar Drawing-Room," "The Gilt Room," "The State Bedroom," "Lady Warwick's Boudoir," "The Compass Room," "The Chapel," and "The Great Dining-Room." As we passed out of the Castle, the polite porter touched his head (he of course had no hat on it) in a style which spoke plainer than words,

"Half a crown each, if you please, gentlemen." We responded to the call, and were then placed in charge of another guide, who took us to the top of "Guy's Tower," at the bottom of which he touched his hat a shilling's worth; and placing ourselves in charge of a third conductor, an old man of seventy, we proceeded to the Greenhouse to see the Warwick Vase—each guide announcing at the end of his short tour: "Gentlemen, I go no farther," and indicating that the bill for his services was to be paid. The old gentleman mounted a rostrum at the side of the vase, and commenced a set speech, which we began to fear was interminable; so tossing him the usual fee, we left him in the middle of his oration.

Passing through the porter's lodge on our way out, under the impression that we had seen all that was interesting, the old porter informed us that the most curious things connected with the Castle were to be seen in his lodge. Feeling for our coin, we bade him produce his relics, and he showed us a lot of trumpery, which, he gravely informed us, belonged to that hero of antiquity, Guy, Earl of Warwick. Among these were his sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, walking-staff, and tilting-pole, each of enormous size—the horse armor nearly large enough for an elephant, a large pot which would hold seventy gallons, called "Guy's Porridge Pot," his flesh-fork, the size of a farmer's hayfork, his lady's stirrups, the rib of a mastodon which the porter pretended belonged to the great "Dun Cow," which, according to tradition, haunted a ditch near Coventry, and after doing injury to many persons, was slain by the valiant Guy. The sword weighed nearly 200 pounds, and the armor 400 pounds.

I told the old porter he was entitled to great credit for having concentrated more lies than I had ever before heard in so small a compass. He smiled, and evidently felt gratified by the compliment.

"I suppose," I continued, "that you have told these marvellous stories so often, that you believe them yourself?"

"Almost!" replied the porter, with a grin of satisfaction that showed he was "up to snuff," and had really earned two shillings.

"Come now, old fellow," said I, "what will you take for the entire lot of those traps? I want them for my Museum in America."

"No money would buy these valuable historical mementos of a bygone age," replied the old porter with a leer.

"Never mind," I exclaimed; "I'll have them duplicated for my Museum, so that Americans can see them and avoid the necessity of coming here, and

in that way I'll burst up your show."

Albert Smith laughed immoderately at the astonishment of the porter when I made this threat, and I was greatly amused, some years afterwards, when Albert Smith became a successful showman and was exhibiting his "Mont Blanc" to delighted audiences in London, to discover that he had introduced this very incident into his lecture, of course, changing the names and locality. He often confessed that he derived his very first idea of becoming a showman from my talk about the business and my doings, on this charming day when we visited Warwick.

The "Warwick races" were coming off that day, within half a mile of the village, and we therefore went down and spent an hour with the multitude. There was very little excitement regarding the races, and we concluded to take a tour through the "penny shows," the vans of which lined one side of the course for the distance of a quarter of a mile. On applying to enter one van, which had a large pictorial sign of giantesses, white negro, Albino girls, learned pig, big snakes, etc., the keeper exclaimed:

"Come, Mister, you is the man what hired Randall, the giant, for 'Merika, and you shows Tom Thumb; now can you think of paying less than sixpence for going in here?"

The appeal was irresistible; so, satisfying his demands, we entered. Upon coming out, a whole bevy of showmen from that and neighboring vans surrounded me, and began descanting on the merits and demerits of General Tom Thumb.

"Oh," says one, "I knows two dwarfs what is better ten times as Tom Thumb."

"Yes," says another, "there's no use to talk about Tom Thumb while Melia Patton is above the ground."

"Now, I've seen Tom Thumb," added a third, "and he is a fine little squab, but the only 'vantage he's got is he can chaff so well. He chaffs like a man; but I can learn Dick Swift in two months, so that he can chaff Tom Thumb crazy."

"Never mind," added a fourth, "I've got a chap training what you none on you knows, what'll beat all the 'thumbs' on your grapplers."

"No, he can't," exclaimed a fifth, "for Tom Thumb has got the name, and you all know the name's everything. Tom Thumb couldn't never shine, even in my van, 'long side of a dozen dwarfs I knows, if this Yankee hadn't

bamboozled our Queen—God bless her—by getting him afore her half a dozen times."

"Yes, yes—that's the ticket," exclaimed another; "our Queen patronizes everything foreign, and yet she wouldn't visit my beautiful waxworks to save the crown of Hingland."

"Your beautiful waxworks!" they all exclaimed, with a hearty laugh.

"Yes, and who says they haint beautiful?" retorted the other; "they was made by the best Hitalian hartist in this country."

"They was made by Jim Caul, and showed all over the country twenty years ago," rejoined another; "and arter that they laid five years in pawn in old Moll Wiggin's cellar, covered with mould and dust."

"Well, that's a good 'un, that is!" replied the proprietor of the beautiful waxworks, with a look of disdain.

I made a move to depart, when one of the head showmen exclaimed, "Come, Mister, don't be shabby; can you think of going without standing treat all round?"

"Why should I stand treat?" I asked.

"'Cause 'tain't every day you can meet such a bloody lot of jolly brother-showmen," replied Mr. Waxworks.

I handed out a crown, and left them to drink bad luck to the "foreign wagabonds what would bamboozle their Queen with inferior dwarfs, possessing no advantage over the 'natyves' but the power of chaffing."

While in the showmen's vans seeking for acquisitions to my Museum in America, I was struck with the tall appearance of a couple of females who exhibited as the "Canadian giantesses, each seven feet in height." Suspecting that a cheat was hidden under their unfashionably long dresses, which reached to the floor and thus rendered their feet invisible, I attempted to solve the mystery by raising a foot or two of the superfluous covering. The strapping young lady, not relishing such liberties from a stranger, laid me flat upon the floor with a blow from her brawny hand. I was on my feet again in tolerably quick time, but not until I had discovered that she stood upon a pedestal at least eighteen inches high.

We returned to the hotel, took a post-chaise, and drove through decidedly the most lovely country I ever beheld. Since taking that tour, I have heard that two gentlemen once made a bet, each, that he could name the most delightful drive in England. Many persons were present, and the two gentlemen wrote on separate slips of paper the scene which he most admired. One

gentleman wrote, "The road from Warwick to Coventry;" the other had written, "The road from Coventry to Warwick."

In less than an hour we were set down at the outer walls of Kenilworth Castle, which Scott has greatly aided to immortalize in his celebrated novel of that name. This once noble and magnificent castle is now a stupendous ruin, which has been so often described that I think it unnecessary to say anything about it here. We spent half an hour in examining the interesting ruins, and then proceeded by post-chaise to Coventry, a distance of six or eight miles. Here we remained four hours, during which time we visited St. Mary's Hall, which has attracted the notice of many antiquaries. We also took our own "peep" at the effigy of the celebrated "Peeping Tom," after which we visited an exhibition called the "Happy Family," consisting of about two hundred birds and animals of opposite natures and propensities, all living in harmony together in one cage. This exhibition was so remarkable that I bought it and hired the proprietor to accompany it to New York, and it became an attractive feature in my Museum.

We took the cars the same evening for Birmingham, where we arrived at ten o'clock, Albert Smith remarking, that never before in his life had he accomplished a day's journey on the Yankee go-ahead principle. He afterwards published a chapter in *Bentley's Magazine* entitled "A Day with Barnum," in which he said we accomplished business with such rapidity, that when he attempted to write out the accounts of the day, he found the whole thing so confused in his brain that he came near locating "Peeping Tom" in the house of Shakespeare, while Guy of Warwick *would* stick his head above the ruins of Kenilworth, and the Warwick Vase appeared in Coventry.

# XV

## Return to America

The Wizard of the North—A Juggler Beaten at His Own Tricks—Second Visit to the United States—Reverend Doctor Robert Baird—Captain Judkins Threatens to Put Me in Irons—Views with Regard to Sects—A Wicked Woman—The Simpsons in Europe—Reminiscences of Travel—Sauce and "Sass"—Tea Too Sweet—A Universal Language—Roast Duck—Snow in August—Tales of Travellers—Simpson Not to Be Taken In—Hollanders in Brussels—Where All the Dutchmen Come from—Three Years in Europe—Warm Personal Friends—Doctor C. S. Brewster—Henry Sumner—George Sand—Lorenzo Draper—George P. Putnam—Our Last Performance in Dublin—Daniel O'Connell—End of Our Tour—Departure for America—Arrival in New York.

While I was at Aberdeen, in Scotland, I met Anderson, the "Wizard of the North." I had known him for a long time, and we were on familiar terms. The General's exhibitions were to close on Saturday night, and Anderson was to open in the same hall on Monday evening. He came to our exhibition, and at the close we went to the hotel together to get a little supper. After supper we were having some fun and jokes together, when it occurred to Anderson to introduce me to several persons who were sitting in the room, as the "Wizard of the North," at the same time asking me about my tricks and my forthcoming exhibition. He kept this up so persistently that some of our friends who were present, declared that Anderson was "too much for me," and, meanwhile, fresh introductions to strangers who came in, had made me pretty generally known in that circle as the "Wizard of the North," who was to astonish the town in the following week. I accepted the situation at last, and said:

"Well, gentlemen, as I perform here for the first time, on Monday evening, I like to be liberal, and I should be very happy to give orders of admission to those of you who will attend my exhibition."

The applications for orders were quite general, and I had written thirty or forty, when Anderson, who saw that I was in a fair way of filling his house with "deadheads," cried out—

"Hold on! I am the 'Wizard of the North.' I'll stand the orders already given, but not another one."

Our friends, including the "Wizard" himself, began to think that I had rather the best of the joke.

During our three years' stay abroad, I made a second hasty visit to America, leaving the General in England in the hands of my agents. I took passage from Liverpool on board a Cunard steamer, commanded by Captain Judkins. One of my fellow passengers was the celebrated divine, Robert Baird. I had known him as the author of an octavo volume, "Religion in America"; and while that work had impressed me as exhibiting great ability and an outspoken honesty of purpose, it had also given me the notion that its author must be very rigid and intolerant as a sectarian. Still I was happy to make his acquaintance on board the steamship, and soon regarded with favor the venerable Presbyterian divine.

Dr. Baird had been for some time a missionary in Sweden. He was now paying a visit to his native land. I found him a shrewd, well-informed Christian gentleman, and I took much pleasure in hearing him converse. One night it was storming furiously. The waves, rolling high, afforded a sight of awful grandeur, to witness which I was tempted to put on a pea-jacket, go upon the deck, and lash myself to the side of the ship. After I had been there nearly an hour, wrapt in meditation and wonder, not unmixed with awe, Dr. Baird came up in the darkness, feeling his way cautiously along the deck. As he came where I was, I hailed him; and he asked what I was doing so long up there.

"Listening to the preaching, Doctor," I replied; "and I think it beats even yours, although I have never had the pleasure of hearing you."

"Ah!" he replied, "none of us can preach like this. How humble and insignificant we all feel in the presence of such a display of the Almighty power; and how grateful we should be to remember that infinite love guides this power."

The Sunday following, divine service was held as usual in the large after cabin. Of course it was the Episcopal form of worship. The captain conducted the services, assisted by the clerk and the ship's surgeon. A dozen or two of the sailors, shaved, washed, and neatly dressed, were marched into the cabin by the mate; most of the passengers were also present.

Those who have witnessed this service, as conducted by Captain Judkins, need not be reminded that he does it much as he performs his duties on deck. He speaks as one having authority; and a listener could hardly help feeling that there would be some danger of a "row" if the petitions (made as a sort of command) were not speedily answered.

After dinner I asked Dr. Baird if he would be willing to preach to the passengers in the forward cabin. He said he would cheerfully do so if it was desired. I mentioned it to the passengers, and there was a generally-expressed wish among them that he should preach. I went into the forward cabin, and requested the steward to arrange the chairs and tables properly for religious service. He replied that I must first get the captain's consent. Of course, I thought this was a mere matter of form; so I went to the captain's office, and said:

"Captain, the passengers desire to have Dr. Baird conduct a religious service in the forward cabin. I suppose there is no objection."

"Decidedly there is," replied the captain, gruffly; "and it will not be permitted."

"Why not?" I asked, in astonishment.

"It is against the rules of the ship."

"What! to have religious services on board?"

"There have been religious services once today, and that is enough. If the passengers do not think that is good enough, let them go without," was the captain's hasty and austere reply.

"Captain," I replied, "do you pretend to say you will not allow a respectable and well-known clergyman to offer a prayer and hold religious services on board your ship at the request of your passengers?"

"That, sir, is exactly what I say. So, now, let me hear no more about it."

By this time a dozen passengers were crowding around his door, and expressing their surprise at his conduct. I was indignant, and used sharp language.

"Well," said I, "this is the most contemptible thing I ever heard of on the part of the owners of a public passenger ship. Their meanness ought to be

published far and wide."

"You had better shut up," said Captain Judkins, with great sternness.

"I will not shut up," I replied; "for this thing is perfectly outrageous. In that out-of-the-way forward cabin, you allow, on weekdays, gambling, swearing, smoking and singing, till late at night; and yet on Sunday you have the impudence to deny the privilege of a prayer-meeting, conducted by a gray-haired and respected minister of the gospel. It is simply infamous!"

Captain Judkins turned red in the face; and, no doubt feeling that he was "monarch of all he surveyed," exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"If you repeat such language, I will put you in irons."

"Do it, if you dare," said I, feeling my indignation rising rapidly. "I dare and defy you to put your finger on me. I would like to sail into New York Harbor in handcuffs, on board a British ship, for the terrible crime of asking that religious worship may be permitted on board. So you may try it as soon as you please; and, when we get to New York, I'll show you a touch of Yankee ideas of religious intolerance."

The captain made no reply; and, at the request of friends, I walked to another part of the ship. I told the Doctor how the matter stood, and then, laughingly, said to him:

"Doctor, it may be dangerous for you to tell of this incident when you get on shore; for it would be a pretty strong draught upon the credulity of many of my countrymen if they were told that my zeal to hear an Orthodox minister preach was so great that it came near getting me into solitary confinement. But I am not prejudiced, and I like fair play."

The old Doctor replied: "Well, you have not lost much; and, if the rules of this ship are so stringent, I suppose we must submit."

The captain and myself had no further intercourse for five or six days; not until a few hours before our arrival in New York. Being at dinner, he sent his champagne bottle to me, and asked to "drink my health," at the same time stating that he hoped no ill-feeling would be carried ashore. I was not then, as I am now, a teetotaler; so I accepted the proffered truce, and I regret that I must add I "washed down" my wrath in a bottle of Heidsick—a poor example, which I hope never to repeat. We have frequently met since, and always with friendly greetings; but I have ever felt that his manners were unnecessarily coarse and offensive in carrying out an arbitrary and bigoted rule of the steamship company.

Though I have never lacked definite opinions, or hesitated to exhibit decided preferences in regard to the different religious creeds, I have never been so sectarian as to imagine that any one of the denominations is without any truth, or exists for no good purpose. On the contrary, I hold that every faith has somewhat of truth; and that each sect, in its way, does a work which perhaps no one of the other sects can do as well. I was strongly confirmed in this general belief by an impromptu utterance of Dr. Baird, during one of our conversations, which, under the circumstances, was not a little amusing, as it certainly evinced a good deal of insight into human nature. It is well known that the old Doctor was very rigid in his theological views, and in his career never spared either the Methodists or the people of the so-called liberal opinions. During our passage across the Atlantic, we very naturally had considerable tilting in regard to opinions which divided us, though in a thoroughly good-natured way. At last I recalled the case of a woman, somewhat noted among her neighbors for coarseness of speech, including profanity, making her altogether such a person as needed the refining influence of religious teaching. Describing the very unpromising condition of this woman, I said:

"Well, Doctor, if you can do anything with your creed to improve that woman, I should be glad to see you undertake the job."

I was at once struck with the business air in which he considered the exigencies of what was undoubtedly a hard case. It was clear that he had dropped the character of the sectarian, and was taking a commonsense view of the problem. The problem was soon solved, and he replied:

"Mr. Barnum, it is of no use for you, with your opinions, to attempt to do anything for that sort of a person; and it is equally useless for me, with my views, to attempt it either. But, if you could contrive a way to set some fiery, rousing Methodist to work upon her, why, he is just the man to do it!"

There were a number of pretty wild young men among our passengers, and on several occasions they tried their wits upon Dr. Baird. But he was a man of sterling common sense, and with that, very quick at repartee; and they never made anything out of him. On one occasion, at dinner, they were in great glee, and, for a "lark," they sent him their champagne bottle to drink a glass of wine with them. They, of course, supposed he was a teetotaler, as, indeed, I believe he was; but when the waiter handed him the bottle, he quietly poured a spoonful or two into his glass, and, gracefully bowing to the

young gentlemen, placed it to his lips, but not tasting it. Of course, they could say nothing.

Early one morning, several of these youths came upon deck, and, meeting the Doctor there, one of them exclaimed:

"It is cold as hell this morning, ain't it, Doctor?"

"I am unable to state the exact height of the thermometer in that locality," said he, gravely; "but I am afraid you will know all about it some time, if you are not careful."

The laugh was decidedly against the young man; but one of his companions, who thought considerably of himself, seemed anxious to take up the cudgel, and he remarked:

"Dr. Baird, your brother clergymen are making a great ado in New York about the state of crime there; and they have got a smelling-committee, who go about and smell out all filthy places there, and report them to the public. Indeed, they do say that several of the clergy, and some laymen of the Arthur Tappan stripe, have got a book in which they have written down a list of all the bad houses in New York. I should like to see that book. Ha! ha! I wonder if they have really got one?"

"I don't know how that is," replied Doctor Baird; "but," casting his eyes heavenward, "I can assure you there is a book in which all such places are recorded, as well as the names of those who occupy or visit them; and in due time it will be opened to public gaze."

The young man looked cowed, and extending his hand to Doctor Baird, said:

"Sir, I confess I have made too light of a serious matter. I sincerely beg your pardon, if I have offended you."

"You have not offended me," said the Doctor, with a benignant smile; "but I am rejoiced to perceive that you have offended your own sense of propriety and morality. I trust you will not forget it."

This was the last attempt on board that ship to try a lance with Doctor Baird.

Several years later, when I was engaged in the Jenny Lind enterprise, Doctor Baird called upon me. Having been so long a missionary in Sweden, the native land of the great songstress, he had a special desire to make her acquaintance and listen to her singing. I introduced him to her, and gave him the *entrée* to her concerts. He improved the opportunity, and he also made frequent calls upon her. She became much interested in him. Indeed,

on several occasions she contributed liberally to the charitable institutions he had recommended to her favorable notice.

During my residence in London I made the acquaintance of an American, whom I will call Simpson, and his wife. They had originally been poor, and accustomed to pretty low society. Their opportunities for education had been limited, and they were what we should term vulgar, ignorant, common people. But by a turn of Fortune's wheel they became suddenly rich, and like some other fools who know nothing of their own country, they must rush to make the tour of Europe.

Mr. Simpson was an ignorant, good-natured fellow, fond of sporting large amounts of jewelry; was very social with Englishmen; always bragging of our "glorious country"; and was particularly given to boasting that he was once poor and now he was rich. Whenever he met Americans he was delighted, and insisted on the privilege of "standing treats" to all around, familiarly slapping on the back, and treating as an old chum, any American gentleman, however refined, whom he might come in contact with.

Mrs. Simpson was a coarse woman, yet always studying politeness, and particularly the proper pronunciation of words. She was ever trying to appear refined; and she prided herself upon understanding all the rules of etiquette and fashion. She was continually purchasing new dresses and fashionable articles of apparel. She loaded herself down with diamonds and tawdry jewelry, and would frequently appear in the streets with six or eight different dresses in a day. But, strange to say, with all her pride and vanity with regard to being considered the perfection of refinement, she had an awful habit of using profane language! She really seemed to think this an evidence of good breeding. Perhaps she thought it a luxury which rich people were entitled to enjoy. This peculiarity occasionally led to most ludicrous scenes.

The Simpsons were from New England; and in their conversation they had the nasal Yankee twang, and the peculiar pronunciation of the illiterate class of the New England people.

Those who have heard John E. Owens in "Solon Shingle," are aware that preserved fruits are in New England called "sauce," by the vulgar pronounced "sass." But when Mrs. Simpson heard the word in England pronounced sauce, she was very anxious that John, her husband, should adopt the new pronunciation. He tried hard to learn, but would frequently forget himself and say "sass." Mrs. Simpson would lose her patience on such occa-

sions, and reprove her husband sharply. Indeed, if he escaped without receiving some profane epithet from the lips of his would-be fashionable wife, it was a wonder.

On one occasion I happened to meet them at dinner with an English family in London, to whom I had, in the way of business, introduced them a few weeks previously. We had scarcely taken our seats at the table before Simpson happened to discover a dish of sweetmeats at the further corner of the table. Turning to the servant he said:

"Please pass me that sass."

Mrs. Simpson's eyes flashed indignantly, and she angrily exclaimed, almost in a scream:

"Say sauce; don't say 'sass.' I'd rather hear you say h——l a d——d sight!"

That our English hostess was amazed and shocked it is needless to say, although she preserved her equanimity better than could be expected. As for myself, I confess I could not refrain from laughing, which, of course, served only to increase the wrath of Mrs. Simpson.

Fourteen years subsequent to this event, I called on this English lady in company with an American friend. In the course of conversation, I happened to ask her if she remembered about Mrs. Simpson's "sass." She took from a drawer her memorandum book, and showed us the above expression verbatim, which, she said, she wrote down the same day it was uttered; and she added she had never been able to think of it since without laughing.

I met Simpson and his wife at a hotel in Marseilles, France, in the summer of 1845. Mrs. Simpson said she and Simpson had almost determined not to go to France at all when they "heard it was necessary to hire an interpreter to tell what folks said." Said she, "I told Simpson I didn't want to go among a set of folks who were such cussed fools they couldn't speak English! But of course we must go to France just for the speech of the people when we get home, so here we are. For my part," she continued, "I speak English to these Frenchmen anyhow, and if they can't understand me they can go without understanding. The other morning, I told the waiter my tea was too sweet. I found afterwards that too sweet (*toute de suite*) was French for 'very quick.'"

"'*Oui, madame*,' he replied, '*oui, oui, que voulez vous?*' (what will you have?)"

"'Too sweet, too sweet,' I repeated, 'too sweet, too sweet.' Then I pointed to my tea, and said again, 'Too sweet, d——n your stupid head, can't you understand too sweet?' The fool jumped around like a hen with her head cut off, and kept saying, '*Oui, oui, madame*, too sweet, *qu'est ceque c'est*? (What is it?)' Finally an English gentleman asked me what was the matter, and when I told him, he explained by telling me that *too sweet* (*toute de suite*) in French meant quick, very quick, and that was what made the stupid waiter jump around so."

"But d——n the French waiters," she continued, "I have got quit of them finally, for I have found out a language we both understand.

"The same day my tea was too sweet, Simpson was out at dinner time; and I went to the table alone. I called for soup, and the sapheads brought me some sort of preserves. I then called for fish, and the fools could not understand me. Then I said, 'Bring me some chicken,' and d——n 'em, they danced about in a quandary till I thought I should starve to death. But finally I thought of roast duck. I am dreadfully fond of duck, and I knew they always had stuffed ducks at dinner time. So I called to the waiter once more, and pointed to my plate and said, '*quack*, *quack*, *quack*, now do you understand?' and the fool began to laugh, and said, '*Oui, madame, oui, oui,*' and off he ran, and soon brought me the nicest piece of duck you ever saw. So now every day at dinner, I say '*quack*, *quack*,' and I always get some first-rate duck."

I congratulated her on having discovered a universal language.

The same day, I met a young Englishman in the hotel, who had been travelling in Spain. During our conversation we were summoned to dinner. At the table d'hôte, Simpson happened to be seated exactly opposite us. As we continued our conversation, Simpson heard it, and his attention was particularly arrested—it being something of a novelty to meet a stranger in these parts, who spoke our native tongue. The English gentleman mentioned that he ascended the Pyrenees the week previous.

"I should like to have been with you," I remarked, "but I am almost too fat and lazy to climb high mountains. I suppose you found it pretty hard work."

"Yes, we had to rough it some; we encountered considerable snow," he replied.

"Snow!" exclaimed Simpson, in astonishment.

The Englishman looked with surprise at this interruption; for he did not know Simpson, nor had he ever heard him speak before. However, he quietly replied, "Yes, sir, snow."

"Not by a d——d sight, you didn't," replied Simpson, emphatically. "That wont go down. Snow in August wont do. I have seen snow myself in Connecticut, the last of September, but it wont do in August, by a thundering sight."

The Englishman sprang to his feet, but I hit him a nudge, and said, "It is all right. Excuse me; let me introduce my friend, Mr. Simpson, from America. He has travelled some, and it is pretty hard to take him in with big stories."

He comprehended the matter instantly and sat down.

"Yes, sir," remarked Simpson, "I have heard travellers before, but August is a leetle too early for snow."

"But suppose I should say it was not this year's snow?" said the Englishman, who was ready now to carry on the joke.

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Simpson, with a triumphant laugh; "if it would not melt in August, when in thunder would it melt! You might as well say it would lay all the year round."

"I give it up," said the Englishman, "you are too sharp for me."

Simpson was delighted, and took special pains for several days to inform the interpreters in the neighboring hotels and billiard saloons, that he had "took down" an impudent John Bull, who had tried to stuff him with the idea that he had seen snow in August.

I met the Simpsons afterwards in Brussels, and the head of the family, who had heard nothing but French spoken, outside of his own circle, for a long time, called me in great glee to the door, to see and hear some Dutchmen, who were conversing together in the street.

"There!" exclaimed Simpson, "those fellows are Dutchmen; I know by their talk."

"Very well," said I, "how far do you suppose those Dutchmen are from their native place?"

"Why," replied Simpson, "I suppose they came from Western Pennsylvania; that's where I have always seen 'em."

With the exception of the brief time passed in making two short visits to America, I had now passed three years with General Tom Thumb in Great Britain and on the Continent. The entire period had been a season of unbro-

ken pleasure and profit. I had immensely enlarged my business experiences and had made money and many friends. Among those to whom I am indebted for special courtesies while I was abroad are Dr. C. S. Brewster, whose prosperous professional career in Russia and France is well known, and Henry Sumner, Esq., who occupied a high position in the social and literary circles of Paris and who introduced me to George Sand and to many other distinguished persons. To both these gentlemen, as well as to Mr. John Nimmo, an English gentleman connected with *Galignani's Messenger*, Mr. Lorenzo Draper, the American Consul, and Mr. Dion Boucicault, I was largely indebted for attention. In London, two gentlemen especially merit my warm acknowledgments for many valuable favors. I refer to the late Thomas Brettell, publisher, Haymarket; and Mr. R. Fillingham, Jr., Fenchurch Street. I was also indebted to Mr. G. P. Putnam, at that time a London publisher, for much useful information.

We had visited nearly every city and town in France and Belgium, all the principal places in England and Scotland, besides going to Belfast and Dublin, in Ireland. I had several times met Daniel O'Connell in private life and in the Irish capital I heard him make an eloquent and powerful public Repeal speech in Conciliation Hall. In Dublin, after exhibiting a week in Rotunda Hall, our receipts on the last day were £261, or $1,305, and the General also received £50, or $250, for playing the same evening at the Theater Royal. Thus closing a truly triumphant tour, we set sail for New York, arriving in February 1847.

# XVI

## At Home

Renewing the Lease of the Museum Building—Tom Thumb in America—Tour Through the Country—Journey to Cuba—Barnum a Curiosity—Raising Turkeys—Ceasing to Be a Travelling Showman—Return to Bridgeport—Advantages and Capabilities of That City—Search for a Home—The Finding—Building and Completion of Iranistan—Grand Housewarming—Buying the Baltimore Museum—Opening the Philadelphia Museum—Catering for Quakers—The Temperance Pledge at the Theater—Purchasing Peale's Philadelphia Collection—My Agricultural and Arboricultural Doings—"Gersy Blew" Chickens—How I Sold My Potatoes—How I Bought Other People's Potatoes—Cutting Off Grafts—My Deer Park—My Gamekeeper—Frank Leslie—Pleasures of Home.

One of my main objects in returning home at this time, was to obtain a longer lease of the premises occupied by the American Museum. My lease had still three years to run, but Mr. Olmsted, the proprietor of the building, was dead, and I was anxious to make provision in time for the perpetuity of my establishment, for I meant to make the Museum a permanent institution in the city, and if I could not renew my lease, I intended to build an appropriate edifice on Broadway. I finally succeeded, however, in getting the lease of the entire building, covering fifty-six feet by one hundred, for twenty-five years, at an annual rent of $10,000 and the ordinary taxes and assessments. I had already hired in addition the upper stories of three adjoining buildings. My Museum receipts were more in one day, than they formerly were in an entire week, and the establishment had become so popular that it was thronged at all hours from early morning to closing time at night.

On my return, I promptly made use of General Tom Thumb's European reputation. He immediately appeared in the American Museum, and for

four weeks drew such crowds of visitors as had never been seen there before. He afterwards spent a month in Bridgeport, with his kindred. To prevent being annoyed by the curious, who would be sure to throng the houses of his relatives, he exhibited two days at Bridgeport. The receipts, amounting to several hundred dollars, were presented to the Bridgeport Charitable Society. The Bridgeporters were much delighted to see their old friend, "little Charlie," again. They little thought, when they saw him playing about the streets a few years previously, that he was destined to create such a sensation among the crowned heads of the old world; and now, returning with his European reputation, he was, of course, a great curiosity to his former acquaintances, as well as to the public generally. His Bridgeport friends found that he had not increased in size during the four and a half years of his absence, but they discovered that he had become sharp and witty, "abounding in foreign airs and native graces"; in fact, that he was quite unlike the little, diffident country fellow whom they had formerly known.

"We never thought Charlie much of a phenomenon when he lived among us," said one of the first citizens of the place, "but now that he has become 'Barnumized,' he is a rare curiosity."

But there was really no mystery about it; the whole change made by training and travel, had appeared to me by degrees, and it came to the citizens of Bridgeport suddenly. The terms upon which I first engaged the lad showed that I had no over-sanguine expectations of his success as a "speculation." When I saw, however, that he was wonderfully popular, I took the greatest pains to engraft upon his native talent all the instruction he was capable of receiving. He was an apt pupil, and I provided for him the best of teachers. Travel and attrition with so many people in so many lands did the rest. The General left America three years before, a diffident, uncultivated little boy; he came back an educated, accomplished little man. He had seen much, and had profited much. He went abroad poor, and he came home rich.

On January 1, 1845, my engagement with the General at a salary ceased, and we made a new arrangement by which we were equal partners, the General, or his father for him, taking one-half of the profits. A reservation, however, was made of the first four weeks after our arrival in New York, during which he was to exhibit at my Museum for two hundred dollars. When we returned to America, the General's father had acquired a handsome fortune, and settling a large sum upon the little General personally, he

placed the balance at interest, secured by bond and mortgage, excepting thirty thousand dollars, with which he purchased land near the city limits of Bridgeport, and erected a large and substantial mansion, where he resided till the day of his death, and in which his only two daughters were married, one in 1850, the other in 1853. His only son, besides the General, was born in 1851. All the family, except "little Charlie," are of the usual size.

After spending a month in visiting his friends, it was determined that the General and his parents should travel through the United States. I agreed to accompany them, with occasional intervals of rest at home, for one year, sharing the profits equally, as in England. We proceeded to Washington city, where the General held his levees in April, 1847, visiting President Polk and lady at the White House—thence to Richmond, returning to Baltimore and Philadelphia. Our receipts in Philadelphia in twelve days were $5,594.91. The tour for the entire year realized about the same average. The expenses were from twenty-five dollars to thirty dollars per day. From Philadelphia we went to Boston, Lowell, and Providence. Our receipts on one day in the latter city were $976.97. We then visited New Bedford, Fall River, Salem, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Troy, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and intermediate places, and in returning to New York we stopped at the principal towns on the Hudson River. After this we visited New Haven, Hartford, Portland, ME, and intermediate towns.

I was surprised to find that, during my long absence abroad, I had become almost as much of a curiosity to my patrons as I was to the spinster from Maine who once came to see me and to attend the "services" in my Lecture Room. If I showed myself about the Museum or wherever else I was known, I found eyes peering and fingers pointing at me, and could frequently overhear the remark, "There's Barnum." On one occasion soon after my return, I was sitting in the ticket-office reading a newspaper. A man came and purchased a ticket of admission. "Is Mr. Barnum in the Museum?" he asked. The ticket-seller, pointing to me, answered, "This is Mr. Barnum." Supposing the gentleman had business with me, I looked up from the paper. "Is this Mr. Barnum?" he asked. "It is," I replied. He stared at me for a moment, and then, throwing down his ticket, exclaimed, "It's all right; I have got the worth of my money"; and away he went, without going into the Museum at all!

In November, 1847, we started for Havana, taking the steamer from New York to Charleston, where the General exhibited, as well as at Columbia,

Augusta, Savannah, Milledgeville, Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans. At this latter city we remained three weeks, including Christmas and New Year's. We arrived in Havana by the schooner *Adams Gray*, in January, 1848, and were introduced to the Captain-General and the Spanish nobility. We remained a month in Havana and Matanzas, the General proving an immense favorite. In Havana he was the especial pet of Count Santovania. In Matanzas we were very much indebted to the kindness of a princely American merchant, Mr. Brinckerhoff. Mr. J. S. Thrasher, the American patriot and gentleman, was also of great assistance to us, and placed me under deep obligations.

The hotels in Havana are not good. An American who is accustomed to substantial living, finds it difficult to get enough to eat. We stopped at the Washington House, which at that time was "first-rate bad." It was filthy, and kept by a woman who was drunk most of the time. Several Americans boarded there who were regular gormandizers. One of them, seeing a live turkey on a New Orleans vessel, purchased and presented it to the landlady. It was a small one, and when it was carved, there was not enough of it to "go round." An American, (a large six-footer and a tremendous eater,) who resided on a sugar plantation near Havana, happened to sit near the carver, and seeing an American turkey so near him, and feeling that it was a rare dish for that latitude, kept helping himself, so that when the carving was finished, he had eaten about one half of the turkey. Unfortunately the man who bought it was sitting at the further end of the table, and did not get a taste of the coveted bird. He was indignant, especially against the innocent gormandizer from the sugar plantation, who, of course, was not acquainted with the history of the turkey. When they arose from the table, the planter smacked his lips, and patting his stomach, remarked, "That was a glorious turkey. I have not tasted one before these two years. I am very fond of them, and when I go back to my plantation I mean to commence raising turkeys."

"If you don't raise one before you leave town, you'll be a dead man," said the disappointed poultry purchaser.

From Havana we went to New Orleans, where we remained several days, and from New Orleans we proceeded to St. Louis, stopping at the principal towns on the Mississippi river, and returning via Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh. We reached the latter city early in May, 1848. From this point it was agreed between Mr. Stratton and myself, that I should go home and henceforth travel no more with the little General. I had competent agents

who could exhibit him without my personal assistance, and I preferred to relinquish a portion of the profits, rather than continue to be a travelling showman. I had now been a straggler from home most of the time for thirteen years, and I cannot describe the feelings of gratitude with which I reflected, that having by the most arduous toil and deprivations succeeded in securing a satisfactory competence, I should henceforth spend my days in the bosom of my family. I was fully determined that no pecuniary temptation should again induce me to forego the enjoyments to be secured only in the circle of home. I reached my residence in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the latter part of May, rejoiced to find my family and friends in good health, and delighted to find myself once more at home.

My new home, which was then nearly ready for occupancy, was the well-known Iranistan. More than two years had been employed in building this beautiful residence. In 1846, finding that fortune was continuing to favor me, I began to look forward eagerly to the time when I could withdraw from the whirlpool of business excitement and settle down permanently with my family, to pass the remainder of my days in comparative rest.

I wished to reside within a few hours of New York. I had never seen more delightful locations than there are upon the borders of Long Island Sound, between New Rochelle, New York, and New Haven, Connecticut; and my attention was therefore turned in that direction. Bridgeport seemed to be about the proper distance from the great metropolis. It is pleasantly situated at the terminus of two railroads, which traverse the fertile valleys of the Naugatuck and Housatonic rivers. The New York and New Haven Railroad runs through the city, and there is also daily steamboat communication with New York. The enterprise which characterized the city, seemed to mark it as destined to become the first in the State in size and opulence; and I was not long in deciding, with the concurrence of my wife, to fix our future residence in that vicinity.

I accordingly purchased seventeen acres of land, less than a mile west of the city, and fronting with a good view upon the Sound. Although nominally in Bridgeport, my property was really in Fairfield, a few rods west of the Bridgeport line. In deciding upon the kind of house to be erected, I determined, first and foremost, to consult convenience and comfort. I cared little for style, and my wife cared still less; but as we meant to have a good house, it might as well, at the same time, be unique. In this, I confess, I had

"an eye to business," for I thought that a pile of buildings of a novel order might indirectly serve as an advertisement of my Museum.

In visiting Brighton, in England, I had been greatly pleased with the Pavilion erected by George IV. It was the only specimen of Oriental architecture in England, and the style had not been introduced into America. I concluded to adopt it, and engaged a London architect to furnish me a set of drawings after the general plan of the Pavilion, differing sufficiently to be adapted to the spot of ground selected for my homestead. On my second return visit to the United States, I brought these drawings with me and engaged a competent architect and builder, giving him instructions to proceed with the work, not "by the job" but "by the day," and to spare neither time nor expense in erecting a comfortable, convenient, and tasteful residence. The work was thus begun and continued while I was still abroad, and during the time when I was making my tour with General Tom Thumb through the United States and Cuba. New and magnificent avenues were opened in the vicinity of my property. The building progressed slowly, but surely and substantially. Elegant and appropriate furniture was made expressly for every room in the house. I erected expensive water works to supply the premises. The stables, conservatories and outbuildings were perfect in their kind. There was a profusion of trees set out on the grounds. The whole was built and established literally "regardless of expense," for I had no desire even to ascertain the entire cost. All I cared to know was that it suited me, and that would have been a small consideration with me if it had not also suited my family.

The whole was finally completed to my satisfaction. My family removed into the premises, and, on the fourteenth of November, 1848, nearly one thousand invited guests, including the poor and the rich, helped us in the old-fashioned custom of "housewarming."

When the name "Iranistan" was announced, a waggish New York editor syllabled it, Iran-i-stan, and gave as the interpretation, that "I ran a long time before I could stan'!" Literally, however, the name signifies, "Eastern Country Place," or, more poetically, "Oriental Villa."

The plot of ground upon which Iranistan was erected, was at the date of my purchase, in March 1846, a bare field. But I transplanted many hundreds of fruit and forest trees, some of the latter of very large growth when they were moved, and thus in a few years my premises were adorned with what, in the ordinary process of growth, would have required a whole generation.

I have never waited for my trees to grow, if money would transplant them of nearly full growth at the start.

The years 1848 and 1849 were mainly spent with my family, though I went every week to New York to look after the interests of the American Museum. While I was in Europe, in 1845, my agent, Mr. Fordyce Hitchcock, had bought out for me the Baltimore Museum, a fully-supplied establishment, in full operation, and I placed it under the charge of my uncle, Alanson Taylor. He died in 1846, and I then sold the Baltimore Museum to the "Orphean Family," by whom it was subsequently transferred to Mr. John E. Owens, the celebrated comedian. After my return from Europe, I opened, in 1849, a Museum in Dr. Swain's fine building, at the corner of Chestnut and Seventh streets, in Philadelphia.

This was in all respects a first-class establishment. It was elegantly fitted up, and contained, among other things, a dozen fine large paintings, such as "The Deluge," "Cain and his Family," and other similar subjects which I had ordered copied, when I was in Paris, from paintings in the gallery of the Louvre. There was also a complete and valuable collection of curiosities and I sent from New York, from time to time, my transient novelties in the way of giants, dwarfs, fat boys, animals and other attractions. There was a lecture room and stage for dramatic entertainments; but I was catering for a Quaker population, and was careful to introduce or permit nothing which could possibly be objectionable. While the Museum contained such waxworks as "The Temperate Family," "The Intemperate Family," and Mrs. Pelby's representation of "The Last Supper," the theater presented "The Drunkard" and other moral dramas. The most respectable people in the city patronized the Museum and attended the theater. "The Drunkard" was exceedingly well played and it made a great impression. There was a temperance pledge in the box-office, which was signed by thousands during the run of the piece. Almost every hour during the day and evening, women could be seen bringing their husbands to the Museum to sign the pledge.

I stayed in Philadelphia long enough to identify myself with this Museum and to successfully start the enterprise and then left it in the hands of different managers who profitably conducted it till 1851, when, finding that it occupied too much of my time and attention, I sold it to Mr. Clapp Spooner for $40,000. At the end of that year, the building and contents were destroyed by fire. The loss was a serious one to Philadelphia, and the people were very desirous that Mr. Spooner should rebuild the establishment; but a

highly profitable business connection with the Adams Express Company prevented him from doing so.

While my Philadelphia Museum was in full operation, Peale's Museum ran me a strong opposition at the Masonic Hall. That enterprise proved disastrous, and I purchased the collection at sheriff's sale, for five or six thousand dollars, on joint account of my friend Moses Kimball and myself. The curiosities were equally divided, one-half going to his Boston Museum and the other half to my American Museum in New York.

In 1848 I was elected President of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society in Connecticut. Although not practically a farmer, I had purchased about one hundred acres of land in the vicinity of my residence, and felt and still feel a deep interest in the cause of agriculture. I had begun by importing some blood stock for Iranistan, and, as I was at one time attacked by the "hen fever," I erected several splendid poultry-houses on my grounds. These were built for me by a carpenter who wrote an application for a situation, sending me a frightfully misspelled letter, in which he said that he was "youste" to hard work. I thought if his work was as strong as his spelling, he was the man I wanted, and I employed him. When the time came to prepare for our agricultural fair in the fall, he made a series of gorgeous cages in which to exhibit my shanghaes, bantams, and other fancy fowls. I went out to see them before they were sent away, and was horrified to find that he had marked the cages in his own peculiar style, describing my "Jersey Blues," for instance, in startling capitals as "Gersy Blews." I called for a jack-plane to remove every mark on the cages and told the astonished carpenter that he might do anything in the world for me, except to spell.

In 1849 it was determined by the Society that I should deliver the annual address. I begged to be excused on the ground of incompetency, but my excuses were of no avail, and as I could not instruct my auditors in farming, I gave them the benefit of several mistakes which I had committed. Among other things, I told them that in the fall of 1848 my head gardener reported that I had fifty bushels of potatoes to spare. I thereupon directed him to barrel them up and ship them to New York for sale. He did so, and received two dollars per barrel, or about sixty-seven cents per bushel. But, unfortunately, after the potatoes had been shipped, I found that my gardener had selected all the largest for market, and left my family nothing but "small potatoes" to live on during the winter. But the worst is still to come. My potatoes were all gone before March, and I was obliged to buy, during the

spring, over fifty bushels of potatoes, at $1.25 per bushel! I also related my first experiment in the arboricultural line, when I cut from two thrifty rows of young cherry-trees any quantity of what I supposed to be "suckers," or "sprouts," and was thereafter informed by my gardener that I had cut off all his grafts!

A friend of mine, Mr. James D. Johnson, lived in a fine house a quarter of a mile west of Iranistan, and as I owned several acres of land at the corner of two streets directly adjoining his homestead, I surrounded the ground with high pickets, and introducing a number of Rocky Mountain elk, reindeer, and American deer, I converted it into a deer park. Strangers passing by would naturally suppose that it belonged to Johnson's estate, and to render the illusion more complete, his son-in-law, Mr. S. H. Wales, of the *Scientific American*, placed a sign in the park, fronting on the street, and reading:

> "ALL PERSONS ARE FORBID TRESPASSING ON THESE GROUNDS, OR DISTURBING THE DEER.
> "J. D. Johnson."

I "acknowledged the corn," and was much pleased with the joke. Johnson was delighted, and bragged considerably of having got ahead of Barnum, and the sign remained undisturbed for several days. It happened at length that a party of friends came to visit him from New York, arriving in the evening. Johnson told them he had got a capital joke on Barnum; he would not explain, but said they should see it for themselves the next morning. Bright and early he led them into the street, and after conducting them a proper distance, wheeled them around in front of the sign. To his dismay he discovered that I had added directly under his name the words, "Gamekeeper to P. T. Barnum." His friends, as soon as they understood the joke, enjoyed it mightily, but it was said that neighbor Johnson laughed out of "the wrong side of his mouth."

Thereafter, Mr. Johnson was known among his friends and acquaintances as "Barnum's gamekeeper." Sometime afterwards when I was President of the Pequonnock Bank, it was my custom every year to give a grand dinner at Iranistan to the directors, and in making preparations I used to send to certain friends in the West for prairie chickens and other game. On one occasion a large box, marked "P. T. Barnum, Bridgeport; Game," was lying in

the express office, when Johnson seeing it, and espying the word "game," said:

"Look here! I am 'Barnum's gamekeeper,' and I'll take charge of this box."

And "take charge" of it he did, carrying it home and notifying me that it was in his possession, and that as he was my gamekeeper he would "keep" this, unless I sent him an order for a new hat. He knew very well that I would give fifty dollars rather than be deprived of the box, and as he also threatened to give a game dinner at his own house, I speedily sent the order for the hat, acknowledged the good joke, and my own guests enjoyed the double "game."

During the year 1848, Mr. Frank Leslie, since so widely known as the publisher of several illustrated journals, came to me with letters of introduction from London, and I employed him to get up for me an illustrated catalogue of my Museum. This he did in a splendid manner, and hundreds of thousands of copies were sold and distributed far and near, thus adding greatly to the renown of the establishment.

I count these two years—1848 and 1849—among the happiest of my life. I had enough to do in the management of my business, and yet I seemed to have plenty of leisure hours to pass with my family and friends in my beautiful home of Iranistan.

# XVII

## The Jenny Lind Enterprise

Grand Scheme—Congress of All Nations—A Bold and Brilliant Enterprise—The Jenny Lind Engagement—My Agent in Europe—His Instructions—Correspondence with Miss Lind—Benedict and Belletti—Joshua Bates—Chevalier Wyckoff—The Contract Signed—My Reception of the News—The Entire Sum of Money for the Engagement Sent to London—My First Lind Letter to the Public—A Poor Portrait—Musical Notes in Wall Street—A Friend in Need.

Many of my most fortunate enterprises have fairly startled me by the magnitude of their success. When my sanguine hopes predicted a steady flow of fortune, I have been inundated; when I calculated upon making a curious public pay me liberally for a meritorious article, I have often found the same public eager to deluge me with compensation. Yet, I never believed in mere luck and I always pitied the simpleton who relies on luck for his success. Luck is in no sense the foundation of my fortune; from the beginning of my career I planned and worked for my success. To be sure, my schemes often amazed me with the affluence of their results, and, arriving at the very best, I sometimes "builded better" than "I knew."

For a long time I had been incubating a plan for an extraordinary exhibition which I was sure would be a success and would excite universal attention and commendation in America and abroad. This was nothing less than a "Congress of Nations"—an assemblage of representatives of all the nations that could be reached by land or sea. I meant to secure a man and woman, as perfect as could be procured, from every accessible people, civilized and barbarous, on the face of the globe. I had actually contracted with an agent to go to Europe to make arrangements to secure "specimens" for such a show. Even now, I can conceive of no exhibition which would be

more interesting and which would appeal more generally to all classes of patrons. As it was, and while positively preparing for such a congress, it occurred to me that another great enterprise could be undertaken at less risk, with far less real trouble, and with more remunerative results.

And now I come to speak of an undertaking which my worst enemy will admit was bold in its conception, complete in its development, and astounding in its success. It was an enterprise never before or since equalled in managerial annals. As I recall it now, I almost tremble at the seeming temerity of the attempt. That I am proud of it I freely confess. It placed me before the world in a new light; it gained me many warm friends in new circles; it was in itself a fortune to me—I risked much but I made more.

It was in October 1849, that I conceived the idea of bringing Jenny Lind to this country. I had never heard her sing, inasmuch as she arrived in London a few weeks after I left that city with General Tom Thumb. Her reputation, however, was sufficient for me. I usually jump at conclusions, and almost invariably find that my first impressions are correct. It struck me, when I first thought of this speculation, that if properly managed it must prove immensely profitable, provided I could engage the "Swedish Nightingale" on any terms within the range of reason. As it was a great undertaking, I considered the matter seriously for several days, and all my "cipherings" and calculations gave but one result—immense success.

Reflecting that very much would depend upon the manner in which she should be brought before the public, I saw that my task would be an exceedingly arduous one. It was possible, I knew, that circumstances might occur which would make the enterprise disastrous. "The public" is a very strange animal, and although a good knowledge of human nature will generally lead a caterer of amusements to hit the people, they are fickle, and ofttimes perverse. A slight misstep in the management of a public entertainment, frequently wrecks the most promising enterprise. But I had marked the "divine Jenny" as a sure card, and to secure the prize I began to cast about for a competent agent.

I found in Mr. John Hall Wilton, an Englishman who had visited this country with the Saxhorn Players, the best man whom I knew for that purpose. A few minutes sufficed to make the arrangement with him, by which I was to pay but little more than his expenses if he failed in his mission, but by which also he was to be paid a large sum if he succeeded in bringing

Jenny Lind to our shores, on any terms within a liberal schedule which I set forth to him in writing.

On the 6th of November, 1849, I furnished Wilton with the necessary documents, including a letter of general instructions which he was at liberty to exhibit to Jenny Lind and to any other musical notables whom he thought proper, and a private letter, containing hints and suggestions not embodied in the former. I also gave him letters of introduction to my bankers, Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., of London, as well as to many friends in England and France.

The sum of all my instructions, public and private, to Wilton amounted to this: He was to engage her on shares, if possible. I, however, authorized him to engage her at any rate, not exceeding one thousand dollars a night, for any number of nights up to one hundred and fifty, with all her expenses, including servants, carriages, secretary, etc., besides also engaging such musical assistants, not exceeding three in number, as she should select, let the terms be what they might. If necessary, I should place the entire amount of money named in the engagement in the hands of London bankers before she sailed. Wilton's compensation was arranged on a kind of sliding scale, to be governed by the terms which he made for me—so that the farther he kept below my utmost limits, the better he should be paid for making the engagements. He proceeded to London, and opened a correspondence with Miss Lind, who was then on the Continent. He learned from the tenor of her letters, that if she could be induced to visit America at all, she must be accompanied by Mr. Julius Benedict, the accomplished composer, pianist, and musical director, and also she was impressed with the belief that Signor Belletti, the fine baritone, would be of essential service. Wilton therefore at once called upon Mr. Benedict and also Signor Belletti, who were both then in London, and in numerous interviews was enabled to learn the terms on which they would consent to engage to visit this country with Miss Lind. Having obtained the information desired, he proceeded to Lubeck, in Germany, to seek an interview with Miss Lind herself. Upon arriving at her hotel, he sent his card, requesting her to specify an hour for an interview. She named the following morning, and he was punctual to the appointment.

In the course of the first conversation, she frankly told him that during the time occupied by their correspondence, she had written to friends in London, including my friend Mr. Joshua Bates, of the house of Baring Brothers, and had informed herself respecting my character, capacity, and

responsibility, which she assured him were quite satisfactory. She informed him, however, that at that time there were four persons anxious to negotiate with her for an American tour. One of these gentlemen was a well-known opera manager in London; another, a theatrical manager in Manchester; a third, a musical composer and conductor of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Opera in London; and the fourth, Chevalier Wyckoff, a person who had conducted a successful speculation some years previously by visiting America in charge of the celebrated danseuse, Fanny Ellsler. Several of these parties had called upon her personally, and Wyckoff upon hearing my name, attempted to deter her from making any engagement with me, by assuring her that I was a mere showman, and that, for the sake of making money by the speculation, I would not scruple to put her into a box and exhibit her through the country at twenty-five cents a head.

This, she confessed, somewhat alarmed her, and she wrote to Mr. Bates on the subject. He entirely disabused her mind, by assuring her that he knew me personally, and that in treating with me she was not dealing with an "adventurer" who might make her remuneration depend entirely upon the success of the enterprise, but I was able to carry out all my engagements, let them prove never so unprofitable, and she could place the fullest reliance upon my honor and integrity.

"Now," said she to Mr. Wilton, "I am perfectly satisfied on that point, for I know the world pretty well, and am aware how far jealousy and envy will sometimes carry persons; and as those who are trying to treat with me are all anxious that I should participate in the profits or losses of the enterprise, I much prefer treating with you, since your principal is willing to assume all the responsibility, and take the entire management and chances of the result upon himself."

Several interviews ensued, during which she learned from Wilton that he had settled with Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, in regard to the amount of their salaries, provided the engagement was concluded, and in the course of a week, Mr. Wilton and Miss Lind had arranged the terms and conditions on which she was ready to conclude the negotiations. As these terms were within the limits fixed in my private letter of instructions, the following agreement was duly drawn in triplicate, and signed by herself and Wilton, at Lubeck, January 9, 1850; and the signatures of Messrs. Benedict and Belletti were affixed in London a few days afterwards:

Memorandum of an agreement entered into this ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, between John Hall Wilton, as agent for Phineas T. Barnum, of New York, in the United States of North America, of the one part, and Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, Vocalist, of Stockholm in Sweden, of the other part, wherein the said Jenny Lind doth agree:

1st. To sing for the said Phineas T. Barnum in one hundred and fifty concerts, including oratorios, within (if possible) one year, or eighteen months from the date of her arrival in the City of New York—the said concerts to be given in the United States of North America and Havana. She, the said Jenny Lind, having full control as to the number of nights or concerts in each week, and the number of pieces in which she will sing in each concert, to be regulated conditionally with her health and safety of voice, but the former never less than one or two, nor the latter less than four; but in no case to appear in operas.

2d. In consideration of said services, the said John Hall Wilton, as agent for the said Phineas T. Barnum, of New York, agrees to furnish the said Jenny Lind with a servant as waiting-maid, and a male servant to and for the sole service of her and her party; to pay the travelling and hotel expenses of a friend to accompany her as a companion; to pay also a secretary to superintend her finances; to pay all her and her party's travelling expenses from Europe, and during the tour in the United States of North America and Havana; to pay all hotel expenses for board and lodging during the same period; to place at her disposal in each city a carriage and horses with their necessary attendants, and to give her in addition, the sum of two hundred pounds sterling, or one thousand dollars, for each concert or oratorio in which the said Jenny Lind shall sing.

3d. And the said John Hall Wilton, as agent for the said Phineas T. Barnum, doth further agree to give the said Jenny Lind the most satisfactory security and assurance for the full amount of her engagement, which shall be placed in the hands of Messrs. Baring Brothers, of London, previous to the departure and subject to the

order of the said Jenny Lind, with its interest due on its current reduction, by her services in the concerts or oratorios.

4th. And the said John Hall Wilton, on the part of the said Phineas T. Barnum, further agrees, that should the said Phineas T. Barnum, after seventy-five concerts, have realized so much as shall, after paying all current expenses, have returned to him all the sums disbursed, either as deposits at interest, for securities of salaries, preliminary outlay, or moneys in any way expended consequent on this engagement, and in addition, have gained a clear profit of at least fifteen thousand pounds sterling, then the said Phineas T. Barnum will give the said Jenny Lind, in addition to the former sum of one thousand dollars current money of the United States of North America, nightly, one fifth part of the profits arising from the remaining seventy-five concerts or oratorios, after deducting every expense current and appertaining thereto; or the said Jenny Lind agrees to try with the said Phineas T. Barnum fifty concerts or oratorios on the aforesaid and first-named terms, and if then found to fall short of the expectations of the said Phineas T. Barnum, then the said Jenny Lind agrees to reorganize this agreement, on terms quoted in his first proposal, as set forth in the annexed copy of his letter; but should such be found unnecessary, then the engagement continues up to seventy-five concerts or oratorios, at the end of which, should the aforesaid profit of fifteen thousand pounds sterling have not been realized, then the engagement shall continue as at first—the sums herein, after expenses for Julius Benedict and Giovanni Belletti, to remain unaltered except for advancement.

5th. And the said John Hall Wilton, agent for the said Phineas T. Barnum, at the request of the said Jenny Lind, agrees to pay to Julius Benedict, of London, to accompany the said Jenny Lind as musical director, pianist, and superintendent of the musical department, also to assist the said Jenny Lind in one hundred and fifty concerts or oratorios, to be given in the United States of North America and Havana, the sum of five thousand pounds (£5,000) sterling, to be satisfactorily secured to him with Messrs. Baring Brothers, of London, previous to his departure from Europe; and the said John Hall Wilton agrees further, for the said

Phineas T. Barnum, to pay all his travelling expenses from Europe, together with his hotel and travelling expenses during the time occupied in giving the aforesaid one hundred and fifty concerts or oratorios—he, the said Julius Benedict, to superintend the organization of oratorios, if required.

6th. And the said John Hall Wilton, at the request, selection, and for the aid of the said Jenny Lind, agrees to pay to Giovanni Belletti, baritone vocalist, to accompany the said Jenny Lind during her tour and in one hundred and fifty concerts or oratorios in the United States of North America and Havana, and in conjunction with the aforesaid Julius Benedict, the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds (£2,500) sterling, to be satisfactorily secured to him previous to his departure from Europe, in addition to all his hotel and travelling expenses.

7th. And it is further agreed that the said Jenny Lind shall be at full liberty to sing at any time she may think fit for charitable institutions or purposes independent of the engagement with the said Phineas T. Barnum, she, the said Jenny Lind, consulting with the said Phineas T. Barnum with a view to mutually agreeing as to the time and its propriety, it being understood that in no case shall the first or second concert in any city selected for the tour be for such purpose, or wherever it shall appear against the interests of the said Phineas T. Barnum.

8th. It is further agreed that should the said Jenny Lind by any act of God be incapacitated to fulfil the entire engagement before mentioned, that an equal proportion of the terms agreed upon shall be given to the said Jenny Lind, Julius Benedict, and Giovanni Belletti, for services rendered to that time.

9th. It is further agreed and understood, that the said Phineas T. Barnum shall pay every expense appertaining to the concerts or oratorios before mentioned, excepting those for charitable purposes, and that all accounts shall be settled and rendered by all parties weekly.

10th. And the said Jenny Lind further agrees that she will not engage to sing for any other person during the progress of this said engagement with the said Phineas T. Barnum, of New York, for one hundred and fifty concerts or oratorios, excepting for

charitable purposes as before mentioned; and all travelling to be first and best class.

In witness hereof to the within written memorandum of agreement we set hereunto our hand and seal.
[L.S.] John Hall Wilton, Agent for Phineas T. Barnum, of New York, U.S.
[L.S.] Jenny Lind.
[L.S.] Julius Benedict.
[L.S.] Giovanni Belletti.
In the presence of C. Achilling, Consul of His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway.

Extract from a Letter Addressed to John Hall Wilton By Phineas T. Barnum, and Referred to in Paragraph No. 4 of the Annexed Agreement.

New York, November 6, 1849.
Mr. J. Hall Wilton:
Sir:—In reply to your proposal to attempt a negotiation with Mlle. Jenny Lind to visit the United States professionally, I propose to enter into an arrangement with her to the following effect: I will engage to pay all her expenses from Europe, provide for and pay for one principal tenor and one pianist, their salaries not exceeding together one hundred and fifty dollars per night; to support for her a carriage, two servants, and a friend to accompany her and superintend her finances. I will furthermore pay all and every expense appertaining to her appearance before the public, and give her half of the gross receipts arising from concerts or operas. I will engage to travel with her personally and attend to the arrangements, provided she will undertake to give not less than eighty nor more than one hundred and fifty concerts, or nights' performances.
Phineas T. Barnum.

I certify the above to be a true extract from the letter.
J. H. Wilton.

I was at my Museum in Philadelphia when Wilton arrived in New York, February 19, 1850. He immediately telegraphed to me, in the cipher we had

agreed upon, that he had signed an engagement with Jenny Lind, by which she was to commence her concerts in America in the following September. I was somewhat startled by this sudden announcement; and feeling that the time to elapse before her arrival was so long that it would be policy to keep the engagement private for a few months, I immediately telegraphed him not to mention it to any person, and that I would meet him the next day in New York.

When we reflect how thoroughly Jenny Lind, her musical powers, her character, and wonderful successes, were subsequently known by all classes in this country as well as throughout the civilized world, it is difficult to realize that, at the time this engagement was made, she was comparatively unknown on this side the water. We can hardly credit the fact, that millions of persons in America had never heard of her, that other millions had merely read her name, but had no distinct idea of who or what she was. Only a small portion of the public were really aware of her great musical triumphs in the Old World, and this portion was confined almost entirely to musical people, travellers who had visited the Old World, and the conductors of the press.

The next morning I started for New York. On arriving at Princeton we met the New York cars, and purchasing the morning papers, I was surprised to find in them a full account of my engagement with Jenny Lind. However, this premature announcement could not be recalled, and I put the best face on the matter. Anxious to learn how this communication would strike the public mind, I informed the conductor, whom I well knew, that I had made an engagement with Jenny Lind, and that she would surely visit this country in the following August.

"Jenny Lind! Is she a dancer?" asked the conductor.

I informed him who and what she was, but his question had chilled me as if his words were ice. Really, thought I, if this is all that a man in the capacity of a railroad conductor between Philadelphia and New York knows of the greatest songstress in the world, I am not sure that six months will be too long a time for me to occupy in enlightening the public in regard to her merits.

I had an interview with Wilton, and learned from him that, in accordance with the agreement, it would be requisite for me to place the entire amount stipulated, $187,500, in the hands of the London bankers. I at once resolved

to ratify the agreement, and immediately sent the necessary documents to Miss Lind and Messrs. Benedict and Belletti.

I then began to prepare the public mind, through the newspapers, for the reception of the great songstress. How effectually this was done, is still within the remembrance of the American public. As a sample of the manner in which I accomplished my purpose, I present the following extract from my first letter, which appeared in the New York papers of February 22, 1850:

> "Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise; but I assure you that if I knew I should not make a farthing profit, I would ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United States should be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by any other human being, and whose character is charity, simplicity, and goodness personified.
>
> "Miss Lind has great anxiety to visit America. She speaks of this country and its institutions in the highest terms of praise. In her engagement with me (which includes Havana), she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper.
>
> "Since her *débût* in England, she has given to the poor from her own private purse more than the whole amount which I have engaged to pay her, and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she has sung gratuitously, have realized more than ten times that amount."

The people soon began to talk about Jenny Lind, and I was particularly anxious to obtain a good portrait of her. Fortunately, a fine opportunity occurred. One day, while I was sitting in the office of the Museum, a foreigner approached me with a small package under his arm. He informed me in broken English that he was a Swede, and said he was an artist, who had just arrived from Stockholm, where Jenny Lind had kindly given him a number of sittings, and he now had with him the portrait of her which he had painted upon copper. He unwrapped the package, and showed me a beautiful picture of the Swedish Nightingale, enclosed in an elegant gilt frame, about fourteen by twenty inches. It was just the thing I wanted; the price was fifty dollars, and I purchased it at once. Upon showing it to an artist friend the same day, he quietly assured me that it was a cheap lithograph pasted on a

tin back, neatly varnished, and made to appear like a fine oil painting. The intrinsic value of the picture did not exceed thirty-seven and one half cents!

After getting together all my available funds for the purpose of transmitting them to London in the shape of United States bonds, I found a considerable sum still lacking to make up the amount. I had some second mortgages which were perfectly good, but I could not negotiate them in Wall Street. Nothing would answer there short of first mortgages on New York or Brooklyn city property.

I went to the president of the bank where I had done all my business for eight years. I offered him, as security for a loan, my second mortgages, and as an additional inducement, I proposed to make over to him my contract with Jenny Lind, with a written guaranty that he should appoint a receiver, who, at my expense, should take charge of all the receipts over and above three thousand dollars per night, and appropriate them towards the payment of my loan. He laughed in my face, and said: "Mr. Barnum, it is generally believed in Wall Street, that your engagement with Jenny Lind will ruin you. I do not think you will ever receive so much as three thousand dollars at a single concert." I was indignant at his want of appreciation, and answered him that I would not at that moment take $150,000 for my contract; nor would I. I found, upon further inquiry, that it was useless in Wall Street to offer the "Nightingale" in exchange for Goldfinches. I finally was introduced to Mr. John L. Aspinwall, of the firm of Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall, and he gave me a letter of credit from his firm on Baring Brothers, for a large sum on collateral securities, which a spirit of genuine respect for my enterprise induced him to accept.

After disposing of several pieces of property for cash, I footed up the various amounts, and still discovered myself five thousand dollars short. I felt that it was indeed "the last feather that breaks the camel's back." Happening casually to state my desperate case to the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, for many years a friend of mine, he promptly placed the requisite amount at my disposal. I gladly accepted his proffered friendship, and felt that he had removed a mountain-weight from my shoulders.

# XVIII

## The Nightingale in New York

Final Concerts in Liverpool—Departure for America—Arrival Off Staten Island—My First Interview with Jenny Lind—The Tremendous Throng at the Wharf—Triumphal Arches—"Welcome to America"—Excitement in the City—Serenade at the Irving House—The Prize Ode—Bayard Taylor the Prizeman—"Barnum's Parnassus"—"Barnumopsis"—First Concert in Castle Garden—A New Agreement—Reception of Jenny Lind—Unbounded Enthusiasm—Barnum Called Out—Julius Benedict—The Success of the Enterprise Established—Two Grand Charity Concerts in New York—Date of the First Regular Concert.

After the engagement with Miss Lind was consummated, she declined several liberal offers to sing in London, but, at my solicitation, gave two concerts in Liverpool, on the eve of her departure for America. My object in making this request was, to add the *éclat* of that side to the excitement on this side of the Atlantic, which was already nearly up to fever heat.

The first of the two Liverpool concerts was given the night previous to the departure of the Saturday steamer for America. My agent had procured the services of a musical critic from London, who finished his account of this concert at half past one o'clock the following morning, and at two o'clock my agent was overseeing its insertion in a Liverpool morning paper, numbers of which he forwarded to me by the steamer of the same day. The republication of the criticism in the American papers, including an account of the enthusiasm which attended and followed this concert—her transatlantic—had the desired effect.

On Wednesday morning, August 21, 1850, Jenny Lind and Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, set sail from Liverpool in the steamship *Atlantic*, in which I had long before engaged the necessary accommodations, and on board of

which I had shipped a piano for their use. They were accompanied by my agent, Mr. Wilton, and also by Miss Ahmansen and Mr. Max Hjortzberg, cousins of Miss Lind, the latter being her Secretary; also by her two servants, and the valet of Messrs. Benedict and Belletti.

It was expected that the steamer would arrive on Sunday, September 1, but, determined to meet the songstress on her arrival whenever it might be, I went to Staten Island on Saturday, and slept at the hospitable residence of my friend, Dr. A. Sidney Doane, who was at that time the Health Officer of the Port of New York. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, on Sunday morning, the *Atlantic* hove in sight, and immediately afterwards, through the kindness of my friend Doane, I was on board the ship, and had taken Jenny Lind by the hand.

After a few moments' conversation, she asked me when and where I had heard her sing.

"I never had the pleasure of seeing you before in my life," I replied.

"How is it possible that you dared risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?" she asked in surprise.

"I risked it on your reputation, which in musical matters I would much rather trust than my own judgment," I replied.

I may as well state, that although I relied prominently upon Jenny Lind's reputation as a great musical artiste, I also took largely into my estimate of her success with all classes of the American public, her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity in her disposition, I never would have dared make the engagement which I did, as I felt sure that there were multitudes of individuals in America who would be prompted to attend her concerts by this feeling alone.

Thousands of persons covered the shipping and piers, and other thousands had congregated on the wharf at Canal Street, to see her. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed as the steamer approached the dock. So great was the rush on a sloop near the steamer's berth, that one man, in his zeal to obtain a good view, accidentally tumbled overboard, amid the shouts of those near him. Miss Lind witnessed this incident, and was much alarmed. He was, however, soon rescued, after taking to himself a cold duck instead of securing a view of the Nightingale. A bower of green trees, decorated with beautiful flags, was discovered on the wharf, together with two triumphal arches, on one of which was inscribed, "Welcome, Jenny Lind!" The second was surmounted by the American eagle, and bore the inscription, "Welcome to

America!" These decorations were not produced by magic, and I do not know that I can reasonably find fault with those who suspected I had a hand in their erection. My private carriage was in waiting, and Jenny Lind was escorted to it by Captain West. The rest of the musical party entered the carriage, and mounting the box at the driver's side, I directed him to the Irving House. I took that seat as a legitimate advertisement, and my presence on the outside of the carriage aided those who filled the windows and sidewalks along the whole route, in coming to the conclusion that Jenny Lind had arrived.

A reference to the journals of that day will show, that never before had there been such enthusiasm in the City of New York, or indeed in America. Within ten minutes after our arrival at the Irving House, not less than twenty thousand persons had congregated around the entrance in Broadway, nor was the number diminished before nine o'clock in the evening. At her request, I dined with her that afternoon, and when, according to European custom, she prepared to pledge me in a glass of wine, she was somewhat surprised at my saying, "Miss Lind, I do not think you can ask any other favor on earth which I would not gladly grant; but I am a teetotaler, and must beg to be permitted to drink your health and happiness in a glass of cold water."

At twelve o'clock that night, she was serenaded by the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering, on that occasion, two hundred musicians. They were escorted to the Irving House by about three hundred firemen, in their red shirts, bearing torches. There was a far greater throng in the streets than there was even during the day. The calls for Jenny Lind were so vehement that I led her through a window to the balcony. The loud cheers from the crowds lasted for several minutes, before the serenade was permitted to proceed again.

I have given the merest sketch of but a portion of the incidents of Jenny Lind's first day in America. For weeks afterwards the excitement was unabated. Her rooms were thronged by visitors, including the magnates of the land in both Church and State. The carriages of the wealthiest citizens could be seen in front of her hotel at nearly all hours of the day, and it was with some difficulty that I prevented the "fashionables" from monopolizing her altogether, and thus, as I believed, sadly marring my interests by cutting her off from the warm sympathies she had awakened among the masses. Presents of all sorts were showered upon her. Milliners, mantua-makers,

and shopkeepers vied with each other in calling her attention to their wares, of which they sent her many valuable specimens, delighted if, in return, they could receive her autograph acknowledgment. Songs, quadrilles and polkas were dedicated to her, and poets sung in her praise. We had Jenny Lind gloves, Jenny Lind bonnets, Jenny Lind riding hats, Jenny Lind shawls, mantillas, robes, chairs, sofas, pianos—in fact, everything was Jenny Lind. Her movements were constantly watched, and the moment her carriage appeared at the door, it was surrounded by multitudes, eager to catch a glimpse of the Swedish Nightingale.

In looking over my "scrapbooks" of extracts from the New York papers of that day, in which all accessible details concerning her were duly chronicled, it seems almost incredible that such a degree of enthusiasm should have existed. An abstract of the "sayings and doings" in regard to the Jenny Lind mania for the first ten days after her arrival, appeared in the London *Times* of Sept. 23, 1850, and although it was an ironical "showing up" of the American enthusiasm, filling several columns, it was nevertheless a faithful condensation of facts which at this late day seem even to myself more like a dream than reality.

Before her arrival I had offered $200 for a prize ode, "Greeting to America," to be sung by Jenny Lind at her first concert. Several hundred "poems" were sent in from all parts of the United States and the Canadas. The duties of the Prize Committee, in reading these effusions and making choice of the one most worthy the prize, were truly arduous. The "offerings," with perhaps a dozen exceptions, were the merest doggerel trash. The prize was awarded to Bayard Taylor for the following ode:

Greeting to America

Words by Bayard Taylor—music by Julius Benedict.

I greet with a full heart the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opens to sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake,
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For Song has a home in the hearts of the Free!
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And Peace shed her light on thy Banner of Stars!

This award, although it gave general satisfaction, yet was met with disfavor by several disappointed poets, who, notwithstanding the decision of the committee, persisted in believing and declaring their own productions to be the best. This state of feeling was doubtless, in part, the cause which led to the publication, about this time, of a witty pamphlet entitled "Barnum's Parnassus; being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind song."

It gave some capital hits in which the committee, the enthusiastic public, the Nightingale, and myself, were roundly ridiculed. The following is a fair specimen from the work in question:

Barnumopsis
A Recitative

When to the common rest that crowns his days,
Dusty and worn the tired pedestrian goes,
What light is that whose wide o'erlooking blaze
A sudden glory on his pathway throws?
'Tis not the setting sun, whose drooping lid
Closed on the weary world at half-past six;
'Tis not the rising moon, whose rays are hid
Behind the city's sombre piles of bricks.
It is the Drummond Light, that from the top
Of Barnum's massive pile, sky-mingling there,
Darts its quick gleam o'er every shadowed shop,
And gilds Broadway with unaccustomed glare.
There o'er the sordid gloom, whose deep'ning tracks
Furrow the city's brow, the front of ages,

Thy loftier light descends on cabs and hacks,
And on two dozen different lines of stages!
O twilight Sun, with thy far darting ray,
Thou art a type of him whose tireless hands
Hung thee on high to guide the stranger's way,
Where, in its pride, his vast Museum stands.
Him, who in search of wonders new and strange,
Grasps the wide skirts of Nature's mystic robe
Explores the circles of eternal change,
And the dark chambers of the central globe.
He, from the reedy shores of fabled Nile,
Has brought, thick-ribbed and ancient as old iron,
That venerable beast the crocodile,
And many a skin of many a famous lion.
Go lose thyself in those continuous halls,
Where strays the fond papa with son and daughter
And all that charms or startles or appals,
Thou shalt behold, and for a single quarter!
Far from the Barcan deserts now withdrawn,
There huge constrictors coil their scaly backs;
There, cased in glass, malignant and unshorn,
Old murderers glare in sullenness and wax.
There many a varied form the sight beguiles,
In rusty broadcloth decked and shocking hat,
And there the unwieldy Lambert sits and smiles,
In the majestic plenitude of fat.
Or for thy gayer hours, the orang-outang
Or ape salutes thee with his strange grimace,
And in their shapes, stuffed as on earth they sprang,
Thine individual being thou canst trace!
And joys the youth in life's green spring, who goes
With the sweet babe and the gray-headed nurse,
To see those Cosmoramic orbs disclose
The varied beauties of the universe.
And last, not least, the marvellous Ethiope,
Changing his skin by preternatural skill,

Whom every setting sun's diurnal slope
Leaves whiter than the last, and whitening still.
All that of monstrous, scaly, strange and queer,
Has come from out the womb of earliest time,
Thou hast, O Barnum, in thy keeping here,
Nor is this all—for triumphs more sublime
Await thee yet! I, Jenny Lind, who reigned
Sublimely throned, the imperial queen of song,
Wooed by thy golden harmonies, have deigned
Captive to join the heterogeneous throng.
Sustained by an unfaltering trust in coin,
Dealt from thy hand, O thou illustrious man,
Gladly I heard the summons come to join
Myself the innumerable caravan.

Besides the foregoing, this pamphlet contained eleven poems, most of which abounded in wit. I have room for but a single stanza. The poet speaks of the various curiosities in the Museum, and representing me as still searching for further novelties, makes me address the Swedish Nightingale as follows:

"So Jenny, come along! you're just the card for me,
And quit these kings and queens, for the country of the free;
They'll welcome you with speeches, and serenades, and rockets,
And you will touch their hearts, and I will tap their pockets;
And if between us both the public isn't skinned,
Why, my name isn't Barnum, nor your name Jenny Lind!"

Various extracts from this brochure were copied in the papers daily, and my agents scattered the work as widely as possible, thus efficiently aiding and advertising my enterprise and serving to keep up the public excitement.

Among the many complimentary poems sent in, was the following, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, which that distinguished writer enclosed in a letter to me, with the request that I should hand it to Miss Lind:

The Swedish Songstress and Her Charities
By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Blest must their vocation be
Who, with tones of melody,
Charm the discord and the strife
And the railroad rush of life,
And with Orphean magic move
Souls inert to life and love.
But there's one who doth inherit
Angel gift and angel spirit,
Bidding tides of gladness flow
Through the realms of want and woe;
'Mid lone age and misery's lot,
Kindling pleasures long forgot,
Seeking minds oppressed with night,
And on darkness shedding light.
She the seraph's speech doth know,
She hath done their deeds below:
So, when o'er this misty strand
She shall clasp their waiting hand,
They will fold her to their breast,
More a sister than a guest.

Jenny Lind's first concert was fixed to come off at Castle Garden, on Wednesday evening, September 11th, and most of the tickets were sold at auction on the Saturday and Monday previous to the concert. John N. Genin, the hatter, laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing the first ticket at $225. It has been extensively reported that Mr. Genin and I are brothers-in-law, but our only relations are those of business and friendship. The proprietors of the Garden saw fit to make the usual charge of one shilling to all persons who entered the premises, yet three thousand people were present at the auction. One thousand tickets were sold on the first day for an aggregate sum of $10,141.

On the Tuesday after her arrival I informed Miss Lind that I wished to make a slight alteration in our agreement. "What is it?" she asked in surprise.

"I am convinced," I replied, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish, therefore, to stipulate that you shall receive not only $1,000 for each concert, besides all the expenses, as

heretofore agreed on, but after taking $5,500 per night for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us."

Jenny looked at me with astonishment. She could not comprehend my proposition. After I had repeated it, and she fully understood its import, she cordially grasped me by the hand, and exclaimed, "Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor: you are generous; it is just as Mr. Bates told me; I will sing for you as long as you please; I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere!"

Upon drawing the new contract which was to include this entirely voluntary and liberal advance on my part, beyond the terms of the original agreement, Miss Lind's lawyer, Mr. John Jay, who was present solely to put in writing the new arrangement between Miss Lind and myself, insisted upon intruding the suggestion that she should have the right to terminate the engagement at the end of the sixtieth concert, if she should choose to do so. This proposition was so persistently and annoyingly pressed that Miss Lind was finally induced to entertain it, at the same time offering, if she did so, to refund to me all moneys paid her up to that time, excepting the $1,000 per concert according to the original agreement. This was agreed to, and it was also arranged that she might terminate the engagement at the one-hundredth concert, if she desired, upon paying me $25,000 for the loss of the additional fifty nights.

After this new arrangement was completed, I said: "Now, Miss Lind, as you are directly interested, you must have an agent to assist in taking and counting the tickets"; to which she replied, "Oh, no! Mr. Barnum; I have every confidence in you and I must decline to act upon your suggestion"; but I continued:

"I never allow myself, if it can be avoided, when I have associates in the same interests, to be placed in a position where I must assume the sole responsibility. I never even permitted an actor to take a benefit at my Museum, unless he placed a ticket-taker of his own at the door."

Thus urged, Miss Lind engaged Mr. Seton to act as her ticket-taker, and after we had satisfactorily arranged the matter, Jay, knowing the whole affair, had the impudence to come to me with a package of blank printed affidavits, which he demanded that I should fill out, from day to day, with the receipts of each concert, and swear to their correctness before a magistrate!

I told him that I would see him on the subject at Miss Lind's hotel that afternoon, and going there a few moments before the appointed hour, I nar-

rated the circumstances to Mr. Benedict and showed him an affidavit which I had made that morning to the effect that I would never directly or indirectly take any advantage whatever of Miss Lind. This I had made oath to, for I thought if there was any swearing of that kind to be done I would do it "in a lump" rather than in detail. Mr. Benedict was very much opposed to it, and arriving during the interview, Jay was made to see the matter in such a light that he was thoroughly ashamed of his proposition, and, requesting that the affair might not be mentioned to Miss Lind, he begged me to destroy the affidavit. I heard no more about swearing to our receipts.

On Tuesday, September 10th, I informed Miss Lind that, judging by present appearances, her portion of the proceeds of the first concert would amount to $10,000. She immediately resolved to devote every dollar of it to charity; and, sending for Mayor Woodhull, she acted under his and my advice in selecting the various institutions among which she wished the amount to be distributed.

My arrangements of the concert room were very complete. The great *parterre* and gallery of Castle Garden were divided by imaginary lines into four compartments, each of which was designated by a lamp of a different color. The tickets were printed in colors corresponding with the location which the holders were to occupy, and one hundred ushers, with rosettes and bearing wands tipped with ribbons of the several hues, enabled every individual to find his or her seat without the slightest difficulty. Every seat was of course numbered in color to correspond with the check, which each person retained after giving up an entrance ticket at the door. Thus, tickets, checks, lamps, rosettes, wands, and even the seat numbers were all in the appropriate colors to designate the different departments. These arrangements were duly advertised, and every particular was also printed upon each ticket. In order to prevent confusion, the doors were opened at five o'clock, while the concert did not commence until eight. The consequence was, that although about five thousand persons were present at the first concert, their entrance was marked with as much order and quiet as was ever witnessed in the assembling of a congregation at church. These precautions were observed at all the concerts given throughout the country under my administration, and the good order which always prevailed was the subject of numberless encomiums from the public and the press.

The reception of Jenny Lind on her first appearance, in point of enthusiasm, was probably never before equalled in the world. As Mr. Benedict led

her towards the footlights, the entire audience rose to their feet and welcomed her with three cheers, accompanied by the waving of thousands of hats and handkerchiefs. This was by far the largest audience to which Jenny Lind had ever sung. She was evidently much agitated, but the orchestra commenced, and before she had sung a dozen notes of "Casta Diva," she began to recover her self-possession, and long before the *scena* was concluded, she was as calm as if she was in her own drawing-room. Towards the last portion of the *cavatina*, the audience were so completely carried away by their feelings, that the remainder of the air was drowned in a perfect tempest of acclamation. Enthusiasm had been wrought to its highest pitch, but the musical powers of Jenny Lind exceeded all the brilliant anticipations which had been formed, and her triumph was complete. At the conclusion of the concert Jenny Lind was loudly called for, and was obliged to appear three times before the audience could be satisfied. They then called vociferously for "Barnum," and I reluctantly responded to their demand.

On this first night, Mr. Julius Benedict firmly established with the American people his European reputation, as a most accomplished conductor and musical composer; while Signor Belletti inspired an admiration which grew warmer and deeper in the minds of the American people, to the end of his career in this country.

It would seem as if the Jenny Lind mania had reached its culminating point before she appeared, and I confess that I feared the anticipations of the public were too high to be realized, and hence that there would be a reaction after the first concert; but I was happily disappointed. The transcendent musical genius of the Swedish Nightingale was superior to all that fancy could paint, and the furor did not attain its highest point until she had been heard. The people were in ecstasies; the powers of editorial acumen, types and ink, were inadequate to sound her praises. The Rubicon was passed. The successful issue of the Jenny Lind enterprise was established. I think there were a hundred men in New York, the day after her first concert, who would have willingly paid me $200,000 for my contract. I received repeated offers for an eighth, a tenth, or a sixteenth, equivalent to that price. But mine had been the risk, and I was determined mine should be the triumph. So elated was I with my success, in spite of all obstacles and false prophets, that I do not think half a million of dollars would have tempted me to relinquish the enterprise.

Upon settling the receipts of the first concert, they were found to be somewhat less than I anticipated. The sums bid at the auction sales, together with the tickets purchased at private sale, amounted to more than $20,000. It proved, however, that several of the tickets bid off at from $12 to $25 each, were not called for. In some instances, probably the zeal of the bidders cooled down when they came out from the scene of excitement, and once more breathed the fresh sea-breeze which came sweeping up from "the Narrows," while perhaps, in other instances, bids were made by parties who never intended to take the tickets. I can only say, once for all, that I was never privy to a false bid, and was so particular upon that point, that I would not permit one of my employees to bid on, or purchase a ticket at auction, though requested to do so for especial friends.

The amount of money received for tickets to the first concert was $17,864.05. As this made Miss Lind's portion too small to realize the $10,000 which had been announced as devoted to charity, I proposed to divide equally with her the proceeds of the first two concerts, and not count them at all in our regular engagement. Accordingly, the second concert was given September 13th, and the receipts, amounting to $14,203.03, were, like those of the first concert, equally divided. Our third concert, but which, as between ourselves, we called the "first regular concert," was given Tuesday September 17, 1850.

# XIX

## Successful Management

Head-Work and Handwork—Managing Public Opinion—Creating a Furor—The New York Herald—Jenny Lind's Evil Advisers—John Jay—Miss Lind's Charities—A Poor Girl in Boston—The Nightingale at Iranistan—Rumor of Her Marriage to P. T. Barnum—The Story Based on Our "Engagement"—What Iranistan Did for Me—Avoiding Crowds—In Philadelphia and Baltimore—A Substitute for Miss Lind—Our Orchestra—President Fillmore, Clay, Foote, Benton, Scott, Cass, and Webster—Visit to Mt. Vernon—Christmas Presents—New Year's Eve—We Go to Havana—Playing Ball—Frederika Bremer—A Happy Month in Cuba.

No one can imagine the amount of head-work and handwork which I performed during the first four weeks after Jenny Lind's arrival. Anticipating much of this, I had spent some time in August at the White Mountains to recruit my energies. Of course I had not been idle during the summer. I had put innumerable means and appliances into operation for the furtherance of my object, and little did the public see of the hand that indirectly pulled at their heartstrings, preparatory to a relaxation of their purse-strings; and these means and appliances were continued and enlarged throughout the whole of that triumphal musical campaign.

The first great assembly at Castle Garden was not gathered by Jenny Lind's musical genius and powers alone. She was effectually introduced to the public before they had seen or heard her. She appeared in the presence of a jury already excited to enthusiasm in her behalf. She more than met their expectations, and all the means I had adopted to prepare the way were thus abundantly justified.

As a manager, I worked by setting others to work. Biographies of the Swedish Nightingale were largely circulated; "Foreign Correspondence"

glorified her talents and triumphs by narratives of her benevolence; and "printer's ink" was invoked in every possible form, to put and keep Jenny Lind before the people. I am happy to say that the press generally echoed the voice of her praise from first to last. I could fill many volumes with printed extracts which are nearly all of a similar tenor to the following unbought, unsolicited editorial article, which appeared in the *New York Herald* of Sept. 10, 1850 (the day before the first concert given by Miss Lind in the United States):

> "Jenny Lind and the American People.—What ancient monarch was he, either in history or in fable, who offered half his kingdom (the price of box tickets and choice seats in those days) for the invention of an original sensation, or the discovery of a fresh pleasure? That sensation—that pleasure which royal power in the old world failed to discover—has been called into existence at a less price, by Mr. Barnum, a plain republican, and is now about to be enjoyed by the sovereigns of the new world.
>
> "Jenny Lind, the most remarkable phenomenon in musical art which has for the last century flashed across the horizon of the old world, is now among us, and will make her *début* tomorrow night to a house of nearly ten thousand listeners, yielding in proceeds by auction, a sum of forty or fifty thousand dollars. For the last ten days our musical reporters have furnished our readers with every matter connected with her arrival in this metropolis, and the steps adopted by Mr. Barnum in preparation for her first appearance. The proceedings of yesterday, consisting of the sale of the remainder of the tickets, and the astonishing, the wonderful sensation produced at her first rehearsal on the few persons, critics in musical art, who were admitted on the occasion, will be found elsewhere in our columns.
>
> "We concur in everything that has been said by our musical reporter, describing her extraordinary genius—her unrivalled combination of power and art. Nothing has been exaggerated, not an iota. Three years ago, more or less, we heard Jenny Lind on many occasions when she made the first great sensation in Europe, by her *début* at the London Opera House. Then she was great in power—in art—in genius; now she is greater in all. We speak from experience and conviction. Then she astonished, and pleased, and fascinated the thousands of the British

aristocracy; now she will fascinate, and please, and delight, and almost make mad with musical excitement, the millions of the American democracy. Tomorrow night, this new sensation—this fresh movement—this excitement excelling all former excitements—will be called into existence, when she pours out the notes of *Casta Diva*, and exhibits her astonishing powers—her wonderful peculiarities, that seem more of heaven than of earth—more of a voice from eternity, than from the lips of a human being.

"We speak soberly—seriously—calmly. The public expectation has run very high for the last week—higher than at any former period of our past musical annals. But high as it has risen, the reality—the fact—the concert—the voice and power of Jenny Lind—will far surpass all past expectation. Jenny Lind is a wonder, and a prodigy in song—and no mistake."

As usual, however, the *Herald* very soon "took it all back" and roundly abused Miss Lind and persistently attacked her manager. As usual, too, the public paid no attention to the *Herald* and doubled their patronage of the Jenny Lind concerts.

After the first month the business became thoroughly systematized, and by the help of such agents as my faithful treasurer, L. C. Stewart, and the indefatigable Le Grand Smith, my personal labors were materially relieved; but from the first concert on the 11th of September, 1850, until the ninety-third concert on the 9th of June, 1851, a space of nine months, I did not know a waking moment that was entirely free from anxiety.

I could not hope to be exempted from trouble and perplexity in managing an enterprise which depended altogether on popular favor, and which involved great consequences to myself; but I did not expect the numerous petty annoyances which beset me, especially in the early period of the concerts. Miss Lind did not dream, nor did anyone else, of the unparalleled enthusiasm that would greet her; and the first immense assembly at Castle Garden somewhat prepared her, I suspect, to listen to evil advisers. It would seem that the terms of our revised contract were sufficiently liberal to her and sufficiently hazardous to myself, to justify the expectation of perfectly honorable treatment; but certain envious intermeddlers appeared to think differently. "Do you not see, Miss Lind, that Mr. Barnum is coining money out of your genius?" said they; of course she saw it, but the high-minded

Swede despised and spurned the advisers who recommended her to repudiate her contract with me at all hazards, and take the enterprise into her own hands—possibly to put it into theirs. I, however, suffered much from the unreasonable interference of her lawyer, Mr. John Jay. Benedict and Belletti behaved like men, and Jenny afterwards expressed to me her regret that she had for a moment listened to the vexatious exactions of her legal counsellor.

To show the difficulties with which I had to contend thus early in my enterprise, I copy a letter which I wrote, a little more than one month after Miss Lind commenced her engagement with me, to my friend Mr. Joshua Bates, of Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co., London:

New York, Oct. 23, 1850.

Joshua Bates Esq.:

Dear Sir—I take the liberty to write you a few lines, merely to say that we are getting along as well as could reasonably be expected. In this country you are aware that the rapid accumulation of wealth always creates much envy, and envy soon augments to malice. Such are the elements at work to a limited degree against myself, and although Miss Lind, Benedict and myself have never, as yet, had the slightest feelings between us, to my knowledge, except those of friendship, yet I cannot well see how this can long continue in face of the fact that, nearly every day, they allow persons (some moving in the first classes of society) to approach them, and spend hours in traducing me; even her attorney, Mr. John Jay, has been so blind to her interests, as to aid in poisoning her mind against me, by pouring into her ears the most silly twaddle, all of which amounts to nothing and less than nothing—such as the regret that I was a 'showman,' exhibitor of Tom Thumb, etc., etc.

Without the elements which I possess for business, as well as my knowledge of human nature, acquired in catering for the public, the result of her concerts here would not have been pecuniarily one half as much as at present—and such men as the Hon. Edward Everett, G. G. Howland, and others will tell you that there is no charlatanism or lack of dignity in my management of these concerts. I know as well as any person that the merits of Jenny Lind are the best capital to depend upon to secure public favor, and I have thus far acted on this knowledge. Everything which money and attention can procure for their

comfort, they have, and I am glad to know that they are satisfied on this score. All I fear is, that these continual backbitings, if listened to by her, will, by and by, produce a feeling of distrust or regret, which will lead to unpleasant results.

The fact is, her mind ought to be as free as air, and she herself as free as a bird, and, being satisfied of my probity and ability, she should turn a deaf ear to all envious and malevolent attacks on me. I have hoped that by thus briefly stating to you the facts in the case, you might be induced for her interests as well as mine to drop a line of advice to Mr. Benedict and another to Mr. Jay on this subject. If I am asking or expecting too much, I pray you to not give it a thought, for I feel myself fully able to carry through my rights alone, although I should deplore nothing so much as to be obliged to do so in a feeling of unfriendliness. I have risked much money on the issue of this speculation—it has proved successful. I am full of perplexity and anxiety, and labor continually for success, and I cannot allow ignorance or envy to rob me of the fruits of my enterprise.

Sincerely and gratefully, yours,

P. T. Barnum.

It is not my purpose to enter into full details of all of the Lind concerts, though I have given elsewhere a transcript from the account books of my treasurer, presenting a table of the place and exact receipts of each concert. This will gratify curiosity, and at the same time indicate our route of travel. Meanwhile, I devote a few pages to interesting incidents connected with Miss Lind's visit to America.

Jenny Lind's character for benevolence became so generally known, that her door was beset by persons asking charity, and she was in the receipt, while in the principal cities, of numerous letters, all on the same subject. Her secretary examined and responded favorably to some of them. He undertook at first to answer them all, but finally abandoned that course in despair. I knew of many instances in which she gave sums of money to applicants, varying in amount from $20, $50, $500, to $1,000, and in one instance she gave $5,000 to a Swedish friend.

One night, while giving a concert in Boston, a girl approached the ticket-office, and laying down $3 for a ticket, remarked, "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind." Miss Lind's

secretary heard the remark, and a few minutes afterwards coming into her room, he laughingly related the circumstance. "Would you know the girl again?" asked Jenny, with an earnest look. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she instantly placed a $20 gold-piece in his hand, and said, "Poor girl! give her that with my best compliments." He at once found the girl, who cried with joy when she received the gold-piece, and heard the kind words with which the gift was accompanied.

The night after Jenny's arrival in Boston, a display of fireworks was given in her honor, in front of the Revere House, after which followed a beautiful torchlight procession by the Germans of that city.

On her return from Boston to New York, Jenny, her companion, and Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, stopped at Iranistan, my residence in Bridgeport, where they remained until the following day. The morning after her arrival, she took my arm and proposed a promenade through the grounds. She seemed much pleased, and said, "I am astonished that you should have left such a beautiful place for the sake of travelling through the country with me."

The same day she told me in a playful mood, that she had heard a most extraordinary report. "I have heard that you and I are about to be married," said she; "now how could such an absurd report ever have originated?"

"Probably from the fact that we are 'engaged,'" I replied. She enjoyed a joke, and laughed heartily.

"Do you know, Mr. Barnum," said she, "that if you had not built Iranistan, I should never have come to America for you?"

I expressed my surprise, and asked her to explain.

"I had received several applications to visit the United States," she continued, "but I did not much like the appearance of the applicants, nor did I relish the idea of crossing 3,000 miles of ocean; so I declined them all. But the first letter which Mr. Wilton, your agent, addressed me, was written upon a sheet headed with a beautiful engraving of Iranistan. It attracted my attention. I said to myself, a gentleman who has been so successful in his business as to be able to build and reside in such a palace cannot be a mere 'adventurer.' So I wrote to your agent, and consented to an interview, which I should have declined, if I had not seen the picture of Iranistan!"

"That, then, fully pays me for building it," I replied; "for I intend and expect to make more by this musical enterprise than Iranistan cost me."

"I really hope so," she replied; "but you must not be too sanguine, you know, 'man proposes but God disposes.'"

Jenny Lind always desired to reach a place in which she was to sing, without having the time of her arrival known, thus avoiding the excitement of promiscuous crowds. As a manager, however, I knew that the interests of the enterprise depended in a great degree upon these excitements. Although it frequently seemed inconceivable to her how so many thousands should have discovered her secret and consequently gathered together to receive her, I was not so much astonished, inasmuch as my agent always had early telegraphic intelligence of the time of her anticipated arrival, and was not slow in communicating the information to the public.

On reaching Philadelphia, a large concourse of persons awaited the approach of the steamer which conveyed her. With difficulty we pressed through the crowd, and were followed by many thousands to Jones's Hotel. The street in front of the building was densely packed by the populace, and poor Jenny, who was suffering from a severe headache, retired to her apartments. I tried to induce the crowd to disperse, but they declared they would not do so until Jenny Lind should appear on the balcony. I would not disturb her, and knowing that the tumult might prove an annoyance to her, I placed her bonnet and shawl upon her companion, Miss Ahmansen, and led her out on the balcony. She bowed gracefully to the multitude, who gave her three hearty cheers and quietly dispersed. Miss Lind was so utterly averse to anything like deception, that we never ventured to tell her the part which her bonnet and shawl had played in the absence of their owner.

Jenny was in the habit of attending church whenever she could do so without attracting notice. She always preserved her nationality, also, by inquiring out and attending Swedish churches wherever they could be found. She gave $1,000 to a Swedish church in Chicago.

While in Boston, a poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family at Roxbury, called on Jenny. She detained her visitor several hours, talking about home, and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert, gave her a seat, and sent her back to Roxbury in a carriage, at the close of the performances. I have no doubt the poor girl carried with her substantial evidences of her countrywoman's bounty.

My eldest daughter, Caroline, and her friend, Mrs. Lyman, of Bridgeport, accompanied me on the tour from New York to Havana, and thence home, via New Orleans and the Mississippi.

We were at Baltimore on the Sabbath, and my daughter, accompanying a friend, who resided in the city, to church, took a seat with her in the choir, and joined in the singing. A number of the congregation, who had seen Caroline with me the day previous, and supposed her to be Jenny Lind, were yet laboring under the same mistake, and it was soon whispered through the church that Jenny Lind was in the choir! The excitement was worked to its highest pitch when my daughter rose as one of the musical group. Every ear was on the alert to catch the first notes of her voice, and when she sang, glances of satisfaction passed through the assembly. Caroline, quite unconscious of the attention she attracted, continued to sing to the end of the hymn. Not a note was lost upon the ears of the attentive congregation. "What an exquisite singer!" "Heavenly sounds!" "I never heard the like!" and similar expressions were whispered through the church.

At the conclusion of the services, my daughter and her friend found the passage way to their carriage blocked by a crowd who were anxious to obtain a nearer view of the "Swedish Nightingale," and many persons that afternoon boasted, in good faith, that they had listened to the extraordinary singing of the great songstress. The pith of the joke is that we have never discovered that my daughter has any extraordinary claims as a vocalist.

Our orchestra in New York consisted of sixty. When we started on our southern tour, we took with us permanently as the orchestra, twelve of the best musicians we could select, and in New Orleans augmented the force to sixteen. We increased the number to thirty-five, forty or fifty, as the case might be, by choice of musicians residing where the concerts were given. On our return to New York from Havana, we enlarged the orchestra to one hundred performers.

The morning after our arrival in Washington, President Fillmore called, and left his card, Jenny being out. When she returned and found the token of his attention, she was in something of a flurry. "Come," said she, "we must call on the President immediately."

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because he has called on me, and of course that is equivalent to a command for me to go to his house."

I assured her that she might make her mind at ease, for whatever might be the custom with crowned heads, our Presidents were not wont to "command" the movements of strangers, and that she would be quite in time if she returned his call the next day. She did so, and was charmed with the un-

affected bearing of the President, and the warm kindnesses expressed by his amiable wife and daughter, and consented to spend the evening with them in conformity with their request. She was accompanied to the "White House" by Messrs Benedict, Belletti and myself, and several happy hours were spent in the private circle of the President's family.

Mr. Benedict, who engaged in a long quiet conversation with Mr. Fillmore, was highly pleased with the interview. A foreigner, accustomed to court etiquette, is generally surprised at the simplicity which characterizes the Chief Magistrate of this Union. In 1852 I called on the President with my friend the late Mr. Brettell, of London, who resided in St. James Palace, and was quite a worshipper of the Queen, and an ardent admirer of all the dignities and ceremonies of royalty. He expected something of the kind in visiting the President of the United States, and was highly pleased with his disappointment.

Both concerts in Washington were attended by the President and his family, and every member of the Cabinet. I noticed, also, among the audience, Henry Clay, Benton, Foote, Cass and General Scott, and nearly every member of Congress. On the following morning, Miss Lind was called upon by Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Cass, and Colonel Benton, and all parties were evidently gratified. I had introduced Mr. Webster to her in Boston. Upon hearing one of her wild mountain songs in New York, and also in Washington, Mr. Webster signified his approval by rising, drawing himself up to his full height, and making a profound bow. Jenny was delighted by this expression of praise from the great statesman. When I first introduced Miss Lind to Mr. Webster, at the Revere House, in Boston, she was greatly impressed with his manners and conversation, and after his departure, walked up and down the room in great excitement, exclaiming: "Ah! Mr. Barnum, that is a man; I have never before seen such a man!"

We visited the Capitol while both Houses were in session. Miss Lind took the arm of Hon. C. F. Cleveland, representative from Connecticut, and was by him escorted into various parts of the Capitol and the grounds, with all of which she was much pleased.

While I was in Washington an odd reminiscence of my old show-days in the South came back to me in a curious way. Some years before, in 1836, my travelling show company had stopped at a hotel in Jackson, Mississippi, and, as the house was crowded, soon after I went to bed five or six men came into the room with cards and a candle and asked permission, as there

was no other place, to sit down and play a quiet game of "brag." I consented on condition that I might get up and participate, which was permitted and in a very little while, as I knew nothing whatever of the game, I lost fifty dollars. Good "hands" and good fortune soon enabled me to win back my money, at which point one of the players who had been introduced to me as "Lawyer Foote" said:

"Now the best thing you can do is to go back to bed; you don't know anything about the game, and these fellows do, and they'll skin you."

I acted upon his advice. And now, years afterwards, when Senator Foote called upon Miss Lind the story came back to me, and while I was talking with him I remarked:

"Fifteen years ago, when I was in the South, I became acquainted with a lawyer named Foote, at Jackson, Mississippi."

"It must have been me," said the Senator, "I am the only 'lawyer Foote, of Jackson, Mississippi.'"

"Oh! no, it could not have been you," and I told him the story.

"It was me," he whispered in my ear, and added, "I used to gamble like h—l in those days."

During the week I was invited with Miss Lind and her immediate friends, to visit Mount Vernon, with Colonel Washington, the then proprietor, and Mr. Seaton, ex-Mayor of Washington, and Editor of the *Intelligencer*. Colonel Washington chartered a steamboat for the purpose. We were landed a short distance from the tomb, which we first visited. Proceeding to the house, we were introduced to Mrs. Washington, and several other ladies. Much interest was manifested by Miss Lind in examining the mementoes of the great man whose home it had been. A beautiful collation was spread out and arranged in fine taste. Before leaving, Mrs. Washington presented Jenny with a book from the library, with the name of Washington written by his own hand. She was much overcome at receiving this present, called me aside, and expressed her desire to give something in return. "I have nothing with me," she said, "excepting this watch and chain, and I will give that if you think it will be acceptable." I knew the watch was very valuable, and told her that so costly a present would not be expected, nor would it be proper. "The expense is nothing, compared to the value of that book," she replied, with deep emotion; "but as the watch was a present from a dear friend, perhaps I should not give it away." Jenny Lind, I am sure, never forgot the pleasurable emotions of that day.

At Richmond, half an hour previous to her departure, hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen had crowded into the halls of the house to secure a glimpse of her at parting. I informed her that she would find difficulty in passing out. "How long is it before we must start?" she asked. "Half an hour," I replied. "Oh, I will clear the passages before that time," said she, with a smile; whereupon she went into the upper hall, and informed the people that she wished to take the hands of every one of them, upon one condition, viz: they should pass by her in rotation, and as fast as they had shaken hands, proceed downstairs, and not block up the passages. They joyfully consented to the arrangement, and in fifteen minutes the course was clear. Poor Jenny had shaken hands with every person in the crowd, and I presume she had a feeling remembrance of the incident for an hour or two at least. She was waited on by many members of the Legislature while in Richmond, that body being in session while we were there.

The voyage from Wilmington to Charleston was an exceedingly rough and perilous one. We were about thirty-six hours in making the passage, the usual time being seventeen. There was really great danger of our steamer being swamped, and we were all apprehensive that we should never reach the Port of Charleston alive. Some of the passengers were in great terror. Jenny Lind exhibited more calmness upon this occasion than any other person, the crew excepted. We arrived safely at last, and I was grieved to learn that for twelve hours the loss of the steamer had been considered certain, and had even been announced by telegraph in the Northern cities.

We remained at Charleston about ten days, to take the steamer *Isabella* on her regular trip to Havana. Jenny had been through so much excitement at the North, that she determined to have quiet here, and therefore declined receiving any calls. This disappointed many ladies and gentlemen. One young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter near Augusta, was so determined upon seeing her in private, that she paid one of the servants to allow her to put on a cap and white apron, and carry in the tray for Jenny's tea. I afterwards told Miss Lind of the joke, and suggested that after such an evidence of admiration, she should receive a call from the young lady.

"It is not admiration—it is only curiosity," replied Jenny, "and I will not encourage such folly."

Christmas was at hand, and Jenny Lind determined to honor it in the way she had often done in Sweden. She had a beautiful Christmas tree privately prepared, and from its boughs depended a variety of presents for members

of the company. These gifts were encased in paper, with the names of the recipients written on each.

After spending a pleasant evening in her drawing-room, she invited us into the parlor, where the "surprise" awaited us. Each person commenced opening the packages bearing his or her address, and although every individual had one or more pretty presents, she had prepared a joke for each. Mr. Benedict, for instance, took off wrapper after wrapper from one of his packages, which at first was as large as his head, but after having removed some forty coverings of paper, it was reduced to a size smaller than his hand, and the removal of the last envelope exposed to view a piece of cavendish tobacco. One of my presents, choicely wrapped in a dozen coverings, was a jolly young Bacchus in Parian marble, intended as a pleasant hit at my temperance principles!

The night before New Year's day was spent in her apartment with great hilarity. Enlivened by music, singing, dancing and story-telling, the hours glided swiftly away. Miss Lind asked me if I would dance with her. I told her my education had been neglected in that line, and that I had never danced in my life, "That is all the better," said she; "now dance with me in a cotillion. I am sure you can do it." She was a beautiful dancer, and I never saw her laugh more heartily than she did at my awkwardness. She said she would give me the credit of being the poorest dancer she ever saw!

About a quarter before twelve, Jenny suddenly checked Mr. Burke—formerly celebrated as the musical prodigy, "Master Burke,"—who was playing on the piano, by saying, "Pray let us have quiet; do you see, in fifteen minutes more, this year will be gone forever!"

She immediately took a seat, and rested her head upon her hand in silence. We all sat down, and for a quarter of an hour the most profound quiet reigned in the apartment. The remainder of the scene I transcribe from a description written the next day by Mrs. Lyman, who was present on the occasion:

> "The clock of a neighboring church struck the knell of the dying year. All were silent—each heart was left to its own communings, and the bowed head and tearful eye told that memory was busy with the Past. It was a brief moment, but thoughts and feelings were crowded into it, which render it one never to be forgotten. A moment more—the last stroke of the clock had fallen upon the ear—the last faint vibration

> ceased; another period of time had passed forever away—a new one had dawned, in which each felt that they were to live and act. This thought recalled them to a full consciousness of the present, and all arose and quietly, but cordially, presented to each other the kind wishes of the season. As the lovely hostess pressed the hands of her guests, it was evident that she, too, had wept—she, the gifted, the admired, the almost idolized one. Had she, too, cause for tears? Whence were they?—from the overflowings of a grateful heart, from tender associations, or from sad remembrances? None knew, none could ask, though they awakened deep and peculiar sympathy. And from one heart, at least, arose the prayer, that when the dial of time should mark the last hour of her earthly existence, she should greet its approach with joy and not with grief—that to her soul spirit-voices might whisper, 'Come, sweet sister! come to the realms of unfading light and love—come, join your seraphic tones with ours, in singing the praises of Him who loved us, and gave himself for us'—while she, with meekly-folded hands and faith-uplifted eye, should answer, 'Yes, gladly and without fear I come, for I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

I had arranged with a man in New York to transport furniture to Havana, provide a house, and board Jenny Lind and our immediate party during our stay. When we arrived, we found the building converted into a semi-hotel, and the apartments were anything but comfortable. Jenny was vexed. Soon after dinner, she took a volante and an interpreter, and drove into the suburbs. She was absent four hours. Whither or why she had gone, none of us knew. At length she returned and informed us that she had hired a commodious furnished house in a delightful location outside the walls of the city, and invited us all to go and live with her during our stay in Havana, and we accepted the invitation. She was now freed from all annoyances; her time was her own, she received no calls, went and came when she pleased, had no meddlesome advisers about her, legal or otherwise, and was as merry as a cricket. We had a large courtyard in the rear of the house, and here she would come and romp and run, sing and laugh, like a young schoolgirl. "Now, Mr. Barnum, for another game of ball," she would say half a dozen times a day; whereupon, she would take an india-rubber ball, (of which she had two or three,) and commence a game of throwing and catching, which would be kept up until, being completely tired out, I would say, "I give it

up." Then her rich, musical laugh would be heard ringing through the house, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Barnum, you are too fat and too lazy; you cannot stand it to play ball with me!"

Her celebrated countrywoman, Miss Frederika Bremer, spent a few days with us very pleasantly, and it is difficult to conceive of a more delightful month than was passed by the entire party at Jenny Lind's house in the outskirts of Havana.

# XX

## Incidents of the Tour

Protest Against Prices in Havana—The Cubans Succumb—Jenny Lind Takes the City by Storm—A Magnificent Triumph—Count Penalver—A Splendid Offer—Mr. Brinckerhoff—Benefit for the Hospitals—Refusing to Receive Thanks—Vivalla and His Dog—Henry Bennett—His Partial Insanity—Our Voyage to New Orleans—The Editor of the New York Herald on Board—I Save the Life of James Gordon Bennett—Arrival at the Crescent City—Cheating the Crowd—A Duplicate Miss Lind—A Boy in Raptures—A Mammoth Hog—Up the Mississippi—Amusements on Board—In League with the Evil One—An Amazed Mulatto.

Soon after arriving in Havana, I discovered that a strong prejudice existed against our musical enterprise. I might rather say that the Habaneros, not accustomed to the high figure which tickets had commanded in the States, were determined on forcing me to adopt their opera prices, whereas I paid one thousand dollars per night for the Tacon Opera House, and other expenses being in proportion, I was determined to receive remunerating prices, or give no concerts. This determination on my part annoyed the Habaneros, who did not wish to be thought penurious, though they really were so. Their principal spite, therefore, was against me; and one of their papers politely termed me a "Yankee pirate," who cared for nothing except their doubloons. They attended the concert, but were determined to show the great songstress no favor. I perfectly understood this feeling in advance, but studiously kept all knowledge of it from Miss Lind. I went to the first concert, therefore, with some misgivings in regard to her reception. The following, which I copy from the Havana correspondence of the *New York Tribune*, gives a correct account of it:

"Jenny Lind soon appeared, led on by Signor Belletti. Some three or four hundred persons clapped their hands at her appearance, but this token of approbation was instantly silenced by at least two thousand five hundred decided hisses. Thus, having settled the matter that there should be no forestalling of public opinion, and that if applause was given to Jenny Lind in that house it should first be incontestably earned, the most solemn silence prevailed. I have heard the Swedish Nightingale often in Europe as well as in America and have ever noticed a distinct tremulousness attending her first appearance in any city. Indeed this feeling was plainly manifested in her countenance as she neared the footlights; but when she witnessed the kind of reception in store for her—so different from anything she had reason to expect—her countenance changed in an instant to a haughty self-possession, her eye flashed defiance, and, becoming immovable as a statue, she stood there, perfectly calm and beautiful. She was satisfied that she now had an ordeal to pass and a victory to gain worthy of her powers. In a moment her eye scanned the immense audience, the music began and then followed—how can I describe it?—such heavenly strains as I verily believe mortal never breathed except Jenny Lind, and mortal never heard except from her lips. Some of the oldest Castilians kept a frown upon their brow and a curling sneer upon their lip; their ladies, however, and most of the audience began to look surprised. The gushing melody flowed on increasing in beauty and glory. The *caballeros*, the *señoras* and *señoritas* began to look at each other; nearly all, however, kept their teeth clenched and their lips closed, evidently determined to resist to the last. The torrent flowed deeper and faster, the lark flew higher and higher, the melody grew richer and grander; still every lip was compressed. By and by, as the rich notes came dashing in rivers upon our enraptured ears, one poor critic involuntarily whispered a 'brava.' This outbursting of the soul was instantly hissed down. The stream of harmony rolled on till, at the close, it made a clean sweep of every obstacle, and carried all before it. Not a vestige of opposition remained, but such a tremendous shout of applause as went up I never before heard.

"The triumph was most complete. And how was Jenny Lind affected? She who stood a few moments previous like adamant, now trembled like a reed in the wind before the storm of enthusiasm which her

own simple notes had produced. Tremblingly, slowly, and almost bowing her face to the ground, she withdrew. The roar and applause of victory increased. 'Encore! encore! encore!' came from every lip. She again appeared, and, courtesying low, again withdrew, but again, again, and again did they call her out and at every appearance the thunders of applause rang louder and louder. Thus five times was Jenny Lind called out to receive their unanimous and deafening plaudits."

I cannot express what my feelings were as I watched this scene from the dress circle. Poor Jenny! I deeply sympathized with her when I heard that first hiss. I indeed observed the resolute bearing which she assumed, but was apprehensive of the result. When I witnessed her triumph, I could not restrain the tears of joy that rolled down my cheeks; and rushing through a private box, I reached the stage just as she was withdrawing after the fifth encore. "God bless you, Jenny, you have settled them!" I exclaimed.

"Are you satisfied?" said she, throwing her arms around my neck. She, too, was crying with joy, and never before did she look so beautiful in my eyes as on that evening.

One of the Havana papers, notwithstanding the great triumph, continued to cry out for low prices. This induced many to absent themselves, expecting soon to see a reduction. It had been understood that we would give twelve concerts in Havana; but when they saw, after the fourth concert, which was devoted to charity, that no more were announced, they became uneasy. Committees waited upon us requesting more concerts, but we peremptorily declined. Some of the leading Dons, among whom was Count Penalver, then offered to guarantee us $25,000 for three concerts. My reply was, that there was not money enough on the island of Cuba to induce me to consent to it. That settled the matter, and gave us a pleasant opportunity for recreation.

We visited, by invitation, Mr. Brinckerhoff, the eminent American merchant at Matanzas, whom I had met at the same place three years previously, and who subsequently had visited my family in Connecticut. The gentlemanly host did everything in his power to render our stay agreeable; and Miss Lind was so delighted with his attentions and the interesting details of sugar and coffee plantations which we visited through his kindness, that as soon as she returned to Havana, she sent on the same tour of pleasure Mr. Benedict, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying us.

I found my little Italian plate-dancer, Vivalla, in Havana. He called on me frequently. He was in great distress, having lost the use of his limbs on the left side of his body by paralysis. He was thus unable to earn a livelihood, although he still kept a performing dog, which turned a spinning-wheel and performed some curious tricks. One day, as I was passing him out of the front gate, Miss Lind inquired who he was. I briefly recounted to her his history. She expressed deep interest in his case, and said something should be set apart for him in the benefit which she was about to give for charity. Accordingly, when the benefit came off, Miss Lind appropriated $500 to him, and I made the necessary arrangements for his return to his friends in Italy. At the same benefit $4,000 were distributed between two hospitals and a convent.

A few mornings after the benefit our bell was rung, and the servant announced that I was wanted. I went to the door and found a large procession of children, neatly dressed and bearing banners, attended by ten or twelve priests, arrayed in their rich and flowing robes. I inquired their business, and was informed that they had come to see Miss Lind, to thank her in person for her benevolence. I took their message, and informed Miss Lind that the leading priests of the convent had come in great state to see and thank her. "I will not see them," she replied; "they have nothing to thank me for. If I have done good, it is no more than my duty, and it is my pleasure. I do not deserve their thanks, and I will not see them." I returned her answer, and the leaders of the grand procession went away in disappointment.

The same day Vivalla called, and brought her a basket of the most luscious fruit that he could procure. The little fellow was very happy and extremely grateful. Miss Lind had gone out for a ride.

"God bless her! I am so happy; she is such a good lady. I shall see my brothers and sisters again. Oh, she is a very good lady," said poor Vivalla, overcome by his feelings. He begged me to thank her for him, and give her the fruit. As he was passing out of the door, he hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mr. Barnum, I should like so much to have the good lady see my dog turn a wheel; it is very nice; he can spin very good. Shall I bring the dog and wheel for her? She is such a good lady, I wish to please her very much." I smiled, and told him she would not care for the dog; that he was quite welcome to the money, and that she refused to see the priests from the convent that morning, because she never received thanks for favors.

When Jenny came in I gave her the fruit, and laughingly told her that Vivalla wished to show her how his performing dog could turn a spinning-wheel.

"Poor man, poor man, do let him come; it is all the good creature can do for me," exclaimed Jenny, and the tears flowed thick and fast down her cheeks. "I like that, I like that," she continued; "do let the poor creature come and bring his dog. It will make him so happy."

I confess it made me happy, and I exclaimed, for my heart was full, "God bless you, it will make him cry for joy; he shall come tomorrow."

I saw Vivalla the same evening, and delighted him with the intelligence that Jenny would see his dog perform the next day, at four o'clock precisely.

"I will be punctual," said Vivalla, in a voice trembling with emotion; "but I was *sure* she would like to see my dog perform."

For full half an hour before the time appointed did Jenny Lind sit in her window on the second floor and watch for Vivalla and his dog. A few minutes before the appointed hour, she saw him coming. "Ah, here he comes! here he comes!" she exclaimed in delight, as she ran downstairs and opened the door to admit him. A negro boy was bringing the small spinning-wheel, while Vivalla led the dog. Handing the boy a silver coin, she motioned him away, and taking the wheel in her arms, she said, "This is very kind of you to come with your dog. Follow me. I will carry the wheel upstairs." Her servant offered to take the wheel, but no, she would let no one carry it but herself. She called us all up to her parlor, and for one full hour did she devote herself to the happy Italian. She went down on her knees to pet the dog and to ask Vivalla all sorts of questions about his performances, his former course of life, his friends in Italy, and his present hopes and determinations. Then she sang and played for him, gave him some refreshments, finally insisted on carrying his wheel to the door, and her servant accompanied Vivalla to his boardinghouse.

Poor Vivalla! He was probably never so happy before, but his enjoyment did not exceed that of Miss Lind. That scene alone would have paid me for all my labors during the entire musical campaign. A few months later, however, the Havana correspondent of the *New York Herald* announced the death of Vivalla and stated that the poor Italian's last words were about Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum.

When Captain Rawlings, of the Steamer *Isabella* made his next return trip from Charleston, he brought a fine lot of game and invited Messrs.

Benedict, Belletti and myself to a breakfast on board, where we met Mr. John Howard, of the Irving House, New York, Mr. J. B. Monnot, of the New York Hotel, Mr. Mixer, of the Charleston Hotel, and Mr. Monroe of one of the Havana hotels. The breakfast was a very nice one, and was accompanied by some "very fine old Madeira," which received the highest encomiums of the company.

"Now," said Captain Rawlings, "you must break your rule once, Mr. Barnum, and wash down your game with a glass or two of this choice Madeira. It is very old and fine, as smooth as oil, and the game is hardly game without it. Do take some."

I positively declined, saying I did not doubt that he had the genuine article for once, but that most of what was offered and sold as wine did not contain a single drop of the juice of the grape. This led to a general talk about the impositions practised, even in the best hotels, in serving customers with "fine old wines and liquors" at the bar and at the table, and some very curious and amusing stories were told and confessions made. But there could be no mistake about this Madeira; it was rich, rare, old, oily, and genuine in flavor and quality; all the connoisseurs at the table were unanimous in their verdict.

But when the breakfast was over and we were going ashore, as I was sitting next the captain in his own boat, he said to me:

"Barnum, that fine old Madeira is the real 'game' of my game breakfast; I wanted to test those experienced tasters, and I gave them some wine which I bought for a dollar and a half a gallon at a corner grocery in Charleston."

In the party which accompanied me to Havana, was Mr. Henry Bennett, who formerly kept Peale's Museum in New York, afterwards managing the same establishment for me when I purchased it, and he was now with me in the capacity of a ticket-taker. He was as honest a man as ever lived, and a good deal of a wag. I remember his going through the market once and running across a decayed actor who was reduced to tending a market stand; Bennett hailed him with "Hallo! what are you doing here; what are you keeping that old turkey for?"

"O! for a profit," replied the actor.

"Prophet, prophet!" exclaimed Bennett, "patriarch, you mean!"

With all his waggery he was subject at times to moods of the deepest despondency, bordering on insanity. Madness ran in his family. His brother, in

a fit of frenzy, had blown his brains out. Henry himself had twice attempted his own life while in my employ in New York. Some time after our present journey to Havana, I sent him to London. He conducted my business precisely as I directed, writing up his account with me correctly to a penny. Then handing it to a mutual friend with directions to give it to me when I arrived in London the following week, he went to his lodgings and committed suicide.

While we were in Havana, Bennett was so despondent at times that we were obliged to watch him carefully, lest he should do some damage to himself or others. When we left Havana for New Orleans, on board the steamer *Falcon*, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, and his wife were also passengers. After permitting one favorable notice in his paper, Bennett had turned around, as usual, and had abused Jenny Lind and bitterly attacked me. There was an estrangement, no new thing, between the editor and myself. The *Herald*, in its desire to excite attention, has a habit of attacking public men and I had not escaped. I was always glad to get such notices, for they served as inexpensive advertisements to my Museum, and brought custom to me free of charge.

Ticket-taker Bennett, however, took much to heart the attacks of Editor Bennett upon Jenny Lind, and while in New York he threatened to cowhide his namesake, as so many men have actually done in days gone by, but I restrained him. When Editor Bennett came on board the *Falcon*, he had in his arms a small pet monkey belonging to his wife, and the animal was placed in a safe place on the forward deck. When Henry Bennett saw the editor he said to a bystander:

"I would willingly be drowned if I could see that old scoundrel go to the bottom of the sea."

Several of our party overheard the remark and I turned laughingly to Bennett and said: "Nonsense; he can't harm anyone and there is an old proverb about the impossibility of drowning those who are born to another fate."

That very night, however, as I stood near the cabin door, conversing with my treasurer and other members of my company, Henry Bennett came up to me with a wild air, and hoarsely whispered:

"Old Bennett has gone forward alone in the dark to feed his monkey, and d——n him, I am going to throw him overboard."

We were all startled, for we knew the man and he seemed terribly in earnest. Knowing how most effectively to address him at such times, I exclaimed.

"Ridiculous! you would not do such a thing."

"I swear I will," was his savage reply. I expostulated with him, and several of our party joined me.

"Nobody will know it," muttered the maniac, "and I shall be doing the world a favor."

I endeavored to awaken him to a sense of the crime he contemplated, assuring him that it could not possibly benefit anyone, and that from the fact of the relations existing between the editor and myself, I should be the first to be accused of his murder. I implored him to go to his stateroom, and he finally did so, accompanied by some of the gentlemen of our party. I took pains to see that he was carefully watched that night, and, indeed, for several days, till he became calm again. He was a large, athletic man, quite able to pick up his namesake and drop him overboard. The matter was too serious for a joke, and we made little mention of it; but more than one of my party said then, and has said since, what I really believe to be true, that "James Gordon Bennett would have been drowned that night had it not been for P. T. Barnum."

This incident has long been known to several of my intimate friends, and when Mr. Bennett learns the fact from this volume, he may possibly be somewhat mollified over his payment to me, fifteen years later, of $200,000 for the unexpired lease of my Museum, concerning which some particulars will be given anon.

In New Orleans the wharf was crowded by a great concourse of persons, as the steamer *Falcon* approached. Jenny Lind had enjoyed a month of quiet, and dreaded the excitement which she must now again encounter.

"Mr. Barnum, I am sure I can never get through that crowd," said she, in despair.

"Leave that to me. Remain quiet for ten minutes, and there shall be no crowd here," I replied.

Taking my daughter on my arm, she threw her veil over her face, and we descended the gangway to the dock. The crowd pressed around. I had beckoned for a carriage before leaving the ship.

"That's Barnum, I know him," called out several persons at the top of their voices.

“Open the way, if you please, for Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind!” cried Le Grand Smith over the railing of the ship, the deck of which he had just reached from the wharf.

“Don’t crowd her, if you please, gentlemen,” I exclaimed, and by dint of pushing, squeezing and coaxing, we reached the carriage, and drove for the Montalba buildings, where Miss Lind’s apartments had been prepared, and the whole crowd came following at our heels. In a few minutes afterwards, Jenny and her companion came quietly in a carriage, and were in the house before the ruse was discovered. In answer to incessant calls, she appeared a moment upon the balcony, waved her handkerchief, received three hearty cheers, and the crowd dispersed.

A poor blind boy, residing in the interior of Mississippi, a flute-player, and an ardent lover of music, visited New Orleans expressly to hear Jenny Lind. A subscription had been taken up among his neighbors to defray the expenses. This fact coming to the ears of Jenny, she sent for him, played and sang for him, gave him many words of joy and comfort, took him to her concerts, and sent him away considerably richer than he had ever been before.

A funny incident occurred at New Orleans. Our concerts were given in the St. Charles Theater, then managed by my good friend, the late Sol. Smith. In the open lots near the theater were exhibitions of mammoth hogs, five-footed horses, grizzly bears, and other animals.

A gentleman had a son about twelve years old, who had a wonderful ear for music. He could whistle or sing any tune after hearing it once. His father did not know nor care for a single note, but so anxious was he to please his son, that he paid thirty dollars for two tickets to the concert.

“I liked the music better than I expected,” said he to me the next day, “but my son was in raptures. He was so perfectly enchanted that he scarcely spoke the whole evening and I would on no account disturb his delightful reveries. When the concert was finished we came out of the theater. Not a word was spoken. I knew that my musical prodigy was happy among the clouds, and I said nothing. I could not help envying him his love of music, and considered my thirty dollars as nothing, compared to the bliss which it secured to him. Indeed, I was seriously thinking of taking him to the next concert, when he spoke. We were just passing the numerous shows upon the vacant lots. One of the signs attracted him, and he said, ‘Father, let us go in and see the big hog!’ The little scamp! I could have horsewhipped him!”

said the father, who, loving a joke, could not help laughing at the ludicrous incident.

Some months afterwards, I was relating this story at my own table to several guests, among whom was a very matter-of-fact man who had not the faintest conception of humor. After the whole party had laughed heartily at the anecdote, my matter-of-fact friend gravely asked:

"And was it a very large hog, Mr. Barnum?"

I made arrangements with the captain of the splendid steamer *Magnolia*, of Louisville, to take our party as far as Cairo, the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, stipulating for sufficient delay in Natchez, Mississippi, and in Memphis, Tennessee, to give a concert in each place. It was no unusual thing for me to charter a steamboat or a special train of cars for our party. With such an enterprise as that, time and comfort were paramount to money.

The time on board the steamer was whiled away in reading, viewing the scenery of the Mississippi, and other diversions. One day we had a pleasant musical festival in the ladies' saloon for the gratification of the passengers, at which Jenny volunteered to sing without ceremony. It seemed to us she never sang so sweetly before. I also did my best to amuse my fellow passengers with anecdotes and the exhibition of sundry legerdemain tricks which I had been obliged to learn and use in the South years before and under far different circumstances than those which attended the performance now. Among other tricks, I caused a quarter of a dollar to disappear so mysteriously from beneath a card, that the mulatto barber on board came to the conclusion that I was in league with the devil.

The next morning I seated myself for the operation of shaving, and the colored gentleman ventured to dip into the mystery. "Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but I have heard a great deal about you, and I saw more than I wanted to see last night. Is it true that you have sold yourself to the devil, so that you can do what you've a mind to?"

"Oh, yes," was my reply, "that is the bargain between us."

"How long did you agree for?" was the question next in order.

"Only nine years," said I. "I have had three of them already. Before the other six are out, I shall find a way to nonplus the old gentleman, and I have told him so to his face."

At this avowal, a larger space of white than usual was seen in the darkey's eyes, and he inquired, "Is it by this bargain that you get so much

money?"

"Certainly. No matter who has money, nor where he keeps it, in his box or till, or anywhere about him, I have only to speak the words, and it comes."

The shaving was completed in silence, but thought had been busy in the barber's mind, and he embraced the speediest opportunity to transfer his bag of coin to the iron safe in charge of the clerk.

The movement did not escape me, and immediately a joke was afoot. I had barely time to make two or three details of arrangement with the clerk, and resume my seat in the cabin, ere the barber sought a second interview, bent on testing the alleged powers of Beelzebub's colleague.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum, but where is my money? Can you get it?"

"I do not want your money," was the quiet answer. "It is safe."

"Yes, I know it is safe—ha! ha!—it is in the iron safe in the clerk's office—safe enough from you!"

"It is not in the iron safe!" said I. This was said so quietly, yet positively, that the colored gentleman ran to the office, and inquired if all was safe. "All right," said the clerk. "Open, and let me see," replied the barber. The safe was unlocked and lo! the money was gone!

In mystified terror the loser applied to me for relief. "You will find the bag in your drawer," said I, and there it was found!

Of course, I had a confederate, but the mystification of that mulatto was immense.

# XXI

## Jenny Lind

Arrival at St. Louis—Surprising Proposition of Miss Lind's Secretary—How the Manager Managed—Readiness to Cancel the Contract—Consultation with "Uncle Sol."—Barnum Not to Be Hired—A "Joke"—Temperance Lecture in the Theater—Sol. Smith—A Comedian, Author, and Lawyer—Unique Dedication—Jenny Lind's Character and Charities—Sharp Words from the West—Selfish Advisers—Miss Lind's Generous Impulses—Her Simple and Childlike Character—Confessions of a Manager—Private Reputation and Public Renown—Character as a Stock in Trade—le Grand Smith—Mr. Dolby—The Angelic Side Kept Outside—My Own Share in the Public Benefits—Justice to Miss Lind and Myself.

According to agreement, the *Magnolia* waited for us at Natchez and Memphis, and we gave profitable concerts at both places. The concert at Memphis was the sixtieth in the list since Miss Lind's arrival in America, and the first concert in St. Louis would be the sixty-first. When we reached that city, on the morning of the day when our first concert was to be given, Miss Lind's secretary came to me, commissioned, he said, by her, and announced that as sixty concerts had already taken place, she proposed to avail herself of one of the conditions of our contract, and cancel the engagement next morning. As this was the first intimation of the kind I had received, I was somewhat startled, though I assumed an entirely placid demeanor, and asked:

"Does Miss Lind authorize you to give me this notice?"

"I so understand it," was the reply.

I immediately reflected that if our contract was thus suddenly cancelled, Miss Lind was bound to repay to me all I had paid her over the stipulated $1,000 for each concert, and a little calculation showed that the sum thus to

be paid back was $77,000, since she had already received from me $137,000 for sixty concerts. In this view, I could not but think that this was a ruse of some of her advisers, and, possibly, that she might know nothing of the matter. So I told her secretary that I would see him again in an hour, and meanwhile I went to my old friend Mr. Sol. Smith for his legal and friendly advice.

I showed him my contract and told him how much I had been annoyed by the selfish and greedy hangers-on and advisers, legal and otherwise, of Jenny Lind. I talked to him about the "wheels within wheels" which moved this great musical enterprise, and asked and gladly accepted his advice, which mainly coincided with my own views of the situation. I then went back to the secretary and quietly told him that I was ready to settle with Miss Lind and to close the engagement.

"But," said he, manifestly 'taken aback,' "you have already advertised concerts in Louisville and Cincinnati, I believe."

"Yes," I replied; "but you may take my contracts for halls and printing off my hands at cost." I further said that he was welcome to the assistance of my agent who had made these arrangements, and, moreover, that I would cheerfully give my own services to help them through with these concerts, thus giving them a good start 'on their own hook.'

My liberality, which he acknowledged, emboldened him to make an extraordinary proposition:

"Now suppose," he asked, "Miss Lind should wish to give some fifty concerts in this country, what would you charge as manager, per concert?"

"A million dollars each, not one cent less," I replied. I was now thoroughly aroused; the whole thing was as clear as daylight, and I continued:

"Now we might as well understand each other; I don't believe Miss Lind has authorized you to propose to me to cancel our contract; but if she has, just bring me a line to that effect over her signature and her check for the amount due me by the terms of that contract, some $77,000, and we will close our business connections at once."

"But why not make a new arrangement," persisted the Secretary, "for fifty concerts more, by which Miss Lind shall pay you liberally, say $1,000 per concert?"

"Simply because I hired Miss Lind, and not she me," I replied, "and because I never ought to take a farthing less for my risk and trouble than the contract gives me. I have voluntarily paid Miss Lind more than twice as

much as I originally contracted to pay her, or as she expected to receive when she first engaged with me. Now, if she is not satisfied, I wish to settle instantly and finally. If you do not bring me her decision today, I shall go to her for it tomorrow morning."

I met the secretary soon after breakfast next morning and asked him if he had a written communication for me from Miss Lind? He said he had not and that the whole thing was a "joke." He merely wanted, he added, to see what I would say to the proposition. I asked him if Miss Lind was in the "joke," as he called it? He hoped I would not inquire, but would let the matter drop. I went on, as usual, and gave four more concerts in St. Louis, and followed out my programme as arranged in other cities for many weeks following; nor at that time, nor at any time afterwards, did Miss Lind give me the slightest intimation that she had any knowledge of the proposition of her secretary to cancel our agreement or to employ me as her manager.

During our stay at St. Louis, I delivered a temperance lecture in the theater, and at the close, among other signers, of the pledge, was my friend and adviser, Sol. Smith. "Uncle Sol," as everyone called him, was a famous character in his time. He was an excellent comedian, an author, a manager and a lawyer. For a considerable period of his life, he was largely concerned in theatricals in St. Louis, New Orleans and other cities, and acquired a handsome property. He died at a ripe old age, in 1869, respected and lamented by all who knew him. I esteem it an honor to have been one of his intimate friends.

A year or two before he died, he published a very interesting volume, giving a full account of the leading incidents in his long and varied career as an actor and manager. He had previously, in 1854, published an autobiographical work, comprising an account of the "second seven years of his professional life," together with sketches of adventure in after years, and entitled *The Theatrical Journey-Work and Anecdotical Recollections of Sol. Smith, Comedian, Attorney at Law*, etc. This unique work was preceded by a dedication which I venture to copy. It was as follows:

> "To Phineas T. Barnum, Proprietor of the American Museum, Etc.
> "Great Impressario: Whilst you were engaged in your grand Jenny Lind speculation, the following conundrum went the rounds of the American newspapers:

"'Why is it that Jenny Lind and Barnum will never fall out?' Answer: 'Because he is always forgetting, and she is always forgiving.'

"I have never asked you the question directly, whether you, Mr. Barnum, started that conundrum, or not; but I strongly suspect that you did. At all events, I noticed that your whole policy was concentrated into one idea—to make an angel of Jenny, and depreciate yourself in contrast.

"You may remember that in this city (St. Louis), I acted in one instance as your 'legal adviser,' and as such, necessarily became acquainted with all the particulars of your contract with the so-called Swedish Nightingale, as well as the various modifications claimed by that charitable lady, and submitted to by you after her arrival in this country; which modifications (I suppose it need no longer be a secret) secured to her—besides the original stipulation of one thousand dollars for every concert, attendants, carriages, assistant artists, and a pompous and extravagant retinue, fit (only) for a European princess—one half of the profits of each performance. You may also remember the legal advice I gave you on the occasion referred to, and the salutary effect of your following it. You must remember the extravagant joy you felt afterwards, in Philadelphia, when the 'Angel' made up her mind to avail herself of one of the stipulations in her contract, to break off at the end of a hundred nights, and even bought out seven of that hundred—supposing that she could go on without your aid as well as with it. And you cannot but remember, how, like a rocket-stick she dropped, when your business connection with her ended, and how she 'fizzed out' the remainder of her concert nights in this part of the world, and soon afterwards retired to her domestic blissitude in Sweden.

"You know, Mr. Barnum, if you would only tell, which of the two it was that was 'forgetting,' and which 'forgiving'; and you also know who actually gave the larger portion of those sums which you heralded to the world as the sole gifts of the 'divine Jenny.'

"Of all your speculations—from the negro centenarina, who didn't nurse General Washington, down to the Bearded Woman of Genoa—there was not one which required the exercise of so much humbuggery as the Jenny Lind concerts; and I verily believe there is no man living, other than yourself, who could, or would, have risked the enormous

expenditure of money necessary to carry them through successfully—travelling, with sixty artists, four thousand miles, and giving ninety-three concerts, at an actual cost of forty-five hundred dollars each, is what no other man would have undertaken—you accomplished this, and pocketed by the operation but little less than two hundred thousand dollars! Mr. Barnum, you are yourself, alone!

"I honor you, oh! Great Impressario, as the most successful manager in America or any other country. Democrat, as you are, you can give a practical lesson to the aristocrats of Europe how to live. At your beautiful and tasteful residence, Iranistan (I don't like the name, though,) you can and do entertain your friends with a warmth of hospitality, only equalled by that of the great landed proprietors of the old country, or of our own sunny South. Whilst riches are pouring into your coffers from your various ventures in all parts of the world, you do not hoard your immense means, but continually 'cast them forth upon the waters,' rewarding labor, encouraging the arts, and lending a helping hand to industry in all its branches. Not content with doing all this, you deal telling blows, whenever opportunity offers, upon the monster Intemperance. Your labors in this great cause alone, should entitle you to the thanks of all good men, women and children in the land. Mr. Barnum, you deserve all your good fortune, and I hope you may long live to enjoy your wealth and honor.

"As a small instalment towards the debt, I, as one of the community, owe you, and with the hope of affording you an hour's amusement (if you can spare that amount of time from your numerous avocations to read it), I present you with this little volume, containing a very brief account of some of my journey-work in the south and west; and remain, very respectfully,

"Your friend, and affectionate uncle,

"Sol. Smith.

"Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, "Nov. 1, 1854."

"Uncle" Sol. Smith must be held solely responsible for his extravagant estimate of P. T. Barnum, and for his somewhat deprecatory view of the attributes of the "divine Jenny." It is true that he derived many of his impressions of Miss Lind from the annoying circumstances that compelled me to seek his professional advice and assistance in St. Louis, when Jenny Lind's

secretary came to me with an assumed authorization from her to abruptly close our engagement. But when Sol. Smith's dedication was first published, there were plenty of people and papers throughout the land that were eager to catch up and endorse this new view of Miss Lind's character. The Athenians were sometimes sick, no doubt, of hearing Aristides always called "the Just." Yet, some of the sharp things which Sol. Smith means to say about Miss Lind, apply rather to the selfish persons who, unfortunately, were more in her confidence than I ever aspired to be, and who assumed to advise her and thus easily perverted her better judgment.

With all her excellent and even extraordinarily good qualities, however, Jenny Lind was human, though the reputation she bore in Europe for her many charitable acts led me to believe, till I knew her, that she was nearly perfect. I think now that her natural impulses were more simple, childlike, pure and generous than those of almost any other person I ever met. But she had been petted, almost worshipped, so long, that it would have been strange indeed if her unbounded popularity had not in some degree affected her to her hurt, and it must not be thought extraordinary if she now and then exhibited some phase of human weakness.

Like most persons of uncommon talent, she had a strong will which, at times, she found ungovernable; but if she was ever betrayed into a display of ill-temper she was sure to apologize and express her regret afterwards. Le Grand Smith, who was quite intimate with her, and who was my right-hand man during the entire Lind engagement, used sometimes to say to me:

"Well, Mr. Barnum, you have managed wonderfully in always keeping Jenny's 'angel' side outside with the public."

More than one Englishman—I may instance Mr. Dolby, Mr. Dickens's agent during his last visit to America—expressed surprise at the confirmed impression of "perfection" entertained by the general American public in regard to the Swedish Nightingale. These things are written with none but the kindest feelings towards the sweet songstress, and only to modify the too current ideas of superhuman excellence which cannot be characteristic of any mortal being.

As I have before intimated in giving details of my management of the enterprise, believing, as I did when I engaged her, in her "angelic" reputation, I am frank enough to confess that I considered her private character a valuable adjunct, even in a business point of view, to her renown as a singer. I admit that I took her charities into account as part of my "stock in trade."

Whenever she sang for a public or private charity, she gave her voice, which was worth a thousand dollars to her every evening. At such times, I always insisted upon paying for the hall, orchestra, printing, and other expenses, because I felt able and willing to contribute my full share towards the worthy objects which prompted these benefits.

This narration would be incomplete if I did not add the following:

We were in Havana when I showed to Miss Lind a paper containing the conundrum on "forgetting" and "forgiving," at which she laughed heartily, but immediately checked herself and said:

"O! Mr. Barnum, this is not fair; you know that you really give more than I do from the proceeds of every one of these charity concerts."

And it is but just to her to say that she frequently remonstrated with me and declared that the actual expenses should be deducted and the thus lessened sum devoted to the charity for which the concert might be given; but I always laughingly told her that I must do my part, give my share, and that if it was purely a business operation, "bread cast upon the waters," it would return, perhaps, buttered; for the larger her reputation for liberality, the more liberal the public would surely be to us and to our enterprise.

I have no wish to conceal these facts; and I certainly have no desire to receive a larger meed of praise than my qualified generosity merits. Justice to myself and to my management, as well as to Miss Lind, seems to permit, if not to demand, this explanation.

# XXII

## Close of the Campaign

Penitent Ticket Purchasers—Visit to the "Hermitage"—"April Fool" Fun—The Mammoth Cave—Signor Salvi—George D. Prentice—Performance in a Pork House—Ruse at Cincinnati—Annoyances at Pittsburg—le Grand Smith's Grand Joke—Return to New York—The Final Concerts in Castle Garden and Metropolitan Hall—The Advisers Appear—The Ninety-Third Concert—My Offer to Close the Engagement—Miss Lind's Letter Accepting My Proposition—Story About an "Improper Place"—Jenny's Concerts on Her Own Account—Her Marriage to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—Cordial Relations Between Mrs. Lind Goldschmidt and Myself—At Home Again—Statement of the Total Receipts of the Concerts.

After five concerts in St. Louis, we went to Nashville, Tennessee, where we gave our sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh concerts in this country. At the first ticket auction in that city, the excitement was considerable and the bidding spirited, as was generally the case. After the auction was over, one of my men, happening in at a dry-goods store in the town, heard the proprietor say, "I'll give five dollars to any man who will take me out and give me a good horsewhipping! I deserve it, and am willing to pay for having it done. To think that I should have been such a fool as to have paid forty-eight dollars for four tickets for my wife, two daughters, and myself, to listen to music for only two hours, makes me mad with myself, and I want to pay somebody for giving me a thundering good horsewhipping!" I am not sure that others have not experienced a somewhat similar feeling, when they became cool and rational, and the excitement of novelty and competition had passed away.

While at Nashville, Jenny Lind, accompanied by my daughter, Mrs. Lyman, and myself, visited "the Hermitage," the late residence of General

Jackson. On that occasion, for the first time that season, we heard the wild mockingbirds singing in the trees. This gave Jenny Lind great delight, as she had never before heard them sing except in their wire-bound cages.

The first of April occurred while we were in Nashville. I was considerably annoyed during the forenoon by the calls of members of the company who came to me under the belief that I had sent for them. After dinner I concluded to give them all a touch of "April fool." The following article, which appeared the next morning in the Nashville *Daily American*, my amanuensis having imparted the secret to the editor, will show how it was done:

> "A series of laughable jokes came off yesterday at the Veranda in honor of All Fools' Day. Mr. Barnum was at the bottom of the mischief. He managed in some mysterious manner to obtain a lot of blank telegraphic despatches and envelopes from one of the offices in this city, and then went to work and manufactured 'astounding intelligence' for most of the parties composing the Jenny Lind suite. Almost every person in the company received a telegraphic despatch written under the direction of Barnum. Mr. Barnum's daughter was informed that her mother, her cousin, and several other relatives were waiting for her in Louisville, and various other important and extraordinary items of domestic intelligence were communicated to her. Mr. Le Grand Smith was told by a despatch from his father that his native village in Connecticut was in ashes, including his own homestead, etc. Several of Barnum's employees had most liberal offers of engagements from banks and other institutions at the North. Burke, and others of the musical professors, were offered princely salaries by opera managers, and many of them received most tempting inducements to proceed immediately to the World's Fair in London.
>
> "One married gentleman in Mr. Barnum's suite received the gratifying intelligence that he had for two days been the father of a pair of bouncing boys (mother and children doing well), an event which he had been anxiously looking for during the week, though on a somewhat more limited scale. In fact, nearly every person in the party engaged by Barnum received some extraordinary telegraphic intelligence, and as the great impressario managed to have the despatches

delivered simultaneously, each recipient was for some time busily occupied with his own personal news.

"By and by each began to tell his neighbor his good or bad tidings; and each was, of course, rejoiced or grieved according to circumstances. Several gave Mr. Barnum notice of their intention to leave him, in consequence of better offers; and a number of them sent off telegraphic despatches and letters by mail, in answer to those received.

"The man who had so suddenly become the father of twins, telegraphed to his wife to 'be of good cheer,' and that he would 'start for home tomorrow.' At a late hour last night the secret had not got out, and we presume that many of the victims will first learn from our columns that they have been taken in by Barnum and All Fools' Day!"

From Nashville, Jenny Lind and a few friends went by way of the Mammoth Cave to Louisville, while the rest of the party proceeded by steamboat.

While in Havana, I engaged Signor Salvi for a few months, to begin about the 10th of April. He joined us at Louisville, and sang in the three concerts there, with great satisfaction to the public. Mr. George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, and his beautiful and accomplished lady, who had contributed much to the pleasure of Miss Lind and our party, accompanied us to Cincinnati.

A citizen of Madison had applied to me on our first arrival in Louisville, for a concert in that place. I replied that the town was too small to afford it, whereupon he offered to take the management of it into his own hands, and pay me $5,000 for the receipts. The last concert at Louisville, and the concerts at Natchez and Wheeling were given under a similar agreement, though with better pecuniary results than at Madison. As the steamer from Louisville to Cincinnati would arrive at Madison about sundown, and would wait long enough for us to give a concert, I agreed to his proposition.

We were not a little surprised to learn upon arriving, that the concert must be given in a "pork house"—a capacious shed which had been fitted up and decorated for the occasion. We concluded, however, that if the inhabitants were satisfied with the accommodations, we ought not to object. The person who had contracted for the concert came $1,300 short of his agreement, which I consequently lost, and at ten o'clock we were again on board the fine steamer *Ben Franklin* bound for Cincinnati.

The next morning the crowd upon the wharf was immense. I was fearful that an attempt to repeat the New Orleans ruse with my daughter would be of no avail, as the joke had been published in the Cincinnati papers; so I gave my arm to Miss Lind, and begged her to have no fears, for I had hit upon an expedient which would save her from annoyance. We then descended the plank to the shore, and as soon as we had touched it, Le Grand Smith called out from the boat, as if he had been one of the passengers, "That's no go, Mr. Barnum; you can't pass your daughter off for Jenny Lind this time."

The remark elicited a peal of merriment from the crowd, several persons calling out, "That won't do, Barnum! you may fool the New Orleans folks, but you can't come it over the 'Buckeyes.' We intend to stay here until you bring out Jenny Lind!" They readily allowed me to pass with the lady whom they supposed to be my daughter, and in five minutes afterwards the Nightingale was complimenting Mr. Coleman upon the beautiful and commodious apartments which were devoted to her in the Burnett House. The crowd remained an hour on the wharf before they would be convinced that the person whom they took for my daughter was in fact the veritable Swede. When this was discovered, a general laugh followed the exclamation from one of the victims, "Well, Barnum has humbugged us after all!"

In passing up the river to Pittsburg, the boat waited four hours to enable us to give a concert in Wheeling. It was managed by a couple of gentlemen in that city, who purchased it for five thousand dollars in advance, by which they made a handsome profit for their trouble. The concert was given in a church.

At Pittsburg, the open space surrounding the concert room became crowded with thousands of persons, who, foolishly refusing to accommodate each other by listening to the music, disturbed the concert and determined us to leave the next morning for Baltimore, instead of giving a second concert that had been advertised.

Le Grand Smith here paid me off for my "April fool" joke. He induced a female of his acquaintance to call on me and reveal an arrangement which she pretended accidentally to have overheard between some scoundrels, who were resolved to stop our stage coach on the Alleghany mountains and commit highway robbery. The story seemed incredible, and yet the woman related it with so much apparent sincerity, that I swallowed the bait, and remitting to New York all the money I had, except barely enough to defray

our expenses to Baltimore, I purchased several revolvers for such members of the company as were not already provided, and we left Pittsburg armed to the teeth! Fortunately, Jenny Lind and several of the company had left before I made this grand discovery, and hence she was saved any apprehensions on the subject. It is needless to say we found no use for our firearms.

We reached New York early in May, 1851, and gave fourteen concerts in Castle Garden and Metropolitan Hall. The last of these made the ninety-second regular concert under our engagement. Jenny Lind had now again reached the atmosphere of her legal and other "advisers," and I soon discovered the effects of their influence. I, however, cared little what course they advised her to pursue. I indeed wished they would prevail upon her to close with her hundredth concert, for I had become weary with constant excitement and unremitting exertions. I was confident that if she undertook to give concerts on her own account, she would be imposed upon and harassed in a thousand ways; yet I felt it would be well for her to have a trial at it, if she saw fit to credit her advisers' assurance that I had not managed the enterprise as successfully as it might have been done.

At about the eighty-fifth concert, therefore, I was most happy to learn from her lips that she had concluded to pay the forfeiture of twenty-five thousand dollars, and terminate the concerts with the one hundredth.

We went to Philadelphia, where I had advertised the ninety-second, ninety-third, and ninety-fourth concerts, and had engaged the large National Theater on Chestnut Street. It had been used for equestrian and theatrical entertainments, but was now thoroughly cleansed and fitted up by Max Maretzek for Italian opera. It was a convenient place for our purpose. One of her "advisers," a subordinate in her employ, who was already itching for the position of manager, made the selection of this building a pretext for creating dissatisfaction in the mind of Miss Lind. I saw the influences which were at work, and not caring enough for the profits of the remaining seven concerts, to continue the engagement at the risk of disturbing the friendly feelings which had hitherto uninterruptedly existed between that lady and myself, I wrote her a letter offering to relinquish the engagement, if she desired it, at the termination of the concert which was to take place that evening, upon her simply allowing me a thousand dollars per concert for the seven which would yet remain to make up the hundred, besides paying me the sum stipulated as a forfeiture for closing the engagement at the one-hundredth concert. Towards evening I received the following reply:

"To P. T. Barnum, Esq.

"My Dear Sir:—I accept your proposition to close our contract tonight, at the end of the ninety-third concert, on condition of my paying you seven thousand dollars, in addition to the sum I forfeit under the condition of finishing the engagement at the end of one hundred concerts.

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"Jenny Lind,

"Philadelphia, 9th of June, 1851."

I met her at the concert in the evening, and she was polite and friendly as ever. Between the first and second parts of the concert, I introduced General Welch, the lessee of the National Theater, who informed her that he was quite willing to release me from my engagement of the building, if she did not desire it longer. She replied, that upon trial, she found it much better than she expected, and she would therefore retain it for the remainder of the concerts.

In the meantime, her advisers had been circulating the story that I had compelled her to sing in an improper place, and when they heard she had concluded to remain there, they beset her with arguments against it, until at last she consented to remove her concerts to a smaller hall.

I had thoroughly advertised the three concerts, in the newspapers within a radius of one hundred miles from Philadelphia, and had sent admission tickets to the editors. On the day of the second concert, one of the new agents, who had indirectly aided in bringing about the dissolution of our engagement, refused to recognize these tickets. I urged upon him the injustice of such a course, but received no satisfaction. I then stated the fact to Miss Lind, and she gave immediate orders that these tickets should be received. Country editors' tickets, which were offered after I left Philadelphia, were however refused by her agents (contrary to Miss Lind's wish and knowledge), and the editors, having come from a distance with their wives, purchased tickets, and I subsequently remitted the money to numerous gentlemen, whose complimentary tickets were thus repudiated.

Jenny Lind gave several concerts with varied success, and then retired to Niagara Falls, and afterwards to Northampton, Massachusetts. While sojourning at the latter place, she visited Boston and was married to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a German composer and pianist, to whom she was much attached, and who had studied music with her in Germany. He played several

times in our concerts. He was a very quiet, inoffensive gentleman, and an accomplished musician.

I met her several times after our engagement terminated. She was always affable. On one occasion, while passing through Bridgeport, she told me that she had been sadly harassed in giving her concerts. "People cheat me and swindle me very much," said she, "and I find it very annoying to give concerts on my own account."

I was always supplied with complimentary tickets when she gave concerts in New York, and on the occasion of her last appearance in America, I visited her in her room back of the stage, and bade her and her husband adieu, with my best wishes. She expressed the same feeling to me in return. She told me she should never sing much, if any more, in public; but I reminded her that a good Providence had endowed her with a voice which enabled her to contribute in an eminent degree to the enjoyment of her fellow beings, and if she no longer needed the large sums of money which they were willing to pay for this elevating and delightful entertainment, she knew by experience what a genuine pleasure she would receive by devoting the money to the alleviation of the wants and sorrows of those who needed it.

"Ah! Mr. Barnum," she replied, "that is very true, and it would be ungrateful in me to not continue to use for the benefit of the poor and lowly, that gift which our kind Heavenly Father has so graciously bestowed upon me. Yes, I will continue to sing so long as my voice lasts, but it will be mostly for charitable objects, for I am thankful to say I have all the money which I shall ever need." Pursuant to this resolution, the larger portion of the concerts which this noble lady has given since her return to Europe, have been for objects of benevolence.

If she consents to sing for a charitable object in London, for instance, the fact is not advertised at all, but the tickets are readily disposed of in a private quiet way, at a guinea and half a guinea each.

After so many months of anxiety, labor and excitement, in the Jenny Lind enterprise, it will readily be believed that I desired tranquility. I spent a week at Cape May, and then came home to Iranistan, where I remained during the entire summer.

Jenny Lind Concerts

Total Receipts, Excepting of Concerts Devoted to Charity

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| — | New York | $17,864.05 |

Jenny Lind Concerts

Total Receipts, Excepting of Concerts Devoted to Charity

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| — | “ | 14,203.03 |
| 1. | “ | 12,519.59 |
| 2. | “ | 14,266.09 |
| 3. | “ | 12,174.74 |
| 4. | “ | 16,028.39 |
| 5. | Boston | 16,479.50 |
| 6. | “ | 11,848.62 |
| 7. | “ | 8,639.92 |
| 8. | “ | 10,169.25 |
| 9. | Providence | 6,525.54 |
| 10. | Boston | 10,524.87 |
| 11. | “ | 5,240.00 |
| 12. | “ | 7,586.00 |
| 13. | Philadelphia | 9,291.25 |
| 14. | “ | 7,547.00 |
| 15. | “ | 8,458.65 |
| 16. | New York | 6,415.90 |
| 17. | “ | 4,009.70 |
| 18. | “ | 5,982.00 |
| 19. | “ | 8,007.10 |
| 20. | “ | 6,334.20 |
| 21. | “ | 9,429.15 |
| 22. | “ | 9,912.17 |
| 23. | “ | 5,773.40 |
| 24. | “ | 4,993.50 |
| 25. | “ | 6,670.15 |
| 26. | “ | 9,840.33 |
| 27. | “ | 7,097.15 |
| 28. | “ | 8,263.30 |
| 29. | “ | 10,570.25 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 30. | “ | 10,646.45 |
| 31. | Philadelphia | 5,480.75 |
| 32. | “ | 5,728.65 |
| 33. | “ | 3,709.88 |
| 34. | “ | 4,815.48 |
| 35. | Baltimore | 7,117.00 |
| 36. | “ | 8,357.05 |
| 37. | “ | 8,406.50 |
| 38. | “ | 8,121.33 |
| 39. | Washington City | 6,878.55 |
| 40. | “ | 8,507.05 |
| 41. | Richmond | 12,385.21 |
| 42. | Charleston | 6,775.00 |
| 43. | “ | 3,653.75 |
| 44. | Havana | 4,666.17 |
| 45. | “ | 2,837.92 |
| 46. | Havana | 2,931.95 |
| 47. | New Orleans | 12,599.85 |
| 48. | “ | 10,210.42 |
| 49. | “ | 8,131.15 |
| 50. | “ | 6,019.85 |
| 51. | “ | 6,644.00 |
| 52. | “ | 9,720.80 |
| 53. | “ | 7,545.50 |
| 54. | “ | 6,053.50 |
| 55. | “ | 4,850.25 |
| 56. | “ | 4,495.35 |
| 57. | “ | 6,630.35 |
| 58. | “ | 4,745.10 |
| 59. | Natchez | 5,000.00 |

JENNY LIND CONCERTS

TOTAL RECEIPTS, EXCEPTING OF CONCERTS DEVOTED TO CHARITY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 60. | Memphis | 4,539.56 |
| 61. | St. Louis | 7,811.85 |
| 62. | “ | 7,961.92 |
| 63. | “ | 7,708.70 |
| 64. | “ | 4,086.50 |
| 65. | “ | 3,044.70 |
| 66. | Nashville | 7,786.30 |
| 67. | “ | 4,248.00 |
| 68. | Louisville | 7,833.90 |
| 69. | “ | 6,595.60 |
| 70. | “ | 5,000.00 |
| 71. | Madison | 3,693.25 |
| 72. | Cincinnati | 9,339.75 |
| 73. | “ | 11,001.50 |
| 74. | “ | 8,446.30 |
| 75. | “ | 8,954.18 |
| 76. | “ | 6,500.40 |
| 77. | Wheeling | 5,000.00 |
| 78. | Pittsburg | 7,210.58 |
| 79. | New York | 6,858.42 |
| 80. | “ | 5,453.00 |
| 81. | “ | 5,463.70 |
| 82. | “ | 7,378.35 |
| 83. | “ | 7,179.27 |
| 84. | “ | 6,641.00 |
| 85. | “ | 6,917.13 |
| 86. | “ | 6,642.04 |
| 87. | “ | 3,738.75 |
| 88. | “ | 4,335.28 |
| 89. | “ | 5,339.23 |

Total Receipts, Excepting of Concerts Devoted to Charity

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 90. | " | 4,087.03 |
| 91. | " | 5,717.00 |
| 92. | " | 9,525.80 |
| 93. | Philadelphia | 3,852.75 |

Charity Concerts.—Of Miss Lind's half receipts of the first two Concerts, she devoted $10,000 to charity in New York. She afterwards gave Charity Concerts in Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, Havana, New Orleans, New York, and Philadelphia, and donated large sums for the like purposes in Richmond, Cincinnati, and elsewhere. There were also several Benefit Concerts, for the Orchestra, Le Grand Smith, and other persons and objects.

**Recapitulation**

| | **Concerts** | **Receipts** | **Average** |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | 35 | $286,216.64 | $8,177.50 |
| Philadelphia | 8 | 48,884.41 | 6,110.55 |
| Boston | 7 | 70,388.16 | 10,055.45 |
| Providence | 1 | 6,525.54 | 6,525.54 |
| Baltimore | 4 | 32,101.88 | 8,000.47 |
| Washington | 2 | 15,385.60 | 7,692.80 |
| Richmond | 1 | 12,385.21 | 12,385.21 |
| Charleston | 2 | 10,428.75 | 5,214.37 |
| Havana | 3 | 10,436.04 | 3,478.68 |
| New Orleans | 12 | 87,646.12 | 7,303.84 |
| Natchez | 1 | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 |
| Memphis | 1 | 4,539.56 | 4,539.56 |
| St. Louis | 5 | 30,613.67 | 6,122.73 |
| Nashville | 2 | 12,034.30 | 6,017.15 |
| Louisville | 3 | 19,429.50 | 6,476.50 |
| Madison | 1 | 3,693.25 | 3,693.25 |
| Cincinnati | 5 | 44,242.13 | 8,848.43 |
| Wheeling | 1 | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 |

**Recapitulation**

| | Concerts | Receipts | Average |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburg | 1 | 7,210.58 | 7,210.58 |
| Total | 95 | $712,161.34 | $7,496.43 |

**Jenny Lind's Receipts**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| From the Total Receipts of Ninety-five Concerts | | $712,161.34 | |
| Deduct the receipts of the first two, which, as between P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind, were aside from the contract, and are not numbered in the Table | | 32,067.08 | |
| Total Receipts of Concerts from No. 1 to No. 93 | | $680,094.26 | |
| Deduct the receipts of the 28 Concerts, each of which fell short of $5,500 | $123,311.15 | | |
| Also deduct $5,500 for each of the remaining 65 Concerts | 357,500.00 | 480,811.15 | |
| Leaving the total excess, as above | | $199,283.11 | |
| Being equally divided, Miss Lind's portion was | | | $99,641.55 |
| I paid her $1,000 for each of the 93 Concerts | | | 93,000.00 |
| Also one half the receipts of the first two Concerts | | | 16,033.54 |
| Amount paid to Jenny Lind | | | $208,675.09 |
| She refunded to me as forfeiture, per contract, in case she withdrew after the 100th Concert | | $25,000 | |
| She also paid me $1,000 each for the seven Concerts relinquished | | 7,000 | 32,000.00 |
| Jenny Lind's net avails of 95 Concerts | | | $176,675.09 |
| P. T. Barnum's gross receipts, after paying Miss Lind | | | 535,486.25 |
| Total Receipts of 95 Concerts | | | $712,161.34 |

Price Of Tickets.—The highest prices paid for tickets were at auction as follows:—John N. Genin, in New York, $225; Ossian E. Dodge, in Boston, $625; Col. William C. Ross, in Providence, $650; M. A. Root, in Philadelphia, $625; Mr. D'Arcy, in New Orleans, $240; a keeper of a refreshment saloon in St. Louis, $150; a Daguerrotypist, in Baltimore, $100. I can-

not now recall the names of the last two. After the sale of the first ticket, the premium usually fell to $20, and so downward in the scale of figures. The fixed price of tickets ranged from $7 to $3. Promenade tickets were from $2 to $1 each.

# XXIII

## Other Enterprises

Another Venture—"Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum and Menagerie"—Hunting Elephants—General Tom Thumb—Elephant Plowing in Connecticut—Curious Questions from All Quarters—The Public Interest in My Novel Farming—How Much an Elephant Can Really "Draw"—Commodore Vanderbilt—Dan Drew—Side Shows and Various Enterprises—Obsequies of Napoleon—The Crystal Palace—Campanalogians—American Indians in London—Automaton Speaker—The Duke of Wellington—Attempt to Buy Shakespeare's House—Dissolving Views—The Chinese Collection—Wonderful Scotch Boys—Solving the Mystery of Double Sight—The Bateman Children—Catherine Hayes—Iranistan on Fire—My Eldest Daughter's Marriage—Benefits for the Bridgeport Library and the Mountain Grove Cemetery.

While I was managing the Lind concerts, in addition to the American Museum I had other business matters in operation which were more than enough to engross my entire attention and which, of course, I was compelled to commit to the hands of associates and agents.

In 1849 I had projected a great travelling museum and menagerie, and, as I had neither time nor inclination to manage such a concern, I induced Mr. Seth B. Howes, justly celebrated as a "showman," to join me, and take the sole charge. Mr. Sherwood E. Stratton, father of General Tom Thumb, was also admitted to partnership, the interest being in thirds.

In carrying out a portion of the plan, we chartered the ship *Regatta*, Captain Pratt, and despatched her, together with our agents, Messrs. June and Nutter, to Ceylon. The ship left New York in May, 1850, and was absent one year. Their mission was to procure, either by capture or purchase, twelve or more living elephants, besides such other wild animals as they

could secure. In order to provide sufficient drink and provender for a cargo of these huge animals, we purchased a large quantity of hay in New York. Five hundred tons were left at the Island of St. Helena, to be taken on the return trip of the ship, and staves and hoops of water-casks were also left at the same place.

As our agents were unable to purchase the required number of elephants, either in Columbo or Kandy, the principal towns of the island, (Ceylon,) they took one hundred and sixty native assistants, and plunged into the jungles, where, after many most exciting adventures, they succeeded in securing thirteen elephants of a suitable size for their purpose, with a female and her calf, or "baby" elephant, only six months old. In the course of the expedition, Messrs. Nutter and June killed large numbers of the huge beasts, and had numerous encounters of the most terrific description with the formidable animals, one of the most fearful of which took place near Anarajah Poora, while they were endeavoring, by the aid of the natives and trained elephants, to drive the wild herd of beasts into an Indian kraal.

They arrived in New York in 1851 with ten of the elephants, and these, harnessed in pairs to a chariot, paraded up Broadway past the Irving House, while Jenny Lind was staying at that hotel, on the occasion of her second visit to New York. Messrs. Nutter and June also brought with the elephants a native who was competent to manage and control them. We added a caravan of wild animals and many museum curiosities, the entire outfit, including horses, vans, carriages, tent, etc., costing $109,000, and commenced operations, with the presence and under the "patronage" of General Tom Thumb, who travelled nearly four years as one of the attractions of "Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum and Menagerie," returning us immense profits.

At the end of that time, after exhibiting in all sections of the country, we sold out the entire establishment—animals, cages, chariots and paraphernalia, excepting one elephant, which I retained in my own possession two months for agricultural purposes. It occurred to me that if I could put an elephant to plowing for a while on my farm at Bridgeport, it would be a capital advertisement for the American Museum, which was then, and always during my proprietorship of that establishment, foremost in my thoughts.

So I sent him to Connecticut in charge of his keeper, whom I dressed in Oriental costume, and keeper and elephant were stationed on a six-acre lot which lay close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad.

The keeper was furnished with a timetable of the road, with special instructions to be busily engaged in his work whenever passenger trains from either way were passing through. Of course, the matter soon appeared in the papers and went the entire rounds of the press in this country and even in Europe, and it was everywhere announced that P. T. Barnum, "Proprietor of the celebrated American Museum in New York"—and here is where the advertisement came in—had introduced elephants upon his farm, to do his plowing and heavy draft work. Hundreds of people came many miles to witness the novel spectacle. Letters poured in upon me from the secretaries of hundreds of State and County agricultural societies throughout the Union, stating that the presidents and directors of such societies had requested them to propound to me a series of questions in regard to the new power I had put in operation on my farm. These questions were greatly diversified, but the "general run" of them were something like the following:

1. "Is the elephant a profitable agricultural animal?"
2. "How much can an elephant plow in a day?"
3. "How much can he draw?"
4. "How much does he eat?"—this question was invariably asked, and was a very important one.
5. "Will elephants make themselves generally useful on a farm?" I suppose some of my inquirers thought the elephant would pick up chips, or even pins as they have been taught to do, and would rock the baby and do all the chores, including the occasional carrying of a trunk, other than his own, to the depot.
6. "What is the price of an elephant?"
7. "Where can elephants be purchased?"

Then would follow a score of other inquiries, such as, whether elephants were easily managed; if they would quarrel with cattle; if it was possible to breed them; how old calf elephants must be before they would earn their own living; and so on indefinitely. I began to be alarmed lest someone should buy an elephant, and so share the fate of the man who drew one in a lottery, and did not know what to do with him. I accordingly had a general letter printed, which I mailed to all my anxious inquirers. It was headed "strictly confidential," and I then stated, begging my correspondents "not to mention it," that to me the elephant was a valuable agricultural animal, because he was an excellent advertisement to my Museum; but that to other farmers he would prove very unprofitable for many reasons. In the first

place, such an animal would cost from $3,000 to $10,000; in cold weather he could not work at all; in any weather he could not earn even half his living; he would eat up the value of his own head, trunk, and body every year; and I begged my correspondents not to do so foolish a thing as to undertake elephant farming.

Newspaper reporters came from far and near, and wrote glowing accounts of the elephantine performances. One of them, taking a political view of the matter, stated that the elephant's sagacity showed that he knew more than did any laborer on the farm, and yet, shameful to say, he was not allowed to vote. Another said that Barnum's elephant built all the stone wall on the farm; made all the rail fences; planted corn with his trunk, and covered it with his foot; washed my windows and sprinkled the walks and lawns, by taking water from the fountain-basin with his trunk; carried all the children to school, and put them to bed at night, tucking them up with his trunk; fed the pigs; picked fruit from branches that could not otherwise be reached; turned the fanning mill and corn-sheller; drew the mowing machine, and turned and cocked the hay with his trunk; carried and brought my letters to and from the post-office (it was a male elephant); and did all the chores about the house, including milking the cows, and bringing in eggs. Pictures of Barnum's plowing elephant appeared in illustrated papers at home and abroad, and as the cars passed the scene of the performance, passengers' heads were out of every window, and among many and varied exclamations, I heard of one man's saying:

"Well, I declare! That is certainly a real elephant and any man who has so many elephants that he can afford to work them on his farm, must have lots of wild animals and curious critters in his Museum, and I am bound to go there the first thing after my arrival in New York."

The six acres were plowed over at least sixty times before I thought the advertisement sufficiently circulated, and I then sold the elephant to Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

A substantial farmer friend of mine, Mr. Gideon Thompson, called at Iranistan during the elephant excitement and asked me to accompany him to the field to let him see "how the big animal worked." I knew him to be a shrewd, sharp man and a good farmer, and I tried to excuse myself, as I did not wish to be too closely questioned. Indeed, for the same reason, I made it a point at all times to avoid being present when the plowing was going on.

But the old farmer was a particular friend and he refused to take "no" for an answer; so I went with him "to see the elephant."

Arriving at the field, Mr. Thompson said nothing, but stood with folded arms and sedately watched the elephant for at least fifteen minutes. Then he walked out on to the plowed ground, and found it so mellow that he sank nearly up to his knees; for it had already been plowed over and over many times. As usual, several spectators were present. Mr. Thompson walked up to where I was standing, and, looking me squarely in the eyes, he asked with much earnestness:

"What is your object, sir, in bringing that great Asiatic animal on to a New England farm?"

"To plow," I replied very demurely.

"To plow!" said Thompson; "don't talk to me about plowing! I have been out where he has plowed, and the ground is so soft I thought I should go through and come out in China. No, sir! You can't humbug me. You have got some other object in bringing that elephant up here; now what is it?"

"Don't you see for yourself that I am plowing with him?" I asked.

"Nonsense," said Thompson, "that would never pay; I have no doubt he eats more than he earns every day; you have some other purpose in view, I am sure you have."

"Perhaps he does not eat so much as you think," I replied; "and you see he draws nobly—in fact, I expect he will be just the animal by and by, to draw saw logs to mill, and do other heavy work."

But Uncle Gid., was not to be put aside so easily so he asked very sharply:

"How much does he eat in a day?"

"Oh," I replied carelessly, "not more than a quarter of a ton of hay and three or four bushels of oats."

"Exactly," said Thompson, his eyes glistening with delight; "that is just about what I expected. He can't draw so much as two pair of my oxen can, and he costs more than a dozen pair."

"You are mistaken, friend Thompson," I replied with much gravity; "that elephant is a powerful animal; he can draw more than forty yoke of oxen, and he pays me well for bringing him here."

"Forty yoke of oxen!" contemptuously replied the old farmer; "I don't want to tell you I doubt your word, but I would just like to know what he can draw."

"He can draw the attention of twenty millions of American citizens to Barnum's Museum," I replied.

"Oh, you can make him pay in that way, of course," responded the old farmer.

"None but a greenhorn could ever have expected he would pay in any other way," I replied.

The old man gave a hearty laugh, and said, "Well, I give it up. I have been a farmer thirty-five years, and I have only just discovered that an elephant is a very useful and profitable animal on a farm—provided the farmer also owns a museum."

In 1851 I became a part owner of the steamship *North America*. Our intention in buying it was to run it to Ireland as a passenger and freight ship. The project was, however, abandoned, and Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt bought one half of the steamer, while the other half was owned by three persons, of whom I was one. The steamer was sent around Cape Horn to San Francisco, and was put into the Vanderbilt line.

After she had made several trips I called upon Mr. Vanderbilt, at his office, and introduced myself, as this was the first time we had met.

"Is it possible you are Barnum?" exclaimed the Commodore, in surprise, "why, I expected to see a monster, part lion, part elephant, and a mixture of rhinoceros and tiger! Is it possible," he continued, "that you are the showman who has made so much noise in the world?"

I laughingly replied that I was, and added that if I too had been governed in my anticipation of his personal appearance by the fame he had achieved in his line, I should have expected to have been saluted by a steam whistle, and to have seen him dressed in a pea jacket, blowing off steam, and crying out "all aboard that's going."

"Instead of which," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, "I suppose you have come to ask me, 'to walk up to the Captain's office and settle.'"

After this interchange of civilities, we talked about the success of the *North America* in having got safely around the Horn, and of the acceptable manner in which she was doing her duty on the Pacific side.

"We have received no statement of her earnings yet," said the Commodore, "but if you want money, give your receipt to our treasurer, and take some."

A few months subsequent to this, I sold out my share in the steamship to Mr. Daniel Drew. The day after closing with Mr. Drew, I discovered an er-

ror of several hundred dollars (a matter of interest on some portion of the purchase money, which had been overlooked). I called on Mr. Drew, and asked him to correct it, but could get no satisfaction. I then wrote him a threatening letter, but received no response. I was on the eve of suing him for the amount due me, when the news came that the steamship *North America* was lying at the bottom of the Pacific. It turned out that she was sunk several days before I sold out, and as the owners were mulcted in the sum of many thousands of dollars damages by their passengers, besides suffering a great loss in their steamship, I said no more to the millionnaire Drew about the few hundreds which he had withheld from the showman.

Some reference to the various enterprises and "side shows" connected with and disconnected from my Museum, is necessary to show how industriously I have catered for the public's amusement, not only in America but abroad. When I was in Paris in 1844, in addition to the purchase of Robert Houdin's ingenious automaton writer, and many other costly curiosities for the Museum, I ordered, at an expense of $3,000, a panoramic diorama of the obsequies of Napoleon. Every event of that grand pageant, from the embarkation of the body at St. Helena, to its entombment at the Hotel des Invalides, amid the most gorgeous parade ever witnessed in France, was wonderfully depicted. This exhibition, after having had its day at the American Museum, was sold, and extensively and profitably exhibited elsewhere. While I was in London, during the same year, I engaged a company of "Campanalogians, or Lancashire Bell Ringers," then performing in Ireland, to make an American tour. They were really admirable performers, and by means of their numerous bells, of various sizes, they produced the most delightful music. They attracted much attention in various parts of the United States, in Canada, and in Cuba.

As a compensation to England for the loss of the Bell Ringers, I despatched an agent to America for a party of Indians, including squaws. He proceeded to Iowa, and returned to London with a company of sixteen. They were exhibited by Mr. Catlin on our joint account, and were finally left in his sole charge.

On my first return visit to America from Europe, I engaged Mr. Faber, an elderly and ingenious German, who had constructed an automaton speaker. It was of life-size, and when worked with keys similar to those of a piano, it really articulated words and sentences with surprising distinctness. My agent exhibited it for several months in Egyptian Hall, London, and also in

the provinces. This was a marvellous piece of mechanism, though for some unaccountable reason it did not prove a success. The Duke of Wellington visited it several times, and at first he thought that the "voice" proceeded from the exhibitor, whom he assumed to be a skillful ventriloquist. He was asked to touch the keys with his own fingers, and after some instruction in the method of operating, he was able to make the machine speak, not only in English but also in German, with which language the Duke seemed familiar. Thereafter, he entered his name on the exhibitor's autograph book, and certified that the "Automaton Speaker" was an extraordinary production of mechanical genius.

During my first visit to England I obtained, verbally, through a friend, the refusal of the house in which Shakespeare was born, designing to remove it in sections to my Museum in New York; but the project leaked out, British pride was touched, and several English gentlemen interfered and purchased the premises for a Shakespearian Association. Had they slept a few days longer, I should have made a rare speculation, for I was subsequently assured that the British people, rather than suffer that house to be removed to America, would have bought me off with twenty thousand pounds. I did not hesitate to engage, or attempt to secure anything, at any expense, to please my patrons in the United States, and I made an effort to transfer Madame Tussaud's worldwide celebrated waxwork collection entire to New York. The papers were actually drawn up for this engagement, but the enterprise finally fell through.

The models of machinery exhibited in the Royal Polytechnic Institution in London, pleased me so well that I procured a duplicate; also duplicates of the "Dissolving Views," the Chromatrope and Physioscope, including many American scenes painted expressly to my order, at an aggregate cost of $7,000. After they had been exhibited in my Museum, they were sold to itinerant showmen, and some of them were afterwards on exhibition in various parts of the United States.

In June 1850, I added the celebrated Chinese Collection to the attractions of the American Museum. I also engaged the Chinese Family, consisting of two men, two "small-footed" women and two children. My agent exhibited them in London during the World's Fair. It may be stated here, that I subsequently sent to London the celebrated artist De Lamano to paint a panorama of the Crystal Palace, in which the World's Fair was held, and Colonel John S. Dusolle, an able and accomplished editor, whom I sent with De Lamano,

wrote an accompanying descriptive lecture. Like most panoramas, however, the exhibition proved a failure.

The giants whom I sent to America were not the greatest of my curiosities, though the dwarfs might have been the least. The "Scotch Boys" were interesting, not so much on account of their weight, as for the mysterious method by which one of them, though blindfolded, answered questions put by the other respecting objects presented by persons who attended the surprising exhibition. The mystery, which was merely the result of patient practice, consisted wholly in the manner in which the question was propounded; in fact, the question invariably carried its own answer; for instance:

"What is this?" meant gold; "Now what is this?" silver; "Say what is this?" copper; "Tell me what this is," iron; "What is the shape?" long; "Now what shape?" round; "Say what shape," square; "Please say what this is," a watch; "Can you tell what is in this lady's hand?" a purse; "Now please say what this is?" a key; "Come now, what is this?" money; "How much?" a penny; "Now how much?" sixpence; "Say how much," a quarter of a dollar; "What color is this?" black; "Now what color is this?" red; "Say what color," green; and so on, ad infinitum. To such perfection was this brought that it was almost impossible to present any object that could not be quite closely described by the blindfolded boy. This is the key to all exhibitions of what is called "second sight."

In 1850, the celebrated Bateman children acted for several weeks at the American Museum and in June of that year I sent them to London with their father and Mr. Le Grand Smith, where they played in the St. James Theater, and afterwards in the principal provincial theatres. The elder of these children, Miss Kate Bateman, subsequently attained the highest histrionic distinction in America and abroad, and reached the very head of her profession.

In October, 1852, having stipulated with Mr. George A. Wells and Mr. Bushnell that they should share in the enterprise and take the entire charge, I engaged Miss Catherine Hayes and Herr Begnis to give a series of sixty concerts in California, and the engagement was fulfilled to our entire satisfaction. Mr. Bushnell afterwards went to Australia with Miss Hayes and they were subsequently married. Both of them are dead.

Before setting out for California, Miss Catherine Hayes, her mother and sister spent several days at Iranistan and were present at the marriage of my

eldest daughter, Caroline, to Mr. David W. Thompson. The wedding was to take place in the evening, and in the afternoon I was getting shaved in a barbershop in Bridgeport, when Mr. Thompson drove up to the door in great haste and exclaimed:

"Mr. Barnum, Iranistan is in flames!"

I ran out half-shaved, with the lather on my face, jumped into his wagon and bade him drive home with all speed. I was greatly alarmed, for the house was full of visitors who had come from a distance to attend the wedding, and all the costly presents, dresses, refreshments, and everything prepared for a marriage celebration to which nearly a thousand guests had been invited, were already in my house. Mr. Thompson told me that he had seen the flames bursting from the roof and it seemed to me that there was little hope of saving the building.

My mind was distressed, not so much at the great pecuniary loss which the destruction of Iranistan would involve as at the possibility that some of my family or visitors would be killed or seriously injured in attempting to save something from the fire. Then I thought of the sore disappointment this calamity would cause to the young couple, as well as to those who were invited to the wedding. I saw that Mr. Thompson looked pale and anxious.

"Never mind!" said I; "we can't help these things; the house will probably be burned; but if no one is killed or injured, you shall be married tonight, if we are obliged to perform the ceremony in the coach-house."

On our way, we overtook a fire-company and I implored them to "hurry up their machine." Arriving in sight of Iranistan we saw huge volumes of smoke rolling out from the roof and many men on the top of the house were passing buckets of water to pour upon the fire. Fortunately, several men had been engaged during the day in repairing the roof, and their ladders were against the house. By these means and with the assistance of the men employed upon my grounds, water was passed very rapidly and the flames were soon subdued without serious damage. The inmates of Iranistan were thoroughly frightened; Catherine Hayes and other visitors packed their trunks and had them carried out on the lawn; and the house came as near destruction as it well could, and escape.

While Miss Hayes was in Bridgeport I induced her to give a concert for the benefit of the "Mountain Grove Cemetery," and the large proceeds were devoted to the erection of the beautiful stone tower and gateway at the entrance of that charming ground. The land for this cemetery, about eighty

acres, had been bought by me, years before, from several farmers. I had often shot over the ground while hunting a year or two before, and had then seen its admirable capabilities for the purpose to which it was eventually devoted. After deeds for the property were secured, it was offered for a cemetery, and at a meeting of citizens several lots were subscribed for, enough, indeed, to cover the amount of the purchase money. Thus was begun the "Mountain Grove Cemetery," which is now beautifully laid out and adorned with many tasteful and costly monuments. Among these are my own substantial granite monument, the family monuments of Harral, Bishop, Hubbell, Lyon, Wood, Loomis, Wordin, Hyde, and others, and General Tom Thumb has erected a tall marble shaft which is surmounted by a life-size statue of himself. There is no more charming burial ground in the whole country; yet when the project was suggested, many persons preferred an intermural cemetery to this rural resting-place for their departed friends; though now, all concur in considering it fortunate that this adjunct was secured to Bridgeport before the land could be permanently devoted to other purposes.

Some time afterwards, when Mr. Dion Boucicault visited me at Bridgeport, at my solicitation he gave a lecture for the benefit of this cemetery. I may add that on several occasions I have secured the services of General Tom Thumb and others for this and equally worthy objects in Bridgeport. When the General first returned with me from England, he gave exhibitions for the benefit of the Bridgeport Charitable Society. September 28, 1867, I induced him and his wife, with Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren to give their entertainment for the benefit of the Bridgeport Library, thus adding $475 to the funds of that institution; and on one occasion I lectured to a full house in the Methodist Church, and the entire receipts were given to the library, of which I was already a life member, on account of previous subscriptions and contributions.

# XXIV

## Work and Play

Alfred Bunn, of Drury Lane Theater—Amusing Interview—Mr. Levy, of the London Daily Telegraph—Vacations at Home—My Presidency of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society—Exhibiting a Pickpocket—Philosophy of Humbug—A Chopfallen Ticket-Seller—A Prompt Paymaster—Barnum in Boston—A Deluded Hack Driver—Phillips's Fire Annihilator—Honorable Elisha Whittlesey—Trial of the Annihilator in New York—Pequonnock Bank of Bridgeport—The Illustrated News—The World's Fair in New York—My Presidency of the Association—Attempt to Excite Public Interest—Monster Jullien Concerts—Resignation of the Crystal Palace Presidency—Failure of the Concern.

In the summer, I think, of 1853, I saw it announced in the newspapers that Mr. Alfred Bunn, the great ex-manager of Drury Lane Theater, in London, had arrived in Boston. Of course, I knew Mr. Bunn by reputation, not only from his managerial career, but from the fact that he made the first engagement with Jenny Lind to appear in London. This engagement, however, Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theater, induced her to break, he standing a lawsuit with Mr. Bunn, and paying heavy damages. I had never met Mr. Bunn, but he took it for granted that I had seen him, for one day after his arrival in this country, a burly Englishman abruptly stepped into my private office in the Museum, and assuming a theatrical attitude, addressed me:

"Barnum, do you remember me?"

I was confident I had never seen the man before, but it struck me at once that no Englishman I ever heard of would be likely to exhibit more presumption or assumption than the ex-manager of Drury Lane, and I jumped at the conclusion:

"Is not this Mr. Bunn?"

"Ah! Ah! my boy!" he exclaimed, slapping me familiarly on the back, "I thought you would remember me. Well, Barnum, how have you been since I last saw you?"

I replied in a manner that would humor his impression that we were old acquaintances, and during his two hours' visit we had much gossip about men and things in London. He called upon me several times, and it probably never entered into his mind that I could possibly have been in London two or three years without having made the personal acquaintance of so great a lion as Alfred Bunn.

I met Mr. Bunn again in 1858, in London, at a dinner party of a mutual friend, Mr. Levy, proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph. Of course, Bunn and I were great chums and very old and intimate acquaintances. At the same dinner, I met several literary and dramatic gentlemen.

In 1851, 1852, and 1853, I spent much of my time at my beautiful home in Bridgeport, going very frequently to New York, to attend to matters in the Museum, but remaining in the city only a day or two at a time. I resigned the office of President of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society in 1853, but the members accepted my resignation, only on condition that it should not go into effect until after the fair of 1854. During my administration, the society held six fairs and cattle-shows—four in Bridgeport and two in Stamford—and the interest in these gatherings increased from year to year.

Pickpockets are always present at these country fairs, and every year there were loud complaints of the depredations of these operators. In 1853 a man was caught in the act of taking a pocketbook from a country farmer, nor was this farmer the only one who had suffered in the same way. The scamp was arrested, and proved to be a celebrated English pickpocket. As the Fair would close the next day, and as most persons had already visited it, we expected our receipts would be light.

Early in the morning the detected party was legally examined, plead guilty, and was bound over for trial. I obtained consent from the sheriff that the culprit should be put in the Fair room for the purpose of giving those who had been robbed an opportunity to identify him. For this purpose he was handcuffed, and placed in a conspicuous position, where of course he was "the observed of all observers." I then issued handbills, stating that as it was the last day of the Fair, the managers were happy to announce that they had secured extra attractions for the occasion, and would accordingly exhib-

it, safely handcuffed, and without extra charge, a live pickpocket, who had been caught in the act of robbing an honest farmer the day previous. Crowds of people rushed in "to see the show." Some good mothers brought their children ten miles for that purpose, and our treasury was materially benefited by the operation.

At the close of my presidency in 1854, I was requested to deliver the opening speech at our County Fair, which was held at Stamford. As I was not able to give agricultural advice, I delivered a portion of my lecture on the "Philosophy of Humbug." The next morning, as I was being shaved in the village barber's shop, which was at the time crowded with customers, the ticket-seller to the Fair came in.

"What kind of a house did you have last night?" asked one of the gentlemen in waiting.

"Oh, first-rate, of course. Barnum always draws a crowd," was the reply of the ticket-seller, to whom I was not known.

Most of the gentlemen present, however, knew me, and they found much difficulty in restraining their laughter.

"Did Barnum make a good speech?" I asked.

"I did not hear it. I was out in the ticket-office. I guess it was pretty good, for I never heard so much laughing as there was all through his speech. But it makes no difference whether it was good or not," continued the ticket-seller, "the people will go to see Barnum."

"Barnum must be a curious chap," I remarked.

"Well, I guess he is up to all the dodges."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Not personally," he replied; "but I always get into the Museum for nothing. I know the doorkeeper, and he slips me in free."

"Barnum would not like that, probably, if he knew it," I remarked.

"But it happens he don't know it," replied the ticket-seller, in great glee.

"Barnum was on the cars the other day, on his way to Bridgeport," said I, "and I heard one of the passengers blowing him up terribly as a humbug. He was addressing Barnum at the time, but did not know him. Barnum joined in lustily, and endorsed everything the man said. When the passenger learned whom he had been addressing, I should think he must have felt rather flat."

"I should think so, too," said the ticket-seller.

This was too much, and we all indulged in a burst of laughter; still the ticket-seller suspected nothing. After I had left the shop, the barber told him who I was. I called into the ticket-office on business several times during the day, but the poor ticket-seller kept his face turned from me, and appeared so chapfallen that I did not pretend to recognize him as the hero of the joke in the barber's shop.

This incident reminds me of numerous similar ones which have occurred at various times. On one occasion—it was in 1847—I was on board the steamboat from New York to Bridgeport. As we approached the harbor of the latter city, a stranger desired me to point out "Barnum's house" from the upper deck. I did so, whereupon a bystander remarked, "I know all about that house, for I was engaged in painting there for several months while Barnum was in Europe." He then proceeded to say that it was the meanest and most ill-contrived house he ever saw. "It will cost old Barnum a mint of money, and not be worth two cents after it is finished," he added.

"I suppose old Barnum don't pay very punctually," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, he pays punctually every Saturday night—there's no trouble about that; he has made half a million by exhibiting a little boy whom he took from Bridgeport, and whom we never considered any great shakes till Barnum took him and trained him."

Soon afterwards one of the passengers told him who I was, whereupon he secreted himself, and was not seen again while I remained on the boat.

On another occasion, I went to Boston by the Fall River route. Arriving before sunrise, I found but one carriage at the depot. I immediately engaged it, and giving the driver the check for my baggage, told him to take me directly to the Revere House, as I was in great haste, and enjoined him to take in no other passengers, and I would pay his demands. He promised compliance with my wishes, but soon afterwards appeared with a gentleman, two ladies, and several children, whom he crowded into the carriage with me, and placing their trunks on the baggage rack, started off. I thought there was no use in grumbling, and consoled myself with the reflection that the Revere House was not far away. He drove up one street and down another, for what seemed to me a very long time, but I was wedged in so closely that I could not see what route he was taking.

After half an hour's drive he halted, and I found we were at the Lowell Railway depot. Here my fellow-passengers alighted, and after a long delay the driver delivered their baggage, received his fare, and was about closing

the carriage door preparatory to starting again. I was so thoroughly vexed at the shameful manner in which he had treated me, that I remarked;

"Perhaps you had better wait till the Lowell train arrives; you may possibly get another load of passengers. Of course my convenience is of no consequence. I suppose if you land me at the Revere House any time this week, it will be as much as I have a right to expect."

"I beg your pardon," he replied, "but that was Barnum and his family. He was very anxious to get here in time for the first train, so I stuck him for $2, and now I'll carry you to the Revere House free."

"What Barnum is it?" I asked.

"The Museum and Jenny Lind man," he replied.

The compliment and the shave both having been intended for me, I was of course mollified, and replied, "You are mistaken, my friend, *I* am Barnum."

"Coachee" was thunderstruck, and offered all sorts of apologies.

"A friend at the other depot told me that I had Mr. Barnum on board," said he, "and I really supposed he meant the other man. When I come to notice you, I perceive my mistake, but I hope you will forgive me. I have carried you frequently before, and hope you will give me your custom while you are in Boston. I never will make such a mistake again." I had to be satisfied.

Late in August, 1851, I was visited at Bridgeport by a gentleman who was interested in an English invention patented in this country, and known as Phillips' Fire Annihilator. He showed me a number of certificates from men of eminence and trustworthiness in England, setting forth the merits of the invention in the highest terms. The principal value of the machine seemed to consist in its power to extinguish flame, and thus prevent the spread of fire when it once broke out. Besides, the steam or vapor generated in the Annihilator was not prejudicial to human life. Now, as water has no effect whatever upon flame, it was obvious that the Annihilator would at the least prove a great *assistant* in extinguishing conflagrations, and that, especially in the incipient stage of a fire, it would extinguish it altogether, without damage to goods or other property, as is usually the case with water.

Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, First Comptroller of the United States Treasury at Washington, was interested in the American patent, and the gentleman that called upon me desired that I should also take an interest in it. I had no disposition to engage in any speculation; but, believing this might prove a

beneficent invention, and be the means of saving a vast amount of human life as well as property, I visited Washington City for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Whittlesey, Hon. J. W. Allen and other parties interested.

I was there shown numerous certificates of fires having been extinguished by the machine in Great Britain, and property to the amount of many thousands of pounds saved. I also saw that Lord Brougham had proposed in Parliament that every Government vessel should be compelled to have the Fire Annihilator on board. Mr. Whittlesey expressed his belief in writing, that "if there is any reliance to be placed on human testimony, it is one of the greatest discoveries of this most extraordinary age." I fully agreed with him, and have never yet seen occasion to change that opinion.

I agreed to join in the enterprise. Mr. Whittlesey was elected President, and I was appointed Secretary and General Agent of the Company. I opened the office of the Company in New York, and sold and engaged machines and territory in a few months to the amount of $180,000. I refused to receive more than a small portion of the purchase money until a public experiment had tested the powers of the machine, and I voluntarily delivered to every purchaser an agreement, signed by myself, in the following words:

"If the public test and demonstration are not perfectly successful, I will at any time when demanded, within ten days after the public trial, refund and pay back every shilling that has been paid into this office for machines or territory for the sale of the patent."

The public trial came off in Hamilton Square on the 18th December, 1851. It was an exceedingly cold and inclement day. Mr. Phillips, who conducted the experiment, was interfered with and knocked down by some rowdies who were opposed to the invention, and the building was ignited and consumed after he had extinguished the previous fire. Subsequently to this unexpected and unjust opposition, I refunded every cent which I had received, sometimes against the wishes of those who had purchased, for they were willing to wait the result of further experiments; but I was utterly disgusted with the course of a large portion of the public upon a subject in which they were much more deeply interested than I was.

The arrangements of the Annihilator Company with Mr. Phillips, the inventor, predicated all payments which he was to receive on *bona fide* sales which we should actually make; therefore he really received nothing, and the entire losses of the American Company, which were merely for adver-

tising and the expense of trying the experiments, hire of an office, etc., amounted to nearly $30,000, of which my portion was less than $10,000.

In the spring of 1851 the Connecticut Legislature chartered the Pequonnock Bank of Bridgeport, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars. I had no interest whatever in the charter, and did not even know that an application was to be made for it. More banking capital was needed in Bridgeport in consequence of the great increase of trade and manufactures in that growing and prosperous city, and this fact appearing in evidence, the charter was granted as a public benefit. The stock-books were opened under the direction of State Commissioners, according to the laws of the Commonwealth, and nearly double the amount of capital was subscribed on the first day. The stock was distributed by the Commissioners among several hundred applicants. Circumstances unexpectedly occurred which induced me to accept the presidency of the bank, in compliance with the unanimous vote of its directors. Feeling that I could not, from my many avocations, devote the requisite personal attention to the duties of the office, C. B. Hubbell, Esq., then Mayor of Bridgeport, was at my request appointed Vice-President of the institution.

In the fall of 1852 a proposition was made by certain parties to commence the publication of an illustrated weekly newspaper in the City of New York. The field seemed to be open for such an enterprise, and I invested twenty thousand dollars in the concern, as special partner, in connection with two other gentlemen, who each contributed twenty thousand dollars, as general partners. Within a month after the publication of the first number of the *Illustrated News*, which was issued on the first day of January, 1853, our weekly circulation had reached seventy thousand. Numerous and almost insurmountable difficulties, for novices in the business, continued however to arise, and my partners becoming weary and disheartened with constant overexertion, were anxious to wind up the enterprise at the end of the first year. The goodwill and the engravings were sold to *Gleasons Pictorial*, in Boston, and the concern was closed without loss.

In 1851, when the idea of opening a World's Fair in New York was first broached, I was waited upon by Mr. Riddell and the other originators of the scheme, and invited to join in getting it up. I declined, giving as a reason that such a project was, in my opinion, premature. I felt that it was following quite too closely upon its London prototype, and assured the projectors that I could see in it nothing but certain loss. The plan, however, was carried

out, and a charter obtained from the New York Legislature. The building was erected on a plot of ground upon Reservoir Square, leased to the association, by the City of New York, for one dollar per annum. The location, being four miles distant from the City Hall, was enough of itself to kill the enterprise. The stock was readily taken up, however, and the Crystal Palace opened to the public in July, 1853. Many thousands of strangers were brought to New York, and however disastrous the enterprise may have proved to the stockholders, it is evident that the general prosperity of the city has been promoted far beyond the entire cost of the whole speculation.

In February, 1854, numerous stockholders applied to me to accept the Presidency of the Crystal Palace, or, as it was termed, "The Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations." I utterly declined listening to such a project, as I felt confident that the novelty had passed away, and that it would be difficult to revive public interest in the affair.

Shortly afterwards, however, I was waited upon by numerous influential gentlemen, and strongly urged to allow my name to be used. I repeatedly objected to this, and at last consented, much against my own judgment. Having been elected one of the directors, I was by that body chosen President. I accepted the office conditionally, reserving the right to decline if I thought, upon investigation, that there was no vitality left in the institution. Upon examining the accounts said to exist against the Association, many were pronounced indefensible by those who I supposed knew the facts in the case, while various debts existing against the concern were not exhibited when called for, and I knew nothing of their existence until after I accepted the office of President. I finally accepted it, only because no suitable person could be found who was willing to devote his entire time and services to the enterprise, and because I was frequently urged by directors and stockholders to take hold of it for the benefit of the city at large, inasmuch as it was well settled that the Palace would be permanently closed early in April, 1854, if I did not take the helm.

These considerations moved me, and I entered upon my duties with all the vigor which I could command. To save it from bankruptcy, I advanced large sums of money for the payment of debts, and tried by every legitimate means to create an excitement and bring it into life. By extraneous efforts, such as the Re-inauguration, the Monster Concerts of Jullien, the Celebration of Independence, etc., it was temporarily galvanized, and gave several lifelike kicks, generally without material results, except prostrating those

who handled it too familiarly; but it was a corpse long before I touched it, and I found, after a thorough trial, that my first impression was correct, and that so far as my ability was concerned, "the dead could not be raised." I therefore resigned the presidency and the concern soon went into liquidation.

In 1854, my esteemed friend, Reverend Moses Ballou, wrote, and Redfield, of New York, published a volume entitled "The Divine Character Vindicated" in which he reviewed some of the principal features of a work by the Rev. E. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, *The Conflict of Ages; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man*. The dedication in Rev. Mr. Ballou's volume was as follows:

To P. T. Barnum, Esq., Iranistan.

My Dear B.:—I am more deeply indebted to you for personal favors than to any other living man, and I feel that it is but a poor acknowledgment to beg your acceptance of this volume. Still, I know that you will value it somewhat, not only for the sake of our personal friendship, but because it is an advocate of that interpretation of Christianity of which you have ever been a most generous and devoted patron.

With renewed assurances of my best regards,

I am, yours, always,

M. B.

Bridgeport, January 22, 1854.

The following trifling incident which occurred at Iranistan in the winter of 1852, has been called to my mind by a lady friend from Philadelphia, who was visiting us at the time. The poem was sent to me soon after the occurrence, but was lost and the subject forgotten until my Philadelphia friend recently sent it to me with the wish that I should insert it in the present volume:

Winter Bouquets

An Incident in the life of an American Citizen.

The poor man's garden lifeless lay
Beneath a fall of snow;
But Art in costly greenhouses,
Keeps Summer in full glow.

And Taste paid gold for bright bouquets,
The parlor vase that drest,
That scented Fashion's gay boudoir,
Or bloomed on Beauty's breast.
A rich man sat beside the fire,
Within his sculptured halls;
Brave heart, clear head, and busy hand,
Had reared those stately walls.
He to his gardener spake, and said
In tone of quiet glee—
"I want a hundred fine bouquets—
Canst make them, John, for me?"
John's eyes became exceeding round,
This question when he heard;
He gazed upon his master,
And he answered not a word.
"Well, John," the rich man laughing said,
"If these too many be,
What sayest to half the number, man?
Canst fifty make for me?"
Now John prized every flower, as 'twere
A daughter or a son;
And thought, like Regan—"what the need
Of fifty, or of one?"
But keeping back the thought, he said,
"I think, sir, that I might;
But it would leave my lady's flowers
In very ragged plight."
"Well, John, thy vegetable pets
Must needs respected be;
We'll halve the number once again—
Make twenty-five for me.
And hark ye, John, when they are made
Come up and let me know;
And I'll give thee a list of those
To whom the flowers must go."

The twenty-five bouquets were made,
And round the village sent;
And to whom thinkest thou, my friend,
These floral jewels went?
Not to the beautiful and proud—
Not to the rich and gay—
Who, Dives-like, at Luxury's feast
Are seated every day.
An aged Pastor, on his desk
Saw those fair preachers stand;
A Widow wept upon the gift,
And blessed the giver's hand.
Where Poverty bent o'er her task,
They cheered the lonely room;
And round the bed where Sickness lay,
They breathed Health's fresh perfume.
Oh! kindly heart and open hand—
Those flowers in dust are trod,
But they bloom to weave a wreath for thee,
In the Paradise of God.
Sweet is the Minstrel's task, whose song
Of deeds like these may tell;
And long may he have power to give,
Who wields that power so well!
Mrs. Anna Bache.
Philadelphia.

# XXV

## The Jerome Clock Company Entanglement

The East Bridgeport Enterprise—W. H. Noble—Plans for a New City—Dr. Timothy Dwight's Testimony—Investing a Fortune—Selling City Lots—Money Making a Secondary Consideration—Clock Company in Litchfield—The "Terry and Barnum Manufacturing Company"—The Jerome Clock Company—Baiting for Bites—False Representations—How I Was Deluded—What I Agreed to Do—The Counter Agreement—Notes with Blank Dates—The Limit of My Responsibility—How It Was Exceeded—Startling Discoveries—A Ruined Man—Paying My Own Honest Debts—Barnum Duped—My Failure—The Barnum and Jerome Clock Bubble—Moralists Making Use of My Misfortunes—What Preachers, Papers, and People Said About Me—Down in the Depths.

I now come to a series of events which, all things considered, constitute one of the most remarkable experiences of my life—an experience which brought me much pain and many trials; which humbled my pride and threatened me with hopeless financial ruin; and yet, nevertheless, put new blood in my veins, fresh vigor in my action, warding off all temptation to rust in the repose which affluence induces, and developed, I trust, new and better elements of manliness in my character. This trial carried me through a severe and costly discipline, and now that I have passed through it and have triumphed over it, I can thank God for sending it upon me, though I feel no special obligations to the human instruments employed in the severe chastening.

When the blow fell upon me, I thought that I could never recover; the event has shown, however, that I have gained both in character and fortune, and what threatened, for years, to be my ruin, has proved one of the most fortunate happenings of my career. The "Bull Run" of my life's battle was a

crushing defeat, which, unknown to me at the time, only presaged the victories which were to follow.

In my general plan of presenting the facts and incidents of my life in chronological order, I shall necessarily introduce in the history of the next seven years, an account of my entanglement in the "Jerome Clock Company,"—how I was drawn into it, how I got out of it, and what it did to me and for me. The great notoriety given to my connection with this concern—the fact that the journals throughout the country made it the subject of news, gossip, sympathy, abuse, and advice to and about me, my friends, my persecutors, and the public generally—seems to demand that the story should be briefly but plainly told. The event itself has passed away and with it the passions and excitements that were born of it; and I certainly have no desire now to deal in personalities or to go into the question of the motives which influenced those who were interested, any farther than may be strictly essential to a fair and candid statement of the case.

It is vital to the narrative that I should give some account of the new city, East Bridgeport, and my interests therein, which led directly to my subsequent complications with the Jerome Clock Company.

In 1851, I purchased from Mr. William H. Noble, of Bridgeport, the undivided half of his late father's homestead, consisting of fifty acres of land; lying on the east side of the river, opposite the City of Bridgeport. We intended this as the nucleus of a new city, which we concluded could soon be built up, in consequence of many natural advantages that it possesses.

Before giving publicity to our plans, however, we purchased one hundred and seventy-four acres contiguous to that which we already owned, and laid out the entire property in regular streets, and lined them with trees, reserving a beautiful grove of six or eight acres, which we enclosed, and converted into a public park. We then commenced selling alternate lots, at the same price which the land cost us by the acre. Our sales were always made on the condition that a suitable dwelling-house, store, or manufactory should be erected upon the land, within one year from the date of purchase; that every building should be placed at a certain distance from the street, in a style of architecture approved by us; that the grounds should be enclosed with acceptable fences, and kept clean and neat, with other conditions which would render the locality a desirable one for respectable residents, and operate for the mutual benefit of all persons who should become settlers in the new city.

This entire property consists of a beautiful plateau of ground, lying within less than half a mile of the center of Bridgeport city. Considering the superiority of the situation, it is a wonder that the City of Bridgeport was not originally founded upon that side of the river. The late Dr. Timothy Dwight, for a long time President of Yale College, in his *Travels in New England in 1815*, says of the locality:

"There is not in the State a prettier village than the borough of Bridgeport. In the year 1783, there were scarcely half a dozen houses in this place. It now contains probably more than one hundred, built on both sides of Pughquonnuck (Pequonnock) river, a beautiful mill-stream, forming at its mouth the harbor of Bridgeport. The situation of this village is very handsome, particularly on the eastern side of the river. A more cheerful and elegant piece of ground can scarcely be imagined than the point which stretches between the Pughquonnuck and the old mill-brook; and the prospects presented by the harbors at the mouths of these streams, the Sound, and the surrounding country, are, in a fine season, gay and brilliant, perhaps without a parallel."

This "cheerful and elegant piece of ground," as Dr. Dwight so truly describes it, had only been kept from market by the want of means of access. A new footbridge was built, connecting this place with the City of Bridgeport, and a public toll-bridge which belonged to us was thrown open to the public free. We also obtained from the State Legislature a charter for erecting a toll-bridge between the two bridges already existing, and under that charter we put up a fine covered drawbridge at a cost of $16,000 which also we made free to the public for several years. We built and leased to a union company of young coach makers a large and elegant coach manufactory, which was one of the first buildings erected there, and which went into operation on the first of January, 1852, and was the beginning of the extensive manufactories which were subsequently built in East Bridgeport.

Besides the inducement which we held out to purchasers to obtain their lots at a merely nominal price, we advanced one half, two-thirds, and frequently all the funds necessary to erect their buildings, permitting them to repay us in sums as small as five dollars, at their own convenience. This arrangement enabled many persons to secure and ultimately pay for homes which they could not otherwise have obtained. We looked for our profits solely to the rise in the value of the reserved lots, which we were confident must ensue. Of course, these extraordinary inducements led many persons

to build in the new city, and it began to develop and increase with a rapidity rarely witnessed in this section of the country. Indeed, our speculation, which might be termed a profitable philanthropy, soon promised to be so remunerative, that I offered Mr. Noble for his interest in the estate, $60,000 more than the prime cost, which offer he declined.

It will thus be seen that, in 1851, my pet scheme was to build up a city in East Bridgeport. I had made a large fortune and was anxious to be released from the harassing cares of active business. But I could not be idle, and if I could be instrumental in giving value to land comparatively worthless; if I could by the judicious investment of a portion of my capital open the way for new industries and new homes, I should be of service to my fellow men and find grateful employment for my energies and time. I saw that in case of success there was profit in my project, and I was enough like mankind in general to look upon the enlargement of my means as a consummation devoutly and legitimately to be wished.

Yet, I can truly say that mere moneymaking was a secondary consideration in my scheme. I wanted to build a city on the beautiful plateau across the river; in the expressive phrase of the day, I "had East Bridgeport on the brain." Whoever approached me with a project which looked to the advancement of my new city, touched my weak side and found me an eager listener. The serpent that beguiled me was any plausible proposition that promised prosperity to East Bridgeport, and it was in this way that the coming city connected me with that source of so many annoyances and woes, the Jerome Clock Company.

There was a small clock manufactory in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, in which I became a stockholder to the amount of six or seven thousand dollars, and my duties as a director in the company called me occasionally to Litchfield and made me somewhat acquainted with the clock business. Thinking of plans to forward my pet East Bridgeport enterprise, it occurred to me that if the Litchfield clock concern could be transferred to my prospective new city, it would necessarily bring many families, thus increasing the growth of the place and the value of the property. Negotiations were at once commenced and the desired transfer of the business was the result. A new stock company was formed under the name of the "Terry & Barnum Manufacturing Company," and in 1852 a factory was built in East Bridgeport.

In 1855, I received a suggestion from a citizen of New Haven, that the Jerome Clock Company, then reputed to be a wealthy concern, should be removed to East Bridgeport, and shortly afterwards I was visited at Iranistan by Mr. Chauncey Jerome, the President of that company. The result of this visit was a proposition from the agent of the company, who also held power of attorney for the president, that I should lend my name as security for $110,000 in aid of the Jerome Clock Company, and the proffered compensation was the transfer of this great manufacturing concern, with its seven hundred to one thousand operatives, to my beloved East Bridgeport. It was just the bait for the fish; I was all attention; yet I must do my judgment the justice to say that I called for proofs, strong and ample, that the great company deserved its reputation as a substantial enterprise that might safely be trusted.

Accordingly, I was shown an official report of the directors of the company, exhibiting a capital of $400,000, and a surplus of $187,000, in all, $587,000. The need for $110,000 more, was on account of a dull season, and the market glutted with the goods, and immediate money demands which must be met. I was also impressed with the pathetic tale that the company was exceedingly loth to dismiss any of the operatives, who would suffer greatly if their only dependence for their daily food was taken away.

The official statement seemed satisfactory, and I cordially sympathized with the philanthropic purpose of keeping the workmen employed, even in the dull season. The company was reputed to be rich; the President, Mr. Chauncey Jerome, had built a church in New Haven, at a cost of $40,000, and proposed to present it to a congregation; he had given a clock to a church in Bridgeport, and these things showed that he, at least, thought he was wealthy. The Jerome clocks were for sale all over the world, even in China, where the Celestials were said to take out the "movements," and use the cases for little temples for their idols, thus proving that faith was possible without "works." So wealthy and so widely-known a company would surely be a grand acquisition to my city.

Further testimony came in the form of a letter from the cashier of one of the New Haven banks, expressing the highest confidence in the financial strength of the concern, and much satisfaction that I contemplated giving temporary aid which would keep so many workmen and their families from suffering, and perhaps starvation. I had not, at the time, the slightest suspicion that my voluntary correspondent had any interest in the transfer of the

Jerome Company from New Haven to East Bridgeport, though I was subsequently informed that the bank, of which my correspondent was the cashier, was almost the largest, if not the largest, creditor of the clock company.

Under all the circumstances, and influenced by the rose-colored representations made to me, not less than by my mania to push the growth of my new city, I finally accepted the proposition and consented to an agreement that I would lend the clock company my notes for a sum not to exceed $50,000, and accept drafts to an amount not to exceed $60,000. It was thoroughly understood that I was in no case to be responsible for one cent in excess of $110,000. I also received the written guaranty of Chauncey Jerome that in no event should I lose by the loan, as he would become personally responsible for the repayment. I was willing that my notes, when taken up, should be renewed, I cared not how often, provided the stipulated maximum of $110,000 should never be exceeded. I was weak enough, however, under the representation that it was impossible to say exactly when it would be necessary to use the notes, to put my name to several notes for $3,000, $5,000, and $10,000, leaving the date of payment blank; but it was agreed that the blanks should be filled to make the notes payable in five, ten, or even sixty days from date, according to the exigencies of the case, and I was careful to keep a memorandum of the several amounts of the notes.

On the other side it was agreed that the Jerome Company should exchange its stock with the Terry & Barnum stockholders and thus absorb that company and unite the entire business in East Bridgeport. It was scarcely a month before the secretary wrote me that the company would soon be in condition to "snap its fingers at the banks."

Nevertheless, three months after the consolidation of the companies, a reference to my memoranda showed that I had already become responsible for the stipulated sum of $110,000. I was then called upon in New York by the agent who wanted five notes of $5,000 each and I declined to furnish them, unless I should receive in return an equal amount in my own cancelled notes, since he assured me they were cancelling these "every week." The cancelled notes were brought to me next day and I renewed them. This I did frequently, always receiving cancelled notes, till finally my confidence in the company became so established that I did not ask to see the notes that had been taken up, but furnished new accommodation paper as it was called for.

By and by I heard that the banks began to hesitate about discounting my paper, and knowing that I was good for $110,000 several times over, I wondered what was the matter, till the discovery came at last that my notes had not been taken up as was represented, and that some of the blank date notes had been made payable in twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months. Further investigation revealed the frightful fact that I had endorsed for the clock company to the extent of more than half a million dollars, and most of the notes had been exchanged for old Jerome Company notes due to the banks and other creditors. My agent who made these startling discoveries came back to me with the refreshing intelligence that I was a ruined man!

Not quite; I had the mountain of Jerome debts on my back, but I found means to pay every claim against me at my bank, all my store and shop debts, notes to the amount of $40,000, which banks in my neighborhood, relying upon my personal integrity, had discounted for the Clock Company, and then I—failed!

What a dupe had I been! Here was a great company pretending to be worth $587,000, asking temporary assistance to the amount of $110,000, coming down with a crash, so soon as my helping hand was removed, and sweeping me down with it. It failed; and even after absorbing my fortune, it paid but from twelve to fifteen percent of its obligations, while, to cap the climax, it never removed to East Bridgeport at all, notwithstanding this was the only condition which ever prompted me to advance one dollar to the rotten concern!

If at any time my vanity had been chilled by the fear that after my retirement from the Jenny Lind enterprise the world would forget me, this affair speedily reassured me; I had notice enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving for notoriety. All over the country, and even across the ocean, "Barnum and the Jerome Clock Bubble" was the great newspaper theme. I was taken to pieces, analyzed, put together again, kicked, "pitched into," tumbled about, preached to, preached about, and made to serve every purpose to which a sensation-loving world could put me. Well! I was now in training, in a new school, and was learning new and strange lessons.

Yet, these new lessons conveyed the old, old story. There were those who had fawned upon me in my prosperity, who now jeered at my adversity; people whom I had specially favored, made special efforts to show their ingratitude; papers which, when I had the means to make it an object for them to be on good terms with me, overloaded me with adulation, now attempted

to overwhelm me with abuse; and then the immense amount of moralizing over the "instability of human fortunes," and especially the retributive justice that is sure to follow "ill-gotten gains," which my censors assumed to be the sum and substance of my honorably acquired and industriously worked for property. I have no doubt that much of this kind of twaddle was believed by the twaddlers to be sincere; and thus my case was actual capital to certain preachers and religious editors who were in want of fresh illustrations wherewith to point their morals.

As for myself, I was in the depths, but I did not despond. I was confident that with energetic purpose and divine assistance I should, if my health and life were spared, get on my feet again; and events have since fully justified and verified the expectation and the effort.

# XXVI

## Clouds and Sunshine

Friends to the Rescue—Money Offers Refused—Benefits Declined—Magnificent Offer of Prominent New York Citizens—William E. Burton—Laura Keene—William Niblo—General Tom Thumb—Editorial Sympathy—"A Word for Barnum" in Boston—Letter from "Mrs. Partington"—Citizens' Meeting in Bridgeport—Resolutions of Respect and Condolence—My Letter on the Situation—Tender of Fifty Thousand Dollars—Magnitude of the Deception Practised Upon Me—Proposition of Compromise with My Creditors—A Trap Laid for Me in Philadelphia—The Silver Lining to the Cloud—The Blow a Benefit to My Family—The Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin—My Daughter Helen—A Letter Worth Ten Thousand Dollars—Our New Home in New York.

Happily, there is always more wheat than there is chaff. While my enemies and a few envious persons and misguided moralists were abusing and traducing me, my very misfortunes revealed to me hosts of hitherto unknown friends who tendered to me something more than mere sympathy. Funds were offered to me in unbounded quantity for the support of my family and to reestablish me in business. I declined these tenders because, on principle, I never accepted a money favor, unless I except the single receipt of a small sum which came to me by mail at this time and anonymously so that I could not return it. Even this small sum I at once devoted to charity towards one who needed the money far more than I did.

The generosity of my friends urged me to accept "benefits" by the score, the returns of which would have made me quite independent. There was a proposition among leading citizens in New York to give a series of benefits which I felt obliged to decline though the movement in my favor deeply touched me. To show the class of men who sympathized with me in my

misfortunes and also the ground which I took in the matter I venture to copy the following correspondence which appeared in the New York papers of the day:

New York, June 2, 1856.

Mr. P. T. Barnum:

Dear Sir—The financial ruin of a man of acknowledged energy and enterprise is a public calamity. The sudden blow, therefore, that has swept away, from a man like yourself, the accumulated wealth of years, justifies we think, the public sympathy. The better to manifest our sincere respect for your liberal example in prosperity, as well as exhibit our honest admiration of your fortitude under overwhelming reverses, we propose to give that sympathy a tangible expression by soliciting your acceptance of a series of benefits for your family, the result of which may possibly secure for your wife and children a future home, or at least rescue them from the more immediate consequences of your misfortune.

Freeman Hunt, E. K. Collins, Isaac Y. Fowler, James Phalen, Cornelius Vanderbilt, F. B. Cuting, James W. Gerard, Simeon Draper, Thomas McElrath, Park Godwin, R. F. Carman, Gen. C. W. Sanford, Philo Hurd, President H. R. R.; Wm. Ellsworth, President Brooklyn Ins. Co.; George S. Doughty, President Excelsior Ins. Co.; Chas. T. Cromwell, Robert Stuyvesant, E. L. Livingston, R. Busteed, Wm. P. Fettridge, E. N. Haughwout, Geo. F. Nesbitt, Osborne, Boardman & Townsend, Charles H. Delavan, I & C. Berrien, Fisher & Bird, Solomon & Hart, B. Young, M. D., Treadwell, Acker & Co., St. Nicholas Hotel, John Wheeler, Union Square Hotel, S. Leland & Co., Metropolitan Hotel, Albert Clark, Brevoort House, H. D. Clapp, Everett House, John Taylor, International Hotel, Sydney Hopman, Smithsonian Hotel, Messrs. Delmonico, Delmonico's, Geo. W. Sherman, Florence's Hotel, Kingsley & Ainslee, Howard Hotel, Libby & Whitney, Lovejoy's Hotel, Howard & Brown, Tammany Hall, Jonas Bartlett, Washington Hotel, Patten & Lynde, Pacific Hotel, J. Johnson, Johnson's Hotel, and over 1,000 others.

To this gratifying communication I replied as follows:

Long Island, Tuesday, June 3, 1856.

Gentlemen—I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for your very kind proposition. The popular sympathy is to me far more precious than gold, and that sympathy seems in my case to extend from my immediate neighbors, in Bridgeport, to all parts of our Union.

Proffers of pecuniary assistance have reached me from every quarter, not only from friends, but from entire strangers. Mr. Wm. E. Burton, Miss Laura Keene and Mr. Wm. Niblo have in the kindest manner tendered me the receipts of their theatres for one evening. Mr. Gough volunteered the proceeds of one of his attractive lectures; Mr. James Phalon generously offered me the free use of the Academy of Music; many professional ladies and gentlemen have urged me to accept their gratuitous services. I have, on principle, respectfully declined them all, as I beg, with the most grateful acknowledgments (at least for the present), to decline yours—not because a benefit, in itself, is an objectionable thing, but because I have ever made it a point to ask nothing of the public on personal grounds, and should prefer, while I can possibly avoid that contingency, to accept nothing from it without the honest conviction that I had individually given it in return a full equivalent.

While favored with health, I feel competent to earn an honest livelihood for myself and family. More than this I shall certainly never attempt with such a load of debt suspended *in terrorem* over me. While I earnestly, thank you, therefore, for your generous consideration, gentlemen, I trust you will appreciate my desire to live unhumiliated by a sense of dependence; and believe me, sincerely yours,

P. T. Barnum.

To Messrs. Freeman Hunt, E. K. Collins, and others.

And with other offers of assistance from far and near, came the following from a little gentleman who did not forget his old friend and benefactor in the time of trial:

Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia, May 12, 1856.

My Dear Mr. Barnum—I understand your friends, and that means "all creation," intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty

crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a "thumb") in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from "Jack the Giant Killer," upstairs, to the doorkeeper down, whichever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my western tour, and have my carriage, ponies and assistants all here, but I am ready to go on to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mrs. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful. Put me into any "heavy" work, if you like. Perhaps I cannot lift as much as some other folks, but just take your pencil in hand and you will see I can draw a tremendous load. I drew two hundred tons at a single pull today, embracing two thousand persons, whom I hauled up safely and satisfactorily to all parties, at one exhibition. Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,
Gen. Tom Thumb.

Even this generous offer from my little friend I felt compelled to refuse. But kind words were written and spoken which I could not prevent, nor did I desire to do so, and which were worth more to me than money. I should fail to find space, if I wished it, to copy one-tenth part of the cordial and kind articles and paragraphs that appeared about me in newspapers throughout the country. The following sentence from an editorial article in a prominent New York journal was the keynote to many similar kind notices in all parts of the Union: "It is a fact beyond dispute that Mr. Barnum's financial difficulties have accumulated from the goodness of his nature; kindhearted and generous to a fault, it has ever been his custom to lend a helping hand to the struggling; and honest industry and enterprise have found his friendship prompt and faithful." The *Boston Journal* dwelt especially upon the use I had made of my money in my days of prosperity in assisting deserving laboring men and in giving an impulse to business in the town where I resided. It seems only just that I should make this very brief allusion to these things, if only as an offset to the unbounded abuse of those who believed in kicking me merely because I was down; nor can I refrain from copying the following from the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, of May 3, 1856:

Barnum Redivivus

A Word For Barnum

Barnum, your hand! Though you are "down,"
And see full many a frigid shoulder,
Be brave, my brick, and though they frown,
Prove that misfortune makes you bolder.
There's many a man that sneers, my hero,
And former praise converts to scorning,
Would worship—when he fears—a Nero,
And bend "where thrift may follow fawning."
You humbugged us—that we have seen,
*We got our money's worth*, old fellow,
And though you thought our *minds* were *green*,
We never thought your *heart* was *yellow*.
We knew you liberal, generous, warm,
Quick to assist a falling brother,
And, with such virtues, what's the harm
All memories of your faults to smother?
We had not heard the peerless Lind,
But for your spirit enterprising,
You were the man to raise the wind,
And make a *coup* confessed surprising.
You're reckoned in your native town
A friend in need, a friend in danger,
You ever keep the latchstring down,
And greet with open hand the stranger.
Stiffen your upper lip. You know
Who are your friends and who your foes now;
We pay for knowledge as we go;
And though you get some sturdy blows now,
You've a fair field—no favors crave—
The storm once passed will find you braver—
In virtue's cause long may you wave,
And on the right side, never waver.

Desirous of knowing who was the author of this kindly effusion, I wrote, while preparing this autobiography, to Mr. B. P. Shillaber, one of the editors

of the journal, and well known to the public as "Mrs. Partington." In reply, I received the following letter in which it will be seen that he makes sympathetic allusion to the burning of my last Museum, only a few weeks before the date of his letter:

Chelsea, April 25, 1868.

My Dear Mr. Barnum:—The poem in question was written by A. Wallace Thaxter, associate editor with Mr. Clapp and myself, on the *Gazette*—since deceased, a glorious fellow—who wrote the poem from a sincere feeling of admiration for yourself. Mr. Clapp, (Hon. W. W. Clapp,) published it with his full approbation. I heard of your new trouble, in my sick chamber, where I have been all winter, with regret, and wish you as ready a release from attending difficulty as your genius has hitherto achieved under like circumstances.

Yours, very truly,

B. P. Shillaber.

But the manifestations of sympathy which came to me from Bridgeport, where my home had been for more than ten years, were the most gratifying of all, because they showed unmistakably that my best friends, those who were most constant in their friendship and most emphatic in their esteem, were my neighbors and associates who, of all people, knew me best. With such support I could easily endure the attacks of traducers elsewhere. The *New York Times*, April 25, 1856, under the head of "Sympathy for Barnum," published a full report of the meeting of my fellow-citizens of Bridgeport, the previous evening, to take my case into consideration.

In response to a call headed by the mayor of the city, and signed by several hundred citizens, this meeting was held in Washington Hall "for the purpose of sympathizing with P. T. Barnum, Esq., in his recent pecuniary embarrassments, and of giving some public expression to their views in reference to his financial misfortunes." It was the largest public meeting which, up to that time, had ever been held in Bridgeport. Several prominent citizens made addresses, and resolutions were adopted declaring "that respect and sympathy were due to P. T. Barnum in return for his many acts of liberality, philanthropy and public spirit," expressing unshaken confidence in his integrity, admiration for the "fortitude and composure with which he has met reverses into which he has been dragged through no fault of his own

except a too generous confidence in pretended friends," and hoping that he would "yet return to that wealth which he has so nobly employed, and to the community he has so signally benefited." During the evening the following letter was read:

New York, Thursday, April 24, 1856.

Wm. H. Noble, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I have just received a slip containing a call for a public meeting of the citizens of Bridgeport to sympathize with me in my troubles. It is headed by His Honor the Mayor, and is signed by most of your prominent citizens, as well as by many men who by hard labor earn their daily bread, and who appreciate a calamity which at a single blow strips a man of his fortune, his dear home, and all the worldly comforts which years of diligent labor had acquired. It is due to truth to say that I knew nothing of this movement until your letter informed me of it.

In misfortune the true sympathy of neighbors is more consoling and precious than anything which money can purchase. This voluntary offering of my fellow-citizens, though it thrills me with painful emotions and causes tears of gratitude, yet imparts to me renewed strength and fills my heart with thankfulness to Providence for raising up to my sight, above all this wreck, kind hearts which soar above the sordid atmosphere of "dirty dollars." I can never forget this unexpected kindness from my old friends and neighbors.

I trust I am not blind to my many faults and shortcomings. I, however, do feel great consolation in believing that I never used money or position to oppress the poor or wrong my fellow-men, and that I never turned empty away those whom I had the power to assist.

My poor sick wife, who needs the bracing air which our own dear home (made beautiful by her willing hands) would now have afforded her, is driven by the orders of her physician to a secluded spot on Long Island where the sea-wind lends its healthful influence, and where I have also retired for the double purpose of consoling her and of recruiting my own constitution, which, through the excitements of the last few months, has most seriously failed me.

In our quiet and humble retreat, that which I most sincerely pray for is tranquillity and contentment. I am sure that the remembrance of the

kindness of my Bridgeport neighbors will aid me in securing these cherished blessings. No man who has not passed through similar scenes can fully comprehend the misery which has been crowded into the last few months of my life; but I have endeavored to preserve my integrity, and I humbly hope and believe that I am being taught humility and reliance upon Providence, which will yet afford a thousand times more peace and true happiness than can be acquired in the din, strife and turmoil, excitements and struggles of this money-worshipping age. The man who coins his brain and blood into gold, who wastes all of his time and thought upon the almighty dollar, who looks no higher than blocks of houses, and tracts of land, and whose iron chest is crammed with stocks and mortgages tied up with his own heartstrings, may console himself with the idea of safe investments, but he misses a pleasure which I firmly believe this lesson was intended to secure to me, and which it will secure if I can fully bring my mind to realize its wisdom. I think I hear you say—

"When the devil was sick,
The devil a saint would be.
But when the devil got well,
The devil a saint was he."

Granted, but, after all, the man who looks upon the loss of money as anything compared to the loss of honor, or health, or self-respect, or friends—a man who can find no source of happiness except in riches—is to be pitied for his blindness. I certainly feel that the loss of money, of home and my home comforts, is dreadful—that to be driven again to find a resting-place away from those I love, and from where I had fondly supposed I was to end my days, and where I had lavished time, money, everything, to make my descent to the grave placid and pleasant—is, indeed, a severe lesson; but, after all, I firmly believe it is for the best, and though my heart may break, I will not repine.

I regret, beyond expression, that any man should be a loser for having trusted to my name; it would not have been so, if I had not myself been deceived. As it is, I am gratified in knowing that all my individual obligations will be met. It would have been much better if clock creditors had accepted the best offer that it was in my power to make them;

but it was not so to be. It is now too late, and as I willingly give up all I possess, I can do no more.

Wherever my future lot may be cast, I shall ever fondly cherish the kindness which I have always received from the citizens of Bridgeport.

I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,

P. T. Barnum.

Shortly after this sympathetic meeting, a number of gentlemen in Bridgeport offered me a loan of $50,000 if that sum would be instrumental in extricating me from my entanglement. I could not say that this amount would meet the exigency; I could only say, "wait, wait, and hope."

Meanwhile, my eyes were fully opened to the entire magnitude of the deception that had been practised upon my too confiding nature. I not only discovered that my notes had been used to five times the amount I stipulated or expected, but that they had been applied, not to relieving the company from temporary embarrassment after my connection with it, but almost wholly to the redemption of old and rotten claims of years and months gone by. To show the extent to which the fresh victim was deliberately bled, it may be stated that I was induced to become surety to one of the New Haven banks in the sum of $30,000 to indemnify the bank against future losses it might incur from the Jerome company after my connection with it, and by some legerdemain this bond was made to cover past obligations which were older even than my knowledge of the existence of the company. In every way it seemed as if I had been cruelly swindled and deliberately defrauded.

As the clock company had gone to pieces and was paying but from twelve to fifteen percent for its paper, I sent two of my friends to New Haven to ask for a meeting of the creditors and I instructed them to say in substance for me as follows:

"Gentlemen: This is a capital practical joke! Before I negotiated with your clock company at all, I was assured by several of you, and particularly by a representative of the bank which was the largest creditor of the concern, that the Jerome company was eminently responsible and that the head of the same was uncommonly pious. On the strength of such representations solely, I was induced to agree to endorse and accept paper for that company to the extent of $110,000—no more. That sum I am now willing to pay for my own verdancy, with an additional sum of $40,000 for your 'cuteness,

making a total of $150,000, which you can have if you cry quits with the fleeced showman and let him off."

Many of the old creditors favored this proposition; but it was found that the indebtedness was so scattered it would be impracticable to attempt a settlement by an unanimous compromise of the creditors. It was necessary to liquidation that my property should go into the hands of assignees; I therefore at once turned over my Bridgeport property to Connecticut assignees and I removed my family to New York, where I also made an assignment of all my real and personal estate, excepting what had already been transferred in Connecticut.

About this time I received a letter from Philadelphia proferring $500 in case my circumstances were such that I really stood in need of help. The very wording of the letter awakened the suspicion in my mind that it was a trick to ascertain whether I really had any property, for I knew that banks and brokers in that city held some of my Jerome paper which they refused to compound or compromise. So I at once wrote that I did need $500, and, as I expected, the money did not come, nor was my letter answered; but, as a natural consequence, the Philadelphia bankers who were holding the Jerome paper for a higher percentage at once acceded to the terms which I had announced myself able and willing to pay.

Every dollar which I honestly owed on my own account I had already paid in full or had satisfactorily arranged. For the liabilities incurred by the deliberate deception which had involved me I offered such a percentage as I thought my estate, when sold, would eventually pay; and my wife, from her own property, advanced from time to time money to take up such notes as could be secured upon these terms. It was, however, a slow process. More than one creditor would hold on to his note, which possibly he had "shaved" at the rate of two or three percent a month, and say:

"Oh! you can't keep Barnum down; he will dig out after a while; I shall never sell my claim for less than par and interest."

Of course, I knew very well that if all the creditors took this view I should never get out of the entanglement in which I had been involved by the old creditors of the Jerome Company, who had so ingeniously managed to make me take their place. All I could do was to take a thorough survey of the situation, and consider, now that I was down, how I could get up again.

"Every cloud," says the proverb, "has a silver lining," and so I did not despair. "This blow," I thought "may be beneficial to my children, if not to

me." They had been brought up in luxury; accustomed to call on servants to attend to every want; and almost unlimited in the expenditure of money. My daughter Helen, especially, was naturally extravagant. She was a warm-hearted, generous girl, who knew literally nothing of the value of money and the difficulty of acquiring it. At this time she was fifteen years old, and was attending a French boarding school in the City of Washington. A few days after the news of my failure was published in the papers, my friend, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York, was at my house. He had long been intimate with my family, and was well acquainted with the extravagant ideas and ways of my daughter Helen. One morning, I received a letter from her, filled with sympathy and sorrow for my misfortunes. She told me how much shocked she was at hearing of my financial disasters, and added: "Do send for me immediately, for I cannot think of remaining here at an expense which my parents cannot afford. I have learned to play the piano well enough to be able to take some little girls as pupils, and in this way I can be of some assistance in supporting the family."

On reading this I was deeply affected; and, handing the letter to Dr. Chapin, I said: "There, sir, is a letter which is worth ten thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand, at the least!" was the exclamation of the Doctor when he had read it.

We were now living in a very frugal manner in a hired furnished house in Eighth Street, near Sixth Avenue, in New York, and our landlady and her family boarded with us. At the age of forty-six, after the acquisition and the loss of a handsome fortune, I was once more nearly at the bottom of the ladder, and was about to begin the world again. The situation was disheartening, but I had energy, experience, health and hope.

# XXVII

## Rest, but Not Rust

Sale of the Museum Collection—Supplementary Proceedings of My Creditors—Examinations in Court—Barnum as a Bar Tender—Persecution—The Summer Season on Long Island—The Museum Man on Show—Charles Howell—A Great Natural Curiosity—Value of a Honk—Proposing to Buy It—A Black Whale Pays My Summer's Board—A Turn in the Tide—The Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Company—Their Removal to East Bridgeport—The Terry and Barnum Clock Factory Occupied—New City Property Looking Up—A Loan of $5,000—The Cause of My Ruin Promises to Be My Redemption—Setting Sail for England—General Tom Thumb—Little Cordelia Howard.

In the summer of 1855, previous to my financial troubles, feeling that I was independent and could retire from active business, I sold the American Museum collection and good will to Messrs. John Greenwood, Junior, and Henry D. Butler. They paid me double the amount the collection had originally cost, giving me notes for nearly the entire amount secured by a chattel mortgage, and hired the premises from my wife, who owned the Museum property lease, and on which, by the agreement of Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, she realized a profit of $19,000 a year. The chattel mortgage of Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, was, of course, turned over to the New York assignee with the other property.

And now there came to me a new sensation which was at times terribly depressing and annoying. My widespread reputation for shrewdness as a showman had induced the general belief that my means were still ample, and certain outside creditors who had bought my clock notes at a tremendous discount and entirely on speculation, made up their minds that they

must be paid at once without waiting for the slow process of the sale of my property by the assignees.

They therefore took what are termed "supplementary proceedings," which enabled them to haul me any day before a judge for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "putting Barnum through a course of sprouts," and which meant an examination of the debtor under oath, compelling him to disclose everything with regard to his property, his present means of living, and so on.

I repeatedly answered all questions on these points; and reports of the daily examinations were published. Still another and another, and yet another creditor would haul me up; and his attorney would ask me the same questions which had already been answered and published half a dozen times. This persistent and unnecessary annoyance created considerable sympathy for me, which was not only expressed by letters I received daily from various parts of the country, but the public press, with now and then an exception, took my part, and even the judges, before whom I appeared, said to me on more than one occasion, that as men they sincerely pitied me, but as judges of course they must administer the law. After a while, however, the judges ruled that I need not answer any question propounded to me by an attorney, if I had already answered the same question to some other attorney in a previous examination in behalf of other creditors. In fact, one of the judges, on one occasion, said pretty sharply to an examining attorney:

"This, sir, has become simply a case of persecution. Mr. Barnum has many times answered every question that can properly be put to him to elicit the desired information; and I think it is time to stop these examinations. I advise him to not answer one interrogatory which he has replied to under any previous inquiries."

These things gave me some heart, so that at last, I went up to the "sprouts" with less reluctance, and began to try to pay off my persecutors in their own coin.

On one occasion, a dwarfish little lawyer, who reminded me of "Quilp," commenced his examination in behalf of a note-shaver who held a thousand dollar note, which it seemed he had bought for seven hundred dollars. After the oath had been administered the little "limb of the law" arranged his pen, ink and paper, and in a loud voice, and with a most peremptory and supercilious air, asked:

"What is your name, sir?"

I answered him, and his next question, given in a louder and more peremptory tone, was:

"What is your business?"

"Attending bar," I meekly replied.

"Attending bar!" he echoed, with an appearance of much surprise; "Attending bar! Why, don't you profess to be a temperance man—a teetotaler?"

"I do," I replied.

"And yet, sir, do you have the audacity to assert that you peddle rum all day, and drink none yourself?"

"I doubt whether that is a relevant question," I said in a low tone of voice.

"I will appeal to his honor the judge, if you don't answer it instantly," said Quilp in great glee.

"I attend bar, and yet never drink intoxicating liquors," I replied.

"Where do you attend bar, and for whom?" was the next question.

"I attend the bar of this court, nearly every day, for the benefit of twopenny, would-be lawyers and their greedy clients," I answered.

A loud tittering in the vicinity only added to the vexation which was already visible on the countenance of my interrogator, and he soon brought his examination to a close.

On another occasion, a young lawyer was pushing his inquiries to a great length, when, in a half laughing, apologetic tone, he said:

"You see, Mr. Barnum, I am searching after the small things; I am willing to take even the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table!"

"Which are you, Lazarus, or one of the dogs?" I asked.

"I guess a bloodhound would not smell out much on this trail," he said good-naturedly, adding that he had no more questions to ask.

I still continued to receive many offers of pecuniary assistance, which, whenever proposed in the form of a gift, I invariably refused. In a number of instances, personal friends tendered me their checks for $500, $1,000, and other sums, but I always responded in substance: "Oh, no, I thank you; I do not need it; my wife has considerable property, besides a large income from her Museum lease. I want for nothing; I do not owe a dollar for personal obligations that is not already secured, and when the clock creditors have fully investigated and thought over the matter, I think they will be content to divide my property among themselves and let me up."

Just after my failure, and on account of the ill-health of my wife, I spent a portion of the summer with my family in the farmhouse of Mr. Charles

Howell, at Westhampton, on Long Island. The place is a mile west of Quogue, and was then called "Ketchebonneck." The thrifty and intelligent farmers of the neighborhood were in the habit of taking summer boarders, and the place had become a favorite resort. Mr. Howell's farm lay close upon the ocean and I found the residence a cool and delightful one. Surf bathing, fishing, shooting and fine roads for driving made the season pass pleasantly and the respite from active life and immediate annoyance from my financial troubles was a very great benefit to me.

Our landlord was an eccentric character, who took great pleasure in showing me to his friends and neighbors as "the Museum man," and consequently, as a great curiosity; for in his estimation, the American Museum was chief among the institutions of New York. He was in a habit of gathering shells and such rarities as came within his reach, which he took to the city and disposed of at the Museum. He often spoke of certain phenomena in his neighborhood, which he thought would take well with the public, if they were properly brought out. One day he said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am going to Moriches this morning, and I want you to go along with me and see a great curiosity there is there."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is a man who has got a natural honk," replied Howell, "and it is worth fifty dollars a year to him."

"A what?" I inquired.

"A honk! a honk! a perfectly natural honk! he makes fifty dollars a year out of it," Howell reiterated.

I could not comprehend what a "honk" was, but concluded that if it was worth fifty dollars a year among the Long Island fishermen and farmers who could hardly be expected to pay much for mere sightseeing, it would be much more valuable to exhibit in the Museum. So I remarked that as I was authorized by Messrs. Greenwood and Butler to purchase curiosities for them, I would go with him and buy the honk from its possessor if I could get it at a reasonable price.

"Buy it!" exclaimed Howell; "I guess you can't buy it! You don't seem to understand me; the man has got a natural honk, I tell you; that is, he honks exactly like a wild goose; when flocks are flying over he goes out and honks and the geese, supposing that some goose has settled and is honking for the rest of the flock to come down and feed, all fly towards the ground and he

‘lets into ’em’ with his gun, thus killing a great many, and in this way his honk is worth fifty dollars a year to him, and perhaps more.”

I decided not to attempt to buy the “honk,” but my eagerness to do so and my entire ignorance of the character of the curiosity furnished food for laughter to Howell and his neighbors for a long time.

One morning we discovered that the waves had thrown upon the beach a young black whale some twelve feet long. It was dead, but the fish was hard and fresh and I bought it for a few dollars from the men who had taken possession of it. I sent it at once to the Museum, where it was exhibited in a huge refrigerator for a few days, creating considerable excitement, the general public considering it “a big thing on ice,” and the managers gave me a share of the profits, which amounted to a sufficient sum to pay the entire board bill of my family for the season.

This incident both amused and amazed my Long Island landlord. “Well, I declare,” said he, “that beats all; you are the luckiest man I ever heard of. Here you come and board for four months with your family, and when your time is nearly up, and you are getting ready to leave, out rolls a black whale on our beach, a thing never heard of before in this vicinity, and you take that whale and pay your whole bill with it! I wonder if that ain’t providential? Why, that beats the ‘natural honk’ all to pieces!” This was followed by such a laugh as only Charles Howell could give, and like one of his peculiar sneezes, it resounded, echoed, and reechoed through the whole neighborhood.

Soon after my return to New York, something occurred which I foresaw, I thought, at the time, was likely indirectly to lead me out of the wilderness into a clear field again, and, indeed, it eventually did so. Strange to say, my new city which had been my ruin was to be my redemption, and dear East Bridgeport which plunged me into the slough was to bring me out again. “Dear” as the place had literally proved to me, it was to be yet dearer, in another and better sense, hereafter.

The now gigantic Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company was then doing a comparatively small, yet rapidly growing business at Watertown, Connecticut. The Terry & Barnum clock factory was standing idle, almost worthless, in East Bridgeport, and Wheeler & Wilson saw in the empty building, the situation, the ease of communication with New York, and other advantages, precisely what they wanted, provided they could procure the premises at a rate which would compensate them for the expense

and trouble of removing their establishment from Watertown. It is enough to say here, that the clock factory was sold for a trifle and the Wheeler & Wilson Company moved into it and speedily enlarged it. I felt then that this was providential; the fact that the empty building could be cheaply purchased was the main motive for the removal of this Watertown enterprise to East Bridgeport, and was one of the first indications that my failure might prove a "blessing in disguise." It was a fresh impulse towards the building up of the new city and the consequent increase of the value of the land belonging to my estate. Many persons did not see these things in the same light in which they were presented to me, but I had so long pondered upon the various means which were to make the new city prosperous, that I was quick to catch any indication which promised benefit to East Bridgeport.

This important movement of the Wheeler and Wilson Company gave me the greatest hope, and moreover, Mr. Wheeler kindly offered me a loan of $5,000, without security, and as I was anxious to have it used in purchasing the East Bridgeport property, when sold at public auction by my assignees, and also in taking up such clock notes as could be bought at a reasonable percentage, I accepted the offer and borrowed the $5,000. This sum, with many thousand dollars more belonging to my wife, was devoted to these purposes.

It seemed as if I had now got hold of the thread which would eventually lead me out of the labyrinth of financial difficulty in which the Jerome entanglement had involved me. Though the new plan promised relief, and actually did succeed, even beyond my most sanguine expectations, eventually putting more money into my pocket than the Jerome complication had taken out—yet I also foresaw that the process would necessarily be very slow. In fact, two years afterwards I had made very little progress. But I concluded to let the new venture work out itself and it would go on as well without my personal presence and attention, perhaps even better. Growing trees, money at interest, and rapidly rising real estate, work for their owners all night as well as all day, Sundays included, and when the proprietors are asleep or away, and with the design of cooperating in the new accumulation and of saving something to add to the amount, I made up my mind to go to Europe again. I was anxious for a change of scene and for active employment, and equally desirous of getting away from the immediate pressure of troubles which no effort on my part could then remove. While my affairs were work-

ing out themselves in their own way and in the speediest manner possible, I might be doing something for myself and for my family.

Accordingly, leaving all my business affairs at home in the hands of my friends, early in 1857 I set sail once more for England, taking with me General Tom Thumb, and also little Cordelia Howard and her parents. This young girl had attained an extended reputation for her artistic personation of "Little Eva," in the play of "Uncle Tom," and she displayed a precocious talent in her rendering of other juvenile characters. With these attractions, and with what else I might be able to do myself, I determined to make as much money as I could, intending to remit the same to my wife's friends, for the purpose of repurchasing a portion of my estate, when it was offered at auction, and of redeeming such of the clock notes as could be obtained at reasonable rates.

# XXVIII

## Abroad Again

Old Friends in Old England—Albert Smith as a Showman—His Ascent of Mont Blanc—Popularity of the Entertainment—The Garrick Club—"Phineas Cutecraft"—The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne—Utilizing Incidents—Subterranean Terrors—A Panic—Egyptian Darkness in Egyptian Hall—William M. Thackeray—His Two Visits to America—Friendly Relations with the Novelist—I Lose His Sympathy—His Warm Regard for His American Friends—Otto Goldschmidt and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt—Tender of Their Aid—The Forged Lind Letter—Benedict and Belletti—George Augustus Sala—Charles Kean—Edmund Yates—Horace Mayhew—George Peabody—Mr. Buckstone—My Exhibitions in England—S. M. Pettingill—Mr. Lumley.

On arriving at Liverpool, I found that my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, of the Waterloo Hotel, had changed very little during my ten years' absence from England. Even the servants in the hotel were mainly those whom I left there when I last went away from Liverpool—which illustrates, in a small way, how much less changeable, and more "conservative" the English people are than we are. The old headwaiter, Thomas, was still headwaiter, as he had been for full twenty years. His hair was more silvered, his gait was slower, his shoulders had rounded, but he was as ready to receive, as I was to repeat, the first order I ever gave him, to wit: "Fried soles and shrimp sauce."

And among my many friends in Liverpool and London, but one death had occurred, and with only two exceptions they all lived in the same buildings, and pursued the same vocations as when I left them in 1847. When I reached London, I found one of these exceptions to be Mr. Albert Smith, who, when I first knew him, was a dentist, a literary hack, a contributor to

*Punch*, and a writer for the magazines—and who was now transformed to a first-class showman in the full tide of success, in my own old exhibition quarters in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

A year or two before, he had succeeded in reaching the top of Mont Blanc, and after publishing a most interesting account, which was republished and translated into several languages, the whole world over, he concluded to make further use of his expedition by adapting it to a popular entertainment. He therefore illustrated his ascent by means of a finely painted and accurate panorama, and he accompanied the exhibition with a descriptive lecture full of amusing and interesting incidents, illustrative of his remarkable experiences in accomplishing the difficult ascent. He also gave a highly-colored and exciting narrative of his entire journey from London to Switzerland, and back again, including his trip up and down the Rhine, and introducing the many peculiar characters of both sexes, he claimed to have met at different points during his tour. These he imitated and presented in so lifelike a manner, as to fairly captivate and convulse his audiences.

It was one of the most pleasing and popular entertainments ever presented in London, and was immensely remunerative to the projector—resulting, indeed, in a very handsome fortune. The entertainments were patronized by the most cultivated classes, for information was blended with amusement, and in no exhibition then in London was there so much genuine fun. Two or three times Albert Smith was commanded to appear before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor, and as he gave his entertainment with great success on these occasions, spite of the fact that he could not take his panorama with him, it can readily be imagined that the frame was quite as good as the picture, and that the lecture as compared with the panorama, admirable as both were, was by no means the least part of the "show."

Calling upon Albert Smith, I found him the same kind, cordial friend as ever, and he at once put me on the free list at his entertainment, and insisted upon my dining frequently with him at his favorite club, the Garrick.

The first time I witnessed his exhibition he gave me a sly wink from the stage at the moment of his describing a scene in the golden chamber of St. Ursula's church in Cologne, where the old sexton was narrating the story of the ashes and bones of the eleven thousand innocent virgins who, according to tradition, were sacrificed on a certain occasion. One of the characters whom he pretended to have met several times on his trip to Mont Blanc, was a Yankee, whom he named "Phineas Cutecraft." The wink came at the

time he introduced Phineas in the Cologne Church, and made him say at the end of the sexton's story about the Virgins' bones:

"Old fellow, what will you take for that hull lot of bones? I want them for my Museum in America!"

When the question had been interpreted to the old German, he exclaimed in horror, according to Albert Smith:

"Mine Gott! it is impossible! We will never sell the Virgins' bones!"

"Never mind," replied Phineas Cutecraft, "I'll send another lot of bones to my Museum, swear mine are the real bones of the Virgins of Cologne, and burst up your show!"

This always excited the heartiest laughter; but Mr. Smith knew very well that I would at once recognize it as a paraphrase of the scene wherein he had figured with me in 1844 at the porter's lodge of Warwick Castle. In the course of the entertainment, I found he had woven in numerous anecdotes I had told him at that time, and many incidents of our excursion were also travestied and made to contribute to the interest of his description of the ascent of Mont Blanc.

When we went to the Garrick club that day, Albert Smith introduced me to several of his acquaintances as his "teacher in the show business." As we were quietly dining together, he remarked that I must have recognized several old acquaintances in the anecdotes at his entertainment. Upon my answering that I did, "indeed," he remarked, "you are too old a showman not to know that in order to be popular, we must snap up and localize all the good things which we come across." By thus engrafting his various experiences upon this Mont Blanc entertainment, Albert Smith succeeded in serving up a salmagundi feast, which was relished alike by royal and less distinguished palates.

At one of the Egyptian Hall matinees, Albert Smith, espying me in the audience, sent an usher to me with a note of invitation to dine with him and a number of friends immediately after the close of the entertainment. To this invitation he added the request that as soon as he concluded his lecture I should at once come to him through the small door under the stage at the end of the orchestra, and by thus getting ahead of the large crowd of ladies and gentlemen composing the audience we should save time and reach the club at an hour for an early dinner.

As soon as he uttered the last word of his lecture, I pushed for the little door, the highly distinguished audience, which on this occasion was mainly

made up of ladies, meanwhile slowly progressing towards the exits, while the orchestra was "playing them out" with selections of popular music. Closing the stage door behind me, I instantly found myself enveloped in that Egyptian darkness which was peculiar, I suppose, if not appropriate, to that part of Egyptian Hall. I could hear Smith and his assistants walking on the stage over my head, but I dare not call out lest some nervous Duchess or Countess should faint under the apprehension that the hall was on fire, or that some other severe disaster threatened.

Groping my way blindly and hitting my head several times against sundry beams, at last, to my joy, I reached the knob of the door which led me into this hole, but to my dismay it had been locked from the outside! In feeling about, however, I discovered a couple of bell pulls, both of which I desperately jerked and heard a faint tinkling in two opposite directions. Next, I heard the heavy canvas drop-curtain roll down rapidly till it struck the stage with a thud. Then the music in the orchestra suddenly ceased, and I could readily understand by the shrieks of the women and the loud protestations of masculine voices that the gas had been turned off and the whole house left in darkness. This was followed by hurried and heavy footsteps on the stage, the imprecations of stage carpenters and gasmen, jargon of foreign musicians in the orchestra, and the earnest voice of my friend Smith excitedly exclaiming: "Who rung those bells? why are we all left in the dark? Light up here at once; bless my soul! what does all this mean?"

I was amazed, yet amused and half alarmed. What to do, I did not know, so I sat still on a box which I had stumbled over, as well as upon, afraid to move or put out my hand lest I might touch some machinery which would give the signal for thunder and lightning, or an earthquake, or more likely, a Mont Blanc avalanche. Restored tranquillity overhead assured me that the gas had been relighted. I knew Smith must be anxiously awaiting me, for he was not a man to be behind time when so important a matter as dinner was the motive of the appointment. Something desperate must be done; so I carefully groped my way to the stage door again and with a strong effort managed to wrench it open. Covered with dust and perspiration I followed behind the rear of the outgoing audience and found Smith, to whom I narrated my underground experiences.

Brushes, water and towels soon put me once more in presentable condition and we went to the Garrick Club where we dined with several gentlemen of note. Smith could not refrain from relating my mishaps and their

consequences in my search for him under difficulties, and worse yet, under his stage, and great was the merriment over the idea that an old manager like myself should so lose his reckoning in a place with which he might well be supposed to be perfectly familiar.

When the late William M. Thackeray made his first visit to the United States, I think in 1852, he called on me at the Museum with a letter of introduction from our mutual friend Albert Smith. He spent an hour with me, mainly for the purpose of asking my advice in regard to the management of the course of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which he proposed to deliver, as he did afterwards, with very great success, in the principal cities of the Union. I gave him the best advice I could as to management, and the cities he ought to visit, for which he was very grateful and he called on me whenever he was in New York. I also saw him repeatedly when he came to America the second time with his admirable lectures on "The Four Georges," which, it will be remembered he delivered in the United States in the season of 1855–56, before he read these lectures to audiences in Great Britain. My relations with this great novelist, I am proud to say, were cordial and intimate; and now, when I called upon him, in 1857, at his own house he grasped me heartily by the hand and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I admire you more than ever. I have read the accounts in the papers of the examinations you underwent in the New York courts, and the positive pluck you exhibit under your pecuniary embarrassments is worthy of all praise. You would never have received credit for the philosophy you manifest, if these financial misfortunes had not overtaken you."

I thanked him for his compliment, and he continued:

"But tell me, Barnum, are you really in need of present assistance? for if you are you must be helped."

"Not in the least," I replied, laughing; "I need more money in order to get out of bankruptcy and I intend to earn it; but so far as daily bread is concerned, I am quite at ease, for my wife is worth £30,000 or £40,000."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, with evident delight; "well, now, you have lost all my sympathy; why, that is more than I ever expect to be worth; I shall be sorry for you no more."

During my stay in London, I met Thackeray several times, and on one occasion I dined with him. He was a most genial, noble-hearted gentleman. In our conversations he spoke with the warmest appreciation of America, and of his numerous friends in this country, and he repeatedly expressed his

obligations to me for the advice and assistance I had given him on the occasion of his first lecturing visit to the United States.

The late Charles Kean, then manager of the Princess's Theater, in London, was also exceedingly polite and friendly to me. He placed a box at my disposal at all times, and took me through his theater to show me the stage, dressing rooms, and particularly the valuable "properties" he had collected. Among other things, he had twenty or more complete suits of real armor and other costumes and appointments essential to the production of historical plays, in the most complete and authentic manner. In the mere matter of stage-setting, Charles Kean has never been surpassed.

Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, also called on me in London. He and his wife were then living in Dresden, and he said the first thing his wife desired him to ask me was, whether I was in want. I assured him that I was not, although I was managing to live in an economical way and my family would soon come over to reside in London. He then advised me to take them to Dresden, saying that living was very cheap there; and, he added, "my wife will gladly look up a proper house for you to live in." I thankfully declined his proffered kindness, as Dresden was too far away from my business. A year subsequent to this, a letter was generally published in the American papers, purporting to have been written to me by Jenny Lind, and proffering me a large sum of money. I immediately pronounced the letter a forgery, and I soon afterwards received a communication from a young reporter in Philadelphia acknowledging himself as the author, and saying that he wrote it from a good motive, hoping it would benefit me. On the contrary it annoyed me exceedingly.

My old friends Julius Benedict and Giovanni Belletti, called on me and we had some very pleasant dinners together, when we talked over incidents of their travels in America. Among the gentlemen whom I met in London, some of them quite frequently at dinners, were Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Alfred Bunn, Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theater, Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, Mr. Charles Kean, our princely countrymen Mr. George Peabody, Mr. J. M. Morris, the manager, Mr. Bates, of Baring, Brothers & Co., Mr. Oxenford, dramatic critic of the London *Times*, Dr. Ballard, the American dentist, and many other eminent persons.

I had numerous offers from professional friends on both sides of the Atlantic who supposed me to be in need of employment. Mr. Barney

Williams, who had not then acted in England, proposed in the kindest manner to make me his agent for a tour through Great Britain, and to give me one-third of the profits which he and Mrs. Williams might make by their acting. Mr. S. M. Pettengill, of New York, the newspaper advertising agent, offered me the fine salary of $10,000 a year to transact business for him in Great Britain. He wrote to me: "when you failed in consequence of the Jerome clock notes, I felt that your creditors were dealing hard with you; that they should have let you up and give you a chance, and they would have fared better and I wish I was a creditor so as to show what I would do." These offers, both from Mr. Williams and Mr. Pettengill, I was obliged to decline.

Mr. Lumley, manager of Pier Majesty's Theater, used to send me an order for a private box for every opera night, and I frequently availed myself of his courtesy. I had an idea that much money might be made by transferring his entire opera company, which then included Piccolomini and Titjiens to New York for a short season. The plan included the charter of a special steamer for the company and the conveyance of the entire troup, including the orchestra, with their instruments, and the chorus, costumes, scores, and properties of the company. It was a gigantic scheme, which would no doubt have been pecuniarily successful, and Mr. Lumley and I went so far as to draw up the preliminaries of an arrangement, in which I was to share a due proportion of the profits for my assistance in the management; but after a while, and to the evident regret of Mr. Lumley, the scheme was given up.

Meanwhile, I was by no means idle. Cordelia Howard as "Little Eva," with her mother as the inimitable "Topsy," were highly successful in London and other large cities, while General Tom Thumb, returning after so long an absence, drew crowded houses wherever he went. These were strong spokes in the wheel that was moving slowly but surely in the effort to get me out of debt, and, if possible, to save some portion of my real estate. Of course, it was not generally known that I had any interest whatever in either of these exhibitions; if it had been, possibly some of the clock creditors would have annoyed me; but I busied myself in these and in other ways, working industriously and making much money, which I constantly remitted to my trusty agent at home.

# XXIX

## In Germany

From London to Baden-Baden—Trouble in Paris—Strasbourg—Scene in a German Customhouse—A Terrible Bill—Six Cents Worth of Agony—Gambling at Baden-Baden—Suicides—Golden Prices for the General—A Call from the King of Holland—The German Spas—Hamburg, Ems and Wiesbaden—The Black Forest Orchestrion Maker—An Offered Sacrifice—The Seat of the Rothschilds—Difficulties in Frankfort—A Pompous Commissioner of Police—Red-Tape—An Alarm—Henry J. Raymond—Call on the Commissioner—Confidential Disclosures—Half of an Entire Fortune in an American Railway—Astounding Revelations—Down the Rhine—Departure for Holland.

After a pleasant and successful season of several weeks in London and in the provinces, I took the little General into Germany, going from London to Paris and from thence to Strasbourg and Baden-Baden. I had not been in Paris since the times of King Louis Philippe, and while I noticed great improvements in the city, in the opening of the new boulevards and the erection of noble buildings, I could see also with sorrow that there was less personal liberty under the Emperor Napoleon III, than there was under the "Citizen King." The customhouse officials were overbearing and unnecessarily rigid in their exactions; the police were over-watchful and intolerant; the screws were turned on everywhere. I had a lot of large pictorial placards of General Tom Thumb, which were merely *in transitu*, as I wished only to forward them to Germany to be used as advertisements of the forthcoming exhibitions. These the French customhouse officers determined to examine in detail, and when they discovered that one of the pictures represented the General in the costume of the First Napoleon, the whole of the bills were seized and sent to the Prefecture of Police. I was compelled to stay three

days in Paris before I could convince the Prefect of Police that there was no treason in the Tom Thumb pictures. I was very glad to get out of Paris with my baggage and taking a seat in the express train on the Paris and Strasbourg railway I soon forgot my customhouse annoyances.

One would suppose that by this time I had had enough to do with clocks to last me my lifetime, but passing one night and a portion of a day at Strasbourg, I did not forget or fail to witness the great church clock which is nearly as famous as the cathedral itself. At noon precisely a mechanical cock crows; the bell strikes; figures of the twelve apostles appear and walk in procession; and other extraordinary evidences of wonderful mechanical art are daily exhibited by this curious old clock.

From Strasbourg we went to Baden-Baden. I had been abroad so much that I could understand and manage to speak French, but I had never been in Germany and I did not know six words of the language of that country. As a consequence, I dreaded to pass the customhouse at Kehl, nearly opposite Strasbourg, and the first town on the German border at that point. When the diligence stopped at this place I fairly trembled. I knew that I had no baggage which was rightfully subject to duty, as I had nothing but my necessary clothing and the package of placards and lithographs illustrating the General's exhibitions. This was the package which had given me so much trouble in Paris, and as the official was examining my trunks, I assured him in French that I had nothing subject to duty; but he made no reply and deliberately handled every article in my luggage. He then cut the strings to the large packages of show bills. I asked him, in French, whether he understood that language. He gave a grunt, which was the only audible sound I could get out of him, and then laid my show bills and lithographs on his scales as if to weigh them. I was almost distracted, when an English gentleman who spoke German, kindly offered to act as my interpreter.

"Please to tell him," said I, "that those bills and lithographs are not articles of commerce; that they are simply advertisements."

My English friend did as I requested; but it was of no use; the customhouse officer kept piling them upon his scales. I grew more excited.

"Please tell him I give them away," I said. The translation of my assertion into German did not help me; a double grunt from the functionary was the only response. Tom Thumb, meanwhile, jumped about like a little monkey for he was fairly delighted at my worry and perplexity. Finally, I said to my

new found English friend: “Be good enough to tell the officer to keep the bills if he wants them, and that I will not pay duty on them anyhow.”

He was duly informed of my determination, but he was immovable. He lighted his huge Dutch pipe, got the exact weight, and marking it down, handed it to a clerk, who copied it on his book, and solemnly passed it over to another clerk, who copied it on still another book; a third clerk then took it, and copied it on to a printed bill, the size of a half letter sheet, which was duly stamped in red ink with several official devices. By this time I was in a profuse perspiration; and as the document passed from clerk to clerk, I told them they need not trouble themselves to make out a bill for I would not pay it; they would get no duty and they might keep the property.

To be sure, I could not spare the placards for any length of time, for they were exceedingly valuable to me as advertisements and I could not easily have duplicated them in Germany; but I was determined that I would not pay duties on articles which were not merchandise. Every transfer, therefore, of the bill to a new clerk, gave me a fresh twinge, for I imagined that every clerk added more charges, and every charge was a tighter turn to the vise which held my fingers. Finally, the last clerk defiantly thrust in my face the terrible official document, on which were scrawled certain cabalistic characters, signifying the amount of money I should be forced to pay to the German government before I could have my property. I would not touch it; but resolved I would really leave my packages until I could communicate with one of our consuls in Germany, and I said as much to the English gentleman who had kindly interpreted for me.

He took the bill, and examining it, burst into a loud laugh. “Why, it is but fifteen kreutzers!” he said.

“How much is that?” I asked, feeling for the golden sovereigns in my pocket.

“Sixpence!” was the reply.

I was astonished and delighted, and as I handed out the money, I begged him to tell the officials that the custom house charge would not pay the cost of the paper on which it was written. But this was a very fair illustration of sundry red-tape dealings in other countries as well as in Germany.

I found Baden a delightful little town, cleaner and neater than any city I had ever visited. I learned afterwards that Mr. Benazet, the lessee of the kurasal and gambling house, was compelled annually to expend large sums for keeping the streets and public places clean. Indeed, he could well afford

to do so, as one would readily perceive upon witnessing the vast amounts of money which were daily lost by the men and women of nearly all nations, upon his tables of roulette and *rouge et noir*.

The town has all the characteristics and accompaniments of a first-class watering-place—a theater, public library, and several very fine hotels. The springs are presumed to be the inducements which draw hundreds of invalids to Baden-Baden every summer, but the gaming tables are the real attractions to thousands of far weaker persons who spend the entire season in gambling. It is no unusual thing to see ladies sitting around these gaming tables, betting their silver and gold pieces, until they lose five hundred or a thousand dollars, while men frequently "invest" many times these amounts. If they happen to be winners, they are very sure to be tempted to try again; and thus in the long run succumb to the "advantage" which is given in the game to the bankers over the "betters."

The games open at eleven o'clock every morning, Sundays included, and close at eleven o'clock at night. Players have been known to sit at the table, without once rising, even to eat or to drink, through the entire day and night session. Very early in the day, however, many a player finds himself penniless, and, in such case, if he does not step to some quiet place and blow his brains out, the proprietor of the "hell" will present to him money enough to carry him at least fifty miles from Baden-Baden.

A few days before my arrival, a young lady hung herself. Indeed, several suicides occur in all the German spas every year from the one cause—ruin by gambling; but so callous do the players, as well as the card-dealers become, that I can easily credit a story told me at Homburg, the greatest gambling place in Europe: A Frenchman, sitting at the table where scores of others were betting their money, lost his last sou, and immediately drew a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. The circumstance was scarcely sufficient to induce the players to raise their eyes from the cards;—it was a mere incident, an episode in matters more important. A sheet was thrown over the body, and as the servants quietly removed the corpse, someone slipped into the vacated chair, the dealer crying out in French, "make your bets, gentlemen," and the play went on as usual.

In due time, when our preliminary arrangements were completed, the General's attendants, carriage, ponies and liveried coachman and footmen arrived at Baden-Baden and were soon seen in the streets. The excitement was intense and increased from day to day. Several crowned heads, princes,

lords and ladies who were spending the season at Baden-Baden, with a vast number of wealthy pleasure seekers and travellers, crowded the saloon in which the General exhibited during the entire time we remained in the place. The charges for admission were much higher than had been demanded in any other city.

Some time before I left America I received several letters from a young man residing in the Black Forest in regard to a wonderful orchestrion which he was building and which he wished to sell or send to me for exhibition. When he saw the accounts of my arrival with Tom Thumb at Baden-Baden, he announced his willingness to bring his orchestrion and set it up in that place so that I could see and hear it. His letter was forwarded to me at Frankfort and I replied that my engagements were made many days in advance, that my time was invaluable, but that if he would have his orchestrion set up and in perfect order at such a time on such a day I would be there promptly to see it. Arriving at the appointed time, I found that he had not completed his work. The beautiful case was up, but the interior was unfinished. I was much disappointed, but not nearly so much so as was the orchestrion builder.

"Oh! Mr. Barnum," said he, "I have worked with my men all last night and all today and I will work all night again and have it in readiness tomorrow morning. If you will only stay, I will go down on my knees to you; yes, Mr. Barnum, I will cut off one of my fingers for you, if you will only wait."

But I could not wait, even under this strong and certainly extraordinary inducement, and was obliged to return to my engagements without hearing the orchestrion, which, I afterwards learned, was sold and set up in St. Petersburg.

From Baden-Baden we went to other celebrated German Spas, including Ems, Homburg and Weisbaden. These are all fashionable gambling as well as watering places, and during our visits they were crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe. Our exhibitions were attended by thousands who paid the same high prices that were charged for admission at Baden-Baden, and at Wiesbaden, among many distinguished persons, the King of Holland came to see the little General. These exhibitions were among the most profitable that had ever been given, and I was able to remit thousands of dollars to my agents in the United States to aid in repurchasing my real estate and to assist in taking up such clock notes as were offered for sale. A short but very remunerative season at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the home and starting-

place of the great house of the Rothschilds, assisted me largely in carrying out these purposes.

There was the greatest difficulty, however, in getting permission to hold our exhibitions in Frankfort. When I applied for a permit at the office of the Commissary of Police, I was told that office hours were ended for the day, and that the chief official, who alone could give me the permit, had gone home to dinner. As I was in a great hurry to begin, I went to the residence of the Commissary, where I was met at the door by a gorgeously arrayed flunkey, to whom I stated my business, and who informed me that I could on no account see the distinguished official till dinner was over.

I waited one hour and a half by my watch for that mighty man to dine, and then he condescended to admit me to his presence. When I had stated my business, he demanded to know why I had not applied to him at his office in the proper hours, declaring that he would do no business with me at his house, and that I must come to him tomorrow. I went, and after a great deal of questioning and delay, I received the sought-for license to exhibit; but I have never seen more red-tape wound up on a single reel. All my men, all Tom Thumb's attendants, the General and myself, in addition to showing our passports, were obliged to register our names, ages, occupations, and whatnot, in a huge book, and to answer all sorts of questions. At last we were permitted to go, and we opened our doors to the throng that came to see the General.

But a day or two after our exhibitions began, came a messenger with a command that I should appear before the Commissary of Police. I was very much frightened, I confess; I was sure that some of my men had been doing or saying something which had offended the authorities, and although I was conscious that my own conduct had been circumspect, I started for the police office in fear and trembling. On the way, I met Mr. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, who was in company with a gentleman from Ohio, to whom he introduced me, and thereupon I stated my trouble, and my opinion that I was about to be fined, imprisoned, possibly beheaded—I knew not what.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Raymond, "we will keep an eye on the proceedings, and if you get into trouble we will try to get you out."

Arriving at headquarters, I was solemnly shown into the private office of the Commissary who asked me to be seated, and then rose and locked the

door. This movement was by no means calculated to calm my agitation, and I at once exclaimed, in the best French I could summon:

"Sir, I demand an interpreter."

"We do not need one," he replied; "I can understand your French, and you can understand mine; I wish to consult you confidentially on a very private matter, and one that concerns me deeply."

Somewhat reassured at this remarkable announcement, I begged him to proceed, which he did as follows:

"Do not be uneasy, sir, as this matter wholly affects me; I must state to you in entire secrecy that the half of my whole fortune is invested in the bonds of one of your American railways (giving me the name of the road), and as I have received no interest for a long time I am naturally alarmed for the safety of my property. I wish to know if the road is good for anything, and if so, why the interest on the bonds is not paid."

I was happy to tell him that I had met that very morning a gentleman from Ohio who was well acquainted with the condition of this road, which was in his vicinity at home, and that I would speedily derive from him the desired information. The Commissary overwhelmed me with profuse thanks, adding: "Remember, the half of my entire fortune is at stake."

Impressed with the magnitude of the loss he might be called upon to suffer, I ventured, as I was going out, to ask him the amount of his investment.

"Four thousand dollars," was the reply.

When I thought of his liveried lackeys, his house, his style, his dignity, and his enormous consequence, I could not but smile to think that all these things were supported on his small salary and an "entire" fortune of $8,000, one-half of which was invested in the bonds of a doubtful American railway company.

We exhibited at Mayence and several other places in the vicinity, reaping golden harvests everywhere, and then went down the Rhine to Cologne. The journey down the river was very pleasant and we duly "did" the scenery and lions on the way. The boats were very ill-provided with sleeping accommodations, and one night, as I saw our party must sit up, I suggested that we should play a social game of euchre if we could get the cards. The clerk of the boat was prompt in affording the gratifying intelligence that he had cards to sell and I bought a pack, paying him a good round price. Immediately thereafter, the clerk, pocketing the money, stated that "it was nine o'clock and according to the regulations he must turn out

all the lights"—which he did, leaving us to play cards, if we wished to, in the dark.

The slowness of the boat was a great annoyance and on one occasion I said to the captain:

"Look here! confound your slow old boat. I have a great mind to put on an opposition American line and burst up your business."

He knew me, and knew something of Yankee enterprise, and he was evidently alarmed, but a thought came to his relief:

"You cannot do it," he triumphantly exclaimed; "the government will not permit you to run more than nine miles an hour."

We remained at Cologne only long enough to visit the famous cathedral and to see other curiosities and works of art, and then pushed on to Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

# XXX

## In Holland

The Finest and Flattest Country in the World—Super-Cleanliness—Habits and Customs—"Kremis"—The Albino Family—The Hague—August Belmont—Japanese Museum—Manufactured Fabulous Animals—A Generous Offer—Valuable Pictures—An Astonished Superintendent—Back to England—Exhibitions in Manchester—I Return Again to America—Fun on the Voyage—Mock Trials—Barnum as a Prosecutor and as a Prisoner—Cold Shoulders in New York—Preparing to Move Into My Old Home—Careless Painters and Carpenters—Iranistan Burned to the Ground—Next to No Insurance—Sale of the Property—Elias Howe, Jr.

Holland gave me more genuine satisfaction than any other foreign country I have ever visited, if I except Great Britain. Redeemed as a large portion of the whole surface of the land has been from the bottom of the sea by the wonderful dykes, which are monuments of the industry of whole generations of human beavers, Holland seems to me the most curious as well as interesting country in the world. The people, too, with their quaint costumes, their extraordinary cleanliness, their thrift, industry and frugality, pleased me very much. It is the universal testimony of all travellers that the Hollanders are the neatest and most economical people among all nations. So far as cleanliness is concerned, in Holland it is evidently not next to, but far ahead of godliness. It is rare, indeed, to meet a ragged, dirty, or drunken person. The people are very temperate and economical in their habits; and even the very rich—and there is a vast amount of wealth in the country—live with great frugality, though all of the people live well.

As for the scenery I cannot say much for it, since it is only diversified by thousands of windmills, which are made to do all kinds of work, from grinding grain to pumping water from the inside of the dykes back to the

sea again. As I exhibited the General only in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and to no great profit in either city, we spent most of our time in rambling about to see what was to be seen. In the country villages it seemed as if every house was scrubbed twice and whitewashed once every day in the week, excepting Sunday. Some places were almost painfully pure, and I was in one village where horses and cattle were not allowed to go through the streets, and no one was permitted to wear their boots or shoes in the houses. There is a general and constant exercise of brooms, pails, floor brushes and mops all over Holland, and in some places even, this kind of thing is carried so far, I am told, that the only trees set out are scrub-oaks.

The reason, I think, why our exhibitions were not more successful in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, is that the people are too frugal to spend much money for amusement, but they and their habits and ways afforded us so much amusement, that we were quite willing they should give our entertainment the "go by," as they generally did. We were in Amsterdam at the season of "Kremis," or the annual Fair which is held in all the principal towns, and where shows of all descriptions are open, at prices for admission ranging from one to five pennies, and are attended by nearly the whole population. For the people generally, this one great holiday seems all-sufficient for the whole year. I went through scores of booths, where curiosities and monstrosities of all kinds were exhibited, and was able to make some purchases and engagements for the American Museum. Among these, was the Albino family, consisting of a man, his wife, and son, who were by far the most interesting and attractive specimens of their class I had ever seen.

We visited the Hague, the capital and the finest city in Holland. It is handsomely and regularly laid out, and contains a beautiful theater, a public picture-gallery, which contains some of the best works of Vandyke, Paul Potter, and other Dutch masters, while the museum is especially rich in rarities from China and Japan. When we arrived at the Hague, Mr. August Belmont, who had been the United States Minister at that court, had just gone home; but I heard many encomiums passed upon him and his family, and I was told some pretty good stories of his familiarity with the king, and of the "jolly times" these two personages frequently enjoyed together. I did not miss visiting the great government museum, as I wished particularly to see the rich collection of Japan ware and arms, made during the many years when the Dutch carried on almost exclusively the entire foreign trade with the Japanese. I spent several days in minutely examining these curious man-

ufactures of a people, who were then almost as little known to nations generally as are the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter.

On the first day of my visit to this museum, I stood for an hour before a large case containing a most unique and extraordinary collection of fabulous animals, made from paper and other materials, and looking as natural and genuine as the stuffed skins of any animals in the American Museum. There were serpents two yards long, with a head and pair of feet at each end; frogs as large as a man, with human hands and feet; turtles with three heads; monkeys with two heads and six legs; scores of equally curious monstrosities; and at least two dozen mermaids, of all sorts and sizes. Looking at these "sirens" I easily divined from whence the Fejee mermaid originated.

While I was standing near this remarkable cabinet the superintendent of the Museum came, and, introducing himself to me, asked me from what country I came and how I liked the Museum. I told him that I was an American and that the collection was interesting and remarkable, adding:

"You seem to have a great variety of mermaids here."

"Yes," he replied; "the Japanese exercise great ingenuity in manufacturing fabulous animals, especially mermaids; and by the way," he added, "your great showman, Barnum, is said to have succeeded in humbugging the Americans to a very considerable extent, by means of what he claimed to be a veritable mermaid."

I said that such was the story, though I believed that Barnum only used the mermaid as an advertisement for his Museum.

"Perhaps so," responded the superintendent, "but he is a shrewd and industrious manager. We have had frequent applications from his European agents for duplicates from our collection and have occasionally sold some to them to be sent to America."

The superintendent then politely asked me to go into his office, as he had something to offer me, which, as an American gentleman, he was sure I would prize highly; but the business was of a strictly confidential character. He asked me to be seated, and cautiously locking the door and drawing his chair near to mine, he informed me in a tone scarcely above a whisper that he was the executor of the estate of a wealthy gentleman, recently deceased, with power to dispose of the property, which included a large number of exceedingly valuable ancient and modern paintings.

"You must be well aware," he continued, "that my countrymen would be extremely unwilling to permit these precious specimens of art to leave Holland, but," and here he gave my hand a slight but most friendly squeeze, "I have such a high respect, I might almost say reverence for your great republic that I am only too happy in the opportunity now afforded me of allowing you to take a very few of these fine paintings to America at an unprecedentedly low price."

I thought he was a little too generous, and I gave him what the Irishman called an "evasive answer;" but this only seemed to stimulate him to further efforts to effect a sale—so he turned to his memorandum book and pointed out the names of gentlemen from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, who had ordered one or more cases from this large gallery of paintings. This exhibition was conclusive, and I at once said that I would not decide to purchase till I returned from Amsterdam. I quite understood the whole thing; but not to leave my anxious friend too long in suspense I quietly handed my card to him, remarking, "Perhaps you have heard of that name before."

His cheeks were fairly crimson; "surely," said he, "you are not Mr. Barnum, of the New York Museum?"

"Nobody else," I replied with a laugh.

He stammered out an apology for his mermaid remarks, but I patted him on the shoulder in a friendly way, telling him it was "all right," and that I considered it a capital joke. This reassured him and we then had a very pleasant half-hour's conversation, in which he gave me several valuable hints of curiosities to be procured at the Hague and elsewhere in Holland, and we parted good friends.

A week afterwards, a young gentleman from Boston introduced himself to me at Amsterdam and remarked that he knew I was there for he had been so informed by the museum superintendent at the Hague. "And, by the by," he added, "as soon as this superintendent discovered I was from America, he told me if I would go into his office he would show me the greatest curiosity in the Museum. I went, and he pointed to the card of 'P. T. Barnum' which he had conspicuously nailed up over his desk; he then told me about your visit to the museum last week."

"Did he sell you any paintings?" I asked.

"No," was the reply; "but he informed me that as executor of an estate, including a fine gallery, he could sell me a few cases at a very low price,

mainly on account of his high regard for the great republic to which I belonged."

I have no doubt that this estate is still unsettled, and that a few of the valuable paintings, if cheap Dutch artists keep up the supply, are still for sale to the public generally, and to representatives of the revered republic especially. Undoubtedly this kind of business will continue so long as Waterloo relics are manufactured at Birmingham, and are sent to be plowed in and dug up again on the memorable field where Wellington met Napoleon. And how many very worthy persons there are, like the superintendent of the Hague Museum, who have been terribly shocked at the story of the Fejee Mermaid and the Woolly Horse!

After a truly delightful visit in Holland, we went back to England; and, proceeding to Manchester, opened our exhibition. For several days the hall was crowded to overflowing at each of the three, and sometimes four, entertainments we gave every day. By this time, my wife and two youngest daughters had come over to London, and I hired furnished lodgings in the suburbs where they could live within the strictest limits of economy. It was necessary now for me to return for a few weeks to America, to assist personally in forwarding a settlement of the clock difficulties. So leaving the little General in the hands of trusty and competent agents to carry on the exhibitions in my absence, I set my face once more towards home and the west, and took steamer at Liverpool for New York.

The trip, like most of the passages which I have made across the Atlantic, was an exceedingly pleasant one. These frequent voyages were to me the rests, the reliefs from almost unremitting industry, anxiety, and care, and I always managed to have more or less fun on board ship every time I crossed the ocean. During the present trip, for amusement and to pass away the time, the passengers got up a number of mock trials which afforded a vast deal of fun. A judge was selected, jurymen drawn, prisoners arraigned, counsel employed, and all the formalities of a court established. I have the vanity to think that if my good fortune had directed me to that profession I should have made a very fair lawyer, for I have always had a great fondness for debate and especially for the cross-examination of witnesses, unless that witness was P. T. Barnum in examination under supplementary proceedings at the instance of some note-shaver who had bought a clock note at a discount of thirty-six percent. In this mock court, I was unanimously chosen as prosecuting attorney, and as the court was established expressly to convict, I

had no difficulty in carrying the jury and securing the punishment of the prisoner. A small fine was generally imposed, and the fund thus collected was given to a poor sailor boy who had fallen from the mast and broken his leg.

After several of these trials had been held, a dozen or more of the passengers secretly put their heads together and resolved to place the "showman" on trial for his life. An indictment covering twenty pages was drawn up by several legal gentlemen among the passengers, charging him with being the Prince of Humbugs, and enumerating a dozen special counts, containing charges of the most absurd and ridiculous description. Witnesses were then brought together, and privately instructed what to say and do. Two or three days were devoted to arranging this mighty prosecution. When everything was ready, I was arrested, and the formidable indictment read to me. I saw at a glance that time and talent had been brought into requisition, and that my trial was to be more elaborate than any that had preceded it. I asked for half an hour to prepare for my defence, which was granted. Meanwhile, seats were arranged to accommodate the court and spectators, and extra settees were placed for the ladies on the upper deck, where they could look down, see and hear all that transpired. Curiosity was on tiptoe, for it was evident that this was to be a long, exciting and laughable trial. At the end of half an hour the judge was on the bench, the jury had taken their places; the witnesses were ready; the counsel for the prosecution, four in number, with pens, ink, and paper in profusion, were seated and everything seemed ready. I was brought in by a special constable, the indictment read, and I was asked to plead guilty, or not guilty. I rose, and in a most solemn manner stated that I could not conscientiously plead guilty or not guilty; that I had in fact committed many of the acts charged in the indictment, but these acts I was ready to show were not criminal, but on the contrary, worthy of praise. My plea was received and the first witness called.

He testified to having visited the prisoner's Museum, and of being humbugged by the Fejee Mermaid; the nurse of Washington; and by other curiosities, natural and unnatural. The questions and answers having been all arranged in advance, everything worked smoothly. Acting as my own counsel, I cross-examined the witness by simply asking whether he saw anything else in the Museum besides what he had mentioned.

"Oh! yes, I saw thousands of other things."

"Were they curious?"

"Certainly; many of them very astonishing."

"Did you witness a dramatic representation in the Museum?"

"Yes, sir, a very good one."

"What did you pay for all this?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"That will do, sir; you can step down."

A second, third and fourth witness were called, and the examination was similar to the foregoing. Another witness then appeared to testify in regard to another count in the indictment. He stated that for several weeks he was the guest of the prisoner at his country residence, Iranistan, and he gave a most amusing description of the various schemes and contrivances which were there originated for the purpose of being carried out at some future day in the Museum.

"How did you live there?" asked one of the counsel for the prosecution.

"Very well, indeed, in the daytime," was the reply; "plenty of the best to eat and drink, except liquors. In bed, however, it was impossible to sleep. I rose the first night, struck a light, and on examination found myself covered with myriads of little bugs, so small as to be almost imperceptible. By using my microscope I discovered them to be infantile bedbugs. After the first night I was obliged to sleep in the coach-house in order to escape this annoyance."

Of course this elicited much mirth. The first question put on the cross-examination was this:

"Are you a naturalist, sir?"

The witness hesitated. In all the drilling that had taken place before the trial, neither the counsel nor witnesses had thought of what questions might come up in the cross-examination, and now, not seeing the drift of question, the witness seemed a little bewildered, and the counsel for the prosecution looked puzzled.

The question was repeated with some emphasis.

"No, sir!" replied the witness, hesitatingly, "I am not a naturalist."

"Then, sir, not being a naturalist, dare you affirm that those microscopic insects were not humbugs instead of bedbugs"—(here the prisoner was interrupted by a universal shout of laughter, in which the solemn judge himself joined)—"and if they were humbugs, I suppose that even the learned counsel opposed to me, will not claim that they were out of place?"

"They may have been humbugs," replied the witness.

"That will do, sir—you may go," said I; and at the same time turning to the array of counsel, I remarked, with a smile, "You had better have a naturalist for your next witness, gentlemen."

"Don't be alarmed, sir, we have got one, and we will now introduce him," replied the counsel.

The next witness testified that he was a planter from Georgia, that some years since the prisoner visited his plantation with a show, and that while there he discovered an old worthless donkey belonging to the planter, and bought him for five dollars—the next year the witness visited Iranistan, the country seat of the prisoner, and, while walking about the grounds, his old donkey, recognizing his former master, brayed; "whereupon," continued the witness, "I walked up to the animal and found that two men were engaged in sticking wool upon him, and this animal was afterwards exhibited by the prisoner as the woolly horse."

The whole court—spectators, and even the "prisoner" himself were convulsed with laughter at the gravity with which the planter gave his very ludicrous testimony.

"What evidence have you," I inquired, "that this was the same donkey which you sold to me?"

"The fact that the animal recognized me, as was evident from his braying as soon as he saw me."

"Are you a naturalist, sir?"

"Yes, I am," replied the planter, with firm emphasis, as much as to say, you can't catch me as you did the other witness.

"Oh! you are a naturalist, are you? Then, sir, I ask you, as a naturalist, do you not know it to be a fact in natural history that one jackass always brays as soon as he sees another?"

This question was received with shouts of laughter, in the midst of which the nonplussed witness backed out of court, and all the efforts of special constables, and even the high sheriff himself, were unavailing in getting him again on the witness stand.

This trial lasted two days, to the great delight of all on board. After my success with the "naturalist" not one half of the witnesses would appear against me. In my final argument I sifted the testimony, analyzed its bearings, ruffled the learned counsel, disconcerted the witnesses, flattered the judge and jury, and when the judge had delivered his charge, the jury acquitted me without leaving their seats. The judge received the verdict, and

then announced that he should fine the naturalist for the mistake he made, as to the cause of the donkey's braying, and he should also fine the several witnesses, who, through fear of the crossfire, had refused to testify.

The trial afforded a pleasant topic of conversation for the rest of the voyage; and the morning before arriving in port, a vote of thanks was passed to me, in consideration of the amusement I had intentionally and unintentionally furnished to the passengers during the voyage.

After my arrival in New York, oftentimes in passing up and down Broadway I saw old and prosperous friends coming, but before I came anywhere near them, if they espied me they would dodge into a store, or across the street, or opportunely meet someone with whom they had pressing business, or they would be very much interested in something that was going on over the way or on top of the City Hall. I was delighted at this, for it gave me at once a new sensation and a new experience. "Ah, ha!" I said to myself; "my butterfly friends, I know you now; and what is more to the point, if ever I get out of this bewilderment of broken clock-wheels, I shall not forget you"; and I heartily thanked the old clock concern for giving me the opportunity to learn this sad but most needful lesson. I had a very few of the same sort of experiences in Bridgeport, and they proved valuable to me.

Mr. James D. Johnson, of Bridgeport, one of my assignees, who had written to me that my personal presence might facilitate a settlement of my affairs, told me soon after my arrival that there was no probability of disposing of Iranistan at present, and that I might as well move my family into the house. I had arrived in August and my family followed me from London in September, and October 20, 1857, my second daughter, Helen, was married in the house of her elder sister, Mrs. D. W. Thompson, in Bridgeport, to Mr. Samuel H. Hurd.

Meanwhile, Iranistan which had been closed and unoccupied for more than two years, was once more opened to the carpenters and painters whom Mr. Johnson sent there to put the house in order. He agreed with me that it was best to keep the property as long as possible, and in the interval, till a purchaser for the estate appeared, or till it was forced to auction, to take up the clock notes whenever they were offered. The workmen who were employed in the house were specially instructed not to smoke there, but nevertheless it was subsequently discovered that some of the men were in the habit occasionally of going into the main dome to eat their dinners which they brought with them, and that they stayed there awhile after dinner to

smoke their pipes. In all probability, one of these lighted pipes was left on the cushion which covered the circular seat in the dome and ignited the tow with which the cushion was stuffed. It may have been days and even weeks before this smouldering tow fire burst into flame.

I was staying at the Astor House, in New York, when, on the morning of December 18, 1857, I received a telegram from my brother Philo F. Barnum, dated at Bridgeport and informing me that Iranistan was burned to the ground that morning. The alarm was given at eleven o'clock on the night of the 17th, and the fire burned till one o'clock on the morning of the 18th. My beautiful Iranistan was gone! This was not only a serious loss to my estate, for it had probably cost at least $150,000, but it was generally regarded as a public calamity. It was the only building in its peculiar style of architecture, of any pretension, in America, and many persons visited Bridgeport every year expressly to see Iranistan. The insurance on the mansion had usually been about $62,000, but I had let some of the policies expire without renewing them, so that at the time of the fire there was only $28,000 insurance on the property. Most of the furniture and pictures were saved, generally in a damaged state.

I was staying at the Astor House, in New York, when, on the morning of December 18, 1857, I received a telegram from my brother Philo F. Barnum, dated at Bridgeport and informing me that Iranistan was burned to the ground that morning. The alarm was given at eleven o'clock on the night of the 17th, and the fire burned till one o'clock on the morning of the 18th. My beautiful Iranistan was gone! This was not only a serious loss to my estate, for it had probably cost at least $150,000, but it was generally regarded as a public calamity. It was the only building in its peculiar style of architecture, of any pretension, in America, and many persons visited Bridgeport every year expressly to see Iranistan. The insurance on the mansion had usually been about $62,000, but I had let some of the policies expire without renewing them, so that at the time of the fire there was only $28,000 insurance on the property. Most of the furniture and pictures were saved, generally in a damaged state.

Subsequently, my assignees sold the grounds and outhouses of Iranistan to the late Elias Howe, Jr., the celebrated inventor of the needle for sewing-machines. The property brought $50,000, which, with the $28,000 insurance, went into my assets to satisfy clock creditors. It was Mr. Howe's intention to erect a splendid mansion on the estate, but his untimely and

lamented death prevented the fulfilment of the plan. The estate (in 1869) was to be divided among Mr. Howe's three children and in all probability three houses will be built upon the beautiful grounds.

# XXXI

## The Art of Money Getting

Back Once More to England—Tour Through Scotland and Wales—How I Came to Lecture—Advice of My Friends—My Lecture—How to Make Money and How to Keep It—What the Papers Said About Me—Praise of the London Press—Lecturing in the Provinces—Performances at Cambridge—Call for Joice Heth—Extraordinary Fun at Oxford—The Audience and Lecturer Taking Turns—A University Breakfast—Magnificent Offer for a Copyright—Success of My Enterprise—More Money for the Clock Creditors.

Seeing the necessity of making more money to assist in extricating me from my financial difficulties, and leaving my affairs in the hands of Mr. James D. Johnson—my wife and youngest daughter, Pauline, boarding with my eldest daughter, Mrs. Thompson, in Bridgeport—early in 1858, I went back to England, and took Tom Thumb to all the principal places in Scotland and Wales, giving many exhibitions and making much money which was remitted, as heretofore, to my agents and assignees in America.

Finding, after a while, that my personal attention was not needed in the Tom Thumb exhibitions and confiding him almost wholly to agents who continued the tour through Great Britain, under my general advice and instruction, I turned my individual attention to a new field. At the suggestion of several American gentlemen, resident in London, I prepared a lecture on "The Art of Money-Getting." I told my friends that, considering my clock complications, I thought I was more competent to speak on "The Art of Money Losing"; but they encouraged me by reminding me that I could not have lost money, if I had not previously possessed the faculty of making it. They further assured me that my name having been intimately associated

with the Jenny Lind concerts and other great moneymaking enterprises, the lecture would be sure to prove attractive and profitable.

The old clocks ticked in my ear the reminder that I should improve every opportunity to "turn an honest penny," and my lecture was duly announced for delivery in the great St. James' Hall, Regent Street, Piccadilly. It was thoroughly advertised—a feature I never neglected—and, at the appointed time, the hall, which would hold three thousand people, was completely filled, at prices of three and two shillings, (seventy-five and fifty cents,) per seat, according to location. It was the evening of December 29, 1858. Since my arrival in Great Britain the previous spring, I had spent months in travelling with General Tom Thumb, and now I was to present myself in a new capacity to the English public as a lecturer. I could see in my audience all my American friends who had suggested this effort; all my theatrical and literary friends; and as I saw several gentlemen whom I knew to be connected with the leading London papers, I felt sure that my success or failure would be duly chronicled next morning. There was, moreover, a general audience that seemed eager to see the "showman" of whom they had heard so much, and to catch from his lips the "art" which, in times past, had contributed so largely to his success in life. Stimulated by these things, I tried to do my best, and I think I did it. The following is the lecture substantially as it was delivered, though it was interspersed with many anecdotes and illustrations which are necessarily omitted; and I should add, that the subjoined copy being adapted to the meridian in which it has been repeatedly delivered, contains numerous local allusions to men and matters in the United States, which, of course, did not appear in the original draft prepared for my English audiences:

## The Art Of Money Getting

In the United States, where we have more land than people, it is not at all difficult for persons in good health to make money. In this comparatively new field there are so many avenues of success open, so many vocations which are not crowded, that any person of either sex who is willing, at least for the time being, to engage in any respectable occupation that offers, may find lucrative employment.

Those who really desire to attain an independence, have only to set their minds upon it, and adopt the proper means, as they do in regard to any other object which they wish to accomplish, and the thing is

easily done. But however easy it may be found to make money, I have no doubt many of my hearers will agree it is the most difficult thing in the world to keep it. The road to wealth is, as Dr. Franklin truly says, "as plain as the road to mill." It consists simply in expending less than we earn; that seems to be a very simple problem. Mr. Micawber, one of those happy creations of the genial Dickens, puts the case in a strong light when he says that to have an income of twenty pounds, per annum, and spend twenty pounds and sixpence, is to be the most miserable of men; whereas, to have an income of only twenty pounds, and spend but nineteen pounds and sixpence, is to be the happiest of mortals. Many of my hearers may say, "we understand this; this is economy, and we know economy is wealth; we know we can't eat our cake and keep it also." Yet I beg to say that perhaps more cases of failure arise from mistakes on this point than almost any other. The fact is, many people think they understand economy when they really do not.

True economy is misapprehended, and people go through life without properly comprehending what that principle is. Some say, "I have an income of so much, and here is my neighbor who has the same; yet every year he gets something ahead and I fall short; why is it? I know all about economy." He thinks he does, but he does not. There are many who think that economy consists in saving cheese-parings and candle ends, in cutting off two pence from the laundress' bill and doing all sorts of little, mean, dirty things. Economy is not meanness. The misfortune is also that this class of persons let their economy apply in only one direction. They fancy they are so wonderfully economical in saving a halfpenny where they ought to spend two pence, that they think they can afford to squander in other directions. A few years ago, before kerosene oil was discovered or thought of, one might stop overnight at almost any farmer's house in the agricultural districts and get a very good supper, but after supper he might attempt to read in the sitting room, and would find it impossible with the inefficient light of one candle. The hostess, seeing his dilemma, would say: "It is rather difficult to read here evenings; the proverb says 'you must have a ship at sea in order to be able to burn two candles at once;' we never have an extra candle except on extra occasions." These extra occasions occur, perhaps, twice a year. In this way the good woman saves five, six, or ten dollars in that time; but the information which might be derived

from having the extra light would, of course, far outweigh a ton of candles.

But the trouble does not end here. Feeling that she is so economical in tallow candles, she thinks she can afford to go frequently to the village and spend twenty or thirty dollars for ribbons and furbelows, many of which are not necessary. This false economy may frequently be seen in men of business, and in those instances it often runs to writing paper. You find good business men who save all the old envelopes, and scraps, and would not tear a new sheet of paper, if they could avoid it, for the world. This is all very well; they may in this way save five or ten dollars a year, but being so economical (only in note paper), they think they can afford to waste time; to have expensive parties, and to drive their carriages. This is an illustration of Dr. Franklin's "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bunghole"; "penny wise and pound foolish." *Punch* in speaking of this "one-idea" class of people says "they are like the man who bought a penny herring for his family's dinner and then hired a coach and four to take it home." I never knew a man to succeed by practising this kind of economy.

True economy consists in always making the income exceed the outgo. Wear the old clothes a little longer if necessary; dispense with the new pair of gloves; mend the old dress; live on plainer food if need be; so that under all circumstances, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, there will be a margin in favor of the income. A penny here, and a dollar there, placed at interest, goes on accumulating, and in this way the desired result is attained. It requires some training, perhaps, to accomplish this economy, but when once used to it, you will find there is more satisfaction in rational saving, than in irrational spending. Here is a recipe which I recommend; I have found it to work an excellent cure for extravagance and especially for mistaken economy: When you find that you have no surplus at the end of the year, and yet have a good income, I advise you to take a few sheets of paper and form them into a book and mark down every item of expenditure. Post it every day or week in two columns, one headed "necessaries" or even "comforts," and the other headed "luxuries," and you will find that the latter column will be double, treble, and frequently ten times greater than the former. The real comforts of life cost but a small portion of what most of us can earn. Dr. Franklin says "it is the eyes of others and not our

own eyes which ruin us. If all the world were blind except myself I should not care for fine clothes or furniture." It is the fear of what Mrs. Grundy may say that keeps the noses of many worthy families to the grindstone. In America many persons like to repeat "we are all free and equal," but it is a great mistake in more senses than one.

That we are born "free and equal" is a glorious truth in one sense, yet we are not all born equally rich, and we never shall be. One may say, "there is a man who has an income of fifty thousand dollars per annum, while I have but one thousand dollars; I knew that fellow when he was poor like myself; now he is rich and thinks he is better than I am; I will show him that I am as good as he is; I will go and buy a horse and buggy;—no, I cannot do that but I will go and hire one and ride this afternoon on the same road that he does, and thus prove to him that I am as good as he is."

My friend, you need not take that trouble, you can easily prove that you are "as good as he is"; you have only to behave as well as he does, but you cannot make anybody believe that you are as rich as he is. Besides, if you put on these "airs," and waste your time and spend your money, your poor wife will be obliged to scrub her fingers off at home, and buy her tea two ounces at a time, and everything else in proportion, in order that you may keep up "appearances," and after all, deceive nobody. On the other hand, Mrs. Smith may say that her next-door neighbor married Johnson for his money, and "everybody says so." She has a nice one thousand dollar camel's hair shawl, and she will make Smith get her an imitation one and she will sit in a pew right next to her neighbor in church, in order to prove that she is her equal.

My good woman you will not get ahead in the world, if your vanity and envy thus take the lead. In this country, where we believe the majority ought to rule, we ignore that principle in regard to fashion, and let a handful of people, calling themselves the aristocracy, run up a false standard of perfection, and in endeavoring to rise to that standard, we constantly keep ourselves poor; all the time digging away for the sake of outside appearances. How much wiser to be a "law unto ourselves" and say, "we will regulate our outgo by our income, and lay up something for a rainy day." People ought to be as sensible on the subject of money-getting as on any other subject. Like causes produce like effects. You cannot accumulate a fortune by taking the road that leads

to poverty. It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in this life, can never attain a pecuniary independence.

Men and women accustomed to gratify every whim and caprice, will find it hard, at first, to cut down their various unnecessary expenses, and will feel it a great self denial to live in a smaller house than they have been accustomed to, with less expensive furniture, less company, less costly clothing, fewer servants, a less number of balls, parties, theater goings, carriage ridings, pleasure excursions, cigar smokings, liquor drinkings, and other extravagances; but, after all, if they will try the plan of laying by a "nest-egg," or in other words, a small sum of money, at interest or judiciously invested in land, they will be surprised at the pleasure to be derived from constantly adding to their little "pile," as well as from all the economical habits which are engendered by this course.

The old suit of clothes, and the old bonnet and dress, will answer for another season; the Croton or spring water will taste better than champagne; a cold bath and a brisk walk will prove more exhilarating than a ride in the finest coach; a social chat, an evening's reading in the family circle, or an hour's play of "hunt the slipper" and "blind man's buff," will be far more pleasant than a fifty or a five hundred dollar party, when the reflection on the difference in cost is indulged in by those who begin to know the pleasures of saving. Thousands of men are kept poor, and tens of thousands are made so after they have acquired quite sufficient to support them well through life, in consequence of laying their plans of living on too broad a platform. Some families expend twenty thousand dollars per annum, and some much more, and would scarcely know how to live on less, while others secure more solid enjoyment frequently on a twentieth part of that amount. Prosperity is a more severe ordeal than adversity, especially sudden prosperity. "Easy come, easy go," is an old and true proverb. A spirit of pride and vanity, when permitted to have full sway, is the undying canker worm which gnaws the very vitals of a man's worldly possessions, let them be small or great, hundreds or millions. Many persons, as they begin to prosper, immediately expand their ideas and commence expending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up their income, and they

become ruined in their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances, and make a "sensation."

I know a gentleman of fortune who says, that when he first began to prosper, his wife would have a new and elegant sofa. "That sofa," he says, "cost me thirty thousand dollars!" When the sofa reached the house, it was found necessary to get chairs to match; then sideboards, carpets and tables "to correspond" with them, and so on through the entire stock of furniture; when at last it was found that the house itself was quite too small and old-fashioned for the furniture, and a new one was built to correspond with the new purchases; "thus," added my friend, "summing up an outlay of thirty thousand dollars caused by that single sofa, and saddling on me, in the shape of servants, equipage, and the necessary expenses attendant upon keeping up a fine establishment, a yearly outlay of eleven thousand dollars, and a tight pinch at that; whereas, ten years ago, we lived with much more real comfort, because with much less care, on as many hundreds. The truth is," he continued, "that sofa would have brought me to inevitable bankruptcy, had not a most unexampled tide of prosperity kept me above it, and had I not checked the natural desire to 'cut a dash.'"

The foundation of success in life is good health; that is the substratum of fortune; it is also the basis of happiness. A person cannot accumulate a fortune very well when he is sick. He has no ambition; no incentive; no force. Of course, there are those who have bad health and cannot help it; you cannot expect that such persons can accumulate wealth; but there are a great many in poor health who need not be so.

If, then, sound health is the foundation of success and happiness in life, how important it is that we should study the laws of health, which is but another expression for the laws of nature! The closer we keep to the laws of nature, the nearer we are to good health, and yet how many persons there are who pay no attention to natural laws, but absolutely transgress them, even against their own natural inclination. We ought to know that the "sin of ignorance" is never winked at in regard to the violation of nature's laws; their infraction always brings the penalty. A child may thrust its finger into the flame without knowing it will burn, and so suffers; repentance even will not stop the smart. Many of our ancestors knew very little about the principle of ventilation. They did not know much about oxygen, whatever other "gin" they might have

been acquainted with; and consequently, they built their houses with little seven-by-nine feet bedrooms, and these good old pious Puritans would lock themselves up in one of these cells, say their prayers, and go to bed. In the morning they would devoutly return thanks for the "preservation of their lives," during the night, and nobody had better reason to be thankful. Probably some big crack in the window, or in the door, let in a little fresh air, and thus saved them.

Many persons knowingly violate the laws of nature against their better impulses, for the sake of fashion. For instance, there is one thing that nothing living except a vile worm ever naturally loved, and that is tobacco; yet how many persons there are who deliberately train an unnatural appetite, and overcome this implanted aversion for tobacco, to such a degree that they get to love it. They have got hold of a poisonous, filthy weed, or rather that takes a firm hold of them. Here are married men who run about spitting tobacco juice on the carpet and floors, and sometimes even upon their wives besides. They do not kick their wives out of doors like drunken men, but their wives, I have no doubt, often wish they were outside of the house. Another perilous feature is that this artificial appetite, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on"; when you love that which is unnatural, a stronger appetite is created for the hurtful thing than the natural desire for what is harmless. There is an old proverb which says that "habit is second nature," but an artificial habit is stronger than nature. Take for instance an old tobacco-chewer; his love for the "quid" is stronger than his love for any particular kind of food. He can give up roast beef easier than give up the weed.

Young lads regret that they are not men; they would like to go to bed boys and wake up men; and to accomplish this they copy the bad habits of their seniors. Little Tommy and Johnny see their fathers or uncles smoke a pipe and they say, "If I could only do that I would be a man too; uncle John has gone out and left his pipe of tobacco, let us try it." They take a match and light it, and then puff away. "We will learn to smoke; do you like it Johnny?" That lad dolefully replies: "Not very much; it tastes bitter"; by and by he grows pale, but he persists, and he soon offers up a sacrifice on the altar of fashion; but the boys stick to it and persevere until at last they conquer their natural appetites and become the victims of acquired tastes.

I speak "by the book," for I have noticed its effects on myself, having gone so far as to smoke ten or fifteen cigars a day, although I have not used the weed during the last fourteen years, and never shall again. The more a man smokes, the more he craves smoking; the last cigar smoked, simply excites the desire for another, and so on incessantly.

Take the tobacco-chewer. In the morning when he gets up, he puts a quid in his mouth and keeps it there all day, never taking it out except to exchange it for a fresh one, or when he is going to eat; oh! yes, at intervals during the day and evening, many a chewer takes out the quid and holds it in his hand long enough to take a drink, and then pop it goes back again. This simply proves that the appetite for rum is even stronger than that for tobacco. When the tobacco chewer goes to your country seat and you show him your grapery and fruit house and the beauties of your garden, when you offer him some fresh, ripe fruit, and say, "My friend, I have got here the most delicious apples and pears and peaches and apricots; I have imported them from Spain, France and Italy—just see those luscious grapes; there is nothing more delicious nor more healthy than ripe fruit, so help yourself; I want to see you delight yourself with these things," he will roll the dear quid under his tongue and answer, "No, I thank you, I have got tobacco in my mouth." His palate has become narcotized by the noxious weed, and he has lost, in a great measure, the delicate and enviable taste for fruits. This shows what expensive, useless and injurious habits men will get into. I speak from experience. I have smoked until I trembled like an aspen leaf, the blood rushed to my head, and I had a palpitation of the heart which I thought was heart disease, till I was almost killed with fright. When I consulted my physician, he said "break off tobacco using." I was not only injuring my health and spending a great deal of money, but I was setting a bad example. I obeyed his counsel. No young man in the world ever looked so beautiful, as he thought he did, behind a fifteen cent cigar or a meerschaum!

These remarks apply with tenfold force to the use of intoxicating drinks. To make money, requires a clear brain. A man has got to see that two and two make four; he must lay all his plans with reflection and forethought, and closely examine all the details and the ins and outs of business. As no man can succeed in business unless he has a brain to enable him to lay his plans, and reason to guide him in their

execution, so, no matter how bountifully a man may be blessed with intelligence, if the brain is muddled, and his judgment warped by intoxicating drinks, it is impossible for him to carry on business successfully. How many good opportunities have passed, never to return, while a man was sipping a "social glass," with his friend! How many foolish bargains have been made under the influence of the "nervine," which temporarily makes its victim think he is rich. How many important chances have been put off until tomorrow, and then forever, because the wine cup has thrown the system into a state of lassitude, neutralizing the energies so essential to success in business. Verily "wine is a mocker." The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is as much an infatuation, as is the smoking of opium by the Chinese, and the former is quite as destructive to the success of the business man as the latter. It is an unmitigated evil, utterly indefensible in the light of philosophy, religion, or good sense. It is the parent of nearly every other evil in our country.

Don't Mistake your Vocation.—The safest plan, and the one most sure of success for the young man starting in life, is to select the vocation which is most congenial to his tastes. Parents and guardians are often quite too negligent in regard to this. It is very common for a father to say, for example: "I have five boys. I will make Billy a clergyman; John a lawyer; Tom a doctor, and Dick a farmer." He then goes into town and looks about to see what he will do with Sammy. He returns home and says "Sammy, I see watch-making is a nice, genteel business; I think I will make you a goldsmith." He does this regardless of Sam's natural inclinations, or genius.

We are all, no doubt, born for a wise purpose. There is as much diversity in our brains as in our countenances. Some are born natural mechanics, while some have great aversion to machinery. Let a dozen boys of ten years get together and you will soon observe two or three are "whittling" out some ingenious device; working with locks or complicated machinery. When they were but five years old, their father could find no toy to please them like a puzzle. They are natural mechanics; but the other eight or nine boys have different aptitudes. I belong to the latter class; I never had the slightest love for mechanism; on the contrary, I have a sort of abhorrence for complicated machinery. I never had ingenuity enough to whittle a cider tap so it would not

leak. I never could make a pen that I could write with, or understand the principle of a steam engine. If a man was to take such a boy as I was and attempt to make a watchmaker of him, the boy might, after an apprenticeship of five or seven years, be able to take apart and put together a watch; but all through life he would be working up hill and seizing every excuse for leaving his work and idling away his time. Watch making is repulsive to him.

Unless a man enters upon the vocation intended for him by nature, and best suited to his peculiar genius, he cannot succeed. I am glad to believe that the majority of persons do find the right vocation. Yet we see many who have mistaken their calling, from the blacksmith up (or down) to the clergyman. You will see for instance, that extraordinary linguist the "learned blacksmith," who ought to have been a teacher of languages; and you may have seen lawyers, doctors and clergymen who were better fitted by nature for the anvil or the lapstone.

Select the Right Location.—After securing the right vocation, you must be careful to select the proper location. You may have been cut out for a hotel keeper, and they say it requires a genius to "know how to keep a hotel." You might conduct a hotel like clockwork, and provide satisfactorily for five hundred guests every day; yet, if you should locate your house in a small village where there is no railroad communication or public travel, the location would be your ruin. It is equally important that you do not commence business where there are already enough to meet all demands in the same occupation. I remember a case which illustrates this subject. When I was in London in 1858, I was passing down Holborn with an English friend and came to the "penny shows." They had immense cartoons outside, portraying the wonderful curiosities to be seen "all for a penny." Being a little in the "show line" myself, I said "let us go in here." We soon found ourselves in the presence of the illustrious showman, and he proved to be the sharpest man in that line I had ever met. He told us some extraordinary stories in reference to his bearded ladies, his Albinos, and his Armadillos, which we could hardly believe, but thought it "better to believe it than look after the proof." He finally begged to call our attention to some wax statuary, and showed us a lot of the dirtiest and filthiest wax figures imaginable. They looked as if they had not seen water since the Deluge.

"What is there so wonderful about your statuary?" I asked.

"I beg you not to speak so satirically," he replied, "Sir, these are not Madam Tussaud's wax figures, all covered with gilt and tinsel and imitation diamonds, and copied from engravings and photographs. Mine, sir, were taken from life. Whenever you look upon one of those figures, you may consider that you are looking upon the living individual."

Glancing casually at them, I saw one labelled "Henry VIII.," and feeling a little curious upon seeing that it looked like Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, I said:

"Do you call that 'Henry the Eighth'?"

He replied, "Certainly, sir; it was taken from life at Hampton Court by special order of his majesty, on such a day."

He would have given the hour of the day if I had insisted; I said "everybody knows that 'Henry VIII,' was a great stout old king, and that figure is lean and lank; what do you say to that?"

"Why," he replied, "you would be lean and lank yourself, if you sat there as long as he has."

There was no resisting such arguments. I said to my English friend, "Let us go out; do not tell him who I am; I show the white feather; he beats me."

He followed us to the door, and seeing the rabble in the street he called out, "ladies and gentlemen, I beg to draw your attention to the respectable character of my visitors," pointing to us as we walked away. I called upon him a couple of days afterwards; told him who I was, and said:

"My friend, you are an excellent showman, but you have selected a bad location."

He replied, "This is true, sir; I feel that all my talents are thrown away; but what can I do?"

"You can go to America," I replied. "You can give full play to your faculties over there; you will find plenty of elbow room in America; I will engage you for two years; after that you will be able to go on your own account."

He accepted my offer and remained two years in my New York Museum. He then went to New Orleans and carried on a travelling show business during the summer. Today he is worth sixty thousand dollars,

simply because he selected the right vocation and also secured the proper location. The old proverb says, "Three removes are as bad as a fire," but when a man is in the fire, it matters but little how soon or how often he removes.

Avoid Debt.—Young men starting in life should avoid running into debt. There is scarcely anything that drags a person down like debt. It is a slavish position to get in, yet we find many a young man hardly out of his "teens" running in debt. He meets a chum and says, "Look at this; I have got trusted for a new suit of clothes." He seems to look upon the clothes as so much given to him; well, it frequently is so, but, if he succeeds in paying and then gets trusted again, he is adopting a habit which will keep him in poverty through life. Debt robs a man of his self respect, and makes him almost despise himself. Grunting and groaning and working for what he has eaten up or worn out, and now when he is called upon to pay up, he has nothing to show for his money; this is properly termed "working for a dead horse." I do not speak of merchants buying and selling on credit, or of those who buy on credit in order to turn the purchase to a profit. The old Quaker said to his farmer son, "John, never get trusted; but if thee gets trusted for anything, let it be for manure, because that will help thee pay it back again."

Mr. Beecher advised young men to get in debt if they could to a small amount in the purchase of land in the country districts. "If a young man," he says, "will only get in debt for some land and then get married, these two things will keep him straight, or nothing will." This may be safe to a limited extent, but getting in debt for what you eat and drink and wear is to be avoided. Some families have a foolish habit of getting credit at "the stores," and thus frequently purchase many things which might have been dispensed with.

It is all very well to say, "I have got trusted for sixty days, and if I don't have the money, the creditor will think nothing about it." There is no class of people in the world who have such good memories as creditors. When the sixty days run out, you will have to pay. If you do not pay, you will break your promise and probably resort to a falsehood. You may make some excuse or get in debt elsewhere to pay it, but that only involves you the deeper.

A good looking, lazy young fellow, was the apprentice boy Horatio. His employer said, "Horatio, did you ever see a snail?" "I—think—I—have," he drawled out. "You must have met him then, for I am sure you never overtook one," said the "boss." Your creditor will meet you or overtake you and say, "Now, my young friend, you agreed to pay me; you have not done it, you must give me your note." You give the note on interest and it commences working against you; "it is a dead horse." The creditor goes to bed at night and wakes up in the morning better off than when he retired to bed because his interest has increased during the night, but you grow poorer while you are sleeping, for the interest is accumulating against you.

Money is in some respects like fire—it is a very excellent servant but a terrible master. When you have it mastering you, when interest is constantly piling up against you, it will keep you down in the worst kind of slavery. But let money work for you, and you have the most devoted servant in the world. It is no "eye-servant." There is nothing animate or inanimate that will work so faithfully as money when placed at interest, well secured. It works night and day, and in wet or dry weather.

I was born in the blue law State of Connecticut, where the old Puritans had laws so rigid that it was said, "they fined a man for kissing his wife on Sunday." Yet these rich old Puritans would have thousands of dollars at interest, and on Saturday night would be worth a certain amount; on Sunday they would go to church and perform all the duties of a Christian. On waking up on Monday morning, they would find themselves considerably richer than the Saturday night previous, simply because their money placed at interest had worked faithfully for them all day Sunday, according to law!

Do not let it work against you; If you do, there is no chance for success in life so far as money is concerned. John Randolph, the eccentric Virginian, once exclaimed in Congress, "Mr. Speaker, I have discovered the philosopher's stone: pay as you go." This is indeed nearer to the philosopher's stone than any alchemist has ever yet arrived.

Persevere.—When a man is in the right path, he must persevere. I speak of this because there are some persons who are "born tired"; naturally lazy and possessing no self reliance and no perseverance. But, they can cultivate these qualities, as Davy Crockett said:

"This thing remember, when I am dead,
Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

It is this go-aheaditiveness, this determination not to let the "horrors" or the "blues" take possession of you, so as to make you relax your energies in the struggle for independence, which you must cultivate.

How many have almost reached the goal of their ambition, but losing faith in themselves have relaxed their energies, and the golden prize has been lost forever.

It is, no doubt, often true, as Shakespeare says:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

If you hesitate, some bolder hand will stretch out before you and get the prize. Remember the proverb of Solomon: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Perseverance is sometimes but another word for self-reliance. Many persons naturally look on the dark side of life, and borrow trouble. They are born so. Then they ask for advice, and they will be governed by one wind and blown by another, and cannot rely upon themselves. Until you get so that you can rely upon yourself, you need not expect to succeed. I have known men personally who have met with pecuniary reverses, and absolutely committed suicide, because they thought they could never overcome their misfortune. But I have known others who have met more serious financial difficulties, and have bridged them over by simple perseverance, aided by a firm belief that they were doing justly, and that Providence would "overcome evil with good." You will see this illustrated in any sphere of life.

Take two Generals; both understand military tactics, both educated at West Point, if you please, both equally gifted; yet one, having this principle of perseverance, and the other lacking it, the former will succeed in his profession, while the latter will fail. One may hear the cry, "the enemy are coming, and they have got cannon."

"Got cannon?" says the hesitating General.

"Yes."

"Then halt every man."

He wants time to reflect; his hesitation is his ruin. The enemy passes unmolested, or overwhelms him. The General of pluck, perseverance and self reliance goes into battle with a will, and amid the clash of arms, the booming of cannon, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, you will see this man persevering, going on, cutting and slashing his way through with unwavering determination, and if you are near enough, you will hear him shout, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Whatever you do, do with all your might.—Work at it, if necessary, early and late, in season and out of season, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can be done just as well *now*. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many a man acquires a fortune by doing his business thoroughly, while his neighbor remains poor for life because he only half does it. Ambition, energy, industry, perseverance, are indispensable requisites for success in business.

Fortune always favors the brave, and never helps a man who does not help himself. It won't do to spend your time like Mr. Micawber, in waiting for something to "turn up." To such men one of two things usually "turns up": the poorhouse or the jail; for idleness breeds bad habits, and clothes a man in rags. The poor spendthrift vagabond said to a rich man:

"I have discovered there is money enough in the world for all of us, if it was equally divided; this must be done, and we shall all be happy together."

"But," was the response, "if everybody was like you, it would be spent in two months, and what would you do then?"

"Oh! divide again; keep dividing, of course!"

I was recently reading in a London paper an account of a like philosophic pauper who was kicked out of a cheap boardinghouse because he could not pay his bill, but he had a roll of papers sticking out of his coat pocket, which, upon examination, proved to be his plan for paying off the national debt of England without the aid of a penny. People have got to do as Cromwell said: "not only trust in Providence, but keep the powder dry." Do your part of the work, or you cannot succeed. Mahomet, one night, while encamping in the desert, overheard

one of his fatigued followers remark: "I will loose my camel, and trust it to God." "No, no, not so," said the prophet, "tie thy camel, and trust it to God!" Do all you can for yourselves, and then trust to Providence, or luck, or whatever you please to call it, for the rest.

Depend upon your own personal exertions.—The eye of the employer is often worth more than the hands of a dozen employees. In the nature of things, an agent cannot be so faithful to his employer as to himself. Many who are employers will call to mind instances where the best employees have overlooked important points which could not have escaped their own observation as a proprietor. No man has a right to expect to succeed in life unless he understands his business, and nobody can understand his business thoroughly unless he learns it by personal application and experience. A man may be a manufacturer; he has got to learn the many details of his business personally; he will learn something every day, and he will find he will make mistakes nearly every day. And these very mistakes are helps to him in the way of experiences if he but heeds them. He will be like the Yankee tin-peddler, who, having been cheated as to quality in the purchase of his merchandise, said: "All right, there's a little information to be gained every day; I will never be cheated in that way again." Thus a man buys his experience, and it is the best kind if not purchased at too dear a rate.

I hold that every man should, like Cuvier, the French naturalist, thoroughly know his business. So proficient was he in the study of natural history, that you might bring to him the bone or even a section of a bone of an animal which he had never seen described, and reasoning from analogy, he would be able to draw a picture of the object from which the bone had been taken. On one occasion his students attempted to deceive him. They rolled one of their number in a cow skin and put him under the Professor's table as a new specimen. When the philosopher came into the room, some of the students asked him what animal it was. Suddenly the animal said "I am the devil and I am going to eat you." It was but natural that Cuvier should desire to classify this creature, and examining it intently, he said, "Divided hoof; graminivorous! it cannot be done."

He knew that an animal with a split hoof must live upon grass and grain, or other kind of vegetation, and would not be inclined to eat

flesh, dead or alive, so he considered himself perfectly safe. The possession of a perfect knowledge of your business is an absolute necessity in order to insure success.

Among the maxims of the elder Rothschild was one, an apparent paradox: "Be cautious and bold." This seems to be a contradiction in terms, but it is not, and there is great wisdom in the maxim. It is, in fact, a condensed statement of what I have already said. It is to say, "you must exercise your caution in laying your plans, but be bold in carrying them out." A man who is all caution, will never dare to take hold and be successful; and a man who is all boldness, is merely reckless, and must eventually fail. A man may go on "'change" and make fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in speculating in stocks, at a single operation. But if he has simple boldness without caution, it is mere chance, and what he gains today he will lose tomorrow. You must have both the caution and the boldness, to insure success.

The Rothschilds have another maxim: "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place." That is to say, never have anything to do with a man or place which never succeeds, because, although a man may appear to be honest and intelligent, yet if he tries this or that thing and always fails, it is on account of some fault or infirmity that you may not be able to discover, but nevertheless which must exist.

There is no such thing in the world as luck. There never was a man who could go out in the morning and find a purse full of gold in the street today, and another tomorrow, and so on, day after day. He may do so once in his life; but so far as mere luck is concerned, he is as liable to lose it as to find it. "Like causes produce like effects." If a man adopts the proper methods to be successful, "luck" will not prevent him. If he does not succeed, there are reasons for it, although perhaps, he may not be able to see them.

Use the best tools.—Men in engaging employees should be careful to get the best. Understand, you cannot have too good tools to work with, and there is no tool you should be so particular about as living tools. If you get a good one, it is better to keep him, than keep changing. He learns something every day, and you are benefited by the experience he acquires. He is worth more to you this year than last, and he is the last man to part with, provided his habits are good and he continues faithful. If, as he gets more valuable, he demands an exorbitant in-

crease of salary on the supposition that you can't do without him, let him go. Whenever I have such an employee, I always discharge him; first, to convince him that his place may be supplied, and second, because he is good for nothing if he thinks he is invaluable and cannot be spared.

But I would keep him, if possible, in order to profit from the result of his experience. An important element in an employee is the brain. You can see bills up, "Hands Wanted," but "hands" are not worth a great deal without "heads." Mr. Beecher illustrates this, in this wise:

An employee offers his services by saying, "I have a pair of hands and one of my fingers thinks." "That is very good," says the employer. Another man comes along, and says "he has two fingers that think." "Ah! that is better." But a third calls in and says that "all his fingers and thumbs think." That is better still. Finally another steps in, and says, "I have a brain that thinks; I think all over; I am a thinking as well as a working man!" "You are the man I want," says the delighted employer.

Those men who have brains and experience are therefore the most valuable and not to be readily parted with; it is better for them, as well as yourself, to keep them, at reasonable advances in their salaries from time to time.

Don't get above your business.—Young men after they get through their business training, or apprenticeship, instead of pursuing their avocation and rising in their business, will often lie about doing nothing. They say, "I have learned my business, but I am not going to be a hireling; what is the object of learning my trade or profession, unless I establish myself?"

"Have you capital to start with?"

"No, but I am going to have it."

"How are you going to get it?"

"I will tell you confidentially; I have a wealthy old aunt, and she will die pretty soon; but if she does not, I expect to find some rich old man who will lend me a few thousands to give me a start. If I only get the money to start with I will do well."

There is no greater mistake than when a young man believes he will succeed with borrowed money. Why? Because every man's experience coincides with that of Mr. Astor, who said, 'it was more difficult for him to accumulate his first thousand dollars, than all the succeeding

millions that made up his colossal fortune.' Money is good for nothing unless you know the value of it by experience. Give a boy twenty thousand dollars and put him in business and the chances are that he will lose every dollar of it before he is a year older. Like buying a ticket in the lottery, and drawing a prize, it is "easy come, easy go." He does not know the value of it; nothing is worth anything, unless it costs effort. Without self denial and economy, patience and perseverance, and commencing with capital which you have not earned, you are not sure to succeed in accumulating. Young men instead of "waiting for dead men's shoes" should be up and doing, for there is no class of persons who are so unaccommodating in regard to dying as these rich old people, and it is fortunate for the expectant heirs that it is so. Nine out of ten of the rich men of our country today, started out in life as poor boys, with determined wills, industry, perseverance, economy and good habits. They went on gradually, made their own money and saved it; and this is the best way to acquire a fortune. Stephen Girard started life as a poor cabin boy, and died worth nine million dollars. A. T. Stewart was a poor Irish boy; now he pays taxes on a million and a half dollars of income, per year. John Jacob Astor was a poor farmer boy, and died worth twenty millions. Cornelius Vanderbilt began life rowing a boat from Staten Island to New York; now he presents our government with a steamship worth a million of dollars, and he is worth fifty millions.

"There is no royal road to learning," says the proverb, and I may say it is equally true, "there is no royal road to wealth." But I think there is a royal road to both. The road to learning is a royal one; the road that enables the student to expand his intellect and add every day to his stock of knowledge, until, in the pleasant process of intellectual growth, he is able to solve the most profound problems, to count the stars, to analyze every atom of the globe, and to measure the firmament—this is a regal highway, and it is the only road worth travelling.

So in regard to wealth. Go on in confidence, study the rules, and above all things, study human nature; for "the proper study of mankind is man," and you will find that while expanding the intellect and the muscles, your enlarged experience will enable you every day to accumulate more and more principal, which will increase itself by interest and otherwise, until you arrive at a state of independence. You will

find, as a general thing, that the poor boys get rich and the rich boys get poor. For instance, a rich man at his decease, leaves a large estate to his family. His eldest sons, who have helped him earn his fortune, know by experience the value of money, and they take their inheritance and add to it. The separate portions of the young children are placed at interest, and the little fellows are patted on the head, and told a dozen times a day, "you are rich; you will never have to work, you can always have whatever you wish, for you were born with a golden spoon in your mouth." The young heir soon finds out what that means; he has the finest dresses and playthings; he is crammed with sugar candies and almost "killed with kindness," and he passes from school to school, petted and flattered. He becomes arrogant and self-conceited, abuses his teachers, and carries everything with a high hand. He knows nothing of the real value of money, having never earned any; but he knows all about the "golden spoon" business. At college, he invites his poor fellow-students to his room where he "wines and dines" them. He is cajoled and caressed, and called a glorious good fellow, because he is so lavish of his money. He gives his game suppers, drives his fast horses, invites his chums to fêtes and parties, determined to have lots of "good times." He spends the night in frolics and debauchery, and leads off his companions with the familiar song, "we won't go home till morning." He gets them to join him in pulling down signs, taking gates from their hinges and throwing them into back yards and horse-ponds. If the police arrest them, he knocks them down, is taken to the lockup, and joyfully foots the bills.

"Ah! my boys," he cries, "what is the use of being rich, if you can't enjoy yourself?"

He might more truly say, "if you can't make a fool of yourself"; but he is "fast," hates slow things, and don't "see it." Young men loaded down with other people's money are almost sure to lose all they inherit, and they acquire all sorts of bad habits which, in the majority of cases, ruins them in health, purse and character. In this country, one generation follows another, and the poor of today are rich in the next generation, or the third. Their experience leads them on, and they become rich, and they leave vast riches to their young children. These children, having been reared in luxury, are inexperienced and get poor; and after long experience another generation comes on and gathers up riches

again in turn. And thus "history repeats itself," and happy is he who by listening to the experience of others avoids the rocks and shoals on which so many have been wrecked.

Learn something useful.—Every man should make his son or daughter learn some trade or profession, so that in these days of changing fortunes—of being rich today and poor tomorrow—they may have something tangible to fall back upon. This provision might save many persons from misery, who by some unexpected turn of fortune have lost all their means.

Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary.—Many persons are always kept poor, because they are too visionary. Every project looks to them like certain success, and therefore they keep changing from one business to another, always in hot water, always "under the harrow." The plan of "counting the chickens before they are hatched" is an error of ancient date, but it does not seem to improve by age.

Do not scatter your powers.—Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until your experience shows that you should abandon it. A constant hammering on one nail will generally drive it home at last, so that it can be clinched. When a man's undivided attention is centred on one object, his mind will constantly be suggesting improvements of value, which would escape him if his brain was occupied by a dozen different subjects at once. Many a fortune has slipped through a man's fingers because he was engaging in too many occupations at a time. There is good sense in the old caution against having too many irons in the fire at once.

Be systematic.—Men should be systematic in their business. A person who does business by rule, having a time and place for everything, doing his work promptly, will accomplish twice as much and with half the trouble of him who does it carelessly and slipshod. By introducing system into all your transactions, doing one thing at a time, always meeting appointments with punctuality, you find leisure for pastime and recreation; whereas the man who only half does one thing, and then turns to something else and half does that, will have his business at loose ends, and will never know when his day's work is done, for it never will be done. Of course there is a limit to all these rules. We must try to preserve the happy medium, for there is such a thing as being too systematic. There are men and women, for instance, who put

away things so carefully that they can never find them again. It is too much like the "red tape" formality at Washington and Mr. Dickens' "Circumlocution Office,"—all theory and no result.

When the "Astor House" was first started in New York City, it was undoubtedly the best hotel in the country. The proprietors had learned a good deal in Europe regarding hotels, and the landlords were proud of the rigid system which pervaded every department of their great establishment. When twelve o'clock at night had arrived and there were a number of guests around, one of the proprietors would say, "Touch that bell, John"; and in two minutes sixty servants with a water bucket in each hand, would present themselves in the hall. "This," said the landlord, addressing his guests, "is our fire bell; it will show you we are quite safe here; we do everything systematically." This was before the Croton water was introduced into the city. But they sometimes carried their system too far. On one occasion when the hotel was thronged with guests, one of the waiters was suddenly indisposed, and although there were fifty waiters in the hotel, the landlord thought he must have his full complement, or his "system" would be interfered with. Just before dinner time he rushed downstairs and said, "There must be another waiter, I am one waiter short, what can I do?" He happened to see "Boots" the Irishman. "Pat," said he, "wash your hands and face; take that white apron and come into the dining room in five minutes." Presently Pat appeared as required, and the proprietor said: "Now Pat, you must stand behind these two chairs and wait on the gentlemen who will occupy them; did you ever act as a waiter?"

"I know all about it sure, but I never did it."

Like the Irish pilot, on one occasion when the captain, thinking he was considerably out of his course, asked, "Are you certain you understand what you are doing?"

Pat replied, "Sure and I knows every rock in the channel."

That moment "bang" thumped the vessel against a rock.

"Ah! be jabers, and that is one of 'em," continued the pilot. But to return to the dining-room. "Pat," said the landlord, "here we do everything systematically. You must first give the gentlemen each a plate of soup, and when they finish that, ask them what they will have next."

Pat replied, "Ah! an' I understand parfectly the vartues of shystem."

Very soon in came the guests. The plates of soup were placed before them. One of Pat's two gentlemen ate his soup, the other did not care for it. He said "Waiter, take this plate away and bring me some fish." Pat looked at the untasted plate of soup, and remembering the injunctions of the landlord in regard to "system," replied:

"Not till ye have ate yer supe!"

Of course that was carrying "system" entirely too far.

Read the newspapers.—Always take a trustworthy newspaper and thus keep thoroughly posted in regard to the transactions of the world. He who is without a newspaper is cut off from his species. In these days of telegraphs and steam, many important inventions and improvements in every branch of trade are being made, and he who don't consult the newspapers will soon find himself and his business left out in the cold.

Beware of "outside operations."—We sometimes see men who have obtained fortunes, suddenly become poor. In many cases this arises from intemperance, and often from gaming, and other bad habits. Frequently it occurs because a man has been engaged in "outside operations," of some sort. When he gets rich in his legitimate business, he is told of a grand speculation where he can make a score of thousands. He is constantly flattered by his friends, who tell him that he is born lucky, that everything he touches turns into gold. Now if he forgets that his economical habits, his rectitude of conduct and a personal attention to a business which he understood, caused his success in life, he will listen to the siren voices. He says:

"I will put in twenty thousand dollars. I have been lucky, and my good luck will soon bring me back sixty thousand dollars."

A few days elapse and it is discovered he must put in ten thousand dollars more; soon after he is told "it is all right," but certain matters not foreseen require an advance of twenty thousand dollars more, which will bring him a rich harvest; but before the time comes around to realize, the bubble bursts, he loses all he is possessed of, and then he learns what he ought to have known at the first, that however successful a man may be in his own business, if he turns from that and engages in a business which he don't understand he is like Sampson when shorn of his locks—his strength has departed, and he becomes like other men.

If a man has plenty of money he ought to invest something in everything that appears to promise success and that will probably benefit mankind; but let the sums thus invested be moderate in amount, and never let a man foolishly jeopardize a fortune that he has earned in a legitimate way, by investing it in things in which he has had no experience.

Don't endorse without security.—I hold that no man ought ever to endorse a note or become security for any man, be it his father or brother, to a greater extent than he can afford to lose and care nothing about, without taking good security. Here is a man that is worth twenty thousand dollars; he is doing a thriving manufacturing or mercantile trade; you are retired and living on your money; he comes to you and says:

"You are aware that I am worth twenty thousand dollars, and don't owe a dollar; if I had five thousand dollars in cash, I could purchase a particular lot of goods and double my money in a couple of months; will you endorse my note for that amount?"

You reflect that he is worth twenty thousand dollars, and you incur no risk by indorsing his note; you like to accommodate him, and you lend your name without taking the precaution of getting security. Shortly after, he shows you the note with your endorsement cancelled, and tells you, probably truly, "that he made the profit that he expected by the operation," you reflect that you have done a good action, and the thought makes you feel happy. By and by, the same thing occurs again, and you do it again; you have already fixed the impression in your mind that it is perfectly safe to endorse his notes without security.

But the trouble is, this man is getting money too easily. He has only to take your note to the bank, get it discounted and take the cash. He gets money for the time being without effort; without inconvenience to himself. Now mark the result. He sees a chance for speculation outside of his business. A temporary investment of only $10,000 is required. It is sure to come back before a note at the bank would be due. He places a note for that amount before you. You sign it almost mechanically. Being firmly convinced that your friend is responsible and trustworthy, you endorse his notes as "a matter of course."

Unfortunately the speculation does not come to a head quite so soon as was expected, and another $10,000 note must be discounted to take

up the last one when due. Before this note matures the speculation has proved an utter failure and all the money is lost. Does the loser tell his friend, the endorser, that he has lost half of his fortune? Not at all. He don't even mention that he has speculated at all. But he has got excited; the spirit of speculation has seized him; he sees others making large sums in this way (we seldom hear of the losers), and like other speculators, he "looks for his money where he loses it." He tries again. Endorsing his notes has become chronic with you, and at every loss he gets your signature for whatever amount he wants. Finally you discover your friend has lost all of his property and all of yours. You are overwhelmed with astonishment and grief, and you say "it is a hard thing, my friend here has ruined me," but, you should add, "I have also ruined him." If you had said in the first place, "I will accommodate you, but I never endorse without taking ample security," he could not have gone beyond the length of his tether and he would never have been tempted away from his legitimate business. It is a very dangerous thing, therefore, at any time, to let people get possession of money too easily; it tempts them to hazardous speculations, if nothing more. Solomon truly said "he that hateth suretiship is sure."

So with the young man starting in business; let him understand the value of money by earning it. When he does understand its value, then grease the wheels a little in helping him to start business, but remember men who get money with too great facility cannot usually succeed. You must get the first dollars by hard knocks, and at some sacrifice, in order to appreciate the value of those dollars.

Advertise your business.—We all depend, more or less, upon the public for our support. We all trade with the public—lawyers, doctors, shoemakers, artists, blacksmiths, showmen, opera singers, railroad presidents, and college professors. Those who deal with the public must be careful that their goods are valuable; that they are genuine, and will give satisfaction. When you get an article which you know is going to please your customers, and that when they have tried it, they will feel they have got their money's worth, then let the fact be known that you have got it. Be careful to advertise it in some shape or other, because it is evident that if a man has ever so good an article for sale, and nobody knows it, it will bring him no return. In a country like this, where nearly everybody reads, and where newspapers are issued and

circulated in editions of five thousand to two hundred thousand, it would be very unwise if this channel was not taken advantage of to reach the public in advertising. A newspaper goes into the family and is read by wife and children, as well as the head of the house; hence hundreds and thousands of people may read your advertisement, while you are attending to your routine business. Many, perhaps, read it while you are asleep. The whole philosophy of life is, first "sow," then "reap." That is the way the farmer does; he plants his potatoes and corn, and sows his grain, and then goes about something else, and the time comes when he reaps. But he never reaps first and sows afterwards. This principle applies to all kinds of business, and to nothing more eminently than to advertising. If a man has a genuine article, there is no way in which he can reap more advantageously than by "sowing" to the public in this way. He must, of course, have a really good article, and one which will please his customers; anything spurious will not succeed permanently, because the public is wiser than many imagine. Men and women are selfish, and we all prefer purchasing where we can get the most for our money; and we try to find out where we can most surely do so.

You may advertise a spurious article, and induce many people to call and buy it once, but they will denounce you as an imposter and swindler, and your business will gradually die out, and leave you poor. This is right. Few people can safely depend upon chance custom. You all need to have your customers return and purchase again. A man said to me, "I have tried advertising, and did not succeed; yet I have a good article."

I replied, "My friend, there may be exceptions to a general rule. But how do you advertise?"

"I put it in a weekly newspaper three times, and paid a dollar and a half for it."

I replied: "Sir, advertising is like learning—'a little is a dangerous thing.'"

A French writer says that "The reader of a newspaper does not see the first insertion of an ordinary advertisement; the second insertion he sees, but does not read; the third insertion he reads; the fourth insertion, he looks at the price; the fifth insertion, he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth insertion, he is ready to purchase, and the seventh insertion,

he purchases." Your object in advertising is to make the public understand what you have got to sell, and if you have not the pluck to keep advertising, until you have imparted that information, all the money you have spent is lost. You are like the fellow who told the gentleman if he would give him ten cents it would save him a dollar. "How can I help you so much with so small a sum?" asked the gentleman in surprise. "I started out this morning (hiccupped the fellow) with the full determination to get drunk, and I have spent my only dollar to accomplish the object, and it has not quite done it. Ten cents worth more of whiskey would just do it, and in this manner I should save the dollar already expended."

So a man who advertises at all must keep it up until the public know who and what he is, and what his business is, or else the money invested in advertising is lost.

Some men have a peculiar genius for writing a striking advertisement, one that will arrest the attention of the reader at first sight. This tact, of course, gives the advertiser a great advantage. Sometimes a man makes himself popular by an unique sign or a curious display in his window. Recently I observed a swing sign extending over the sidewalk in front of a store, on which was the inscription, in plain letters,

"Don't Read the Other Side."

Of course I did, and so did everybody else, and I learned that the man had made an independence by first attracting the public to his business in that way and then using his customers well afterwards.

Genin, the hatter, bought the first Jenny Lind ticket at auction for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, because he knew it would be a good advertisement for him. "Who is the bidder?" said the auctioneer, as he knocked down that ticket at Castle Garden. "Genin, the hatter," was the response. Here were thousands of people from the Fifth Avenue, and from distant cities in the highest stations in life. "Who is 'Genin,' the hatter?" they exclaimed. They had never heard of him before. The next morning the newspapers and telegraph had circulated the facts from Maine to Texas, and from five to ten millions of people had read that the tickets sold at auction for Jenny Lind's first concert amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, and that a single ticket was sold at two hundred and twenty-five dollars, to "Genin, the hatter." Men throughout the country involuntarily took off their hats to see if

they had a "Genin" hat on their heads. At a town in Iowa it was found that in the crowd around the Post Office, there was one man who had a "Genin" hat, and he showed it in triumph, although it was worn out and not worth two cents. "Why," one man exclaimed, "you have a real 'Genin' hat; what a lucky fellow you are." Another man said "Hang on to that hat, it will be a valuable heirloom in your family." Still another man in the crowd, who seemed to envy the possessor of this good fortune, said, "come, give us all a chance; put it up at auction!" He did so, and it was sold as a keepsake for nine dollars and fifty cents! What was the consequence to Mr. Genin? He sold ten thousand extra hats per annum, the first six years. Nine-tenths of the purchasers bought of him, probably, out of curiosity, and many of them, finding that he gave them an equivalent for their money, became his regular customers. This novel advertisement first struck their attention, and then as he made a good article, they came again.

Now, I don't say that everybody should advertise as Mr. Genin did. But I say if a man has got goods for sale, and he don't advertise them in some way, the chances are that some day the sheriff will do it for him. Nor do I say that everybody must advertise in a newspaper, or indeed use "printers' ink" at all. On the contrary, although that article is indispensable in the majority of cases, yet doctors and clergymen, and sometimes lawyers and some others can more effectually reach the public in some other manner. But it is obvious, they must be known in some way, else how could they be supported?

Be polite and kind to your customers. Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business. Large stores, gilt signs, flaming advertisements, will all prove unavailing if you or your employees treat your patrons abruptly. The truth is, the more kind and liberal a man is, the more generous will be the patronage bestowed upon him. "Like begets like." The man who gives the greatest amount of goods of a corresponding quality for the least sum (still reserving to himself a profit) will generally succeed best in the long run. This brings us to the golden rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them," and they will do better by you than if you always treated them as if you wanted to get the most you could out of them for the least return. Men who drive sharp bargains with their customers, acting as if they never expected to see them again, will not be mistaken. They nev-

er will see them again as customers. People don't like to pay and get kicked also.

One of the ushers in my Museum once told me he intended to whip a man who was in the lecture room as soon as he came out.

"What for?" I inquired.

"Because he said I was no gentleman," replied the usher.

"Never mind," I replied, "he pays for that, and you will not convince him you are a gentleman by whipping him. I cannot afford to lose a customer. If you whip him, he will never visit the Museum again, and he will induce friends to go with him to other places of amusement instead of this, and thus, you see, I should be a serious loser."

"But he insulted me," muttered the usher.

"Exactly," I replied, "and if he owned the Museum, and you had paid him for the privilege of visiting it, and he had then insulted you, there might be some reason in your resenting it, but in this instance he is the man who pays, while we receive, and you must, therefore, put up with his bad manners."

My usher laughingly remarked, that this was undoubtedly the true policy, but he added that he should not object to an increase of salary if he was expected to be abused in order to promote my interests.

Be charitable.—Of course men should be charitable, because it is a duty and a pleasure. But even as a matter of policy, if you possess no higher incentive, you will find that the liberal man will command patronage, while the sordid, uncharitable miser will be avoided.

Solomon says: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Of course the only true charity is that which is from the heart.

The best kind of charity is to help those who are willing to help themselves. Promiscuous almsgiving, without inquiring into the worthiness of the applicant, is bad in every sense. But to search out and quietly assist those who are struggling for themselves, is the kind that "scattereth and yet increaseth." But don't fall into the idea that some persons practise, of giving a prayer instead of a potato, and a benediction instead of bread, to the hungry. It is easier to make Christians with full stomachs than empty.

Don't blab.—Some men have a foolish habit of telling their business secrets. If they make money they like to tell their neighbors how it was

done. Nothing is gained by this, and ofttimes much is lost. Say nothing about your profits, your hopes, your expectations, your intentions. And this should apply to letters as well as to conversation. Goethe makes Mephistophiles say: "never write a letter nor destroy one." Business men must write letters, but they should be careful what they put in them. If you are losing money, be specially cautious and not tell of it, or you will lose your reputation.

Preserve your integrity.—It is more precious than diamonds or rubies. The old miser said to his sons: "Get money; get it honestly, if you can, but get money." This advice was not only atrociously wicked, but it was the very essence of stupidity. It was as much as to say, "if you find it difficult to obtain money honestly, you can easily get it dishonestly. Get it in that way." Poor fool! Not to know that the most difficult thing in life is to make money dishonestly! not to know that our prisons are full of men who attempted to follow this advice; not to understand that no man can be dishonest without soon being found out, and that when his lack of principle is discovered, nearly every avenue to success is closed against him forever. The public very properly shun all whose integrity is doubted. No matter how polite and pleasant and accommodating a man may be, none of us dare to deal with him if we suspect "false weights and measures." Strict honesty not only lies at the foundation of all success in life (financially), but in every other respect. Uncompromising integrity of character is invaluable. It secures to its possessor a peace and joy which cannot be attained without it—which no amount of money, or houses and lands can purchase. A man who is known to be strictly honest, may be ever so poor, but he has the purses of all the community at his disposal;—for all know that if he promises to return what he borrows, he will never disappoint them. As a mere matter of selfishness, therefore, if a man had no higher motive for being honest, all will find that the maxim of Dr. Franklin can never fail to be true, that "honesty is the best policy."

To get rich, is not always equivalent to being successful. "There are many rich poor men," while there are many others, honest and devout men and women, who have never possessed so much money as some rich persons squander in a week, but who are nevertheless really richer and happier than any man can ever be while he is a transgressor of the higher laws of his being.

The inordinate love of money, no doubt, may be and is "the root of all evil," but money itself, when properly used, is not only a "handy thing to have in the house," but affords the gratification of blessing our race by enabling its possessor to enlarge the scope of human happiness and human influence. The desire for wealth is nearly universal, and none can say it is not laudable, provided the possessor of it accepts its responsibilities, and uses it as a friend to humanity.

The history of money getting, which is commerce, is a history of civilization, and wherever trade has flourished most, there, too, have art and science produced the noblest fruits. In fact, as a general thing, money getters are the benefactors of our race. To them, in a great measure, are we indebted for our institutions of learning and of art, our academies, colleges and churches. It is no argument against the desire for, or the possession of wealth, to say that there are sometimes misers who hoard money only for the sake of hoarding, and who have no higher aspiration than to grasp everything which comes within their reach. As we have sometimes hypocrites in religion, and demagogues in politics, so there are occasionally misers among money getters. These, however, are only exceptions to the general rule. But when, in this country, we find such a nuisance and stumbling block as a miser, we remember with gratitude that in America we have no laws of primogeniture, and that in the due course of nature the time will come when the hoarded dust will be scattered for the benefit of mankind. To all men and women, therefore, do I conscientiously say, make money honestly, and not otherwise, for Shakespeare has truly said, "He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends."

Nearly every paper in London had something to say about my lecture, and in almost every instance the matter and manner of the lecturer were unqualifiedly approved. Indeed, the profusion of praise quite overwhelmed me. The London *Times*, December 30, 1858, concluded a half-column criticism with the following paragraph:

"We are bound to admit that Mr. Barnum is one of the most entertaining lecturers that ever addressed an audience on a theme universally intelligible. The appearance of Mr. Barnum, it should be added, has nothing of the charlatan about it, but is that of the thoroughly re-

spectable man of business; and he has at command a fund of dry humor that convulses everybody with laughter, while he himself remains perfectly serious. A sonorous voice and an admirably clear delivery complete his qualifications as a lecturer, in which capacity he is no humbug, either in a higher or lower sense of the word."

The London *Morning Post*, the *Advertiser*, the *Chronicle*, the *Telegraph*, the *Herald*, the *News*, the *Globe*, the *Sun*, and other lesser journals of the same date, all contained lengthy and favorable notices and criticisms of my lecture. My own lavish advertisements were as nothing to the notoriety which the London newspapers voluntarily and editorially gave to my new enterprise. The weekly and literary papers followed in the train; and even *Punch*, which had already done so much to keep Tom Thumb before the public, gave me a half-page notice, with an illustration, and thereafter favored me with frequent paragraphs. The city thus prepared the provinces to give me a cordial reception.

During the year 1859, I delivered this lecture nearly one hundred times in different parts of England, returning occasionally to London to repeat it to fresh audiences, and always with pecuniary success. Every provincial paper had something to say about Barnum and "The Art of Money Getting," and I was never more pleasantly or profusely advertised. The tour, too, made me acquainted with many new people and added fresh and fast friends to my continually increasing list. My lecturing season is among my most grateful memories of England.

Remembering my experiences, some years before, with General Tom Thumb at Oxford and Cambridge, and the fondness of the undergraduates for practical joking, I was quite prepared when I made up my mind to visit those two cities, to take any quantity of "chaff" and lampooning which the University boys might choose to bring. I was sure of a full house in each city, and as I was anxious to earn all the money I could, so as to hasten my deliverance from financial difficulties, I fully resolved to put up with whatever offered—indeed, I rather liked the idea of an episode in the steady run of praise which had followed my lecture everywhere, and I felt, too, in the coming encounter that I might give quite as much as I was compelled to take.

I commenced at Cambridge, and, as I expected, to an overflowing house, largely composed of undergraduates. Soon after I began to speak, one of the

young men called out: "Where is Joice Heth?" to which I very coolly replied:

"Young gentleman, please to restrain yourself till the conclusion of the lecture, when I shall take great delight in affording you, or any others of her posterity, all the information I possess concerning your deceased relative."

This reply turned the laugh against the youthful and anxious inquirer and had the effect of keeping other students quiet for a half hour. Thereafter, questions of a similar character were occasionally propounded, but as each inquirer generally received a prompt Roland for his Oliver, there was far less interruption than I had anticipated. The proceeds of the evening were more than one hundred pounds sterling, an important addition to my treasury at that time. At the close of the lecture, several students invited me to a sumptuous supper where I met, among other undergraduates, a nephew of Lord Macaulay, the historian. This young gentleman insisted upon my breakfasting with him at his rooms next morning, but as I was anxious to take an early train for London, I only called to leave my card, and after his "gyp" had given me a strong cup of coffee, I hastened away, leaving the young Macaulay, whom I did not wish to disturb, fast asleep in bed.

At Oxford the large hall was filled half an hour before the time announced for the lecture to begin and the sale of tickets was stopped. I then stepped upon the platform, and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: As every seat is occupied and the ticket-office is closed, I propose to proceed with my lecture now, and not keep you waiting till the advertised hour."

"Good for you, old Barnum," said one; "Time is money," said another; "Nothing like economy," came from a third, and other remarks and exclamations followed which excited much laughter in the audience. Holding up my hand as a signal that I was anxious to say something so soon as silence should be restored, I thus addressed my audience:

"Young gentlemen, I have a word or two to say, in order that we may have a thorough understanding between ourselves at the outset. I see symptoms of a pretty jolly time here this evening, and you have paid me liberally for the single hour of my time which is at your service. I am an old traveller and an old showman, and I like to please my patrons. Now, it is quite immaterial to me; you may furnish the entertainment for the hour, or I will endeavor to do so, or we will take portions of the time by turns—you supplying a part of the amusement, and I a part;—as we say sometimes in America, 'you pays your money, and you takes your choice.'"

My auditors were in the best of humor from the beginning, and my frankness pleased them. "Good for you, old Barnum," cried their leader; and I went on with my lecture for some fifteen minutes, when a voice called out:

"Come, old chap! you must be tired by this time; hold up now till we sing 'Yankee Doodle,'" whereupon they all joined in that pleasing air with a vigor which showed that they had thoroughly prepared themselves for the occasion, and meanwhile I took a chair and sat down to show them that I was quite satisfied with their manner of passing the time. When the song was concluded, the leader of the party said: "Now, Mr. Barnum, you may go ahead again."

I looked at my watch and quietly remarked, "Oh! there is time for lots of fun yet; we have nearly forty minutes of the hour remaining," and I proceeded with my lecture, or rather a lecture, for I began to adapt my remarks to the audience and the occasion. At intervals of ten minutes, or so, came interruptions which I, as my audience saw, fully enjoyed as much as the house did. When this miscellaneous entertainment was concluded, and I stopped short at the end of the hour, crowds of the young men pressed forward to shake hands with me, declaring that they had had a "jolly good time," while the leader said: "Stay with us a week, Barnum, and we will dine you, wine you, and give you full houses every night." But I was announced to lecture in London the next evening and I could not accept the pressing invitation, though I would gladly have stayed through the week. They asked me all sorts of questions about America, the Museum, my various shows and successes, and expressed the hope that I would come out of my clock troubles all right.

At least a score of them pressed me to breakfast with them next morning, but I declined, till one young gentleman put it on this purely personal ground: "My dear sir, you must breakfast with me; I have almost split my throat in screaming here tonight and it is only fair that you should repay me by coming to see me in the morning." This appeal was irresistible, and at the appointed time I met him and half a dozen of his friends at his table and we spent a very pleasant hour together. They complimented me on the tact and equanimity I had exhibited the previous evening, but I replied: "Oh! I was quite inclined to have you enjoy your fun, and came fully prepared for it."

But they liked better, they said, to get the party angry. A fortnight before, they told me, my friend Howard Paul had left them in disgust, because they insisted upon smoking while his wife was on the stage, adding that the en-

tertainment was excellent and that Howard Paul could have made a thousand pounds if he had not let his anger drive him away. My newfound friends parted with me at the railway station, heartily urging me to come again, and my ticket seller returned £169 as the immediate result of an evening's good-natured fun with the Oxford boys.

After delivering my lecture many times in different places, a prominent publishing house in London, offered me £1,200 ($6,000,) for the copyright. This offer I declined, not that I thought the lecture worth more money, but because I had engaged to deliver it in several towns and cities, and I thought the publication would be detrimental to the public delivery of my lecture. It was a source of very considerable emolument to me, bringing in much money, which went towards the redemption of my pecuniary obligations, so that the lecture itself was an admirable illustration of "The Art of Money Getting."

# XXXII

## An Enterprising Englishman

An English Yankee—My First Interview with Him—His Plans Based on Barnum's Book—Advertising for Partners—How My Rules Made Him Rich—Method in Madness—The "Barnum" of Bury—Dinner to Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt—My Agent in Paris—Measuring a Monster—How Giants and Dwarfs Stretch and Contract—An Unwilling Frenchman—A Persistent Measurer—A Gigantic Humbug—The Steam-Engines "Barnum" and "Charity"—What "Charity" Did for "Barnum"—Selling the Same Goods a Thousand Times—The Great Cakes—Simnel Sunday—The Sanitary Commission Fair.

While visiting Manchester, in 1858, I was invited by Mr. Peacock, the lessee, to deliver a lecture in "Free Trade Hall." I gave a lecture, the title of which I now forget; but I well remember it contained numerous personal reminiscences. The next day a gentleman sent his card to my room at the hotel where I was stopping. I requested the servant to show the gentleman up at once, and he soon appeared and introduced himself. At first he seemed somewhat embarrassed, but gradually broke the ice by saying he had been pleased in listening to my lecture the previous evening, and added that he knew my history pretty well, as he had read my autobiography. As his embarrassment at first meeting with a stranger wore away, he informed me that he was joint proprietor with another gentleman in a "cotton-mill" in Bury, near Manchester, "although," he modestly added, "only a few years ago I was working as a journeyman, and probably should have been at this time, had it not been for your book." Observing my surprise at this announcement, he continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Barnum, upon reading your autobiography, I thought I perceived you tried to make yourself out something worse than you really

were; for I discovered a pleasant spirit and a good heart under the rougher exterior in which you chose to present yourself to the public; but," he added, "after reading your life I found myself in possession of renewed strength, and awakened energies and aspirations, and I said to myself, 'Why can't I go ahead and make money as Barnum did? He commenced without money and succeeded; why may not I?' In this train of thought," he continued, "I went to a newspaper office and advertised for a partner with money to join me in establishing a cotton-mill. I had no applications, and, remembering your experiences when you had money and wanted a partner, I spent half a crown in a similar experiment. I advertised for a partner to join a man who had plenty of capital. Then I had lots of applicants ready to introduce me into all sorts of occupations, from that of a banker to that of a horse-jockey or gambler, if I would only furnish the money to start with. After a while, I advertised again for a partner, and obtained one with money. We have a good mill. I devote myself closely to business, and have been very successful. I know every line in your book; so, indeed, do several members of my family; and I have conducted my business on the principles laid down in your published 'Rules for Moneymaking.' I find them correct principles; and, sir, I have sought this interview in order to thank you for publishing your autobiography, and to tell you that to that act of yours I attribute my present position in life."

Of course, I was pleased and surprised at this revelation, and, feeling that my new friend, whom I will call Mr. Wilson,[2] had somewhat exaggerated the results of my labors as influencing his own, I said:

"Your statement is certainly very flattering, and I am glad if I have been able in any manner, through my experiences, to aid you in starting in life; but I presume your genius would have found vent in good time if I had never written a book."

"No, indeed it would not," he replied, in an earnest tone; "I am sure I should have worked as a mill-hand all my life if it had not been for you. Oh, I have made no secret of it," he continued; "the commercial men with whom I deal know all about it: indeed, they call me 'Barnum' on 'change here in Manchester."

This singular yet gratifying interview led to several others, and from that time a warm personal friendship sprung up between us. In our conversations, my enthusiastic friend would often quote entire pages from my autobiography, which I had almost forgotten; and, after he had frequently visited

me by appointment where I happened to be stopping in different parts of Great Britain, he would write me letters, often quoting scraps of my conversation, and extolling what he called the "wisdom" of these careless remarks. I laughed at him, and told him he was about half Barnum-crazy. "Well," he replied, "then there is method in my madness, for whenever I follow the Barnum rules I am always successful."

On one occasion, when General Tom Thumb exhibited in Bury, Mr. Wilson closed his mill, and gave each of his employees a ticket to the exhibition; out of respect, as he said, to Barnum. On a subsequent occasion, when the little General visited England the last time, Mr. Wilson invited him, his wife, Commodore Nutt, Minnie Warren, and the managers of "the show," to a splendid and sumptuous dinner at his house, which the distinguished little party enjoyed exceedingly; and several interesting incidents occurred on that pleasant occasion, which the miniature guests will never cease to remember with gratitude. When I was about to leave England for home, in 1859, my friend Wilson made an appointment to come to Liverpool to see me off. He came the day before I sailed, and brought his little daughter, some twelve years old, with him. We had a remarkably pleasant and social time, and I did not part with them until the tug was almost dropping off from the steamer in the river Mersey. It was a very reluctant parting. We waved our handkerchiefs until we could no longer distinguish each other; and up to the present writing we have never again met. To my numerous invitations to him and his family, to visit me in America, he sends but one response—that, as yet, his business will not permit him to leave home. I hope ere long to receive a different answer. Our correspondence has been regularly kept up ever since we parted.

My friend Wilson expressed himself extremely anxious to do any service for me which might at any time be in his power. Soon after I arrived in America, I read an account of a French giant, then exhibiting in Paris, and said to be over eight feet in height. As this was a considerably greater altitude than any specimen of the *genus homo* within my knowledge had attained, I wrote to my friend to take a trip to Paris for me, secure an interview with this modern Anak, and by actual measurement obtain for me his exact height. I enclosed an offer for this giant's services, arranging the price on a sliding scale, according to what his height should actually prove to be—commencing at eight feet, and descending to seven feet two inches; and if he was not taller than the latter figure, I did not want him at all.

Mr. Wilson, placing an English two-foot rule in his pocket, started for Paris; and, after much difficulty and several days' delay in trying to speak with the giant, who was closely watched by his exhibitor, Mr. Wilson succeeded, by the aid of an interpreter, in exchanging a few words with him, and appointing an interview at his own (the giant's) lodgings. And now came a trouble which required all the patience and diplomacy which my agent could command. Mr. Wilson, arriving at the place of rendezvous, told the giant who he was, and the object of his visit. In fact, he showed him my letter, and read the tempting offers which I made for his services, provided he measured eight feet, or even came within six inches of that height.

"Oh, I measure over eight feet in height," said the giant. "Very likely," replied my faithful agent, "but you see my orders are to measure you." "There's no need of that, you can see for yourself," stretching himself up a few inches, by aid of that peculiar muscular knack which giants and dwarfs exercise when they desire to extend or diminish their apparent stature. "No doubt you are right," persisted the agent; "but you see that is not according to orders." "Well, stand alongside of me; see, the top of your hat don't come to my shoulder," said the giant, as he swung his arm completely over Mr. Wilson's head, hat and all.

But my wary agent happened just then to be watching the giant's feet and knees, and he thought he saw a movement around the "understandings" that materially helped the elevation of the "upperworks." "It is all very well," said Mr. Wilson; "but I tell you I have brought a two-foot rule from England, and, if I am not permitted to measure your height with that, I shall not engage you." My offer had been very liberal; in fact, provided he was eight feet high, it was more than four times the amount the giant was then receiving; it was evidently a great temptation to his "highness," and quite as evidently he did not want to be fairly measured. "Well," said the giant, "if you can't take my word for it, look at that door; you see my head is more than two feet above the top:" (giving his neck and every muscle in his body a severe stretch:) "just measure the height of that door." My English friend plainly saw that the giant felt that he could not come up to the mark, and he laughed at this last ruse. "Oh, I don't want to measure the door; I prefer to measure you," said Mr. Wilson, coolly. The giant was now desperate, and, stretching himself up to the highest point, he exclaimed: "Well, be quick! put your rule down to my feet and measure me; no delay, if you please."

The giant knew he could not hold himself up many seconds to the few extra inches he had imparted to his extended muscles; but his remark had drawn Mr. Wilson's attention to his feet, and from the feet to the boots, and he began to open his eyes. "Look here, Monsieur," he exclaimed with much earnestness, "this sort of thing won't do, you know. I don't understand this contrivance around the soles of your boots, but it seems to me you have got a set of springs in there which materially aids your altitude a few inches when you desire it. Now, I shall stand no more nonsense. If I engage you at all, you must first take off your boots, and lie flat upon your back in the middle of the floor; there you will have no purchase, and you may stretch as much as you like; and for every inch you fairly measure above seven feet two inches you know what I am authorized to give you." The giant grumbled and talked about his word being doubted and his honor assailed, but Mr. Wilson calmly persisted, until at length he slowly took off his coat and gradually got down on the floor. Stretched upon his back, he made several vain efforts to extend his natural height. Mr. Wilson carefully applied his English two-foot rule, the result of the measurement causing him much astonishment and the giant more indignation, the giant measuring exactly seven feet one and one half inches. So he was not engaged, and my agent returned to England and wrote me a most amusing letter, giving the particulars of the gigantic interview.

On the occasion of the erection of a new engine in his mill, Mr. Wilson proposed naming it after his daughter, but she insisted it should be christened "Barnum," and it was so done, with considerable ceremony. Subsequently he introduced a second engine into his enlarged mill, and named this, after my wife, "Charity."

A short time since, I wrote informing him that I desired to give some of the foregoing facts in my book, and asked him to give me his consent, and also to furnish me some particulars in regard to the engines, and the capacity of his mill. He wrote in return a modest letter, which is so characteristic of my whole-souled friend that I cannot forbear making the following extracts from it:

> Had I made a fortune of £100,000 I should have been proud of such a place in your book as Albert Smith has in your Autobiography; but, as I have only been able to make (here he named a sum which in this country would be considered almost a fortune), I feel I should be out

of place in your pages; at all events, if you mention me at all, draw it mildly, if you please.

The American war has made sad havoc in our trade, and it is only by close attention to business that I have lately been at all successful. I have built a place for one thousand looms, and have, as you know, put in a pair of engines, which I have named "Barnum" and "Charity." Each engine has its name engraved on two large brass plates at either end of the cylinder, which has often caused much mirth when I have explained the circumstances to visitors. I started and christened "Charity" on the 14th of January last, and she has saved me £12 per month in coals ever since. The steam from the boiler goes first to "Charity" (she is high pressure), and "Barnum" only gets the steam after she has done with it. He has to work at low pressure (a condensing engine), and the result is a saving. Barnum was extravagant when he took steam direct, but, since I fixed Charity betwixt him and the boiler, he can only get what she gives him. This reminds me that you state in your "Life" you could always make money, but formerly did not save it. Perhaps you never took care of it till Charity became Chancellor of Exchequer. When I visited you at the Bull Hotel, in Blackburn, you pointed to General Tom Thumb, and said: "That is my piece of goods; I have sold it hundreds of thousands of times, and have never yet delivered it!" That was ten years ago, in 1858. If I had been doing the same with my pieces of calico, I must have been wealthy by this time: but I have been hammering at one (cotton) nail several months, and, as it did not offer to clinch, I was almost tempted to doubt one of your "rules," and thought I would drive at some other nail; but, on reflection, I knew I understood cotton better than anything else, and so I back up your rule and stick to cotton, not doubting it will be all right and successful.

Mr. Wilson was one of the large class of English manufacturers who suffered seriously from the effects of the rebellion in the United States. As an Englishman he could not have a patriot's interest in the progress of that terrible struggle; but he made a practical exhibition of sympathy for the suffering soldiers, in a pleasant and characteristic manner.

The great fair of the Sanitary Commission, held in New York during the war, affords one of the most interesting chapters in American history. It

meant cordial for the sick and suffering in the hospitals, and balm and relief for the wounded in the field. None of those who visited the Fair will forget, in the multiplicity of offerings to put money into the treasury of the Commission, two monster cakes, which were as strange in shape and ornament as they were fairly mammoth in their proportions. One of these great cakes was covered with miniature forts, ships of war, cannon, armies, arms of the whole "panoply of war," and it excited the attention of all visitors. This strange cake was what is called in Bury, England, where name, cake and custom originated, a "Simnel cake," and an interesting history pertains to it.

There is an anniversary in Bury, and I believe only in that place in England, called "Simnel Sunday." Like many old observances, its origin is lost in antiquity; but on the fourth Sunday in Lent, which is Simnel Sunday, everybody in Bury eats Simnel cake. It is a high day for the inhabitants, and the streets are thronged with people. During the preceding week, the shop windows of the confectioners exhibit a plethora of large, flat cakes, of a peculiar pattern and of toothsome composition. Every confectioner aims to outdo his rivals in the bigness of the one show-cake which nearly fills his window, and in the moulding and ornamental accessories. A local description, giving the requisite characteristics, says: "The great Simnel must be rich, must be big, and must be novel in ornamentation." Such is the Simnel cake, the specialty of Simnel Sunday, in the town of Bury, in Old England.

And such was the monster cake, with its warlike emblems, which attracted so much attention at the Fair, and added considerably to the receipts for the Sanitary Commission. It was sent to me expressly for this Fair, by my friend Wilson, and, while it was in itself a generous gift, it was doubly so as coming from an English manufacturer who had suffered by the war. The second great Simnel cake which stood beside it in the Fair was sent to me personally by Mr. Wilson; but with his permission I took much pleasure in contributing it, with his own offering, for the benefit of our suffering soldiers.

It may thus be seen that my friend Wilson is not only "an enterprising Englishman," but that he is also a generous, noble-hearted man—one who in a great struggle like the late civil war in America, could sincerely sympathize with suffering humanity, notwithstanding, as he expressed it, "the American war has made sad havoc in our trade." His soul soars above "pounds, shillings and pence"; and I take great pleasure in expressing admi-

ration for a gentleman of such marked enterprise, philanthropy and integrity.

# XXXIII

## Richard's Himself Again

At Home—Extinguishment of the Clock Debts—A Rascally Proposition—Barnum on His Feet Again—Repurchase of the Museum—A Gala Day—My Reception by My Friends—The Story of My Troubles—How I Waded Ashore—Promises to the Public—The Public Response—Museum Visitors—The Receipts Doubled—How the Press Received the News of Restoration—The Sycophants—Old and Fast Friends—Robert Bonner—Consideration and Courtesy of Creditors—The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette Again—Another Word for Barnum.

In 1859 I returned to the United States. During my last visit abroad I had secured many novelties for the Museum, including the Albino Family, which I engaged at Amsterdam, and Thiodon's mechanical theater, which I found at Southampton, beside purchasing many curiosities. These things all afforded me a liberal commission, and thus, by constant and earnest effort, I made much money, besides what I derived from the Tom Thumb exhibitions, my lectures, and other enterprises. All of this money, as well as my wife's income and a considerable sum raised by selling a portion of her property, was faithfully devoted to the one great object of my life at that period—my extrication from those crushing clock debts. I worked and I saved. When my wife and youngest daughter were not boarding in Bridgeport, they lived frugally in the suburbs, in a small one-story house which was hired at the rate of $150 a year. I had now been struggling about four years with the difficulties of my one great financial mistake, and the end still seemed to be far off. I felt that the land, purchased by my wife in East Bridgeport at the assignees' sale, would, after a while, increase rapidly in value; and on the strength of this expectation more money was borrowed

for the sake of taking up the clock notes, and some of the East Bridgeport property was sold in single lots, the proceeds going to the same object.

At last, in March 1860, all the clock indebtedness was satisfactorily extinguished, excepting some $20,000 which I had bound myself to take up within a certain number of months, my friend, James D. Johnson, guaranteeing my bond to that effect. Mr. Johnson was by far my most effective agent in working me through these clock troubles, and in aiding to bring them to a successful conclusion. Another man, however, who pretended to be my friend, and whom I liberally paid to assist in bringing me out of my difficulties, gained my confidence, possessed himself of a complete knowledge of the situation of my affairs, and then coolly proposed to Mr. Johnson to counteract all my efforts to get out of debt, and to divide between them what could be got out of my estate. Failing in this, the scoundrel, taking advantage of the confidence reposed in him, slyly arranged with the owners of clock notes to hold on to them, and share with him whatever they might gain by adopting his advice, he assuming that he knew all my secrets and that I would soon come out all right again. Thus I had to contend with foes from within as well as without; but the "spotting" of this traitor was worth something, for it opened my eyes in relation to former transactions in which I had entrusted large sums of money to his hands, and it put me on guard for the future. But I bear no malice towards him; I only pity him, as I do any man who knows so little of the true road to contentment and happiness as to think that it lies in the direction of dishonesty.

I need not dwell upon the details of what I suffered from the doings of those heartless, unscrupulous men who fatten upon the misfortunes of others. It is enough to say that I triumphed over them and all my troubles. I was once more a free man. At last I was able to make proclamation that "Richard's himself again"; that Barnum was once more on his feet. The Museum had not flourished greatly in the hands of Messrs. Greenwood & Butler, and so, when I was free, I was quite willing to take back the property upon terms that were entirely satisfactory to them. I had once retired from the establishment a man of independent fortune; I was now ready to return, to make, if possible, another fortune.

On the 17th of March, 1860, Messrs. Butler & Greenwood signed an agreement to sell and deliver to me on the following Saturday, March 24th, their good will and entire interest in the Museum collection. This fact was thoroughly circulated and it was everywhere announced in blazing posters,

placards and advertisements which were headed, "Barnum on his feet again." It was furthermore stated that the Museum would be closed, March 24th, for one week for repairs and general renovation, to be reopened, March 31st, under the management and proprietorship of its original owner. It was also announced that on the night of closing I would address the audience from the stage.

The American Museum, decorated on that occasion, as on holidays, with a brilliant display of flags and banners, was filled to its utmost capacity, and I experienced profound delight at seeing hundreds of old friends of both sexes in the audience. I lacked but four months of being fifty years of age; but I felt all the vigor and ambition that fired me when I first took possession of the premises twenty years before; and I was confident that the various experiences of that score of years would be valuable to me in my second effort to secure an independence.

At the rising of the curtain and before the play commenced, I stepped on the stage and was received by the large and brilliant audience with an enthusiasm far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever experienced or witnessed in a public career of a quarter of a century. Indeed, this tremendous demonstration nearly broke me down, and my voice faltered and tears came to my eyes as I thought of this magnificent conclusion to the trials and struggles of the past four years. Recovering myself, however, I bowed my grateful acknowledgments for the reception, and addressed the audience as follows:

> "Ladies and Gentlemen: I should be more or less than human, if I could meet this unexpected and overwhelming testimonial at your hands, without the deepest emotion. My own personal connection with the Museum is now resumed, and I avail myself of the circumstance to say why it is so. Never did I feel stronger in my worldly prosperity than in September, 1855. Three months later, I was so deeply embarrassed that I felt certain of nothing, except the uncertainty of everything. A combination of singular efforts and circumstances tempted me to put faith in a certain clock manufacturing company, and I placed my signature to papers which ultimately broke me down. After nearly five years of hard struggle to keep my head above water, I have touched bottom at last, and here, tonight, I am happy to announce that I have waded ashore. Every clock debt of which I have any knowledge has

been provided for. Perhaps, after the troubles and turmoils I have experienced, I should feel no desire to re-engage in the excitements of business, but a man like myself, less than fifty years of age, and enjoying robust health, is scarcely old enough to be embalmed and put in a glass case in the Museum as one of its million of curiosities. 'It is better to wear out than rust out.' Besides, if a man of active temperament is not busy, he is apt to get into mischief. To avoid evil, therefore, and since business activity is a necessity of my nature, here I am, once more, in the Museum, and among those with whom I have been so long and so pleasantly identified. I am confident of a cordial welcome, and hence feel some claim to your indulgence while I briefly allude to the means of my present deliverance from utter financial ruin. Need I say, in the first place, that I am somewhat indebted to the forbearance of generous creditors. In the next place, permit me to speak of sympathizing friends, whose volunteered loans and exertions vastly aided my rescue. When my day of sorrow came, I first paid or secured every debt I owed of a personal nature. This done, I felt bound in honor to give up all of my property that remained towards liquidating my "clock debts." I placed it in the hands of trustees and receivers for the benefit of all the "clock" creditors. But, at the forced sale of my Connecticut real estate, there was a purchaser behind the screen, of whom the world had little knowledge. In the day of my prosperity I made over to my wife much valuable property, including the lease of this Museum building—a lease then having about twenty-two years to run, and enhanced in value to more than double its original worth. I sold the Museum collection to Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, subject to my wife's separate interest in the lease, and she has received more than eighty thousand dollars over and above the sums paid to the owners of the building. Instead of selfishly applying this amount to private purposes, my family lived with a due regard to economy, and the savings (strictly belonging to my wife) were devoted to buying in portions of my estate at the assignees' sales, and to purchasing "clock notes" bearing my endorsements. The Christian name of my wife is Charity. I may well acknowledge, therefore, that I am not only a proper 'subject of charity,' but that 'without Charity, I am nothing.'

"But, ladies and gentlemen, while Charity thus labored in my behalf, Faith and Hope were not idle. I have been anything but indolent during

the last four years. Driven from pillar to post, and annoyed beyond description by all sorts of legal claims and writs, I was perusing protests and summonses by day, and dreaming of clocks run down by night. My head was ever whizzing with dislocated cogwheels and broken mainsprings; my whole mind (and my credit) was running upon tick, and everything pressing on me like a dead weight.

"In this state of affairs I felt that I was of no use on this side of the Atlantic; so, giving the pendulum a swing, and seizing time by the forelock, I went to Europe. There I furtively pulled the wires of several exhibitions, among which that of Tom Thumb may be mentioned for example. I managed a variety of musical and commercial speculations in Great Britain, Germany, and Holland. These enterprises, together with the net profits of my public lectures, enabled me to remit large sums to confidential agents for the purchase of my obligations. In this manner, I quietly extinguished, little by little, every dollar of my clock liabilities. I could not have achieved this difficult feat, however, without the able assistance of enthusiastic friends—and among the chief of them let me gratefully acknowledge the invaluable services of Mr. James D. Johnson, a gentleman of wealth, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Other gentlemen have been generous with me. Some have loaned me large sums, without security, and have placed me under obligations which must ever command my honest gratitude; but Mr. Johnson has been a 'friend indeed,' for he has been truly a 'friend in need.'

"You must not infer, from what I have said, that I have completely recovered from the stunning blow to which I was subjected four years ago. I have lost more in the way of tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, than I care to remember. A valuable portion of my real estate in Connecticut, however, has been preserved, and as I feel all the ardor of twenty years ago, and the prospect here is so flattering, my heart is animated with the hope of ultimately, by enterprise and activity, obliterating unpleasant reminiscences, and retrieving the losses of the past. Experience, too, has taught me not only that even in the matter of money, 'enough is as good as a feast,' but that there are, in this world, some things vastly better than the Almighty Dollar! Possibly I may contemplate, at times, the painful day when I said: 'Othello's occupation's gone;' but I shall more frequently cherish the memory of

this moment, when I am permitted to announce that 'Richard's himself again.'

"Many people have wondered that a man considered so acute as myself should have been deluded into embarrassments like mine, and not a few have declared, in short metre, that 'Barnum was a fool.' I can only reply that I never made pretensions to the sharpness of a pawnbroker, and I hope I shall never so entirely lose confidence in human nature as to consider every man a scamp by instinct, or a rogue by necessity. 'It is better to be deceived sometimes, than to distrust always,' says Lord Bacon, and I agree with him.

"Experience is said to be a hard schoolmaster, but I should be sorry to feel that this great lesson in adversity has not brought forth fruits of some value. I needed the discipline this tribulation has given me, and I really feel, after all, that this, like many other apparent evils, was only a blessing in disguise. Indeed, I may mention that the very clock factory which I built in Bridgeport, for the purpose of bringing hundreds of workmen to that city, has been purchased and quadrupled in size by the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Company, and is now filled with intelligent New England mechanics, whose families add two thousand to the population, and who are doing a great work in building up and beautifying that flourishing city. So that the same concern which prostrated me seems destined as a most important agent towards my recuperation. I am certain that the popular sympathy has been with me from the beginning; and this, together with a consciousness of rectitude, is more than an offset to all the vicissitudes to which I have been subjected.

"In conclusion, I beg to assure you and the public that my chief pleasure, while health and strength are spared me, will be to cater for your and their healthy amusement and instruction. In future, such capabilities as I possess will be devoted to the maintenance of this Museum as a popular place of family resort, in which all that is novel and interesting shall be gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and which ladies and children may visit at all times unattended, without danger of encountering anything of an objectionable nature. The dramas introduced in the Lecture Room will never contain a profane expression or a vulgar allusion; on the contrary, their tendency will always be to encourage virtue, and frown upon vice.

"I have established connections in Europe, which will enable me to produce here a succession of interesting novelties otherwise inaccessible. Although I shall be personally present much of the time, and hope to meet many of my old acquaintances, as well as to form many new ones, I am sure you will be glad to learn that I have re-secured the services of one of the late proprietors, and the active manager of this Museum, Mr. John Greenwood, Jr. As he is a modest gentleman, who would be the last to praise himself, allow me to add that he is one to whose successful qualities as a caterer for the popular entertainments, the crowds that have often filled this building may well bear testimony. But, more than this, he is the unobtrusive one to whose integrity, diligence and devotion, I owe much of my present position of self-congratulation. Mr. Greenwood will hereafter act as assistant manager, while his late copartner, Mr. Butler, has engaged in another branch of business. Once more, thanking you all for your kind welcome, I bid you, till the reopening, 'an affectionate adieu.'"

This offhand speech was received with almost tumultuous applause. At nearly fifty years of age, I was now once more before the public with the promise to put on a full head of steam, to "rush things," to give double or treble the amount of attractions ever before offered at the Museum, and to devote all my own time and services to the enterprise. In return, I asked that the public should give my efforts the patronage they merited, and the public took me at my word. The daily number of visitors at once more than doubled, and my exertions to gratify them with rapid changes and novelties never tired.

The announcement that "Richard's himself again"—that I was at last out of the financial entanglement—was variously received in the community. That portion of the press which had followed me with abuse when I was down, under the belief that my case was past recovery, were chary in allusions to the new state of things, or passed them over without comment. The sycophants always knew I would get up again, "and said so at the time;" the many and noble journals which had stood by me and upheld me in my misfortunes, were of course rejoiced, and their words of sincere congratulation gave me a higher satisfaction than I have power of language to acknowledge. Letters of congratulation came in upon me from every quarter. Friendly hands that had never been withheld during the long period of my misfor-

tune were now extended with a still heartier grip. I never knew till now the warmth and number of my friends.

My editorial friend, Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, sincerely congratulated me upon my full and complete restoration. I had some new plays which were adapted from very popular stories which had been written for Mr. Bonner's paper, and I went to him to purchase, if I could, the large cuts he had used to advertise these stories in his street placards. He at once generously offered to lend them to me as long as I wished to use them and tendered me his services in any way. Mr. Bonner was the boldest of advertisers, following me closely in the field in which I was the pioneer, and to his judicious use of printers' ink, he owes the fine fortune which he so worthily deserves and enjoys.

Nor must I neglect to state that a large number of my creditors who held the clock notes, proved very magnanimous in taking into consideration the gross deception which had put me in their power. Not a few of them said to me in substance: "you never supposed you had made yourself liable for this debt; you were deluded into it; it is not right that it should be held over you to keep you hopelessly down; take it, and pay me such percentage as, under the circumstances, it is possible for you to pay." But for such men and such consideration I fear I should never have got on my feet again; and of the many who rejoiced in my bettered fortune, not a few were of this class of my creditors.

My old friend, the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, which printed a few cheering poetical lines of consolation and hope when I was down, now gave me the following from the same graceful pen, conveying glowing words of congratulation at my rise again:

Another Word for Barnum

Barnum, your hand! The struggle o'er,
You face the world and ask no favor;
You stand where you have stood before,
The old salt hasn't lost its savor.
You now can laugh with friends, at foes,
Ne'er heeding Mrs. Grundy's tattle;
You've dealt and taken sturdy blows,
Regardless of the rabble's prattle.

Not yours the heart to harbor ill
'Gainst those who've dealt in trivial jesting;
You pass them with the same good will
Erst shown when they their wit were testing.
You're the same Barnum that we knew,
You're good for years, still fit for labor,
Be as of old, be bold and true,
Honest as man, as friend, as neighbor.

At about this period, the following poem was published in a Pottsville, Pa., paper, and copied by many journals of the day:

A Health To Barnum

Companions! fill your glasses round,
And drink a health to one
Who has few coming after him,
To do as he has done;
Who made a fortune for himself,
Made fortunes, too, for many,
Yet wronged no bosom of a sigh,
No pocket of a penny.
Come! shout a gallant chorus,
And make the glasses ring—
Here's health and luck to Barnum!
The Exhibition King.
Who lured the Swedish Nightingale
To Western woods to come?
Who prosperous and happy made
The life of little Thumb?
Who oped Amusement's golden door
So cheaply to the crowd,
And taught Morality to smile
On all *his* stage allowed?
Come! shout a gallant chorus,
Until the glasses ring—
Here's health and luck to Barnum!
The Exhibition King.

And when the sad reverses came,
As come they may to all,
Who stood a Hero, bold and true,
Amid his fortune's fall?
Who to the utmost yielded up
What Honor could not keep,
Then took the field of life again
With courage calm and deep?
Come! shout a gallant chorus,
Until the glasses dance—
Here's health and luck to Barnum,
The Napoleon of Finance.
Yet, no—*our* hero would not look
With smiles on such a cup;
Throw out the wine—with water clear,
Fill the pure crystal up.
Then rise, and greet with deep respect,
The courage he has shown,
And drink to him who well deserves
A seat on Fortune's throne.
Here's health and luck to Barnum!
An *Elba* he has seen,
And never may his map of life
Display a *St. Helene*!
Mrs. Anna Bache, Philadelphia.

# XXXIV

## Menagerie and Museum Memoranda

A Remarkable Character—Old Grizzly Adams—The California Menagerie—Terribly Wounded by Bears—My Uptown Show—Extraordinary Will and Vigor—A Lesson for Munchausen—The California Golden Pigeons—Pigeons of All Colors—Process of Their Creation—M. Guillaudeu—A Naturalist Deceived—The Most Wonderful Birds in the World—The Curiosities Transferred to the Menagerie—Old Adams Taken In—A Change of Color—Motley the Only Wear—Old Grizzly Undeceived—Tour of the Bear-Tamer Through the Country—A Beautiful Hunting Suit—A Life and Death Struggle for a Wager—Old Adams Wins—His Death—The Last Joke on Barnum—The Prince of Wales Visits the Museum—I Call on the Prince in Boston—Stephen A. Douglas—"Before and After" in a Barber Shop—How Tom Higginson "Did" Barnum—The Museum Flourishing.

I was now fairly embarked on board the good old ship American Museum, to try once more my skill as captain, and to see what fortune the voyage would bring me. Curiosities began to pour into the Museum halls, and I was eager for enterprises in the show line, whether as part of the Museum itself, or as outside accessories or accompaniments. Among the first to give me a call, with attractions sure to prove a success, was James C. Adams, of hard-earned, grizzly-bear fame. This extraordinary man was eminently what is called "a character." He was universally known as "Grizzly Adams," from the fact that he had captured a great many grizzly bears, at the risk and cost of fearful encounters and perils. He was brave, and with his bravery there was enough of the romantic in his nature to make him a real hero. For many years a hunter and trapper in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, he acquired a recklessness, which, added to his natural invincible courage, ren-

dered him one of the most striking men of the age, and he was emphatically a man of pluck. A month after I had repurchased the Museum, he arrived in New York with his famous collection of California animals, captured by himself, consisting of twenty or thirty immense grizzly bears, at the head of which stood "Old Sampson," together with several wolves, half a dozen different species of California bears, California lions, tigers, buffalo, elk, and "Old Neptune," the great sea-lion from the Pacific.

Old Adams had trained all these monsters so that with him they were as docile as kittens, though many of the most ferocious among them would attack a stranger without hesitation, if he came within their grasp. In fact the training of these animals was no fool's play, as Old Adams learned to his cost, for the terrific blows which he received from time to time, while teaching them "docility," finally cost him his life.

Adams called on me immediately on his arrival in New York. He was dressed in his hunter's suit of buckskin, trimmed with the skins and bordered with the hanging tails of small Rocky Mountain animals; his cap consisting of the skin of a wolf's head and shoulders, from which depended several tails, and under which appeared his stiff, bushy, gray hair and his long, white, grizzly beard; in fact Old Adams was quite as much of a show as his beasts. They had come around Cape Horn on the clipper ship "Golden Fleece," and a sea voyage of three and a half months had probably not added much to the beauty or neat appearance of the old bear-hunter. During our conversation, Grizzly Adams took off his cap, and showed me the top of his head. His skull was literally broken in. It had on various occasions been struck by the fearful paws of his grizzly students; and the last blow, from the bear called "General Fremont," had laid open his brain so that its workings were plainly visible. I remarked that I thought it was a dangerous wound and might possibly prove fatal.

"Yes," replied Adams, "that will fix me out. It had nearly healed; but old Fremont opened it for me, for the third or fourth time, before I left California, and he did his business so thoroughly, I'm a used-up man. However I reckon I may live six months or a year yet." This was spoken as coolly as if he had been talking about the life of a dog. The immediate object of "old Adams" in calling upon me was this; I had purchased, a week previously, one-half interest in his California menagerie, from a man who had come by way of the Isthmus from California, and who claimed to own an equal interest with Adams in the show. Adams declared that the man had only ad-

vanced him some money, and did not possess the right to sell half of the concern. However, the man held a bill of sale for half of the "California Menagerie," and old Adams finally consented to accept me as an equal partner in the speculation, saying that he guessed I could do the managing part, and he would show up the animals. I obtained a canvas tent, and erecting it on the present site of Wallack's Theater, Adams there opened his novel California Menagerie. On the morning of opening, a band of music preceded a procession of animal cages down Broadway and up the Bowery, old Adams dressed in his hunting costume, heading the line, with a platform wagon on which were placed three immense grizzly bears, two of which he held by chains, while he was mounted on the back of the largest grizzly, which stood in the center and was not secured in any manner whatever. This was the bear known as "General Fremont," and so docile had he become, that Adams said he had used him as a pack-bear to carry his cooking and hunting apparatus through the mountains for six months, and had ridden him hundreds of miles. But apparently docile as were many of these animals, there was not one among them that would not occasionally give Adams a sly blow or a sly bite when a good chance offered; hence old Adams was but a wreck of his former self, and expressed pretty nearly the truth when he said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am not the man I was five years ago. Then I felt able to stand the hug of any grizzly living, and was always glad to encounter, single handed, any sort of an animal that dared present himself. But I have been beaten to a jelly, torn almost limb from limb, and nearly chawed up and spit out by these treacherous grizzly bears. However, I am good for a few months yet, and by that time I hope we shall gain enough to make my old woman comfortable, for I have been absent from her some years."

His wife came from Massachusetts to New York and nursed him. Dr. Johns dressed his wounds every day, and not only told Adams he could never recover, but assured his friends, that probably a very few weeks would lay him in his grave. But Adams was as firm as adamant and as resolute as a lion. Among the thousands who saw him dressed in his grotesque hunter's suit, and witnessed the seeming vigor with which he "performed" the savage monsters, beating and whipping them into apparently the most perfect docility, probably not one suspected that this rough, fierce looking, powerful demi-savage, as he appeared to be, was suffering intense pain from his broken skull and fevered system, and that nothing kept him from

stretching himself on his deathbed but his most indomitable and extraordinary will.

Old Adams liked to astonish others, as he often did, with his astounding stories, but no one could astonish him; he had seen everything and knew everything, and I was anxious to get a chance of exposing this weak point to him. A fit occasion soon presented itself. One day, while engaged in my office at the Museum, a man with marked Teutonic features and accent approached the door and asked if I would like to buy a pair of living golden pigeons.

"Yes," I replied, "I would like a flock of golden pigeons, if I could buy them for their weight in silver; for there are no golden pigeons in existence, unless they are made from the pure metal."

"You shall see some golden pigeons alive," he replied, at the same time entering my office, and closing the door after him. He then removed the lid from a small basket which he carried in his hand, and sure enough, there were snugly ensconced a pair of beautiful, living ruff-necked pigeons, as yellow as saffron, and as bright as a double-eagle fresh from the mint.

I confess I was somewhat staggered at this sight and quickly asked the man where those birds came from. A dull, lazy smile crawled over the sober face of my German visitor, as he replied in a slow, guttural tone of voice:

"What you think yourself?"

Catching his meaning, I quickly replied:

"I think it is a humbug."

"Of course, I know you will say so; because you 'forstha' such things; so I shall not try to humbug you; I have color them myself."

On further inquiry I learned that this German was a chemist, and that he possessed the art of coloring birds any hue desired, and yet retain a natural gloss on the feathers, which gave every shade the appearance of reality.

"I can paint a green pigeon or a blue pigeon, a gray pigeon or a black pigeon, a brown pigeon or a pigeon half blue or half green," said the German; "and if you prefer it, I can paint them pink or purple, or give you a little of each color, and make you a rainbow pigeon."

The "rainbow pigeon" did not strike me as particularly desirable; but thinking here was a good chance to catch "Grizzly Adams," I bought the pair of golden pigeons for ten dollars, and sent them up to the "Happy Family" (where I knew Adams would soon see them), marked, "Golden Pi-

geons, from California." Mr. Taylor, the great pacificator, who had charge of the Happy Family, soon came down in a state of excitement.

"Really, Mr. Barnum," said he, "I could not think of putting those elegant golden pigeons into the Happy Family—they are too valuable a bird, and they might get injured; they are by far the most beautiful pigeons I ever saw; and as they are so rare, I would not jeopardize their lives for anything."

"Well," said I, "you may put them in a separate cage, properly labelled."

Monsieur Guillaudeu, the naturalist and taxidermist of the Museum, had been attached to that establishment since the year it was founded, in 1810. He is a Frenchman, and has read nearly everything upon natural history that was ever published in his own or in the English language. When he saw the "Golden Pigeons from California," he was considerably astonished. He examined them with great delight for half an hour, expatiating upon their beautiful color and the near resemblance which every feature bore to the American ruff-necked pigeon. He soon came to my office, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, these golden pigeons are superb, but they cannot be from California. Audubon mentions no such bird in his work upon American Ornithology."

I told him he had better take Audubon home with him that night, and perhaps by studying him attentively he would see occasion to change his mind.

The next day, the old naturalist called at my office and remarked:

"Mr. Barnum, those pigeons are a more rare bird than you imagine. They are not mentioned by Linnaeus, Cuvier, Goldsmith, or any other writer on natural history, so far as I have been able to discover. I expect they must have come from some unexplored portion of Australia."

"Never mind," I replied, "we may get more light on the subject, perhaps, before long. We will continue to label them 'California Pigeons' until we can fix their nativity elsewhere."

The next morning, "Old Grizzly Adams," passed through the Museum when his eyes fell on the "Golden California Pigeons." He looked a moment and doubtless admired. He soon after came to my office.

"Mr. Barnum," said he, "you must let me have those California pigeons."

"I can't spare them," I replied.

"But you must spare them. All the birds and animals from California ought to be together. You own half of my California menagerie, and you must lend me those pigeons."

"Mr. Adams, they are too rare and valuable a bird to be hawked about in that manner."

"Oh, don't be a fool," replied Adams. "Rare bird, indeed! Why they are just as common in California as any other pigeon! I could have brought a hundred of them from San Francisco, if I had thought of it."

"But why did you not think of it?" I asked, with a suppressed smile.

"Because they are so common there," said Adams, "I did not think they would be any curiosity here. I have eaten them in pigeon-pies hundreds of times, and have shot them by the thousands!"

I was ready to burst with laughter to see how readily Adams swallowed the bait, but maintaining the most rigid gravity, I replied:

"Oh well, Mr. Adams, if they are really so common in California, you had probably better take them, and you may write over and have half a dozen pairs sent to me for the Museum."

"All right," said Adams, "I will send over to a friend in San Francisco, and you shall have them here in a couple of months."

I told Adams that, for certain reasons, I would prefer to have him change the label so as to have it read: "Golden Pigeons from Australia."

"Well, I will call them what you like," said Adams; "I suppose they are probably about as plenty in Australia as they are in California."

Six or eight weeks after this incident, I was in the California Menagerie, and noticed that the "Golden Pigeons" had assumed a frightfully mottled appearance. Their feathers had grown out and they were half white. Adams had been so busy with his bears that he had not noticed the change. I called him up to the pigeon cage, and remarked:

"Mr. Adams, I fear you will lose your Golden Pigeons; they must be very sick; I observe they are turning quite pale."

Adams looked at them a moment with astonishment, then turning to me, and seeing that I could not suppress a smile, he indignantly exclaimed:

"Blast the Golden Pigeons! You had better take them back to the Museum. You can't humbug me with your painted pigeons!"

This was too much, and "I laughed till I cried," to witness the mixed look of astonishment and vexation which marked the grizzly features of old Adams.

After the exhibition on Thirteenth Street and Broadway had been open six weeks, the doctor insisted that Adams should sell out his share in the animals and settle up all his worldly affairs, for he assured him that he was

growing weaker every day, and his earthly existence must soon terminate. "I shall live a good deal longer than you doctors think for," replied Adams doggedly; and then, seeming after all to realize the truth of the doctor's assertion, he turned to me and said: "Well, Mr. Barnum, you must buy me out." He named his price for his half of the "show," and I accepted his offer. We had arranged to exhibit the bears in Connecticut and Massachusetts during the summer, in connection with a circus, and Adams insisted that I should hire him to travel for the season and exhibit the bears in their curious performances. He offered to go for $60 per week and travelling expenses of himself and wife. I replied that I would gladly engage him as long as he could stand it, but I advised him to give up business and go to his home in Massachusetts; "for," I remarked, "you are growing weaker every day, and at best cannot stand it more than a fortnight."

"What will you give me extra if I will travel and exhibit the bears every day for ten weeks?" added old Adams, eagerly.

"Five hundred dollars," I replied, with a laugh.

"Done!" exclaimed Adams, "I will do it, so draw up an agreement to that effect at once. But mind you, draw it payable to my wife, for I may be too weak to attend to business after the ten weeks are up, and if I perform my part of the contract, I want her to get the $500 without any trouble."

I drew up a contract to pay him $60 per week for his services, and if he continued to exhibit the bears for ten consecutive weeks I was then to hand him, or his wife, $500 extra.

"You have lost your $500!" exclaimed Adams on taking the contract; "for I am bound to live and earn it."

"I hope you may, with all my heart, and a hundred years more if you desire it," I replied.

"Call me a fool if I don't earn the $500!" exclaimed Adams, with a triumphant laugh.

The "show" started off in a few days, and at the end of a fortnight I met it at Hartford, Connecticut.

"Well," said I, "Adams, you seem to stand it pretty well. I hope you and your wife are comfortable?"

"Yes," he replied, with a laugh; "and you may as well try to be comfortable, too, for your $500 is a goner."

"All right," I replied, "I hope you will grow better every day."

But I saw by his pale face and other indications that he was rapidly failing. In three weeks more, I met him again at New Bedford, Massachusetts. It seemed to me, then, that he could not live a week, for his eyes were glassy and his hands trembled, but his pluck was as great as ever.

"This hot weather is pretty bad for me," he said, "but my ten weeks are half expired, and I am good for your $500, and, probably, a month or two longer."

This was said with as much bravado as if he was offering to bet upon a horse-race. I offered to pay him half of the $500 if he would give up and go home; but he peremptorily declined making any compromise whatever. I met him the ninth week in Boston. He had failed considerably since I last saw him, but he still continued to exhibit the bears although he was too weak to lead them in, and he chuckled over his almost certain triumph. I laughed in return, and sincerely congratulated him on his nerve and probable success. I remained with him until the tenth week was finished, and handed him his $500. He took it with a leer of satisfaction, and remarked, that he was sorry I was a teetotaler, for he would like to stand treat!

Just before the menagerie left New York, I had paid $150 for a new hunting suit, made of beaver skins, similar to the one which Adams had worn. This I intended for Herr Driesbach, the animal tamer, who was engaged by me to take the place of Adams, whenever he should be compelled to give up. Adams, on starting from New York, asked me to loan this new dress to him to perform in once in a while in a fair day, where he had a large audience, for his own costume was considerably soiled. I did so, and now when I handed him his $500, he remarked:

"Mr. Barnum, I suppose you are going to give me this new hunting dress?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I got that for your successor, who will exhibit the bears tomorrow; besides, you have no possible use for it."

"Now, don't be mean, but lend me the dress, if you won't give it to me, for I want to wear it home to my native village."

I could not refuse the poor old man anything, and I therefore replied:

"Well, Adams, I will lend you the dress; but you will send it back to me?"

"Yes, when I have done with it," he replied, with an evident chuckle of triumph.

I thought to myself, he will soon be done with it, and replied: "That's all right."

A new idea evidently struck him, for, with a brightening look of satisfaction, he said:

"Now, Barnum, you have made a good thing out of the California menagerie, and so have I; but you will make a heap more. So if you won't give me this new hunter's dress, just draw a little writing, and sign it, saying that I may wear it until I have done with it."

Of course, I knew that in a few days at longest, he would be "done" with this world altogether, and, to gratify him, I cheerfully drew and signed the paper.

"Come, old Yankee, I've got you this time—see if I haint!" exclaimed Adams, with a broad grin, as he took the paper.

I smiled, and said:

"All right, my dear fellow; the longer you live the better I shall like it."

We parted, and he went to Neponset, a small town near Boston, where his wife and daughter lived. He took at once to his bed, and never rose from it again. The excitement had passed away, and his vital energies could accomplish no more. The fifth day after arriving home, the physician told him he could not live until the next morning. He received the announcement in perfect calmness, and with the most apparent indifference; then, turning to his wife, with a smile he requested her to have him buried in the new hunting suit. "For," said he, "Barnum agreed to let me have it until I have done with it, and I was determined to fix his flint this time. He shall never see that dress again." His wife assured him that his request should be complied with. He then sent for the clergyman and they spent several hours in communing together.

Adams, who, rough and untutored, had nevertheless, a natural eloquence, and often put his thoughts in good language, said to the clergyman, that though he had told some pretty big stories about his bears, he had always endeavored to do the straight thing between man and man. "I have attended preaching every day, Sundays and all," said he, "for the last six years. Sometimes an old grizzly gave me the sermon, sometimes it was a panther; often it was the thunder and lightning, the tempest, or the hurricane on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; but whatever preached to me, it always taught me the majesty of the Creator, and revealed to me the undying and unchanging love of our kind Father in

heaven. Although I am a pretty rough customer," continued the dying man, "I fancy my heart is in about the right place, and look with confidence for that rest which I so much need, and which I have never enjoyed upon earth." He then desired the clergyman to pray with him, after which he took him by the hand, thanked him for his kindness, and bade him farewell. In another hour his spirit had taken its flight. It was said by those present, that his face lighted into a smile as the last breath escaped him, and that smile he carried into his grave. Almost his last words were: "Won't Barnum open his eyes when he finds I have humbugged him by being buried in his new hunting dress?" That dress was indeed the shroud in which he was entombed.

And that was the last on earth of "Old Grizzly Adams."

After the death of Adams, the grizzly bears and other animals were added to the collection in my Museum, and I employed Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion-tamer, as an exhibitor. Some time afterwards the bears were sold to a menagerie company, but I kept "old Neptune," the sea-lion, for several years, sending him occasionally for exhibition in other cities, as far west as Chicago. This noble and ferocious animal was a very great curiosity and attracted great attention. He was kept in a large tank, which was supplied with salt water every day from the Fall River steamboats, whose deck hands filled my barrels on every passage to the city with salt water from the deepest part of Long Island Sound. On his tours through the country the sea-lion lived very well in fresh water.

It was at one time my serious intention to engage in an American Indian Exhibition on a stupendous scale. I proposed to secure at the far West not less than one hundred of the best specimens of full-blood Indians, with their squaws and papooses, their paint, ponies, dresses, and weapons, for a general tour throughout the United States and Europe. The plan comprehended a grand entry at every town and city where the Indians were to exhibit—the Indians in all the glory of paint and feathers, beads and bright blankets, riding on their ponies, followed by tame buffaloes, elks and antelopes; then an exhibition on a lot large enough to admit of a display of all the Indian games and dances, their method of hunting, their style of cooking, living, etc. Such an exhibition is perfectly practicable now to anyone who has the capital and tact to undertake it, and a sure fortune would follow the enterprise.

On the 13th of October, 1860, the Prince of Wales, then making a tour in the United States, in company with his suite, visited the American Museum.

This was a very great compliment, since it was the only place of amusement the Prince attended in this country. Unfortunately, I was in Bridgeport at the time, and the Museum was in charge of my manager, Mr. Greenwood. Knowing that the name of the American Museum was familiar throughout Europe, I was quite confident of a call from the Prince, and from regard to his filial feelings I had, a day or two after his arrival in New York, ordered to be removed to a dark closet a frightful wax figure of his royal mother, which, for nineteen years, had excited the admiration of the million and which bore a placard with the legend, "An exact likeness of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, taken from life." Mr. Greenwood, who was an Englishman, was deeply impressed with the condescension of the Prince, and backed his way through the halls, followed by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and other members of the royal suite, and he actually trembled as he attempted to do the reception honors.

Presently they arrived in front of the platform on which were exhibited the various living human curiosities and monstrosities. The tall giant woman made her best bow; the fat boy waddled out and kissed his hand; the "negro turning white" showed his ivory and his spots; the dwarfs kicked up their heels, and like the clown in the ring, cried "here we are again"; the living skeleton stalked out, reminding the Prince, perhaps, of the wish of Sidney Smith in a hot day that he could lay off his flesh and sit in his bones; the Albino family went through their performances; the "What is it?" grinned; the Infant Drummer-boy beat a tattoo; and the Aztec children were shown and described as specimens of a remarkable and ancient race in Mexico and Central America. The Prince and his suite seemed pleased, and Greenwood was duly delighted. He was, however, quite overwhelmed with the responsibility of his position, especially whenever the Prince addressed him, and leading the way to the wax figure hall he called attention to the figures of the Siamese Twins and the Quaker Giant and his wife.

"I suppose," said the Prince, "these figures are representatives of different living curiosities exhibited from time to time in your Museum?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness, all of them," replied the confused Greenwood, and as "all of them" included very fair figures of the Emperors Nicholas and Napoleon, the Empress Eugenie, and other equally distinguished personages, the Prince must have thought that the Museum had contained, in times past, some famous "living curiosities." On leaving the Museum, the Prince asked to see Mr. Barnum, and when he was told that I

was out of town, he remarked: "We have missed the most interesting feature of the establishment." A few days afterwards, when the Prince was in Boston, happening to be in that city, I sent my card to him at the Revere House, and was cordially received. He smiled when I reminded him that I had seen him when he was a little boy, on the occasion of one of my visits to Buckingham Palace with General Tom Thumb. The Prince told me that he was much pleased with his recent inspection of my Museum, and that he and his suite had left their autographs in the establishment, as mementos of their visit.

When I arrived in Boston, by the by, on this visit, the streets were thronged with the military and citizens assembled to receive the Prince of Wales, and I had great difficulty, in starting from the depot to the Revere House, in getting through the assembled crowd. At last, a policeman espied me, and taking me for Senator Stephen A. Douglas, he cried out, at the top of his voice: "Make way there for Judge Douglas's carriage." The crowd opened a passage for my carriage at short notice, and shouted out "Douglas, Douglas, hurrah for Douglas." I took off my hat and bowed, smiling from the windows on each side of my carriage; the cheers and enthusiasm increased as I advanced, and all the way to the Revere House I continued to bow Judge Douglas's grateful acknowledgments for the enthusiastic reception. There must have been at least fifty thousand people who joined in this spontaneous demonstration in honor of Judge Douglas.

When Douglas ran for the presidency in 1860, my democratic friend, J. D. Johnson, bet me a hat that the Judge would be elected. Douglas passed through Bridgeport on his electioneering tour down East, and made a brief speech from the rear platform of the car, to the people assembled at the depot. The next day Mr. Johnson met me in a crowded barber shop and asked me if I had ever seen Douglas? I answered that I had, and Johnson then asked what sort of a looking man he was. Remembering our hat bet, and knowing that Johnson expected a pretty hard description of his favorite candidate, I said:

"He is a red-nosed, blear-eyed, dumpy, swaggering chap, looking like a regular barroom loafer."

"I thought as much," said Johnson, "for here is the New Haven paper of this morning, which says that he is the very image, in personal appearance, of P. T. Barnum."

When the roar that followed subsided, I told Johnson I must have had some other man in my mind's eye, when I answered his question.

One day I went out of the Museum in great haste to Tom Higginson's barber shop, in the Park Hotel, where my daily tonsorial operations were performed, and finding a rough-looking Hibernian just ahead of me, I told him that if he would be good enough to give me his "turn," I would pay his bill; to which he consented, and taking his turn and my own shave, I speedily departed, saying to Tom, as I went out: "Fix out this man, and for whatever he has done I will pay the bill."

Two or three clerks and reporters, who were in the shop, and who knew me, put their freshly-dressed heads together and suggested to Tom that here was an opportunity to perpetrate a practical joke on Barnum, and they explained the plan, in which Higginson readily acquiesced.

"Now," says one of them to the Irishman, "get everything done which you like, and it will cost you nothing; it will be charged to the gentleman to whom you gave your turn."

"Sure and a liberal gintleman he must be," said Pat.

"Will you take a bath?" asked the barber.

"That indade I will, if the gintleman pays," was the reply.

When he came out of the bath he was asked if he would be shampooed. "And what is that?" asked the bewildered Hibernian. The process was explained and he consented to go through with the operation. Thereafter, moved and instigated thereto by the barber and his confederates, Pat permitted Higginson to dye his red hair and whiskers a beautiful brown, and then to curl them. When all was done, the son of Erin looked in the mirror and could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. A more thorough transformation could scarcely be conceived, and as he went out of the door he said to Higginson:

"Give the generous gintleman me best complements and tell him he can have my turn ony day on the same terms."

One of the newspaper reporters, who assisted in the joke, published the whole story the next day, and when I called at the barber shop a bill for $1.75 was presented, which, of course, I could do no less than to pay. The joke went the rounds of the papers; and after a few months, an English friend sent me the whole story in a copy of the London *Family Herald*—a publication that issues about half a million of copies weekly. Mr. Currier, the lithographer, put the joke into pictorial form, representing the Irishman

as he appeared before, also as he appeared after the "barbarous" operations. After all, it was a good advertisement for me, as well as for Higginson; and it would have been pretty difficult to serve me up about these times in printers' ink in any form that I should have objected to.

Meanwhile, the Museum flourished better than ever; and I began to make large holes in the mortgages which covered the property of my wife in New York and in Connecticut. Still, there was an immense amount of debts resting upon all her real estate, and nothing but time, economy, industry and diligence would remove the burdens.

# XXXV

## East Bridgeport

Another New Home—Lindencroft—Progress of My Pet City—The Chestnut Wood Fire—How It Became Old Hickory—Inducements to Settlers—My Offer—Every Man His Own House-Owner—Whiskey and Tobacco—Rise in Real-Estate—Pembroke Lake—Washington Park—Great Manufactories—Wheeler and Wilson—Schuyler, Hartley and Graham—Hotchkiss, Son and Company—Street Names—Many Thousand Shade Trees—Business in the New City—Unparalleled Growth and Prosperity—Probabilities in the Future—Situation of Bridgeport—Its Advantages and Prospects—The Second, if Not the Foremost City in Connecticut.

For nearly five years my family had been knocked about, the sport of adverse fortune, without a settled home. Sometimes we boarded, and at other times we lived in a small hired house. Two of my daughters were married, and my youngest daughter, Pauline, was away at boarding school. The health of my wife was much impaired, and she especially needed a fixed residence which she could call "home." Accordingly, in 1860, I built a pleasant house adjoining that of my daughter Caroline, in Bridgeport, and one hundred rods west of the grounds of Iranistan. I had originally a tract of twelve acres, but half of it had been devoted to my daughter, and on the other half I now proposed to establish my own residence. To prepare the site it was necessary to cart in several thousands of loads of dirt to fill up the hollow and to make the broad, beautiful lawn, in the center of which I erected the new house, and after supplying the place with fountains, shrubbery, statuary and all that could adorn it, I named my new home "Lindencroft." It was, in truth, a very delightful place, complete and convenient in all respects, and there is scarcely a more beautiful residence in Bridgeport now.

Meanwhile, my pet city, East Bridgeport, was progressing with giant strides. The Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine manufactory had been quadrupled in size, and employed about a thousand workmen. Numerous other large factories had been built, and scores of first-class houses were erected, besides many neat, but smaller and cheaper houses for laborers and mechanics. That piece of property, which, but eight years before, had been farm land, with scarcely six houses upon the whole tract, was now a beautiful new city, teeming with busy life, and looking as neat as a new pin. The greatest pleasure which I then took, or even now take, was in driving through those busy streets, admiring the beautiful houses and substantial factories, with their thousands of prosperous workmen, and reflecting that I had, in so great a measure, been the means of adding all this life, bustle and wealth to the City of Bridgeport. And reflection on this subject only confirmed in my mind the great doctrine of compensations. How plain was it in my case, that an "apparent evil" was a "blessing in disguise!" How palpable was it now, that, had it not been for the clock failure, this prosperity could not have existed here. An old citizen of Bridgeport used to say to me, when, a few years before, he had noticed my zeal in trying to build up the east side:

"Mr. Barnum, your contemplated new city is like a fire made with chestnut wood; it burns so long as you keep blowing it, and when you stop, it goes out!"

I like, nowadays to laugh at him about his "chestnut wood fire." Of course, I did blow the fire in all possible ways, but the result proved that the wood which fed the fire was not chestnut, but the best and soundest old hickory. The situation was everything that could be desired, and I knew that in order to induce manufacturers to establish their business in the new city, a prime requisite was the advantage I could offer to employers, agents and workmen, to secure good and cheap homes in the vicinity of their place of labor. To show the method I adopted to secure this end, I copy from the files of the Bridgeport *Standard*, an offer which I made, and the editorial comment thereon. This offer, I may add, was not so much for the purpose of blowing the fire, which was already fairly roaring with a lively blaze, as for the sake of helping those who were willing to help themselves, and, at the same time, contribute to my happiness, as well as their own, by forwarding the growth of the new city.

"New Houses in East Bridgeport.
"Every Man to Own the House He Lives in.

"There is a demand at the present moment for two hundred more dwelling-houses in East Bridgeport. It is evident that if the money expended in rent can be paid towards the purchase of a house and lot, the person so paying will in a few years own the house he lives in, instead of always remaining a tenant. In view of this fact, I propose to loan money at six percent to any number, not exceeding fifty, industrious, temperate and respectable individuals, who desire to build their own houses.

"They may engage their own builders, and build according to any reasonable plan (which I may approve), or I will have it done for them at the lowest possible rate, without a farthing profit to myself or agent, I putting the lot at a fair price and advancing eighty percent of the entire cost; the other party to furnish twenty percent in labor, material or money, and they may pay me in small sums weekly, monthly or quarterly, any amount not less than three percent per quarter, all of which is to apply on the money advanced until it is paid.

"It has been ascertained that by purchasing building materials for cash, and in large quantities, nice dwellings, painted and furnished with green blinds, can be erected at a cost of $1,500 or $1,800, for house, lot, fences, etc., all complete, and if six or eight friends prefer to join in erecting a neat block of houses with verandas in front, the average cost need not exceed about $1,300 per house and lot. If, however, some parties would prefer a single or double house that would cost $2,500 to $3,000, I shall be glad to meet their views.

P. T. Barnum.

"February 16, 1864."

The editor of the *Standard* printed the following upon my announcement:

"An Advantageous Offer.—We have read with great pleasure Mr. Barnum's advertisement, offering assistance to any number of persons, not exceeding fifty, in the erection of dwelling houses. This plan combines all the advantages and none of the objections of Building Associations. Any individual who can furnish in cash, labor, or material, one-fifth only of the amount requisite for the erection of a dwelling house, can

> receive the other four-fifths from Mr. Barnum, rent his house and by merely paying what may be considered as only a fair rent for a few years, find himself at last the owner, and all further payments cease. In the meantime, he can be making such inexpensive improvements in his property as would greatly improve its market value, and besides have the advantage of any rise in the value of real estate. It is not often that such a generous offer is made to working men. It is a loan on what would be generally considered inadequate security, at six percent, at a time when a much better use of money can be made by any capitalist. It is therefore generous. Mr. Barnum may make money by the operation. Very well, perhaps he will, but if he does, it will be by making others richer, not poorer; by helping those who need assistance, not by hindering them, and we can only wish that every rich man would follow such a noble example, and thus, without injury to themselves, give a helping hand to those who need it. Success to the enterprise. We hope that fifty men will be found before the week ends, each of whom desires in such a manner to obtain a roof which he can call his own."

Quite a number of men at once availed themselves of my offer, and eventually succeeded in paying for their homes without much effort. I am sorry to add, that rent is still paid, month after month, by many men who would long ago have owned neat homesteads, free from all incumbrances, if they had accepted my proposals and had signed and kept the temperance pledge, and given up the use of tobacco. The money they have since expended for whiskey and tobacco, would have given them a house of their own, if the money had been devoted to that object, and their positions, socially and morally, would have been far better than they are today. How many infatuated men there are in all parts of the country, who could now be independent, and even owners of their own carriages, but for their slavery to these miserable habits!

I built a number of houses to let, in order to accommodate those who were unable to buy. I find this the most unpleasant part of my connection with the new city. The interest on the investment, the taxes, repairs, wear and tear, and insurance render tenant-houses the most unprofitable property to own; besides which the landlord is often looked upon by the tenants as an overbearing, grasping man and one whose property it is their highest duty to injure as much as possible; for all concerned therefore, it is much better that

every person should somehow manage to own the roof he sleeps under. Men are more independent and feel happier who live in their own houses; they keep the premises in neater order, and they make better citizens. Hence I always encourage poor people to become householders if possible, for I find that oftentimes when they have lived long in one of my houses they think it very hard if the property is not given to them. They argue that the landlord is rich and would never feel the loss of one little place, not stopping to consider that the aggregate of a great many "little places" thus given away would make the landlord poor—nor would the tenants be benefited so much by homes that were given to them as they would by homes that were the fruits of their own industry and economy.

The land in East Bridgeport was originally purchased by me at from $50 to $75, and from those sums to $300 per acre; and the average cost of all I bought on that side of the river was $200 per acre. Some portions of this land are now assessed in the Bridgeport tax-list at from $3,000 to $4,000 per acre. At the time I joined Mr. Noble in this enterprise, the site we purchased was not a part of the City of Bridgeport. It is now, however, a most important section of the city, and the three bridges connecting the two banks of the river, and originally chartered as toll-bridges, have been bought by the city and thrown open as free highways to the public. A horse railroad, in which I took one-tenth part of the stock, connects the two portions of the city, extending westerly beyond Iranistan and Lindencroft, while a branch road runs to the beautiful "Seaside Park" on the Sound shore.

The eastern line of East Bridgeport, when I first purchased so large a portion of the property, was bounded by a long, narrow swale or valley of salt meadow, through which a small stream passed, and which was flooded with salt water at every tide. At considerable expense, I erected a dam at the foot of this meadow, and thus converted this heretofore filthy, repulsive, mosquito-inhabited and malaria-breeding marsh into a charming sheet of water, which is now known as Pembroke Lake. If this improvement had not been made, in all probability the eastern portion of my property would never have been devoted to dwelling houses; as it is, Barnum Street has been extended by means of a bridge across the lake, and the eastern shore is already studded with houses. The land on that side of the lake lies in the town of Stratford, and the growth of the new settlement promises to be as rapid as that of East Bridgeport.

General Noble, in laying out the first portion of our new city, named several streets after members of his own family, and also of mine. Hence, we have a "Noble" Street—and a noble street it is; a "Barnum" Street; while other streets are named "William," from Mr. Noble; "Harriet," the Christian name of Mrs. Noble; "Hallett," the maiden name of my wife; and "Caroline," "Helen," and "Pauline," the names of my three daughters. There is also the "Barnum School District" and schoolhouse; so that it seems as if, for a few scores of years at least, posterity would know who were the founders of the new, flourishing and beautiful city. We have yet another enduring and ever-growing monument in the many thousands of trees which we set out and which now line and gratefully shade the streets of East Bridgeport.

Figures can scarcely give an appreciable idea of the rapid growth and material prosperity of this important portion of the City of Bridgeport; but the city records show that my first purchase of land on that side of the river was appraised in the Bridgeport assessment list, in October, 1851, at $36,000, while in July, 1859, the same real estate, with improvements, less the Washington Park, the Public School lot in Barnum District, the land for streets, and four church lots, was valued in the city assessment list at $1,200,000. When we bought the property there were but six old farm houses on the entire tract, when the center bridge was built and opened. Now there are on the same land hundreds of dwelling-houses, some of them as fine as any in the State. Three handsome churches, Methodist, Episcopal and Congregational, front on the beautiful Washington Park of seven acres, which Mr. Noble and myself presented to the city, and which would be worth $100,000 today for building lots. This pleasant park is enclosed by a substantial iron fence, and contains a fine, natural grove of full-grown trees, while the surrounding streets are lined with charming residences, and, on one or more evenings in the week during the summer, the city band, or the Wheeler & Wilson band, plays in the Park for the amusement and benefit of the citizens of East Bridgeport.

Some of the largest and most prosperous manufactories in the United States are located in the new city. Among these are the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Manufactories, which cover four entire squares, with fireproof buildings, are rapidly extending, and employ more than one thousand operators; the Howe Sewing Machine Factory is also an immense edifice, employing nearly the same number of men; Schuyler, Hartley, Graham &

Company's great cartridge and ammunition works, almost supply the armies of the world with the means of destruction; besides these, the Winchester Arms Manufactory for making the "twenty-shooter breechloader"; a large brass manufactory; an immense hat manufactory; and Hotchkiss, Sons & Company's Hardware Manufactory, are among the more prominent establishments, and other and like concerns are constantly adding. Indeed, at this time (1869) one-fourth of the population and three-fourths of the manufacturing capital and business of Bridgeport are located on the east side within limits which, in 1850, contained only six old farm houses.

The following details respecting the business of some of the largest establishments will give an idea of the manufacturing industries of East Bridgeport. The Wheeler and Wilson Manufacturing Company employ more than $4,000,000 in their business. Their employees number ten hundred, and they manufacture an average of three hundred sewing machines per day; the total number of machines manufactured up to July 1, 1869, is over four hundred thousand, and the factories cover six and one-half acres of ground. The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley, Graham & Co., have a capital of $350,000, employ two hundred and fifty men, and manufacture cartridges and primers of Berdan's patent military and sporting caps, and elastic gun waddings, at the rate of 1,000,000 cartridges, 720,000 primers, and 720,000 caps per week, and to July 1, 1869, they had manufactured 50,000,000 cartridges. The Bridgeport Brass Company employ two hundred men, have a capital of $150,000, and manufacture rolled brass wire and tubing, kerosene burners, lamp goods, corset steels, oil cans, etc., and roll and use in these goods 1,000,000 pounds of brass a year. The Winchester Arms Company have a capital of $450,000, employ three hundred men, and manufacture the Winchester rifle, cartridges and ammunition. The Howe Machine Company have a capital of $300,000, employ five hundred men, and manufacture sewing machines at the rate of one hundred and fifty per day. Messrs. Hotchkiss and Sons, with a capital of $162,500, and one hundred and twenty-five men, manufacture hardware, currycombs, game traps, and harness snaps to the amount of $20,000 per month. The Bridgeport Manufacturing Company, with fifty men, and a capital of $300,000, manufacture the American submerged pump. The Odorless Rubber Company, with fifty men, and $200,000 capital, manufacture soft rubber goods, hose, clothing, etc. The American Silver Steel Company, manufacture steel from the Mine Hill, Roxbury, Connecticut, Spathic ore,

and employ two hundred and fifty men, and a capital of $500,000. Messrs. Glover Sanford and Sons, employ two hundred and fifty men, and manufacture two hundred and fifty dozen wool hats per day. The New York Tap and Die Company, with a capital of $150,000, and one hundred men, manufacture taps, dies, drills, bits, etc. These companies thus employ about six and one-half millions in capital, and nearly twenty-seven hundred men, and expend more than $2,000,000 a year in wages to the operatives.

In addition, there are several substantial brick blocks devoted to business; there are book stores, drug stores, dry goods stores, jewelry stores, boot and shoe shops and stores, tailoring and furnishing establishments, more than twenty grocery stores, six meat markets, three fish markets, coal, wood, lumber and brick yards, steam flouring mills, and a large brick hotel. The water and gas supplies are the same as those afforded on the other side of the river. It is quite within the bounds of probability that in the course of twenty years, the east side will contain the larger proportion of the inhabitants. A post-office and a railway station will soon be built on that side of the river. A new iron bridge is about to connect the two parts of the city, affording additional facilities for intercommunication. In 1868, March 2, a special committee of the Common Council reported the census of the City of Bridgeport as follows: First ward, 7,397; Second ward, 4,237; Third ward, East Bridgeport, 5,497; total, 17,131. In this enumeration, our new city contained nearly one-third of the entire population, and its increase since has been far more rapid than that of any other part of Bridgeport.

The entire City of Bridgeport is advancing in population and prosperity with a rapidity far beyond that of any other city in Connecticut, and everything indicates that it will soon take its proper position as the second, if not the first, city in the State. Its situation as the terminus of the Naugatuck and the Housatonic railways, its accessibility to New York, with its two daily steamboats to and from the metropolis, and its dozen daily trains of the New York and Boston and Shore Line railways, are all elements of prosperity which are rapidly telling in favor of this busy, beautiful and charming city.

# XXXVI

## More About the Museum

Another Reopening—A Cherry-Colored Cat—The Cat Let Out of the Bag—My First Whaling Expedition—Plans for Capture—Success of the Scheme—Transporting Living Whales by Land—Public Excitement—The Great Tank—Salt Water Pumped from the Bay to the Museum—More Whales—Expedition to Labrador—The First Hippopotamus in America—Tropical Fish—Commodore Nutt and His First "Engagement"—The Two Dromios—President Lincoln Sees Commodore Nutt—Wading Ashore—A Question of Legs—Self-Deception—The Golden Angel Fish—Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia Giantess—The Tallest Woman in the World—Indian Chiefs—Expedition to Cyprus—My Agent in a Pasha's Harem.

On the 13th of October, 1860, the American Museum was the scene of another reopening, which was, in fact, the commencement of the fall dramatic season, the summer months having been devoted to pantomime. A grand flourish of trumpets in the way of newspaper advertisements and flaming posters drew a crowded house. Among other attractions, it was announced that Mr. Barnum would introduce a mysterious novelty never before seen in that establishment. I appeared upon the stage behind a small table, in front of which was nailed a white sack, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "The cat let out of the bag." I then stated that, having spent two of the summer months in the country, leaving the Museum in charge of Mr. Greenwood, he had purchased a curiosity with which he was not satisfied; but, for my part, I thought he had received his money's worth, and I proposed to exhibit it to the audience, for the purpose of getting their opinion on the subject. I stated that a farmer came in from the country, and said he had got a "cherry-colored cat" at home which he would like to sell; that Mr. Greenwood gave him a writing promising to pay him twenty-five dollars for such

a cat delivered in good health, provided it was not artificially colored; and that the cat was then in the bag in front of the table, ready for exhibition. Whereupon, my assistant drew from the bag a common black cat, and I informed the audience that when the farmer brought his "cherry-colored cat," he quietly remarked to Mr. Greenwood, that, of course, he meant "a cat of the color of black cherries." The laughter that followed this narration was uproarious, and the audience unanimously voted that the "cherry-colored cat," all things considered, was well worth twenty-five dollars. The cat, adorned with a collar bearing the inscription, "The Cherry-colored Cat," was then placed in the cage of the "Happy Family," and the story getting into the newspapers, it became another advertisement of the Museum.

In 1861, I learned that some fishermen at the mouth of the St. Lawrence had succeeded in capturing a living white whale, and I was also informed that a whale of this kind, if placed in a box lined with seaweed and partially filled with salt water, could be transported by land to a considerable distance, and be kept alive. It was simply necessary that an attendant, supplied with a barrel of salt water and a sponge, should keep the mouth and blowhole of the whale constantly moist. It seemed incredible that a living whale could be "expressed" by railroad on a five days' journey, and although I knew nothing of the white whale or its habits, since I had never seen one, I determined to experiment in that direction. Landsman as I was, I believed that I was quite as competent as a St. Lawrence fisherman to superintend the capture and transportation of a live white whale.

When I had fully made up my mind to attempt the task, I made every provision for the expedition, and took precaution against every conceivable contingency. I determined upon the capture and transport to my Museum of at least two living whales, and prepared in the basement of the building a brick and cement tank, forty feet long, and eighteen feet wide, for the reception of the marine monsters. When this was done, taking two trusty assistants, I started upon my whaling expedition. Going by rail to Quebec, and thence by the Grand Trunk Railroad, ninety miles, to Wells River, where I chartered a sloop to Elbow Island (Isle au Coudres), in the St. Lawrence River, and found the place populated by Canadian French people of the most ignorant and dirty description. They were hospitable, but frightfully filthy, and they gained their livelihood by farming and fishing. Immense quantities of maple-sugar are made there, and in exploring about the island, we saw hundreds of birch-bark buckets suspended to the trees to catch the

sap. After numerous consultations, extending over three whole days, with a party of twenty-four fishermen, whose gibberish was almost as untranslatable as it was unbearable, I succeeded in contracting for their services to capture for me, alive and unharmed, a couple of white whales, scores of which could at all times be discovered by their "spouting" within sight of the island. I was to pay these men a stipulated price per day for their labor, and if they secured the whales, they were to have a liberal bonus.

The plan decided upon was to plant in the river a "kraal," composed of stakes driven down in the form of a V, leaving the broad end open for the whales to enter. This was done in a shallow place, with the point of the kraal towards shore; and if by chance one or more whales should enter the trap at high water, my fishermen were to occupy the entrance with their boats, and keep up a tremendous splashing and noise till the tide receded, when the frightened whales would find themselves nearly "high and dry," or with too little water to enable them to swim, and their capture would be the next thing in order. This was to be effected by securing a slip-noose of stout rope over their tails, and towing them to the seaweed lined boxes in which they were to be transported to New York.

All this was simple enough "on paper"; but several days elapsed before a single spout was seen inside the kraal, though scores of whales were constantly around and near it. In time, it became exceedingly aggravating to see the whales glide so near the trap without going into it, and our patience was sorely tried. One day a whale actually went into the kraal, and the fishermen proposed to capture it; but I wanted another, and while we waited for number two to go in, number one knowing the proverb, probably, and having an eye to his own interests, went out. Two days afterwards, I was awakened at daylight by a great noise, and amid the clamor of many voices, I caught the cheering news that two whales were even then within the kraal, and hastily dressing myself, I took a boat for the exciting scene. The real difficulty, which was to get the whales into the trap, was now over, and the details of capture and transportation could safely be left to my trusty assistants and the fishermen. What they were to do until the tide went out and thereafter was once more fully explained; and after depositing money enough to pay the bill, if the capture was successful, I started at once for Quebec. There I learned by telegraph that both whales had been caught, boxed, and put on board sloop for the nearest point where they could be transhipped in the

cars. I had made every arrangement with the railway officials, and had engaged a special car for the precious and curious freight.

Elated as I was at the result of this novel enterprise, I had no idea of hiding my light under a bushel, and I immediately wrote a full account of the expedition, its intention, and its success, for publication in the Quebec and Montreal newspapers. I also prepared a large number of brief notices which I left at every station on the line, instructing telegraph operators to "take off" all "whaling messages" that passed over the wires to New York, and to inform their fellow townsmen at what hour the whales would pass through each place. The result of these arrangements may be imagined; at every station crowds of people came to the cars to see the whales which were travelling by land to Barnum's Museum, and those who did not see the monsters with their own eyes, at least saw someone who had seen them, and I thus secured a tremendous advertisement, seven hundred miles long, for the American Museum.

When I arrived in New York, a dozen despatches had come from the "whaling expedition," and they continued to come every few hours. These I bulletined in front of the Museum and sent copies to the papers. The excitement was intense, and, when at last, these marine monsters arrived and were swimming in the tank that had been prepared for them, anxious thousands literally rushed to see the strangest curiosities ever exhibited in New York.

Thus was my first whaling expedition a great success; but I did not know how to feed or to take care of the monsters, and, moreover, they were in fresh water, and this, with the bad air in the basement, may have hastened their death, which occurred a few days after their arrival, but not before thousands of people had seen them. Not at all discouraged, I resolved to try again. My plan now was to connect the water of New York bay with the basement of the Museum by means of iron pipes under the street, and a steam engine on the dock to pump the water. This I actually did at a cost of several thousand dollars, with an extra thousand to the aldermanic "ring" for the privilege, and I constructed another tank in the second floor of the building. This tank was built of slate and French glass plates six feet long, five feet broad, and one inch thick, imported expressly for the purpose, and the tank, when completed, was twenty-four feet square, and cost $4,000. It was kept constantly supplied with what would be called Hibernically, "fresh" salt water, and inside of it I soon had two white whales, caught, as the first had been, hundreds of miles below Quebec, to which city they were

carried by a sailing vessel, and from thence were brought by railway to New York.

Of this whole enterprise, I confess I was very proud that I had originated it and brought it to such successful conclusion. It was a very great sensation, and it added thousands of dollars to my treasury. The whales, however, soon died—their sudden and immense popularity was too much for them—and I then despatched agents to the coast of Labrador, and not many weeks thereafter I had two more live whales disporting themselves in my monster aquarium. Certain envious people started the report that my whales were only porpoises, but this petty malice was turned to good account, for Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, came to see them, and gave me a certificate that they were genuine white whales, and this endorsement I published far and wide.

The tank which I had built in the basement served for a yet more interesting exhibition. On the 12th of August, 1861, I began to exhibit the first and only genuine hippopotamus that had ever been seen in America, and for several weeks the Museum was thronged by the curious who came to see the monster. I advertised him extensively and ingeniously, as "the great behemoth of the Scriptures," giving a full description of the animal and his habits, and thousands of cultivated people, biblical students, and others, were attracted to this novel exhibition. There was quite as much excitement in the city over this wonder in the animal creation as there was in London when the first hippopotamus was placed in the zoological collection in Regent's Park.

Having a stream of salt water at my command at every high tide, I was enabled to make splendid additions to the beautiful aquarium, which I was the first to introduce into this country. I not only procured living sharks, porpoises, sea horses, and many rare fish from the sea in the vicinity of New York, but in the summer of 1861, I despatched a fishing smack and crew to the Island of Bermuda and its neighborhood, whence they brought scores of specimens of the beautiful "angel fish," and numerous other tropical fish of brilliant colors and unique forms. These fish were a great attraction to all classes, and especially to naturalists and others, who commended me for serving the ends of science as well as amusement. But as cold weather approached, these tropical fish began to die, and before the following spring, they were all gone. I, therefore, replenished this portion of my aquaria during the summer, and for several summers in succession, by send-

ing a special vessel to the Gulf for specimens. These operations were very expensive, but I really did not care for the cost, if I could only secure valuable attractions.

In the same year, I bought out the Aquarial Gardens in Boston, and soon after removed the collection to the Museum. I had now the finest assemblage of fresh as well as salt water fish ever exhibited, and with a standing offer of one hundred dollars for every living brook-trout, weighing four pounds or more, which might be brought to me, I soon had three or four of these beauties, which trout-fishermen from all parts of the country came to New York to see. But the trout department of my Museum required so much care, and was attended with such constant risks, that I finally gave it up.

In December, 1861, I made one of my most "palpable hits." I was visited at the Museum by a most remarkable dwarf, who was a sharp, intelligent little fellow, with a deal of drollery and wit. He had a splendid head, was perfectly formed, was very attractive, and, in short, for a "showman," he was a perfect treasure. His name, he told me, was George Washington Morrison Nutt, and his father was Major Rodnia Nutt, a substantial farmer, of Manchester, New Hampshire. I was not long in despatching an efficient agent to Manchester, and in overcoming the competition with other showmen who were equally eager to secure this extraordinary pigmy. The terms upon which I engaged him for three years were so large that he was christened the $30,000 Nutt; I, in the meantime, conferring upon him the title of Commodore. As soon as I engaged him, placards, posters and the columns of the newspapers proclaimed the presence of "Commodore Nutt," at the Museum. I also procured for the Commodore a pair of Shetland ponies, miniature coachman and footman, in livery, gold-mounted harness and an elegant little carriage, which, when closed, represented a gigantic English walnut. The little Commodore attracted great attention and grew rapidly in public favor. General Tom Thumb was then travelling in the South and West. For some years he had not been exhibited in New York, and during these years he had increased considerably in rotundity and had changed much in his general appearance. It was a singular fact, however, that Commodore Nutt was almost a facsimile of General Tom Thumb, as he looked half-a-dozen years before. Consequently, very many of my patrons, not making allowance for the time which had elapsed since they had last seen the General, declared that I was trying to play "Mrs. Gamp" with my "Mrs. Harris"; that there was, in fact, no such person as "Commodore

Nutt"; and that I was exhibiting my old friend Tom Thumb under a new name. The mistake was very natural, and to me it was very laughable, for the more I tried to convince people of their error, the more they winked and looked wise, and said, "It's pretty well done, but you can't take me in."

Commodore Nutt enjoyed the joke very much. He would sometimes half admit the deception, simply to add to the bewilderment of the doubting portion of my visitors. After he had been in the Museum a few weeks, I took the Commodore to Bridgeport to spend a couple of days by way of relaxation. Many of the citizens of Bridgeport, who had known Tom Thumb from his birth, would salute the Commodore as the General Tom Thumb. The little fellow would return these salutes, for he delighted in keeping up the illusion.

Going into a crowded barbershop one morning with the little Commodore, we met my friend Mr. Gideon Thompson, who was sitting there, and who called out:

"Good morning, Charley; how are you? When did you get home?"

"I'm quite well, thank you, and I arrived last night," responded the Commodore, with due gravity.

"I've got a horse now that will beat yours," said Mr. Thompson.

"He must be pretty fast, then."

"Well, Charley, I'll drive out by your mother's the first fine day, and give you a trial."

"All right," said little Nutt, "but you had better not wager too much on your fast horse, for you know mine is some pumpkins."

"Well, Uncle Gid.," I exclaimed, "you are had this time; this little gentleman is not General Tom Thumb, but Commodore Nutt."

"What!" roared friend Gid.; "do you think I am an infernal fool? Why, I knew Charley Stratton years before you ever saw him, didn't I, General?"

No one in the room suspected that my little friend was any other than General Tom Thumb, till Mr. William Bassett, the General's brother-in-law, came in and remarked the "wonderful resemblance to our little Charley, as he looked years ago."

"Is not this the General?" inquired half a dozen astonished men, who were speedily assured he was not, but was quite another person. This gave rise to a proposition to exhibit the Commodore to the General's mother, and a coach was procured, and Mr. Bassett, the Commodore, and I went to Mrs. Stratton's house. When we arrived, the Commodore shouted out:

"How are you, mother?"

But the mother, of all persons in Bridgeport, was not to be deceived, though she expressed her astonishment at the very striking likeness the Commodore bore to her son as he once looked. Mrs. Bassett concurred in the testimony and said the Commodore looked so much like her brother that she was loth to let him go. It is no wonder that other people were deceived by the resemblance.

It was evident that here was an opportunity to turn all doubts into hard cash by simply bringing the two dwarf Dromios together, and showing them on the same platform. I therefore induced Tom Thumb to bring his Western engagements to a close, and to appear for four weeks, beginning with August 11, 1862, in my Museum. Announcements headed "The Two Dromios," and "Two Smallest Men, and Greatest Curiosities Living," as I expected, drew large crowds to see them, and many came especially to solve their doubts with regard to the genuineness of the "Nutt." But here I was considerably nonplussed, for astonishing as it may seem, the doubts of many of the visitors were confirmed! The sharp people who were determined "not to be humbugged, anyhow," still declared that Commodore Nutt was General Tom Thumb, and that the little fellow whom I was trying to pass off as Tom Thumb, was no more like the General than he was like the man in the Moon. It is very amusing to see how people will sometimes deceive themselves by being too incredulous.

As an illustration—the "Australian Golden Pigeons" which deceived Old Adams were the occasion of another ludicrous incident. A shrewd lady, one of my neighbors in Connecticut, was visiting the Museum, and after inspecting the "Golden Angel Fish" swimming in one of the aquaria, she abruptly addressed me:

"You can't humbug me, Mr. Barnum; that fish is painted!"

"Nonsense!" said I, with a laugh; "the thing is impossible."

"I don't care, I know it is painted; it is as plain as can be."

"But, my dear Mrs. H., paint would not adhere to a fish in the water; and if it would, it would kill him."

She left the Museum not more than half convinced, and in the afternoon of the same day I met her in the California Menagerie. She knew I was part proprietor in the establishment, and seeing me in conversation with Old Adams, she came to me, her eyes glistening with excitement, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Barnum, I never saw anything so beautiful as those elegant 'Golden Pigeons'; you must give me some of their eggs for my own pigeons to hatch; I should prize them beyond measure."

"Oh, you don't want 'Golden Pigeons,'" I said; "they are painted."

"No, they are not painted," said she, with a laugh, "but I half think the 'Angel Fish' is."

I could scarcely control my laughter as I explained: "Now, Mrs. H., I never spoil a good joke, even when the exposure betrays a Museum secret. I assure you, upon honor, that the 'Australian Golden Pigeons,' as they are labelled, are really painted; I bought them for the sole purpose of giving Old Adams a lesson; in their natural state they are nothing more than common white ruff-neck pigeons." She was convinced, and to this day she blushes whenever any allusion is made to the "Angel Fish" or the "Golden Pigeons."

In 1862, I sent the Commodore to Washington, and joining him there, I received an invitation from President Lincoln to call at the White House with my little friend. Arriving at the appointed hour I was informed that the President was in a special cabinet meeting, but that he had left word if I called to be shown in to him with the Commodore. These were dark days in the rebellion and I felt that my visit, if not ill-timed, must at all events be brief. When we were admitted Mr. Lincoln received us cordially, and introduced us to the members of the cabinet. When Mr. Chase was introduced as the Secretary of the Treasury, the little Commodore remarked:

"I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?"

"No, indeed," said Secretary of War Stanton, very promptly: "I am spending the money."

"Well," said Commodore Nutt, "it is in a good cause, anyhow, and I guess it will come out all right."

His apt remark created much amusement. Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body, and taking Nutt by the hand, he said:

"Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore."

The Commodore found the laugh was against him, but placing himself at the side of the President, and gradually raising his eyes up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's very long legs, he replied:

"I guess Mr. President, you could do that better than I could."

Commodore Nutt and the Nova Scotia giantess, Anna Swan, illustrate the old proverb sufficiently to show how extremes occasionally met in my Museum. He was the shortest of men and she was the tallest of women. I first heard of her through a quaker who came into my office one day and told me of a wonderful girl, seventeen years of age, who resided near him at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and who was probably the tallest girl in the world. I asked him to obtain her exact height, on his return home, which he did and sent it to me, and I at once sent an agent who in due time came back with Anna Swan. She was an intelligent and by no means ill-looking girl, and during the long period while she was in my employ she was visited by thousands of persons. After the burning of my second Museum, she went to England where she attracted great attention.

For many years I had been in the habit of engaging parties of American Indians from the far West to exhibit at the Museum, and had sent two or more Indian companies to Europe, where they were regarded as very great "curiosities." In 1864, ten or twelve chiefs of as many different tribes, visited the President of the United States at Washington. By a pretty liberal outlay of money, I succeeded in inducing the interpreter to bring them to New York, and to pass some days at my Museum. Of course, getting these Indians to dance, or to give any illustration of their games or pastimes, was out of the question. They were real chiefs of powerful tribes, and would no more have consented to give an exhibition of themselves than the Chief Magistrate of our own nation would have done. Their interpreter could not therefore promise that they would remain at the Museum for any definite time; "for," said he, "you can only keep them just so long as they suppose all your patrons come to pay them visits of honor. If they suspected that your Museum was a place where people paid for entering," he continued, "you could not keep them a moment after the discovery."

On their arrival at the Museum, therefore, I took them upon the stage and personally introduced them to the public. The Indians liked this attention from me, as they had been informed that I was the proprietor of the great establishment in which they were invited and honored guests. My patrons were of course pleased to see these old chiefs, as they knew they were the "*real* thing," and several of them were known to the public, either as being friendly or cruel to the whites. After one or two appearances upon the stage, I took them in carriages and visited the Mayor of New York in the Gover-

nor's room at the City Hall. Here the Mayor made them a speech of welcome, which being interpreted to the savages was responded to by a speech from one of the chiefs, in which he thanked the great "Father" of the city for his pleasant words, and for his kindness in pointing out the portraits of his predecessors hanging on the walls of the Governor's room.

On another occasion, I took them by special invitation to visit one of the large public schools up town. The teachers were pleased to see them, and arranged an exhibition of special exercises by the scholars, which they thought would be most likely to gratify their barbaric visitors. At the close of these exercises, one old chief arose, and simply said, "This is all new to us. We are mere unlearned sons of the forest, and cannot understand what we have seen and heard."

On other occasions, I took them to ride in Central Park, and through different portions of the city. At every street corner which we passed, they would express their astonishment to each other, at seeing the long rows of houses which extended both ways on either side of each cross-street. Of course, between each of these outside visits I would return with them to the Museum, and secure two or three appearances upon the stage to receive the people who had there congregated "to do them honor."

As they regarded me as their host, they did not hesitate to trespass upon my hospitality. Whenever their eyes rested upon a glittering shell among my specimens of conchology, especially if it had several brilliant colors, one would take off his coat, another his shirt, and insist that I should exchange my shell for their garment. When I declined the exchange, but on the contrary presented them with the coveted article, I soon found I had established a dangerous precedent. Immediately, they all commenced to beg for everything in my vast collection, which they happened to take a liking to. This cost me many valuable specimens, and often "put me to my trumps" for an excuse to avoid giving them things which I could not part with.

The chief of one of the tribes one day discovered an ancient shirt of chain-mail which hung in one of my cases of antique armor. He was delighted with it, and declared he must have it. I tried all sorts of excuses to prevent his getting it, for it had cost me a hundred dollars and was a great curiosity. But the old man's eyes glistened, and he would not take "no" for an answer. "The Utes have killed my little child," he told me through the interpreter; and now he must have this steel shirt to protect himself; and when

he returned to the Rocky Mountains he would have his revenge. I remained inexorable until he finally brought me a new buckskin Indian suit, which he insisted upon exchanging. I felt compelled to accept his proposal; and never did I see a man more delighted than he seemed to be when he took the mailed shirt into his hands. He fairly jumped up and down with joy. He ran to his lodging room, and soon appeared again with the coveted armor upon his body, and marched down one of the main halls of the Museum, with folded arms, and head erect, occasionally patting his breast with his right hand, as much as to say, "now, Mr. Ute, look sharp, for I will soon be on the war path!"

Among these Indians were War Bonnet, Lean Bear, and Hand-in-the-water, chiefs of the Cheyennes; Yellow Buffalo, of the Kiowas; Yellow Bear, of the same tribe; Jacob, of the Caddos; and White Bull, of the Apaches. The little wiry chief known as Yellow Bear had killed many whites as they had travelled through the "far West." He was a sly, treacherous, bloodthirsty savage, who would think no more of scalping a family of women and children, than a butcher would of wringing the neck of a chicken. But now he was on a mission to the "Great Father" at Washington, seeking for presents and favors for his tribe, and he pretended to be exceedingly meek and humble, and continually urged the interpreter to announce him as a "great friend to the white man." He would fawn about me, and although not speaking or understanding a word of our language, would try to convince me that he loved me dearly.

In exhibiting these Indian warriors on the stage, I explained to the large audiences the names and characteristics of each. When I came to Yellow Bear I would pat him familiarly upon the shoulder, which always caused him to look up to me with a pleasant smile, while he softly stroked down my arm with his right hand in the most loving manner. Knowing that he could not understand a word I said, I pretended to be complimenting him to the audience, while I was really saying something like the following:

"This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white persons, and he is probably the meanest, black-hearted rascal that lives in the far West." Here I patted him on the head, and he, supposing I was sounding his praises, would smile, fawn upon me, and stroke my arm, while I continued: "If the bloodthirsty little villain understood what I was saying, he would kill me in a moment; but as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth

to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, murderous monster. He has tortured to death poor, unprotected women, murdered their husbands, brained their helpless little ones; and he would gladly do the same to you or to me, if he thought he could escape punishment. This is but a faint description of the character of Yellow Bear." Here I gave him another patronizing pat on the head, and he, with a pleasant smile, bowed to the audience, as much as to say that my words were quite true, and that he thanked me very much for the high encomiums I had so generously heaped upon him.

After they had been about a week at the Museum, one of the chiefs discovered that visitors paid money for entering. This information he soon communicated to the other chiefs, and I heard an immediate murmur of discontent. Their eyes were opened, and no power could induce them to appear again upon the stage. Their dignity had been offended, and their wild, flashing eyes were anything but agreeable. Indeed, I hardly felt safe in their presence, and it was with a feeling of relief that I witnessed their departure for Washington the next morning.

In the spring of 1864, the United States Consul at Larnica, Island of Cyprus, Turkish Dominions, wrote me a letter, declaring that he and the English Consul, an American physician, resident in the island, and a large company of Europeans as well as natives, had seen the most remarkable object, no doubt, in the world—a *lusus naturae*, a feminine phenomenon. This woman was represented to have "four cornicles on her head, and one large horn, equal in size to an ordinary ram's horn, growing out of the side of her head"; and the consistency of the horns was represented to be similar to that of cows' or goats' horns. This singular story continued: "These horns have been growing for ten or twelve years, and were carefully concealed by the woman until a few weeks since, when a vision appeared in the person of an old man, and warned her to remove the veil she wore, or God would punish her. She sent to the Greek priest (she being of that persuasion), and confessed to him, and was ordered to uncover her head, which she at once did." She was subsequently seen by the entire population, and the French consul, in company with others, offered her fifty thousand piastres to go to Paris for exhibition. The English consul, I was further informed, had pronounced this woman to be "worth her weight in gold"; and I was assured that if I wished to add her to my "wonderful Museum, and present to the American public the most remarkable object yet exhibited," I had only to "send an agent immediately to secure the prize."

Informing myself of the trustworthiness of my correspondent (who also wrote a similar account to the New York *Observer*), I was not long in making up my mind to secure this freak of nature; and I despatched Mr. John Greenwood, Jr., in the steamer *City of Baltimore*, for Liverpool, April 30, 1864. He went to London and Paris, and thence to Marseilles, where he took a Syrian and Egyptian steamer to Palermo, and from thence proceeded to Cyprus. On arriving, if he could have seen the woman at once, he could have re-embarked on the steamer, which sailed again in a few hours for other islands; but unfortunately, the woman was a few miles in the interior, and poor Greenwood was detained a month on the island before he could take another steamer to get away. Worse yet, the woman, spite of the impression she had made upon so many and such respectable witnesses, was really no curiosity after all, as it proved upon examination, that her "horns" were not horns at all, but fleshy excrescences, which may have been singularly shaped tumors, or wens. It is needless to add that my agent did not engage her; and after a month of discomfort and hard living, he succeeded in getting away, and sailed for Constantinople, mainly to see what could be done in the way of securing one or more Circassian women for exhibition in my Museum.

On his way through the Mediterranean, he had the following adventure: On board the steamer, the harem of a Turkish Pasha occupied one side of the quarter deck, which was divided off from the rest by a hurdle fence run longitudinally through the middle of the deck. Greenwood was one day sitting in an easy chair with his back to these women and their attendants, when, feeling his chair move, he turned and saw one of the Pasha's wives getting over the hurdle, and as there was scarcely room for her to squeeze herself between the chairs in which passengers were sitting, he moved his own chair out of the way and rising, offered his hand to assist the woman over the fence. She indignantly jumped back, and Greenwood was immediately seized by two of the Pasha's attendants, violently shaken, and taken to task in Turkish for daring to offer to touch the hand of one of his Excellency's women. Greenwood had that day formed the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger, a young Greek from Scio, who was going to Beyrout to act as clerk for a merchant in that place. He spoke good English, and seeing Greenwood in trouble among the Turks, and knowing that he could speak neither Greek nor Arabic, he went to the rescue, and demanded an explanation of the difficulty.

Upon hearing what was the trouble, he informed the turbulent fellows that Greenwood had no motive in his act beyond simple common courtesy. The prisoner, however, was still detained in the grasp of the Turks, till the will of the insulted Pasha could be known. On deck soon came the irate Pasha, in company with an old gentleman who was said to have been tutor, formerly, to the present Sultan of Turkey. When the two heard the charge and the explanation, and had consulted together a little while, Greenwood was released. But for the friendly interposition of the Greek, he might have been bastinadoed, or even bowstrung.

During the remainder of the voyage he was closely watched, but he was very careful to be guilty of no act of "politeness," and he went on shore at Constantinople without so much as saying goodbye to the Pasha. In Constantinople he had some very singular adventures. To carry out his purpose of getting access to the very interior of the slave-marts, he dressed himself in full Turkish costume, learned a few words and phrases which would be necessary in his assumed character as a slave-buyer, and, as the Turks are a notably reticent people, he succeeded very well in passing himself off for what he appeared, though he ran a risk of detection many times every day. In this manner, he saw a large number of Circassian girls and women, some of them the most beautiful beings he had ever seen, and after a month in Constantinople and in other Turkish cities, he sailed for Marseilles, then went to Paris, picking up many treasures for my Museum, and returned to New York, after a journey of 13,112 miles.

# XXXVII

## Mr. and Mrs. General Tom Thumb

Miss Lavinia Warren—A Charming Little Lady—Supposed to Be the $30,000 Nutt in Disguise—Her Wardrobe and Presents—Story of a Ring—The Little Commodore in Love—Tom Thumb Smitten—Rivalry of the Dwarfs—Jealousy of the General—Visit at Bridgeport—The General's Stylish Turnout—Miss Warren Impressed—Call of the General—A Liliputian Love Scene—Tom Thumb's Inventory of His Property—He Proposes and Is Accepted—Arrival of the Commodore—His Grief—Excitement Over the Engagement—The Wedding in Grace Church—Reverend Junius Willey—A Spicy Letter by Doctor Taylor—Grand Reception of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton—The Commodore in Search of a Green Country Girl.

In 1862 I heard of an extraordinary dwarf girl, named Lavinia Warren, who was residing with her parents at Middleboro', Massachusetts, and I sent an invitation to her and her parents to come and visit me at Bridgeport. They came, and I found her to be a most intelligent and refined young lady, well educated, and an accomplished, beautiful and perfectly-developed woman in miniature. I succeeded in making an engagement with her for several years, during which she contracted—as dwarfs are said to have the power to do—to visit Great Britain, France, and other foreign lands.

Having arranged the terms of her engagement, I took her to the house of one of my daughters in New York, where she remained quietly, while I was procuring her wardrobe and jewelry, and making arrangements for her début. As yet, nothing had been said in the papers about this interesting young lady, and one day as I was taking her home with me to Bridgeport, I met in the cars the wife of a wealthy menagerie proprietor, who introduced

me to her two daughters, young ladies of sixteen and eighteen years of age, and then said:

"You have disguised the little Commodore very nicely."

"That is not Commodore Nutt," I replied, "it is a young lady whom I have recently discovered."

"Very well done, Mr. Barnum," replied Mrs. B., with a look of self satisfaction.

"Really," I repeated, "this *is* a young lady."

"Thank you, Mr. Barnum, but I know Commodore Nutt in whatever costume you put him; and I recognized him the moment you brought him into the car."

"But, Mrs. B.," I replied, "Commodore Nutt is now exhibiting in the Museum, and this is a little lady whom I hope to bring before the public soon."

"Mr. Barnum," she replied, "you forget that I am a showman's wife, conversant with all the showman's tricks, and that I cannot be deceived."

Seeing there was no prospect of convincing her, I replied in a confidential whisper, for such chance for a joke was not to be lost:

"Well, I see you are too sharp for me, but I beg you not to mention it, for you are the only person on board this train who suspects it is the Commodore."

"I will say nothing," she replied, "but do please bring the little fellow over here, for my daughters have never seen him."

I stepped and told Lavinia the joke and asked her to help carry it out. I then took her over where she got a seat in the midst of the three ladies.

"Ah, Commodore," whispered Mrs. B., "you have done it pretty well, but bless you, I knew those eyes and that nose the moment I saw you."

"Your eyes must be pretty sharp, then," replied Lavinia.

"Oh, you see people in our line understand these things, and are never deceived by appearances; but let me introduce you to these two young ladies, my daughters."

"We are happy to see you, sir," said one of the young ladies. They then enjoyed a very animated conversation, in the course of which they asked the "Commodore" all about his family, and Lavinia managed to answer the questions in such a way as to avoid suspicion. The ladies then informed the "Commodore" that there was a sweet little lady living in their town only sixteen years old, and if he would visit them, they would introduce him; that her family was highly respectable, and she would make him a capital wife!

Lavinia thanked them and promised to visit them if it should be convenient. As the ladies left the car, they shook hands with Lavinia, kissed her, and in a whisper said "good morning, sir." Meeting the husband of the lady, some weeks afterwards, I told him the joke, and he enjoyed it so highly that he will probably never let his wife and daughters hear the last of it.

I purchased a very splendid wardrobe for Miss Warren, including scores of the richest dresses that could be procured, costly jewels, and in fact everything that could add to the charms of her naturally charming little person. She was then placed on exhibition at the Museum and from the day of her *débût* she was an extraordinary success. Commodore Nutt was on exhibition with her, and although he was several years her junior he evidently took a great fancy to her. One day I presented to Lavinia a diamond and emerald ring, and as it did not exactly fit her finger, I told her I would give her another one and that she might present this one to the Commodore in her own name. She did so, and an unlooked-for effect was speedily apparent; the little Commodore felt sure that this was a love-token, and poor Lavinia was in the greatest trouble, for she considered herself quite a woman, and regarded the Commodore only as a nice little boy. But she did not like to offend him, and while she did not encourage, she did not openly repel his attentions. Miss Lavinia Warren, however, was never destined to be Mrs. Commodore Nutt.

It was by no means an unnatural circumstance that I should be suspected of having instigated and brought about the marriage of Tom Thumb with Lavinia Warren. Had I done this, I should at this day have felt no regrets, for it has proved, in an eminent degree, one of the "happy marriages." I only say, what is known to all of their immediate friends, that from first to last their engagement was an affair of the heart—a case of "love at first sight"—that the attachment was mutual, and that it only grows with the lapse of time. But I had neither part nor lot in instigating or in occasioning the marriage. And as I am anxious to be put right before the public, and so to correct whatever of false impression may have gained ground, I have procured the consent of all the parties to a sketch of the wooing, winning and nuptials. Of course I should not lay these details before the public, except with the sanction of those most interested. In this they consent to pay the penalty of distinction. And if the wooings of kings and queens must be told, why not the courtship and marriage of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb? The story is an interesting one, and shall be told alike to exonerate me from the suspi-

cion named, and to amuse those—and they count by scores of thousands—who are interested in the welfare of the distinguished couple.

In the autumn of 1862, when Lavinia Warren was on exhibition at the Museum, Tom Thumb had no business engagement with me; in fact, he was not on exhibition at the time at all; he was taking a "vacation" at his house in Bridgeport. Whenever he came to New York he naturally called upon me, his old friend, at the Museum. He happened to be in the city at the time referred to, and one day he called, quite unexpectedly to me, while Lavinia was holding one of her levees. Here he now saw her for the first time, and very naturally made her acquaintance. He had a short interview with her, after which he came directly to my private office and desired to see me alone. Of course I complied with his request, but without the remotest suspicion as to his object. I closed the door, and the General took a seat. His first question let in the light. He inquired about the family of Lavinia Warren. I gave him the facts, which I clearly perceived gave him satisfaction of a peculiar sort. He then said, with great frankness, and with no less earnestness:

"Mr. Barnum, that is the most charming little lady I ever saw, and I believe she was created on purpose to be my wife! Now," he continued, "you have always been a friend of mine, and I want you to say a good word for me to her. I have got plenty of money, and I want to marry and settle down in life, and I really feel as if I must marry that young lady."

The little General was highly excited, and his general manner betrayed the usual anxiety, which, I doubt not, most of my readers will understand without a description. I could not repress a smile, nor forget my joke; and I said:

"Lavinia is engaged already."

"To whom—Commodore Nutt?" asked Tom Thumb, with much earnestness, and some exhibition of the "green-eyed monster."

"No, General, to me," I replied.

"Never mind," said the General, laughing, "you can exhibit her for a while, and then give up the engagement; but I do hope you will favor my suit with her."

I told the General that this was too sudden an affair; that he must take time to think of it; but he insisted that years of thought would make no difference, for his mind was fully made up.

"Well, General," I replied, "I will not oppose you in your suit, but you must do your own courting. I tell you, however, the Commodore will be jealous of you, and more than that, Miss Warren is nobody's fool, and you will have to proceed very cautiously if you can succeed in winning her affections."

The General thanked me, and promised to be very discreet. A change now came suddenly over him in several particulars. He had been (much to his credit) very fond of his country home in Bridgeport, where he spent his intervals of rest with his horses, and especially with his yacht, for his fondness for the water was his great passion. But now he was constantly having occasion to visit the city, and horses and yachts were strangely neglected. He had a married sister in New York, and his visits to her multiplied, for, of course, he came to New York "to see his sister!" His mother, who resided in Bridgeport, remarked that Charles had never before shown so much brotherly affection, nor so much fondness for city life.

His visits to the Museum were very frequent, and it was noticeable that new relations were being established between him and Commodore Nutt. The Commodore was not exactly jealous, yet he strutted around like a bantam rooster whenever the General approached Lavinia. One day he and the General got into a friendly scuffle in the dressing-room, and the Commodore threw the General upon his back in "double quick" time. The Commodore is lithe, wiry, and quick in his movements, but the General is naturally slow, and although he was considerably heavier than the Commodore, he soon found that he could not stand before him in a personal encounter. Moreover, the Commodore is naturally quick-tempered, and when excited, he brags about his knowledge of "the manly art of self-defence," and sometimes talks about pistols and bowie knives, etc. Tom Thumb, on the contrary, is by natural disposition decidedly a man of peace; hence, in this, agreeing with Falstaff as to what constituted the "better part of valor," he was strongly inclined to keep his distance, if the little Commodore showed any belligerent symptoms.

In the course of several weeks the General found numerous opportunities to talk with Lavinia, while the Commodore was performing on the stage, or was otherwise engaged; and, to a watchful discerner, it was evident he was making encouraging progress in the affair of the heart. He also managed to meet Lavinia on Sunday afternoons and evenings, without the knowledge of

the Commodore; but he assured me he had not yet dared to suggest matrimony.

He finally returned to Bridgeport, and privately begged that on the following Saturday I would take Lavinia up to my house, and also invite him.

His immediate object in this was, that his mother might get acquainted with Lavinia, for he feared opposition from that source whenever the idea of his marriage should be suggested. I could do no less than accede to his proposal, and on the following Friday, while Lavinia and the Commodore were sitting in the greenroom, I said:

"Lavinia, you may go up to Bridgeport with me tomorrow morning, and remain until Monday."

"Thank you," she replied; "it will be quite a relief to get into the country for a couple of days."

The Commodore immediately pricked up his ears, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, *I* should like to go to Bridgeport tomorrow."

"What for?" I asked.

"I want to see my little ponies; I have not seen them for several months," he replied.

I whispered in his ear, "you little rogue, *that* is the pony you want to see," pointing to Lavinia.

He insisted I was mistaken. When I remarked that he could not well be spared from the Museum, he said:

"Oh! I can perform at half past seven o'clock, and then jump on to the eight o'clock evening train, and go up by myself, reaching Bridgeport before eleven, and return early Monday morning."

I feared there would be a clashing of interests between the rival pigmies; but wishing to please him, I consented to his request, especially as Lavinia also favored it. I wished I could then fathom that little woman's heart, and see whether she (who must have discovered the secret of the General's frequent visits to the Museum) desired the Commodore's visit in order to stir up the General's ardor, or whether, as seemed to me the more likely, she was seeking in this way to prevent a denouement which she was not inclined to favor. Certain it is, that though I was the General's confidant, and knew all his desires upon the subject, no person had discovered the slightest evidence that Lavinia Warren had ever entertained the remotest suspicion of his thoughts regarding marriage. If she had made the discovery, as I assume, she kept the secret well. In fact, I assured Tom Thumb that every indication,

so far as any of us could observe, was to the effect that his suit would be rejected. The little General was fidgety, but determined; hence he was anxious to have Lavinia meet his mother, and also see his possessions in Bridgeport, for he owned considerable land and numerous houses there.

The General met us at the depot in Bridgeport, on Saturday morning, and drove us to my house in his own carriage—his coachman being tidily dressed, with a broad velvet ribbon and silver buckle placed upon his hat expressly for the occasion. Lavinia was duly informed that this was the General's "turn out"; and after resting half an hour at Lindencroft, he took her out to ride. He stopped a few moments at his mother's house, where she saw the apartments which his father had built expressly for him, and filled with the most gorgeous furniture—all corresponding to his own diminutive size. Then he took her to East Bridgeport, and undoubtedly took occasion to point out in great detail all of the houses which he owned, for he depended much upon having his wealth make some impression upon her. They returned, and the General stayed to lunch. I asked Lavinia how she liked her ride; she replied:

"It was very pleasant, but," she added, "it seems as if you and Tom Thumb owned about all of Bridgeport!"

The General took his leave and returned at five o'clock to dinner, with his mother. Mrs. Stratton remained until seven o'clock. She expressed herself charmed with Lavinia Warren; but not a suspicion passed her mind that little Charlie was endeavoring to give her this accomplished young lady as a daughter-in-law. The General had privately asked me to invite him to stay overnight, for, said he, "If I get a chance, I intend to 'pop the question' before the Commodore arrives." So I told his mother I thought the General had better stop with us overnight, as the Commodore would be up in the late train, adding that it would be more pleasant for the little folks to be together. She assented, and the General was happy.

After tea Lavinia and the General sat down to play backgammon. As nine o'clock approached, I remarked that it was about time to retire, but somebody would have to sit up until nearly eleven o'clock, in order to let in the Commodore. The General replied:

"I will sit up with pleasure, if Miss Warren will remain also."

Lavinia carelessly replied, that she was accustomed to late hours, and she would wait and see the Commodore. A little supper was placed upon the table for the Commodore, and the family retired.

Now it happened that a couple of mischievous young ladies were visiting at my house, one of whom was to sleep with Lavinia. They were suspicious that the General was going to propose to Lavinia that evening, and, in a spirit of ungovernable curiosity, they determined, notwithstanding its manifest impropriety, to witness the operation, if they could possibly manage to do so on the sly. Of course this was inexcusable, the more so as so few of my readers, had they been placed under the same temptation, would have been guilty of such an impropriety! Perhaps I should hesitate to use the testimony of such witnesses, or even to trust it. But a few weeks after, they told the little couple the whole story, were forgiven, and all had a hearty laugh over it.

It so happened that the door of the sitting room, in which the General and Lavinia were left at the backgammon board, opened into the hall just at the side of the stairs, and these young misses, turning out the lights in the hall, seated themselves upon the stairs in the dark, where they had a full view of the cosy little couple, and were within easy earshot of all that was said.

The house was still. The General soon acknowledged himself vanquished at backgammon, and gave it up. After sitting a few moments, he evidently thought it was best to put a clincher on the financial part of his abilities; so he drew from his pocket a policy of insurance, and handing it to Lavinia, he asked her if she knew what it was.

Examining it, she replied, "It is an insurance policy. I see you keep your property insured."

"But the beauty of it is, it is not my property," replied the General, "and yet I get the benefit of the insurance in case of fire. You will see," he continued, unfolding the policy, "this is the property of Mr. Williams, but here, you will observe, it reads 'loss, if any, payable to Charles S. Stratton, as his interest may appear.' The fact is, I loaned Mr. Williams three thousand dollars, took a mortgage on his house, and made him insure it for my benefit. In this way, you perceive, I get my interest, and he has to pay the taxes."

"That is a very wise way, I should think," remarked Lavinia.

"That is the way I do all my business," replied the General, complacently, as he returned the huge insurance policy to his pocket. "You see," he continued, "I never lend any of my money without taking bond and mortgage security, then I have no trouble with taxes; my principal is secure, and I receive my interest regularly."

The explanation seemed satisfactory to Lavinia, and the General's courage began to rise. Drawing his chair a little nearer to hers, he said:

"So you are going to Europe, soon?"

"Yes," replied Lavinia, "Mr. Barnum intends to take me over in a couple of months."

"You will find it very pleasant," remarked the General; "I have been there twice, in fact I have spent six years abroad, and I like the old countries very much."

"I hope I shall like the trip, and I expect I shall," responded Lavinia; "for Mr. Barnum says I shall visit all the principal cities, and he has no doubt I will be invited to appear before the Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of France, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and at the courts of any other countries which we may visit. Oh! I shall like that, it will be so new to me."

"Yes, it will be very interesting indeed. I have visited most of the crowned heads," remarked the General, with an evident feeling of self-congratulation. "But are you not afraid you will be lonesome in a strange country?" asked the General.

"No, I think there is no danger of that, for friends will accompany me," was the reply.

"I wish I was going over, for I know all about the different countries, and could explain them all to you," remarked Tom Thumb.

"That would be very nice," said Lavinia.

"Do you think so?" said the General, moving his chair still closer to Lavinia's.

"Of course," replied Lavinia, coolly, "for I, being a stranger to all the habits and customs of the people, as well as to the country, it would be pleasant to have some person along who could answer all my foolish questions."

"I should like it first rate, if Mr. Barnum would engage me," said the General.

"I thought you remarked the other day that you had money enough, and was tired of travelling," said Lavinia, with a slightly mischievous look from one corner of her eye.

"That depends upon my company while travelling," replied the General.

"You might not find my company very agreeable."

"I would be glad to risk it."

"Well, perhaps Mr. Barnum would engage you, if you asked him," said Lavinia.

"Would you really like to have me go?" asked the General, quietly insinuating his arm around her waist, but hardly close enough to touch her.

"Of course I would," was the reply.

The little General's arm clasped the waist closer as he turned his face nearer to hers, and said:

"Don't you think it would be pleasanter if we went as man and wife?"

The little fairy quickly disengaged his arm, and remarked that the General was a funny fellow to joke in that way.

"I am not joking at all," said the General, earnestly, "it is quite too serious a matter for that."

"I wonder why the Commodore don't come?" said Lavinia.

"I hope you are not anxious for his arrival, for I am sure *I* am not," responded the General, "and what is more, I do hope you will say 'yes,' before he comes at all!"

"Really, Mr. Stratton," said Lavinia, with dignity, "if you are in earnest in your strange proposal, I must say I am surprised."

"Well, I hope you are not *offended*," replied the General, "for I was never more in earnest in my life, and I hope you will consent. The first moment I saw you I felt that you were created to be my wife."

"But this is so sudden."

"Not so very sudden; it is several months since we first met, and you know all about me, and my family, and I hope you find nothing to object to in me."

"Not at all; on the contrary, I have found you very agreeable, in fact I like you very much as a friend, but I have not thought of marrying, and—"

"And what? my dear," said the General, giving her a kiss. "Now, I beg of you, don't have any 'buts' or 'ands' about it. You say you like me as a friend, why will you not like me as a husband? You ought to get married; I love you dearly, and I want you for a wife. Now, deary, the Commodore will be here in a few minutes, I may not have a chance to see you again alone; do say that we will be married, and I will get Mr. Barnum to give up your engagement."

Lavinia hesitated, and finally said:

"I think I love you well enough to consent, but I have always said I would never marry without my mother's consent."

"Oh! I'll ask your mother. May I ask your mother? Come, say yes to that, and I will go and see her next week. May I do that, pet?"

Then there was a sound of something very much like the popping of several corks from as many beer bottles. The young eavesdroppers had no doubt as to the character of these reports, nor did they doubt that they sealed the betrothal, for immediately after they heard Lavinia say:

"Yes, Charles, you may ask my mother." Another volley of reports followed, and then Lavinia said, "Now, Charles, don't whisper this to a living soul; let us keep our own secrets for the present."

"All right," said the General, "I will say nothing; but next Tuesday I shall start to see your mother."

"Perhaps you may find it difficult to obtain her consent," said Lavinia.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door, and immediately the bell was rung, and the little Commodore entered.

"*You* here, General?" said the Commodore, as he espied his rival.

"Yes," said Lavinia, "Mr. Barnum asked him to stay, and we were waiting for you; come, warm yourself."

"I am not cold," said the Commodore; "where is Mr. Barnum?"

"He has gone to bed," remarked the General, "but a nice supper has been prepared for you."

"I am not hungry, I thank you; I am going to bed. Which room does Mr. Barnum sleep in?" said the little bantam, in a petulant tone of voice.

His question was answered; the young eavesdroppers scampered to their sleeping apartments, and the Commodore soon came to my room, where he found me indulging in the foolish habit of reading in bed.

"Mr. Barnum, does Tom Thumb board here?" asked the Commodore, sarcastically.

"No," said I, "Tom Thumb does not *board* here. I invited him to stop overnight, so don't be foolish, but go to bed."

"Oh, it's no affair of mine. I don't care anything about it; but I thought he had taken up his board here," replied the Commodore, and off he went to bed, evidently in a bad humor.

Ten minutes afterwards Tom Thumb came rushing into my room, and closing the door, he caught hold of my hand in a high state of excitement and whispered:

"We are engaged, Mr. Barnum! we are engaged! we are engaged!" and he jumped up and down in the greatest glee.

"Is that possible?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is; but you must not mention it," he responded; "we agreed to tell nobody, so please don't say a word. I must tell *you*, of course, but 'mum is the word.' I am going, Tuesday, to get her mother's consent."

I promised secrecy, and the General retired in as happy a mood as I ever saw him. Lavinia also retired, but not a hint did she give to the young lady with whom she slept regarding the engagement. Indeed, our family plied her upon the subject the next day, but not a breath passed her lips that would give the slightest indication of what had transpired. She was quite sociable with the Commodore, and as the General concluded to go home the next morning, the Commodore's equanimity and good feelings were fully restored. The General made a call of half an hour Sunday evening, and managed to have an interview with Lavinia. The next morning she and the Commodore returned to New York in good spirits, I remaining in Bridgeport.

The General called on me Monday, however, bringing a very nice letter which he had written to Lavinia's mother. He had concluded to send this letter by his trusty friend, Mr. George A. Wells, instead of going himself, and he had just seen Mr. Wells, who had consented to go to Middleborough with the letter the following day, and to urge the General's suit, if it should be necessary.

The General went to New York on Wednesday, and was there to await Mr. Wells' arrival. On Wednesday morning the General and Lavinia walked into my office, and after closing the door, the little General said:

"Mr. Barnum, I want somebody to tell the Commodore that Lavinia and I are engaged, for I am afraid there will be a row when he hears of it."

"Do it yourself, General," I replied.

"Oh," said the General, almost shuddering, "I would not dare to do it, he might knock me down."

"I will do it," said Lavinia; and it was at once arranged that I should call the Commodore and Lavinia into my office, and either she or myself would tell him. The General, of course, "vamosed."

When the Commodore joined us and the door was closed, I said:

"Commodore, do you know what this little witch has been doing?"

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Well, she has been cutting up one of the greatest pranks you ever heard of," I replied. "She almost deserves to be shut up, for daring to do it. Can't

you guess what she has done?"

He mused a moment, and then looking at me, said in a low voice, and with a serious looking face, "Engaged?"

"Yes," said I, "absolutely engaged to be married to General Tom Thumb. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Is that so, Lavinia?" asked the Commodore, looking her earnestly in the face.

"That is so," said Lavinia; "and Mr. Wells has gone to obtain my mother's consent."

The Commodore turned pale, and choked a little, as if he was trying to swallow something. Then, turning on his heel, he said, in a broken voice:

"I hope you may be happy."

As he passed out of the door, a tear rolled down his cheek.

"That is pretty hard," I said to Lavinia.

"I am very sorry," she replied, "but I could not help it. That diamond and emerald ring which you bade me present in my name, has caused all this trouble."

Half an hour after this incident, the Commodore came to my office, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, do you think it would be right for Miss Warren to marry Charley Stratton if her mother should object?"

I saw that the little fellow had still a slight hope to hang on, and I said:

"No, indeed, it would not be right."

"Well, she says she shall marry him anyway; that she gives her mother the chance to consent, but if she objects, she will have her own way and marry him," said the Commodore.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I will not permit it. She is engaged to go to Europe for me, and I will not release her, if her mother does not fully consent to her marrying Tom Thumb."

The Commodore's eyes glistened with pleasure, as he replied:

"Between you and me, Mr. Barnum, I don't believe she will give her consent."

But the next day dissipated his hopes. Mr. Wells returned, saying that Lavinia's mother at first objected, for she feared it was a contrivance to get them married for the promotion of some pecuniary advantage; but, upon reading the letter from the General, and one still more urgent from Lavinia,

and also upon hearing from Mr. Wells that, in case of their marriage, I should cancel all claims I had upon Lavinia's services, she consented.

After the Commodore had heard the news, I said to him:

"Never mind, Commodore, Minnie Warren is a better match for you; she is a charming little creature, and two years younger than you, while Lavinia is several years your senior."

"I thank you, sir," replied the Commodore, pompously, "I would not marry the best woman living; I don't believe in women, anyway."

I then suggested that he should stand with little Minnie, as groom and bridesmaid, at the approaching wedding.

"No, sir!" replied the Commodore, emphatically; "I won't do it!"

That idea was therefore abandoned. A few weeks subsequently, when time had reconciled the Commodore, he told me that Tom Thumb had asked him to stand as groom with Minnie, at the wedding, and he was going to do so.

"When I asked you, a few weeks ago, you refused," I said.

"It was not your business to ask me," replied the Commodore, pompously. "When the proper person invited me I accepted."

Of course the approaching wedding was announced. It created an immense excitement. Lavinia's levees at the Museum were crowded to suffocation, and her photographic pictures were in great demand. For several weeks she sold more than three hundred dollars' worth of her *cartes de visite* each day. And the daily receipts at the Museum were frequently over three thousand dollars. I engaged the General to exhibit, and to assist her in the sale of pictures, to which his own photograph, of course, was added. I could afford to give them a fine wedding, and I did so.

The little couple made a personal application to Bishop Potter to perform the nuptial ceremony, and obtained his consent; but the matter became public, and outside pressure from some of the most squeamish of his clergy was brought to bear upon the bishop, and he rescinded his engagement.

This fact of itself, as well as the opposition that caused it, only added to the notoriety of the approaching wedding, and increased the crowds at the Museum. The financial result to me was a piece of good fortune, which I was, of course, quite willing to accept, though in this instance the "advertisement," so far as the fact of the betrothal of the parties with its preliminaries were concerned, was not of my seeking, as the recital now given shows. But seeing the turn it was taking in crowding the Museum, and

pouring money into the treasury, I did not hesitate to seek continued advantage from the notoriety of the prospective marriage. Accordingly, I offered the General and Lavinia fifteen thousand dollars if they would postpone the wedding for a month, and continue their exhibitions at the Museum.

"Not for fifty thousand dollars," said the General, excitedly.

"Good for you, Charley," said Lavinia, "only you ought to have said not for a *hundred thousand*, for I would not!"

They both laughed heartily at what they considered my discomfiture, and such, looked at from a business point of view, it certainly was. The wedding day approached and the public excitement grew. For several days, I might say weeks, the approaching marriage of Tom Thumb was the New York "sensation." For proof of this I did not need what, however, was ample, the newspaper paragraphs. A surer index was in the crowds that passed into the Museum, and the dollars that found their way into the ticket office.

It was suggested to me that a small fortune in itself could be easily made out of the excitement. "Let the ceremony take place in the Academy of Music, charge a big price for admission, and the citizens will come in crowds." I have no manner of doubt that in this way twenty-five thousand dollars could easily have been obtained. But I had no such thought. I had promised to give the couple a genteel and graceful wedding, and I kept my word.

The day arrived, Tuesday, February 10, 1863. The ceremony was to take place in Grace Church, New York. The Rev. Junius Willey, Rector of St. John's Church in Bridgeport, assisted by the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, was to officiate. The organ was played by Morgan. I know not what better I could have done, had the wedding of a prince been in contemplation. The church was comfortably filled by a highly select audience of ladies and gentlemen, none being admitted except those having cards of invitation. Among them were governors of several of the States, to whom I had sent cards, and such of those as could not be present in person were represented by friends, to whom they had given their cards. Members of Congress were present, also generals of the army, and many other prominent public men. Numerous applications were made from wealthy and distinguished persons for tickets to witness the ceremony, and as high as sixty dollars was offered for a single admission. But not a ticket was sold; and Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren were pronounced "man and wife" before witnesses.

The following entirely authentic correspondence, the only suppression being the name of the person who wrote to Dr. Taylor and to whom Dr. Taylor's reply is addressed, shows how a certain would-be "witness" was not a witness of the famous wedding. In other particulars, the correspondence speaks for itself.

To the Rev. Dr. Taylor.—Sir:

The object of my unwillingly addressing you this note is to inquire what right you had to exclude myself and other owners of pews in Grace Church from entering it yesterday, enforced, too, by a cordon of police for that purpose. If my pew is not my property, I wish to know it; and if it is, I deny your right to prevent me from occupying it whenever the church is open, even at a marriage of mountebanks, which I would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W—— S——

---

804 Broadway, New York, Feb. 16, 1863.

Mr. W—— S———Dear Sir:

I am sorry, my valued friend, that you should have written me the peppery letter that is now before me. If the matter of which you complain be so utterly insignificant and contemptible as "a marriage of mountebanks, which you would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness," it surprises me that you should have made such strenuous, but ill-directed efforts to secure a ticket of admission. And why—permit me to ask in the name of reason and philosophy—do you still suffer it to disturb you so sadly? It would perhaps be a sufficient answer to your letter, to say that your cause of complaint exists only in your imagination. You have never been excluded from your pew. As rector, I am the only custodian of the church, and you will hardly venture to say that you have ever applied to me for permission to enter, and been refused.

Here I might safely rest, and leave you to the comfort of your own reflections in the case. But as you, in common with many other worthy persons, would seem to have very crude notions as to your rights of "property" in pews, you will pardon me for saying that a pew in a church is property only in a peculiar and restricted sense. It is not

property, as your house or your horse is property. It vests you with no fee in the soil; you cannot use it in any way, and in every way, and at all times, as your pleasure or caprice may dictate; you cannot put it to any common or unhallowed uses; you cannot remove it, nor injure it, nor destroy it. In short, you hold by purchase, and may sell the right to the undisturbed possession of that little space within the church edifice which you call your pew during the hours of divine service. But even that right must be exercised decorously, and with a decent regard for time and place, or else you may at any moment be ignominiously ejected from it.

I regret to be obliged to add that by the law of custom, you may, during those said hours of divine service (but at no other time) sleep in your pew; you must, however, do so noiselessly and never to the disturbance of your sleeping neighbors; your property in your pew has this extent and nothing more. Now, if Mr. W—— S—— were at any time to come to me and say, "Sir, I would that you should grant me the use of Grace Church for a solemn service (a marriage, a baptism, or a funeral, as the case may be), and as it is desirable that the feelings of the parties should be protected as far as possible from the impertinent intrusion and disturbance of a crowd from the streets and lanes of the city, I beg that no one may be admitted within the doors of the church during the very few moments that we expect to be there, but our invited friends only,"—it would certainly, in such a case, be my pleasure to comply with your request, and to meet your wishes in every particular; and I think that even Mr. W—— S—— will agree that all this would be entirely reasonable and proper. Then, tell me, how would such a case differ from the instance of which you complain? Two young persons, whose only crimes would seem to be that they are neither so big, nor so stupid, nor so ill-mannered, nor so inordinately selfish as some other people, come to me and say, sir, we are about to be married, and we wish to throw around our marriage all the solemnities of religion. We are strangers in your city, and as there is no clergymen here standing in a pastoral relation to us, we have ventured to ask the favor of the bishop of New York to marry us, and he has kindly consented to do so; may we then venture a little further, and request the use of your church in which the bishop may perform the marriage service? We assure you, sir, that we are no shams, no cheats, no mountebanks; we are neither

monsters nor abortions; it is true we are little, but we are as God made us, perfect in our littleness. Sir, we are simply man and woman of like passions and infirmities with you and other mortals. The arrangements for our marriage are controlled by no "showman," and we are sincerely desirous that everything should be ordered with a most scrupulous regard to decorum. We hope to invite our relations and intimate friends, together with such persons as may in other years have extended civilities to either of us; but we pledge ourselves to you most sacredly that no invitation can be bought with money. Permit us to say further, that as we would most gladly escape from the insulting jeers, and ribald sneers and coarse ridicule of the unthinking multitude without, we pray you to allow us, at our own proper charges, so to guard the avenues of access from the street, as to prevent all unseemly tumult and disorder.

I tell you, sir, that whenever, and from whomsoever, such an appeal is made to my Christian courtesy, although it should come from the very humblest of the earth, I would go calmly and cheerfully forward to meet their wishes, although as many W—— S——'s as would reach from here to Kamtschatka, clothed in furs and frowns, should rise up to oppose me.

In conclusion, I will say that if the marriage of Charles S. Stratton and Lavinia Warren is to be regarded as a pageant, then it was the most beautiful pageant it has ever been my privilege to witness. If on the contrary, it is rather to be thought of as a solemn ceremony, then it was as touchingly solemn as a wedding can possibly be rendered. It is true the bishop was not present, but Mr. Stratton's own pastor, the Rev. Mr. Willey, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, read the service with admirable taste and impressiveness, and the bride was given away by her mother's pastor and her own "next friend," a venerable congregational clergyman from Massachusetts. Surely, there never was a gathering of so many hundreds of our best people, when everybody appeared so delighted with everything; surely it is no light thing to call forth so much innocent joy in so few moments of passing time; surely it is no light thing, thus to smooth the roughness and sweeten the acerbities which mar our happiness as we advance upon the wearing journey of life. Sir, it was most emphatically a high triumph of "Christian civilization"! Respectfully submitted, by your obedient servant,

Thomas House Taylor.

Several thousand persons attended the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb the same day at the Metropolitan Hotel. After this they started on a wedding tour, taking Washington in their way. They visited President Lincoln at the White House. After a couple of weeks they returned, and, as they then supposed, retired to private life.

Habit, however, is indeed second nature. The General and his wife had been accustomed to excitement, and after a few months' retirement they again longed for the peculiar pleasures of a public life, and the public were eager to welcome them once more. They resumed their public career, and have since travelled several years in Europe, and considerably in this country, holding public exhibitions more than half the time, and spending the residue in leisurely viewing such cities and portions of the country as they may happen to be in. Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, I should add, usually travel with them.

I met the little Commodore last summer, after his absence in Europe of three years, and said:

"Are you not married yet, Commodore?"

"No, sir; my fruit is plucked," he replied.

"You don't mean to say you will never marry," I remarked.

"No, not exactly," replied the Commodore, complacently, "but I have concluded not to marry until I am thirty."

"I suppose you intend to marry one of your size?" I said.

"I am not particular in that respect," but seeing my jocose mood, he continued, with a comical leer, "I think I should prefer marrying a good, green country girl, to anybody else."

This was said with a degree of nonchalance, which none can appreciate who do not know him.

To make sure that a lack of memory has not misled me as to any of the facts in regard to the courtship and wedding of Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, I will here say that, after writing out the story, I read it to the parties personally interested, and they give me leave to say that, in all particulars, it is a correct statement of the affair, except that Lavinia remarked:

"Well, Mr. Barnum, your story don't lose any by the telling"; and the Commodore denies the "rolling tear," when informed of the engagement of the little pair.

In June 1869, the report was started, for the third or fourth time, in the newspapers, that Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren were mar-

ried—this time at West Haven, in Connecticut. The story was wholly untrue, nor do I think that such a wedding is likely to take place, for, on the principle that people like their opposites, Minnie and the Commodore are likely to marry persons whom they can literally "look up to"—that is, if either of them marries at all it will be a tall partner.

Soon after the wedding of General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, a lady came to my office and called my attention to a little six-paged pamphlet which she said she had written, entitled "Priests and Pigmies," and requested me to read it. I glanced at the title, and at once estimating the character of the publication, I promptly declined to devote any portion of my valuable time to its perusal.

"But you had better look at it, Mr. Barnum; it deeply interests you, and you may think it worth your while to buy it."

"Certainly, I will buy it, if you desire," said I, tendering her a sixpence, which I supposed to be the price of the little pamphlet.

"Oh! you quite misunderstand me; I mean buy the copyright and the entire edition, with the view of suppressing the work. It says some frightful things, I assure you," urged the author.

I lay back in my chair and fairly roared at this exceedingly feeble attempt at blackmail.

"But," persisted the lady, "suppose it says that your Museum and Grace Church are all one, what then?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "you may say what you please about me or about my Museum; you may print a hundred thousand copies of a pamphlet stating that I stole the communion service, after the wedding from Grace Church altar, or anything else you choose to write; only have the kindness to say something about me, and then come to me and I will properly estimate the money value of your services to me as an advertising agent. Good morning, madam,"—and she departed.

# XXXVIII

## Political and Personal

My Political Principles—Reasons for My Change of Parties—Kansas and Secession—Wide-Awakes—Grand Illumination of Lindencroft—Joke on a Democratic Neighbor—Peace Meetings—The Stepney Excitement—Tearing Down a Peace Flag—A Loyal Meeting—Reception in Bridgeport—Destruction of the "Farmer" Office—Elias Howe, Jr.—Saint Peter and Saltpetre—Draft Riots—Burglars at Lindencroft—My Election to the Legislature—Beginning of My War on Railroad Monopolies—Wire-Pulling—The XIV Amendment to the United States Constitution—Striking the Word "White" from the Connecticut Constitution—My Speech.

I began my political life as a Democrat, and my newspaper, the *Herald of Freedom*, was a Jackson-Democratic journal. While always taking an active interest in political matters, I had no desire for personal preferment, and, up to a late period, steadily declined to run for office. Nevertheless, in 1852 or 1853, prominent members of the party with which I voted, urged the submission of my name to the State Convention, as a candidate for the office of Governor, and although the party was then in the ascendancy, and a nomination would have been equivalent to an election, I peremptorily refused; in spite of this refusal, which was generally known, several votes were cast for me in the Convention. The Kansas strifes, in 1854, shook my faith in my party, though I continued to call myself a Democrat, often declaring that if I thought there was a drop of blood in me that was not democratic, I would let it out if I had to cut the jugular vein. When, however, secession threatened in 1860, I thought it was time for a "new departure," and I identified myself with the Republican party.

During the active and exciting political campaign of 1860, which resulted in Mr. Lincoln's first election to the presidency, it will be remembered that

"Wide-Awake" associations, with their uniforms, torches and processions, were organized in nearly every city, town and village throughout the North. Arriving at Bridgeport from New York at five o'clock one afternoon, I was informed that the Wide-Awakes were to parade that evening and intended to march out to Lindencroft. So I ordered two boxes of sperm candles, and prepared for a general illumination of every window in the front of my house. Many of my neighbors, including several Democrats, came to Lindencroft in the evening to witness the illumination and see the Wide-Awake procession. My nearest neighbor, Mr. T., was a strong Democrat, and before he came to my house, he ordered his servants to stay in the basement, and not to show a light above ground, thus intending to prove his Democratic convictions and conclusions by the darkness of his "premises"; and so, while Lindencroft was all ablaze with a flood of light, the next house was as black as a coal-hole.

My neighbor, Mr. James D. Johnson, was also a Democrat, but I knew he would not spoil a good joke for the sake of politics, and I asked him to engage the attention of Mr. and Mrs. T., and to keep their faces turned towards Bridgeport and the approaching procession, the light of whose torches could already be seen in the distance, while another Democratic friend, Mr. George A. Wells, and I, ran over and illuminated Mr. T.'s house. This we did with great success, completing our work five minutes before the procession arrived. As the Wide-Awakes turned into my grounds and saw that the house of Mr. T. was brilliantly illuminated, they concluded that he had become a sudden convert to Republicanism, and gave three rousing cheers for him. Hearing his name thus cheered and wondering at the cause, he happened to turn and see that his house was lighted up from basement to attic, and uttering a single profane ejaculation, he rushed for home. He was not able, however, to put out the lights till the Wide-Awakes had gone on their way rejoicing under the impression that one more Republican had been added to their ranks.

When the rebellion broke out in 1861, I was too old to go to the field, but I supplied four substitutes, and contributed liberally from my means for the cause of the Union. After the defeat at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, "peace meetings" began to be held in different parts of the Northern States, and especially in Fairfield and Litchfield Counties, in Connecticut. It was usual in these assemblages to display a white flag, bearing the word "Peace" above the National flag, and to make and listen to harangues denunciatory of the

war. One of these meetings was advertised to be held, August 24th, at Stepney, ten miles north of Bridgeport. On the morning of that day, I met Elias Howe, Jr., who proposed to me that we should drive up to Stepney, attend the Peace meeting, and hear for ourselves whether the addresses were disloyal or not. We agreed to meet at the post-office, at twelve o'clock at noon, and I went home for my carriage. On the way I met several gentlemen to whom I communicated my intention, asking them to go also; and as Mr. Howe invited several of his friends to accompany us, when we met at noon, at least twenty gentlemen were at the place of rendezvous with their carriages, ready to start for Stepney. I am quite confident that not one of us had any other intention in going to this meeting, than to quietly listen to the harangues, and if they were found to be in opposition to the government, and calculated to create disturbance or disaffection in the community, and deter enlistments, it would be best to represent the matter to the government at Washington, and ask that measures might be taken to suppress such gatherings.

As we turned into Main Street, we discovered two large omnibuses filled with soldiers, who were at home on furlough, and who were going to Stepney. Our lighter carriages outran them, and so arrived at Stepney in time to see the white peace flag run up over the stars and stripes, when we quietly stood in the crowd while the meeting was organized. It was a very large gathering, and some fifty ladies were on the seats in front of the platform, on which were the officers and speakers of the meeting. A "preacher,"—Mr. Charles Smith—was invited to open the proceedings with prayer, and "The Military and Civil History of Connecticut, during the War of 1861–65," by W. A. Croffut and John M. Morris, thus continues the record of this extraordinary gathering:

> "He (Smith) had not, however, progressed far in his supplication, when he slightly opened his eyes, and beheld, to his horror, the Bridgeport omnibuses coming over the hill, garnished with Union banners, and vocal with loyal cheers. This was the signal for a panic; Bull Run, on a small scale was reenacted. The devout Smith, and the undelivered orators, it is alleged, took refuge in a field of corn. The procession drove straight to the pole unresisted, the hostile crowd parting to let them pass; and a tall man—John Platt—amid some mutterings, climbed the pole, reached the halliards, and the mongrel banners were on the

ground. Some of the peace-men, rallying, drew weapons on 'the invaders,' and a musket and a revolver were taken from them by soldiers at the very instant of firing. Another of the defenders fired a revolver, and was chased into the fields. Still others, waxing belligerent, were disarmed, and a number of loaded muskets found stored in an adjacent shed were seized. The stars and stripes were hoisted upon the pole, and wildly cheered. P. T. Barnum was then taken on the shoulders of the boys in blue, and put on the platform, where he made a speech full of patriotism, spiced with the humor of the occasion. Captain James E. Dunham also said a few words to the point.... 'The Star Spangled Banner' was then sung in chorus, and a series of resolutions passed, declaring that 'loyal men are the rightful custodians of the peace of Connecticut.' Elias Howe, Jr., chairman, made his speech, when the crowd threatened to shoot the speakers: 'If they fire a gun, boys, burn the whole town, and I'll pay for it!' After giving the citizens wholesome advice concerning the substituted flag, and their duty to the government, the procession returned to Bridgeport, with the white flag trailing in the mud behind an omnibus.... They were received at Bridgeport by approving crowds, and were greeted with continuous cheers as they passed along."

On our way back to Bridgeport, the soldiers threatened a descent upon the *Farmer* office, but I strongly appealed to them to refrain from such a riotous proceeding, telling them that as law-abiding citizens they should refrain from acts of violence and especially should make no appeal to the passions of a mob. So confident was I that the day's proceedings had ended with the reception of the soldiers on their return from Stepney, that in telegraphing a full account of the facts to the New York papers, I added that there was no danger of an attack upon the *Farmer* office, since leading loyal citizens were opposed to such action as unnecessary and unwise. But the enthusiasm with which the soldiers had been received, and the excitement of the day, prompted them to break through their resolutions, and, half an hour after my telegram had been sent to New York, they rushed into the *Farmer* office, tumbled the type into the street, and broke the presses. I did not approve of this summary suppression of the paper, and offered the proprietors a handsome subscription to assist in enabling them to renew the publication of the *Farmer*. One of the editors of this paper went South, and

connected himself with a journal in Augusta, Georgia; the remaining proprietor shortly afterwards reissued the *Farmer*, but the peace meetings which had been advertised for different towns were never held; the gathering at Stepney was the last of the kind.

Elias Howe, Jr., although he was a man of wealth and well advanced in years, enlisted as a private in the Seventeenth regiment of Connecticut volunteers and served in the Army of the Potomac. Once when his fellow-soldiers, not having been paid off, were in need of money, he advanced $13,000 due them, and when his regiment was disbanded and discharged from service, he chartered, at his own expense, a special train to bring them from New Haven to Bridgeport, where they had a public reception.

Mr. Howe, like all men of his reputed wealth and liberality, was constantly besieged by solicitors for all sorts of charities, nor was he free from such applications when he was serving as a common soldier in Virginia. On one occasion a worthy priest came to him and asked for a subscription to a church which was then building. "Who is it," exclaimed Howe, "that talks of building churches in this time of war?" The priest ventured to say that he was trying to build in his parish a church which was to be known as St. Peter's.

"St. Peter's is it?" asked Howe; "well, St. Peter was, in his way, a fighting man; he drew a sword once and cut off a man's ear; on the whole, I think," he added, as he gave a handsome sum of money to the priest, "I must do something for St. Peter, though about these days I am devoting my attention and money mainly to saltpetre."

After the draft riots in New York and in other cities, in July, 1863, myself and other members of the "Prudential Committee" which had been formed in Bridgeport were frequently threatened with personal violence, and rumors were especially rife that Lindencroft would some night be mobbed and destroyed. On several occasions, soldiers volunteered as a guard and came and stayed at my house, sometimes for several nights in succession, and I was also provided with rockets, so that in case of an attempted attack I could signal to my friends in the city and especially to the night watchman at the arsenal, who would see my rockets at Lindencroft and give the alarm. Happily these signals were never needed, but the rockets came in play, long afterwards, in another way.

My house was provided with a magnetic burglar-alarm and one night the faithful bell sounded. I was instantly on my feet and summoning my ser-

vants, one ran and rung the large bell on the lawn which served in the day time to call my coachman from the stable, another turned on the gas, while I fired a gun out of the window and I then went to the top of the house and set off several rockets. The whole region round about was instantly aroused; dogs barked, neighbors half-dressed, but armed, flocked over to my grounds, every time a rocket went up, and I was by no means sparing of my supply; the whole place was as light as day, and in the general glare and confusion we caught sight of two retreating burglars, one running one way, the other another way, and both as fast as their legs could carry them; nor do I believe that the panic-stricken would-be plunderers stopped running till they reached New York.

It always seemed to me that a man who "takes no interest in politics" is unfit to live in a land where the government rests in the hands of the people. Consequently, whether I expressed them or not, I always had pronounced opinions upon all the leading political questions of the day, and no frivolous reason ever kept me from the polls. Indeed, on one occasion, I even hastened my return from Europe, so that I could take part in a presidential election. I was a party man, but not a partisan, nor a wire-puller, and I had never sought or desired office, though it had often been tendered to me. This was notoriously true, among all who knew me, up to the year 1865, when I accepted from the Republican party a nomination to the Connecticut legislature from the town of Fairfield, and I did this because I felt that it would be an honor to be permitted to vote for the then proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States to abolish slavery forever from the land.

I was elected, and on arriving at Hartford the night before the session began, I found the wire-pullers at work laying their plans for the election of a Speaker of the House. Watching the movements closely, I saw that the railroad interests had combined in support of one of the candidates, and this naturally excited my suspicion. I never believed in making State legislation a mere power to support monopolies. I do not need to declare my full appreciation of the great blessings which railroad interests and enterprises have brought upon this country and the world. But the vaster the enterprise and its power for good, the greater its opportunity for mischief if its power is perverted. The time was when a whole community was tied to the track of one or two railway companies, and it was too truthful to be looked upon as satire to call New Jersey the "State of Camden and Amboy." A great railroad company, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and when it is

considered that such a company, with its vast number of men dependent upon it for their daily bread, can sometimes elect State officers and legislatures, the danger to our free institutions from such a force may well be feared.

Thinking of these things, and seeing in the combination of railroad interests to elect a speaker, no promise of good to the community at large, I at once consulted with a few friends in the legislature, and we resolved to defeat the railroad "ring," if possible, in caucus. I had not even seen either of the candidates for the speakership, nor had I a single selfish end in view to gratify by the election of one candidate or the other; but I felt that if the railroad favorite could be defeated, the public interest would be subserved. We succeeded; their candidate was not nominated, and the railroad men were taken by surprise. They had had their own way in every legislature since the first railroad was laid down in Connecticut, and to be beaten now fairly startled them.

Immediately after the caucus, I sought the successful nominee, Hon. E. K. Foster, of New Haven, and begged him not to appoint as chairman of the railroad committee the man who had held that office for several successive years, and who was, in fact, the great railroad factotum in the State. He complied with my request, and he soon found how important it was to check the strong and growing monopoly; for, as he said, the "outside pressure" from personal friends in both political parties, to secure the appointment of the person to whom I had objected, was terrible.

Though I had not foreseen nor thought of such a thing until I reached Hartford, I soon found that a battle with the railroad commissioners would be necessary, and my course was shaped accordingly. It was soon discovered that a majority of the railroad commissioners were mere tools in the hands of the railroad companies, and that one of them was actually a hired clerk in the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company. It was also shown that the chairman of the railroad commissioners permitted most of the accidents which occurred on that road to be taken charge of and reported upon by the paid lobby agent of that railroad. This was so manifestly destructive to the interests of all parties who might suffer from accidents on the road, or have any controversy therefor with the company, that I succeeded in enlisting the farmers and other true men on the side of right; and we defeated the chairman of the railroad commissioners, who was a candidate for reelection, and elected our own candidate in his place. I also

carried through a law that no person who was in the employ of any railroad in the State should serve as railroad commissioner.

But the great struggle which lasted nearly through the entire session was upon the subject of railroad passenger commutations. Commodore Vanderbilt had secured control of the Hudson River and Harlem railroads, and had increased the price of commuters' tickets from two hundred to four hundred percent. Many men living on the line of these roads at distances of from ten to fifty miles from New York, had built fine residences in the country, on the strength of cheap transit to and from the city, and were compelled to submit to the extortion. Commodore Vanderbilt was a large shareholder in the New York and New Haven road; indeed, subsequent elections showed that he had a controlling interest, and it seemed evident to me that the same practice would be put in operation on the New Haven Railroad, that commuters were groaning under on the two other roads. I enlisted as many as I could in an effort to strangle this outrage before it became too strong to grapple with. Several lawyers in the Assembly had promised me their aid, but long before the final struggle came, every lawyer except one in that body was enlisted in favor of the railroads!

What potent influence had been at work with these legal gentlemen could only be surmised. Certain it is that all the railroad interests in the State were combined; and while they had plenty of money with which to carry out their designs and desires, the chances looked slim in favor of those members of the legislature who had no pecuniary interest in the matter, but were struggling simply for justice and the protection of the people. But "Yankee stick-to-it-iveness" was always a noted feature in my character. Every inch of the ground was fought over, day after day, before the legislative railroad committee. Examinations and cross-examinations of railroad commissioners and lobbyists were kept up. Scarcely more than one man, Senator Ballard, of Darien, aided me personally in the investigations which took place. But he was a host in himself, and we left not a stone unturned; we succeeded by our persistence, in letting in considerable light upon a dark subject. The man whom I had prevented from being made chairman, succeeded in becoming a member of the railroad committee; but, from the mouths of unwilling witnesses, I exhibited his connection with railroad reports, railroad laws, and railroad lobbyings, in such a light that he took to his bed some ten days before the end of the session, and actually remained there, "sick," as he said, till the legislature adjourned.

The speaker offered me the chairmanship of any one of several committees, and I selected that of the Agricultural committee, because it would occupy but little of my time, and give me the opportunity I so much desired to devote my attention to the railway combinations. The Republicans had a majority in both branches of the legislature; the Democrats, however, were watchful and energetic. The amendment to the United States Constitution, abolishing slavery, met with but little open opposition; but the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, striking out the word "white" from that clause which defined the qualifications of voters, was violently opposed by the Democratic members. The report from the minority of the committee to whom the question was referred, gave certain reasons for offering the contemplated amendment, and in reply to this, I spoke, May 26, 1865, as follows:

### Speech Of P. T. Barnum,
### On The Constitutional Amendment

Mr. Speaker:—I will not attempt to notice at any length the declamation of the honorable gentleman from Milford, for certainly I have heard nothing from his lips approaching to the dignity of argument. I agree with the gentleman that the right of suffrage is "dearly and sacredly cherished by the white man"; and it is because this right is so dear and sacred, that I wish to see it extended to every educated moral man within our State, without regard to color. He tells us that one race is a vessel to honor, and another to dishonor; and that he has seen on ancient Egyptian monuments the negro represented as "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." This is doubtless true, and the gentleman seems determined always to *keep* the negro a "vessel of dishonor," and a "hewer of wood." We, on the other hand, propose to give him the opportunity of expanding his faculties and elevating himself to true manhood. He says he "hates and abhors and despises demagogism." I am rejoiced to hear it, and I trust we shall see tangible evidence of the truth of what he professes in his abandonment of that slavery to party which is the mere trick and trap of the demagogue.

When, a few days since, this honorable body voted unanimously for the Amendment of the United States Constitution abolishing human slavery, I not only thanked God from my heart of hearts, but I felt like going down on my knees to the gentlemen of the opposition for the

wisdom they had exhibited in bowing to the logic of events by dropping that dead weight of slavery which had disrupted the Democratic party, with which I had been so long connected. And on this occasion I wish again to appeal to the wisdom and loyalty of my Democratic friends. I say Democratic "friends," for I am and ever was a thorough, out and out Democrat. I supported General Jackson, and voted for every Democratic president after him, up to and including Pierce; for I really thought Pierce was a Democrat until he proved the contrary, as I conceived, in the Kansas question. My democracy goes for the greatest good to the greatest number, for equal and exact justice to all men, and for a submission to the will of the majority. If I thought I had one drop of blood in my veins which was not democratic, in the light of this definition, I would have it out, no matter at what trouble or sacrifice. It was the repudiation by the southern democracy of this great democratic doctrine of majority rule which opened the rebellion.

And now, Mr. Speaker, let me remind our democratic friends that the present question simply asks that a majority of the legal voters, the white citizens of this State, may decide whether or not colored men of good moral character, *who are able to read* and who possess all the qualifications of white voters, shall be entitled to the elective franchise. The opposition may have their own ideas, or may be in doubt upon this subject; but surely no true democrat will dare to refuse permission to our fellow-citizens to decide the question.

Negro slavery and its legitimate outgrowths of ignorance, tyranny and oppression, have caused this gigantic rebellion which has cost our country thousands of millions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of human lives in defending a principle. And where was this poor, downtrodden colored race in this rebellion? Did they seize the "opportunity" when their masters were engaged with a powerful foe, to break out in insurrection, and massacre those tyrants who had so long held them in the most cruel bondage? No, Mr. Speaker, they did not do this. My "democratic" friends would have done it. I would have done it. Irishmen, Chinamen, Portuguese, would have done it; any white man would have done it; but the poor black man is like a lamb in his nature compared with the white man. The black man possesses a confiding disposition, thoroughly tinctured with religious enthusiasm, and not characterized by a spirit of revenge. No, the only barbarous massacres

we heard of, during the war, were those committed by their white masters on their poor, defenceless white prisoners, and to the eternal disgrace of southern white "democratic" rebels, be it said, these instances of barbarism were numerous all through the war. When this rebellion first broke out, the northern democracy raised a hue-and-cry against permitting the negroes to fight; but when such a measure seemed necessary, in order to put down traitors, these colored men took their muskets in hand and made their bodies a wall of defence for the loyal citizens of the north. And now, when our grateful white citizens ask from this assembly the privilege of deciding by their votes whether these colored men, who, at least, were partially our saviors in the war, may or may not, under proper restrictions, become participants in that great salvation, I am amazed that men calling themselves democrats dare refuse to grant this democratic measure. We wish to educate ignorant men, white or black. Ignorance is incompatible with the genius of our free institutions. In the very nature of things it jeopardizes their stability, and it is always unsafe to transgress the laws of nature. We cannot safely shut ourselves up with ignorance and brutality; we must educate and christianize those who are now by circumstances our social inferiors.

Years ago, I was afraid of foreign voters. I feared that when Europe poured her teeming millions of working people upon our shores, our extended laws of franchise would enable them to swamp our free institutions, and reduce us to anarchy. But much reflection has satisfied me that we have only to elevate these millions and their descendants to the standard of American citizenship, and we shall find sufficient of the leaven of liberty in our system of government to absorb all foreign elements and assimilate them to a truly democratic form of government.

Mr. Speaker: We cannot afford to carry passengers and have them live under our government with no real vital interest in its perpetuity. Every man must be a joint owner.

The only safe inhabitants of a free country are educated citizens who vote. The gentleman from Milford lives near the old Washington toll-bridge, which spans the Housatonic River, and he doubtless remembers, as I do, when the Boston and New York stages crossed that bridge, and the coachman would always denounce the "infernal bridge monopoly" which compelled him to pay a dollar every time the stage

crossed. The passengers would generally laugh and say: "Let him pay, it's nothing to us; we are only passengers." Some twenty years ago, one of the gentlemen accustomed to travel in that stage, was crossing the Atlantic in a steamship. At the hour of midnight, when nearly all were wrapt in sleep, the fearful cry of "fire" rang through the ship. There were the poor passengers, threatened by the devouring element, and only a plank between them and death. Our passenger, not half awake, rubbed his eyes and probably fancying he was in the old stagecoach, cried out: "Fire away, I am only a passenger!" Fortunately, it was a false alarm; but when the gentleman was wide awake, he discovered that there could be no disinterested passengers on board a burning ship.

Nor in a free government can we afford to employ journeymen; they may be apprenticed until they learn to read, and study our institutions; and then let them become joint proprietors and feel a proportionate responsibility. The two learned and distinguished authors of the minority report have been studying the science of ethnology and have treated us with a dissertation on the races. And what have they attempted to show? Why, that a race which, simply on account of the color of the skin, has long been buried in slavery at the South, and even at the North has been tabooed and scarcely permitted to rise above the dignity of whitewashers and bootblacks, does not exhibit the same polish and refinement that the white citizens do who have enjoyed the advantages of civilization, education, Christian culture and self-respect which can only be attained by those who share in making the laws under which they live.

Do our democratic friends assume that the negroes are not human? I have heard professed democrats claim even that; but do the authors of this minority report insist that the negro is a beast? Is his body not tenanted by an immortal spirit? If this is the position of the gentlemen, then I confess a beast cannot reason, and this minority committee are right in declaring that "the negro can develop no inventive faculties or genius for the arts." For although the elephant may be taught to plow, or the dog to carry your market-basket by his teeth, you cannot teach them to shave notes, to speculate in gold, or even to vote; whereas, the experience of all political parties shows that men may be taught to vote, even when they do not know what the ticket means.

But if the colored man is indeed a man, then his manhood with proper training can be developed. His soul may appear dormant, his brain inactive, but there is a vitality there; and Nature will assert herself if you will give her the opportunity.

Suppose an inhabitant of another planet should drop down upon this portion of our globe at midwinter. He would find the earth covered with snow and ice and congealed almost to the consistency of granite. The trees are leafless, everything is cold and barren; no green thing is to be seen; the inhabitants are chilled, and stalk about shivering, from place to place;—he would exclaim, "Surely this is not life; this means annihilation. No flesh and blood can long endure this; this frozen earth is bound in the everlasting embraces of adamantine frost, and can never develop vegetation for the sustenance of any living thing." He little dreams of the priceless myriads of germs which bountiful Nature has safely garnered in the warm bosom of our mother earth; he sees no evidence of that vitality which the beneficent sun will develop to grace and beautify the world. But let him remain until March or April, and as the snow begins to melt away, he discovers the beautiful crocus struggling through the half-frozen ground; the snowdrops appear in all their chaste beauty; the buds of the swamp-maple shoot forth; the beautiful magnolia opens her splendid blossoms; the sassafras adds its evidence of life; the pearl-white blossoms of the dogwood light up every forest;—and while our stranger is rubbing his eyes in astonishment, the earth is covered with her emerald velvet carpet; rich foliage and brilliant colored blossoms adorn the trees; fragrant flowers are enwreathing every wayside; the swift-winged birds float through the air and send forth joyful notes of gratitude from every treetop; the merry lambs skip joyfully around their verdant pasture grounds; and everywhere is our stranger surrounded with life, beauty, joy and gladness.

So it is with the poor African. You may take a dozen specimens of both sexes from the lowest type of man found in Africa; their race has been buried for ages in ignorance and barbarism, and you can scarcely perceive that they have any more of manhood or womanhood than so many orang-outangs or gorillas. You look at their low foreheads, their thick skulls and lips, their woolly heads, their flat noses, their dull, lazy eyes, and you may be tempted to adopt the language of this minority committee, and exclaim: Surely these people have "no inventive facul-

ties, no genius for the arts, or for any of those occupations requiring intellect and wisdom." But bring them out into the light of civilization; let them and their children come into the genial sunshine of Christianity; teach them industry, self-reliance, and self-respect; let them learn what too few white Christians have yet understood, that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and a part of godliness; and the human soul will begin to develop itself. Each generation, blessed with churches and common schools, will gradually exhibit the result of such culture; the low foreheads will be raised and widened by an active and expanded brain; the vacant eye of barbarism, ignorance and idleness will light up with the fire of intelligence, education, ambition, activity and Christian civilization; and you will find the immortal soul asserting her dignity, by the development of a man who would startle, by his intelligence, the honorable gentleman from Wallingford, who has presumed to compare beings made in God's image with "oxen and asses." That honorable gentleman, if he is rightly reported in the papers (I did not have the happiness to hear his speech), has mistaken the nature of the colored man. The honorable gentleman reminds me of the young man who went abroad, and when he returned, there was nothing in America that could compare with what he had seen in foreign lands. Niagara Falls was nowhere; the White Mountains were "knocked higher than a kite" by Mont Blanc; our rivers were so large that they were vulgar, when contrasted with the beautiful little streams and rivulets of Europe; our New York Central Park was eclipsed by the Bois de Bologne and the Champs Élysées of Paris, or Hyde or Regent Park of London, to say nothing of the great Phoenix Park at Dublin.

"They have introduced a couple of Venetian gondolas on the large pond in Central Park," remarked a friend.

"All very well," replied the verdant traveller, "but between you and me, these birds can't stand our cold climate more than one season." The gentleman from Wallingford evidently had as little idea of the true nature of the African as the young swell had of the pleasure-boats of Venice.

Mr. Johnson, of Wallingford: The gentleman misapprehends my remarks. The gentleman from Norwich had urged that the negro should vote because they have fought in our battles. I replied that oxen and

asses can fight, and therefore should, on the same grounds, be entitled to vote.

Mr. Barnum: I accept the gentleman's explanation. Doubtless General Grant will feel himself highly complimented when he learns that it requires no greater capacity to handle the musket, and meet armed battalions in the field, than "oxen and asses" possess.

Let the educated free negro feel that he is a man; let him be trained in New England churches, schools and workshops; let him support himself, pay his taxes, and cast his vote, like other men, and he will put to everlasting shame the champions of modern democracy, by the overwhelming evidence he will give in his own person of the great Scripture truth, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of men." A human soul, "that God has created and Christ died for," is not to be trifled with. It may tenant the body of a Chinaman, a Turk, an Arab or a Hottentot—it is still an immortal spirit; and amid all assumptions of caste, it will in due time vindicate the great fact that, without regard to color or condition, all men are equally children of the common Father.

A few years since, an English lord and his family were riding in his carriage in Liverpool. It was an elegant equipage; the servants were dressed in rich livery; the horses caparisoned in the most costly style; and everything betokened that the establishment belonged to a scion of England's proudest aristocracy. The carriage stopped in front of a palatial residence. At this moment a poor beggar woman rushed to the side of the carriage, and gently seizing the lady by the hand, exclaimed, "For the love of God give me something to save my poor sick children from starvation. You are rich; I am your poor sister, for God is our common Father."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the proud lady, casting the woman's hand away; "Don't call me sister, I have nothing in common with such low brutes as you." And the great lady doubtless thought she was formed of finer clay than this suffering mendicant; but when a few days afterwards she was brought to a sick bed by the smallpox, contracted by touching the hand of that poor wretch, she felt the evidence that they belonged to the same great family, and were subject to the same pains and diseases.

The State of Connecticut, like New Jersey, is a border State of New York. New York has a great commercial city, where Aldermen rob by the tens of thousands, and where principal is studied much more than principle. I can readily understand how the negro has come to be debased at the North as well as at the South. The interests of the two sections in the product of negro labor were nearly identical. The North wanted Southern cotton and the South was ready in turn to buy from the North whatever was needed in the way of Northern supplies and manufactures. This community of commercial interests led to an identity in political principles especially in matters pertaining to the negro race—the working race of the South—which produced the cotton and consumed so much of what Northern merchants and manufacturers sold for plantation use. The Southern planters were good customers and were worth conciliating. So when Connecticut proposed in 1818 to continue to admit colored men to the franchise, the South protested against thus elevating the negroes, and Connecticut succumbed. No other New England State has ever so disgraced herself; and now Connecticut democrats are asked to permit the white citizens of this State to express their opinion in regard to reinstating the colored man where our Revolutionary sires placed him under the Constitution. Now, gentlemen, "democrats" as you call yourselves, you who speak so flippantly of your "loyalty," your "love for the Union" and your "love for the people;" you who are generally talking right and voting wrong, we ask you to come forward and act "democratically," by letting your masters, the people, speak.

The word "white" in the Constitution cannot be strictly and literally construed. The opposition express great love for white blood. Will they let a mulatto vote half the time, a quadroon three-fourths, and an octoroon seven-eighths of the time? If not, why not? Will they enslave seven-eighths of a white man because one-eighth is not Caucasian? Is this democratic? Shall not the majority seven control the minority one? Out on such "democracy."

But a Democratic minority committee (of two) seem to have done something besides study ethnology. They have also paid great attention to fine arts, and are particularly anxious that all voters shall have a "genius for the arts." I would like to ask them if it has always been political practice to insist that every voter in the great "unwashed" and "un-

terrified" of any party should become a member of the Academy of Arts before he votes the "regular" ticket? I thought he was received into the full fellowship of a political party if he could exhibit sufficient "inventive faculties and genius for the arts," to enable him to paint a black eye. Can a man whose "genius for the arts" enables him to strike from the shoulder scientifically, be admitted to full fellowship in a political party? Is it evident that the political artist has studied the old masters, if he exhibits his genius by tapping an opponent's head with a shillelagh? The oldest master in this school of art was Cain; and so canes have been made to play their part in politics, at the polls and even in the United States Senate Chamber.

"Is genius for the arts and those occupations requiring intellect and wisdom" sufficiently exemplified in adroitly stuffing ballot boxes, forging soldiers' votes, and copying a directory, as has been done, as the return list of votes? Is the "inventive faculty" of "voting early and often," a passport to political brotherhood? Is it satisfactory evidence of "artistic" genius, to head a mob? and a mob which is led and guided by political passion, as numerous instances in our history prove, is the worst of mobs. Is it evidence of "high art" to lynch a man by hanging him to the nearest tree or lamp post? Is a "whiskey scrimmage" one of the lost arts restored? We all know how the "artists" of both political parties are prone to embellish elections and to enhance the excitements of political campaigns by inciting riots, and the frequency with which these disgraceful outbreaks have occurred of late, especially in some of the populous cities, is cause for just alarm. It is dangerous "art."

Mr. Speaker: I repeat that I am a friend to the Irishman. I have travelled through his native country and have seen how he is oppressed. I have listened to the eloquent and patriotic appeals of Daniel O'Connell, in Conciliation Hall, in Dublin, and I have gladly contributed to his fund for ameliorating the condition of his countrymen. I rejoice to see them rushing to this land of liberty and independence; and it is because I am their friend that I denounce the demagogues who attempt to blind and mislead them to vote in the interests of any party against the interests of humanity, and the principles of true democracy. My neighbors will testify that at midwinter I employ Irishmen by the hundred to do work that is not absolutely necessary, in order to help them support their families.

After hearing the minority report last week, I began to feel that I might be disfranchised, for I have no great degree of "genius for the arts;" I felt, therefore, that I must get "posted" on that subject as soon as possible. I at once sauntered into the Senate Chamber to look at the paintings; there I saw portraits of great men, and I saw two empty frames from which the pictures had been removed. These missing paintings, I was told, were portraits of two ex-Governors of the State, whose position on political affairs was obnoxious to the dominant party in the Legislature; and especially obnoxious were the supposed sentiments of these governors on the war. Therefore, the Senate voted to remove the pictures, and thus proved as it would seem, that there is an intimate connection between politics and art.

I have repeatedly travelled through every State in the South, and I assert, what every intelligent officer and soldier who has resided there will corroborate, that the slaves, as a body, are more intelligent than the poor whites. No man who has not been there can conceive to what a low depth of ignorance the poor snuff-taking, clay-eating whites of some portion of the South have descended. I trust the day is not far distant when the "common school" shall throw its illuminating rays through this Egyptian pall.

I have known slave mechanics to be sold for $3,000 and even $5,000 each, and others could not be bought at all; and I have seen intelligent slaves acting as stewards for their masters, travelling every year to New Orleans, Nashville, and even to Cincinnati, to dispose of their master's crops. The free colored citizens of Opelousas, St. Martinsville, and all the Attakapas country in Louisiana, are as respectable and intelligent as an ordinary community of whites. They speak the French and English languages, educate their children in music, and "the arts" and they pay their taxes on more than fifteen millions of dollars.

Gentlemen of the opposition, I beseech you to remember that our state and our country ask from us something more than party tactics. It is absolutely necessary that the loyal blacks at the South should vote in order to save the loyal whites. Let Connecticut, without regard to party, set them an example that shall influence the action at the South, and prevent a new form of slavery from arising there, which shall make all our expenditure of blood and treasure fruitless.

But some persons have this color prejudice simply by the force of education, and they say, "Well, a nigger is a nigger, and he can't be anything else. I hate niggers, anyhow." Twenty years ago I crossed the Atlantic, and among our passengers was an Irish judge, who was coming out to Newfoundland as chief justice. He was an exceedingly intelligent and polished gentleman, and extremely witty. The passengers from the New England States and those from the South got into a discussion on the subject of slavery, which lasted three days. The Southerners were finally worsted, and when their arguments were exhausted, they fell back on the old story, by saying: "Oh! curse a nigger, he ain't half human anyhow; he had no business to be a nigger, etc." One of the gentlemen then turned to the Irish judge, and asked his opinion of the merits of the controversy. The judge replied:

"Gentlemen, I have listened with much edification to your arguments pro and con during three days. I was quite inclined to think the anti-slavery gentlemen had justice and right on their side, but the last argument from the South has changed my mind. I say a 'nigger has no business to be a nigger,' and we should kick him out of society and trample him under foot—always provided, gentlemen, you prove he was born black at his own particular request. If he had no word to say in the matter of course he is blameless for his color, and is entitled to the same respect that other men are who properly behave themselves!"

Mr. Speaker: I am no politician, I came to this legislature simply because I wished to have the honor of voting for the two constitutional amendments—one for driving slavery entirely out of our country; the other to allow men of education and good moral character to vote, regardless of the color of their skins. To give my voice for these two philanthropic, just, and Christian measures is all the glory I ask legislativewise. I care nothing whatever for any sect or party under heaven, as such. I have no axes to grind, no logs to roll, no favors to ask. All I desire is to do what is right, and prevent what is wrong. I believe in no "expediency" that is not predicated of justice, for in all things—politics, as well as everything else—"I know that honesty is the best policy." A retributive Providence will unerringly and speedily search out all wrong doing; hence, right is always the best in the long run. Certainly, in the light of the great American spirit of liberty and equal rights which is sweeping over this country, and making the thrones of

tyrants totter in the old world, no party can afford to carry slavery, either of body or of mind. Knock off your manacles and let the man go free. Take down the blinds from his intellect, and let in the light of education and Christian culture. When this is done you have developed a man. Give him the responsibility of a man and the self-respect of a man, by granting him the right of suffrage. Let universal education, and the universal franchise be the motto of free America, and the toiling millions of Europe, who are watching you with such intense interest, will hail us as their saviors. Let us loyally sink "party" on this question, and go for "God and our Country." Let no man attach an eternal stigma to his name by shutting his eyes to the great lesson of the hour, and voting against permitting the people to express their opinion on this important subject. Let us unanimously grant this truly democratic boon. Then, when our laws of franchise are settled on a just basis, let future parties divide where they honestly differ on State or national questions which do not trench upon the claims of manhood or American citizenship.

# XXXIX

## The American Museum in Ruins

A Terrible Loss—How I Received the News—Burning of the American Museum—Details of the Disaster—Faith in Herring's Safes—Baked and Boiled Whales—The New York Tribune on the Destruction of the Museum—A Public Calamity—Sympathy of the Leading Editors—Amount of My Loss—Small Insurance—My Property—Intention to Retire to Private Life—Horace Greeley Advises Me to Go A-Fishing—Benefit to the Museum Employees at the Academy of Music—My Speech—What the New York Sun Said About It—The New Uptown Museum—Opening the Establishment to the Public.

On the thirteenth day of July, 1865, I was speaking in the Connecticut Legislature, in session at Hartford, against the railroad schemes, when a telegram was handed to me from my son-in-law, S. H. Hurd, my assistant manager in New York, stating that the American Museum was in flames and that its total destruction was certain. I glanced over the despatch, folded it, laid it on my desk, and calmly continued my speech as if nothing had happened. At the conclusion of my remarks, the bill I had been advocating was carried, and the House adjourned. I then handed the telegram, announcing my great loss in New York, to my friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. William G. Coe, of Winsted, who immediately communicated the intelligence to several members. Warm sympathizers at once crowded around me, and Mr. Henry B. Harrison, of New Haven, my strongest railroad opponent, pushing forward, seized me by the hand, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am really very sorry to hear of your great misfortune."

"Sorry," I replied, "why, my dear sir, I shall not have time to be 'sorry' in a week! It will take me that length of time before I can get over laughing at having whipped you all so nicely in this attempted railroad imposition."

The Speaker of the House and my fellow-members all testified that neither my face nor my manner betrayed the slightest intimation when I read the telegram that I had received unpleasant intelligence. One of the local journals, speaking of this incident, two days after the fire, said:

> In the midst of Mr. Barnum's speech a telegram was handed to him, announcing that his Museum was in flames, with no hope of saving any portion of his cherished establishment. Without the slightest evidence of agitation, he laid the telegram upon his desk and finished his speech. When he went next day to New York he saw only a pile of black, smouldering ruins.

Immediately after adjournment that afternoon, I took the cars for Bridgeport, spending the night quietly at home, and the following morning I went to New York to see the ruins of my Museum, and to learn the full extent of the disaster. When I arrived at the scene of the calamity and saw nothing but the smouldering debris of what a few hours before was the American Museum, the sight was sad indeed. Here were destroyed, almost in a breath, the accumulated results of many years of incessant toil, my own and my predecessors, in gathering from every quarter of the globe myriads of curious productions of nature and art—an assemblage of rarities which a half million of dollars could not restore, and a quarter of a century could not collect. In addition to these there were many Revolutionary relics and other links in our national history which never could be duplicated. Not a thousand dollars worth of the entire property was saved; the destruction was complete; the loss was irreparable, and the total amount of insurance was but forty thousand dollars.

The fire probably originated in the engine room, where steam was constantly kept up to pump fresh air into the water of the aquaria and to propel the immense fans for cooling the atmosphere of the halls. The flames burst through into the manager's office, and rapidly extended to all parts of the building. The desk of my son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, was already in flames when he opened it and took out several thousands of dollars in bank bills, and reflecting upon the risk he might incur in carrying it through the surging crowd outside, with remarkable presence of mind, and faith in Herring's safes, he hastily thrust this money with the account books into my safe, which already held many thousand dollars, and locking the door, left the

whole with entire confidence to the flames. Buttoning his coat, he safely made his way out of the burning building and through the excited throng in the streets.

Mr. Hurd's faith in Herring was well founded; for, when the safe was recovered from the ruins, its contents were discovered to be in perfect preservation. Of the curiosities and other contents of the establishment nothing was saved. When I first gazed upon the ruins, I saw, down in the depths, the remains of the two white whales, which had arrived only a week before, and which were swimming in the great glass tank when the fire broke out. I had never seen these monsters alive, but the half-consumed carcasses presented to my mind the worst specimens of baked and boiled fish that could be conceived of. All the New York newspapers made a great "sensation" of the fire, and the full particulars were copied in journals throughout the country. A facetious reporter, Mr. Nathan D. Urner, of the *Tribune*, wrote the following amusing account, which appeared in that journal, July 14, 1865, and was very generally quoted from and copied by provincial papers many of whose readers accepted every line of the glowing narrative as "gospel truth":

> Soon after the breaking out of the conflagration, a number of strange and terrible howls and moans proceeding from the large apartment in the third floor of the Museum, corner of Ann Street and Broadway, startled the throngs who had collected in front of the burning building, and who were at first under the impression that the sounds must proceed from human beings unable to effect their escape. Their anxiety was somewhat relieved on this score, but their consternation was by no means decreased upon learning that the room in question was the principal chamber of the menagerie connected with the Museum, and that there was imminent danger of the release of the animals there confined, by the action of the flames. Our reporter fortunately occupied a room on the north corner of Ann Street and Broadway, the windows of which looked immediately into this apartment; and no sooner was he apprised of the fire than he repaired there, confident of finding items in abundance. Luckily the windows of the Museum were unclosed, and he had a perfect view of almost the entire interior of the apartment. The following is his statement of what followed, in his own language:

Protecting myself from the intense heat as well as I could, by taking the mattress from the bed and erecting it as a bulwark before the window, with only enough space reserved on the top so as to look out, I anxiously observed the animals in the opposite room. Immediately opposite the window through which I gazed, was a large cage containing a lion and lioness. To the right hand was the three storied cage, containing monkeys at the top, two kangaroos in the second story, and a happy family of cats, rats, adders, rabbits, etc., in the lower apartment. To the left of the lion's cage was the tank containing the two vast alligators, and still further to the left, partially hidden from my sight was the grand tank containing the great white whale, which has created such a furore in our sightseeing midst for the past few weeks. Upon the floor were caged the boa-constrictor, anacondas and rattlesnakes, whose heads would now and then rise menacingly through the top of the cage. In the extreme right was the cage, entirely shut from my view at first, containing the Bengal tiger and the Polar bear, whose terrific growls could be distinctly heard from behind the partition. With a simultaneous bound the lion and his mate, sprang against the bars, which gave way and came down with a great crash, releasing the beasts, which for a moment, apparently amazed at their sudden liberty, stood in the middle of the floor lashing their sides with their tails and roaring dolefully.

Almost at the same moment the upper part of the three storied cage, consumed by the flames, fell forward, letting the rods drop to the floor, and many other animals were set free. Just at this time the door fell through and the flames and smoke rolled in like a whirlwind from the Hadean river Cocytus. A horrible scene in the right hand corner of the room, a yell of indescribable agony, and a crashing, grating sound, indicated that the tiger and Polar bear were stirred up to the highest pitch of excitement. Then there came a great crash as of the giving way of the bars of their cage. The flames and smoke momentarily rolled back, and for a few seconds the interior of the room was visible in the lurid light of the flames, which revealed the tiger and the lion, locked together in close combat.

The monkeys were perched around the windows, shivering with dread and afraid to jump out. The snakes were writhing about, crippled and blistered by the heat, darting out their forked tongues, and express-

ing their rage and fear in the most sibilant of hisses. The "Happy Family" were experiencing an amount of beatitude which was evidently too cordial for philosophical enjoyment. A long tongue of flame had crept under the cage, completely singing every hair from the cat's body. The felicitous adder was slowly burning in two and busily engaged in impregnating his organic system with his own venom. The joyful rat had lost his tail by a falling bar of iron; and the beatific rabbit, perforated by a red hot nail, looked as if nothing would be more grateful than a cool corner in some Esquimaux farmyard. The members of the delectated convocation were all huddled together in the bottom of their cage, which suddenly gave way, precipitating them out of view in the depths below, which by this time were also blazing like the fabled Tophet.

At this moment the flames rolled again into the room and then again retired. The whale and alligators were by this time suffering dreadful torments. The water in which they swam was literally boiling. The alligators dashed fiercely about endeavoring to escape, and opening and shutting their great jaws in ferocious torture; but the poor whale, almost boiled, with great ulcers bursting from his blubbery sides, could only feebly swim about, though blowing excessively, and every now and then sending up great fountains of spray. At length, crack went the glass sides of the great cases, and whale and alligators rolled out on the floor with the rushing and steaming water. The whale died easily, having been pretty well used up before. A few great gasps and a convulsive flap or two of his mighty flukes were his expiring spasm. One of the alligators was killed almost immediately by falling across a great fragment of shattered glass, which cut open his stomach and let out the greater part of his entrails to the light of day. The remaining alligator became involved in a controversy with an anaconda, and joined the melee in the center of the flaming apartment.

A number of birds which were caged in the upper part of the building were set free by some charitably inclined person at the first alarm of fire and at intervals they flew out. There were many valuable tropical birds, parrots, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, etc., as well as some vultures and eagles and one condor. Great excitement existed among the swaying crowds in the streets below as they took wing. There were confined in the same room a few serpents which also

obtained their liberty; and soon after the rising and devouring flames began to enwrap the entire building, a splendid and emblematic sight was presented to the wondering and upgazing throngs. Bursting through the central casement, with flap of wings and lashing coils, appeared an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight. For a moment they hung poised in mid air, presenting a novel and terrible conflict. It was the earth and air (or their respective representatives) at war for mastery; the base and the lofty, the groveller and the soarer, were engaged in deadly battle. At length the flat head of the serpent sank; his writhing sinuous form grew still; and, wafted upward by the cheers of the gazing multitude, the eagle, with a scream of triumph, and bearing his prey in his iron talons, soared toward the sun. Several monkeys escaped from the burning building to the neighboring roofs and streets; and considerable excitement was caused by the attempts to secure them. One of the most amusing incidents in this respect was in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The veteran editor of the *Herald* was sitting in his private office with his back to the open window, calmly discussing with a friend the chances that the *Herald* establishment would escape the conflagration, which at that time was threateningly advancing up Ann Street, toward Nassau Street. In the course of his conversation Mr. Bennett observed; "Although I have usually had good luck in cases of fire, they say that the devil is ever at one's shoulder, and"—Here an exclamation from his friend interrupted him, and turning quickly he was considerably taken aback at seeing the devil himself, or something like him, at his very shoulder as he spoke. Recovering his equanimity, with the ease and suavity which is usual with him in all company, Mr. Bennett was about to address the intruder when he perceived that what he had taken for the gentleman in black was nothing more than a frightened orang-outang. The poor creature, but recently released from captivity, and doubtless thinking that he might fill some vacancy in the editorial corps of the paper in question, had descended by the water-pipe and instinctively taken refuge in the inner sanctum of the establishment. Although the editor—perhaps from the fact that he saw nothing peculiarly strange in the visitation—soon regained his composure, it was far otherwise with his friend, who immediately gave the alarm. Mr. Hudson rushed in and boldly attacked the monkey, grasping him by the throat. The book-editor next came in,

obtaining a clutch upon the brute by the ears; the musical critic followed, and seized the tail with both hands, and a number of reporters, armed with inkstands and sharpened pencils, came next, followed by a dozen policemen with brandished clubs; at the same time, the engineer in the basement received the preconcerted signal and got ready his hose, wherewith to pour boiling hot water upon the heads of those in the streets, in case it should prove a regular systematized attack by gorillas, Brazil apes, and chimpanzees. Opposed to this formidable combination, the rash intruder fared badly, and was soon in durance vile. Numerous other incidents of a similar kind occurred; but some of the most amusing were in connection with the wax figures.

Upon the same impulse which prompts men in time of fire to fling valuable looking-glasses out of three-story windows and at the same time tenderly to lower down feather beds—soon after the Museum took fire, a number of sturdy firemen rushed into the building to carry out the wax figures. There were thousands of valuable articles which might have been saved, if there had been less of solicitude displayed for the miserable effigies which are usually exhibited under the appellation of "wax figures." As it was, a dozen firemen rushed into the apartment where the figures were kept, amid a multitude of crawling snakes, chattering monkeys and escaped paroquets. The "Dying Brigand" was unceremoniously throttled and dragged toward the door; liberties were taken with the tearful "Señorita," who has so long knelt and so constantly wagged her doll's head at his side; the mules of the other bandits were upset, and they themselves roughly seized. The full length statue of P. T. Barnum fell down of its own accord, as if disgusted with the whole affair. A red-shirted fireman seized with either hand Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan by their coat-collars, tucked the Prince Imperial of France under one arm, and the Veiled Murderess under the other, and coolly departed for the street. Two ragged boys quarrelled over the Tom Thumb, but at length settled the controversy by one of them taking the head, the other satisfying himself with the legs below the knees. They evidently had Tom under their thumbs, and intended to keep him down. While a curiosity-seeking policeman was garroting Benjamin Franklin, with the idea of abducting him, a small monkey, flung from the windowsill by the strong hand of an impatient fireman, made a straight dive, hitting Poor Richard just below the

waistcoat, and passing through his stomach, as the Harlequin in the "Green-Monster" pantomime ever pierced the picture with the slit in it, which always hangs so conveniently low and near. Patrick Henry had his teeth knocked out by a flying missile, and in carrying Daniel Lambert downstairs, he was found to be so large that they had to break off his head in order to get him through the door. At length the heat became intense, the "figgers" began to perspire freely, and the swiftly approaching flames compelled all hands to desist from any further attempt at rescue. Throwing a parting glance behind as we passed down the stairs we saw the remaining dignitaries in a strange plight. Someone had stuck a cigar in General Washington's mouth, and thus, with his chapeau crushed down over his eyes and his head reclining upon the ample lap of Moll Pitcher, the Father of his Country led the van of as sorry a band of patriots as not often comes within one's experience to see. General Marion was playing a dummy game of poker with General Lafayette; Governor Morris was having a set-to with Nathan Lane, and James Madison was executing a Dutch polka with Madam Roland on one arm and Lucretia Borgia on the other. The next moment the advancing flames compelled us to retire.

We believe that all the living curiosities were saved; but the giant girl, Anna Swan, was only rescued with the utmost difficulty. There was not a door through which her bulky frame could obtain a passage. It was likewise feared that the stairs would break down, even if she should reach them. Her best friend, the living skeleton, stood by her as long as he dared, but then deserted her, while as the heat grew in intensity, the perspiration rolled from her face in little brooks and rivulets, which pattered musically upon the floor. At length, as a last resort, the employees of the place procured a lofty derrick which fortunately happened to be standing near, and erected it alongside the Museum. A portion of the wall was then broken off on each side of the window, the strong tackle was got in readiness, the tall woman was made fast to one end and swung over the heads of the people in the street, with eighteen men grasping the other extremity of the line, and lowered down from the third story, amid enthusiastic applause. A carriage of extraordinary capacity was in readiness, and entering this, the young lady was driven away to a hotel.

When the surviving serpents, that were released by the partial burning of the box in which they were contained, crept along on the floor to the balcony of the Museum and dropped on the sidewalk, the crowd, siezed with St. Patrick's aversion to the reptiles, fled with such precipitate haste that they knocked each other down and trampled on one another in the most reckless and damaging manner.

Hats were lost, coats torn, boots burst and pantaloons dropped with magnificent miscellaneousness, and dozens of those who rose from the miry streets into which they had been thrown, looked like the disembodied spirits of a mud bank. The snakes crawled on the sidewalk and into Broadway, where some of them died from injuries received, and others were despatched by the excited populace. Several of the serpents of the copperhead species escaped the fury of the tumultuous masses, and true to their instincts, sought shelter in the *World* and *News* offices. A large black bear escaped from the burning Museum into Ann Street and then made his way into Nassau, and down that thoroughfare into Wall, where his appearance caused a sensation. Some superstitious persons believed him the spirit of a departed Ursa Major, and others of his fraternity welcomed the animal as a favorable omen. The bear walked quietly along to the Custom House, ascended the steps of the building, and became bewildered, as many a biped bear has done before him. He seemed to lose his sense of vision, and no doubt, endeavoring to operate for a fall, walked over the side of the steps and broke his neck. He succeeded in his object, but it cost him dearly. The appearance of Bruin in the street sensibly affected the stock market, and shares fell rapidly; but when he lost his life in the careless manner we have described, shares advanced again, and the Bulls triumphed once more.

Broadway and its crossings have not witnessed a denser throng for months than assembled at the fire yesterday. Barnum's was always popular, but it never drew so vast a crowd before. There must have been forty thousand people on Broadway, between Maiden Lane and Chambers Street, and a great portion stayed there until dusk. So great was the concourse of people that it was with difficulty pedestrians or vehicles could pass.

After the fire several high-art epicures grouping among the ruins found choice morsels of boiled whale, roasted kangaroo and fricasseed

crocodile, which, it is said, they relished; though the many would have failed to appreciate such rare edibles. Probably, the recherche epicures will declare the only true way to prepare those meats is to cook them in a museum wrapped in flames, in the same manner that the Chinese, according to Charles Lamb, first discovered roast pig in a burning house, and ever afterward set a house on fire with a pig inside, when they wanted that particular food.

All the New York journals, and many more in other cities, editorially expressed their sympathy with my misfortune, and their sense of the loss the community had sustained in the destruction of the American Museum. The following editorial is from the *New York Tribune*, of July 14, 1865:

The destruction of no building in this city could have caused so much excitement and so much regret as that of Barnum's Museum. The collection of curiosities was very large, and though many of them may not have had much intrinsic or memorial value, a considerable portion was certainly of great worth for any Museum. But aside from this, pleasant memories clustered about the place, which for so many years has been the chief resort for amusement to the common people who cannot often afford to treat themselves to a night at the more expensive theatres, while to the children of the city, Barnum's has been a fountain of delight, ever offering new attractions as captivating and as implicitly believed in as the Arabian Nights Entertainments; Theater, Menagerie and Museum, it amused, instructed, and astonished. If its thousands and tens of thousands of annual visitors were bewildered sometimes with a Woolly Horse, a What is It? or a Mermaid, they found repose and certainty in a Giraffe, a Whale or a Rhinoceros. If wax effigies of pirates and murderers made them shudder lest those dreadful figures should start out of their glass cases and repeat their horrid deeds, they were reassured by the presence of the mildest and most amiable of giants, and the fattest of mortal women, whose dead weight alone could crush all the wax figures into their original cakes. It was a source of unfailing interest to all country visitors, and New York to many of them was only the place that held Barnum's Museum. It was the first thing—often the only thing—they visited when they came among us, and nothing that could have been contrived, out of our present re-

sources, could have offered so many attractions unless some more ingenious showman had undertaken to add to Barnum's collection of waxen criminals by putting in a cage the live Boards of the Common Council. We mourn its loss, but not as without consolation. Barnum's Museum is gone, but Barnum himself, happily, did not share the fate of his rattlesnakes and his, at least, most un—"happy Family." There are fishes in the seas and beasts in the forest; birds still fly in the air and strange creatures still roam in the deserts; giants and pigmies still wander up and down the earth; the oldest man, the fattest woman, and the smallest baby are still living, and Barnum will find them.

Or even if none of these things or creatures existed, we could trust to Barnum to make them out of hand. The Museum, then, is only a temporary loss, and much as we sympathize with the proprietor, the public may trust to his well-known ability and energy to soon renew a place of amusement which was a source of so much innocent pleasure, and had in it so many elements of solid excellence.

As already stated, my insurance was but $40,000, while the collection, at the lowest estimate, was worth $400,000, and as my premium was five percent I had paid the insurance companies more than they returned to me. When the fire occurred, my summer pantomime season had just begun and the Museum was doing an immensely profitable business. My first impulse, after reckoning up my losses, was to retire from active life and from all business occupation beyond what my large real estate interests in Bridgeport, and my property in New York would compel. I felt that I had still a competence and that after a most active and busy life, at fifty-five years, I was entitled to retirement, to comparative rest for the remainder of my days. I called on my old friend, the editor of the *Tribune*, for advice on the subject.

"Accept this fire as a notice to quit, and go a-fishing," said Mr. Greeley.

"A-fishing!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a-fishing; I have been wanting to go a-fishing for thirty years, and have not yet found time to do so," replied Mr. Greeley.

I really felt that his advice was good and wise, and had I consulted only my own ease and interest I should have acted upon it. But, two considerations moved me to pause: First, one hundred and fifty employees, many of whom depended upon their exertions for their daily bread, were thrown out

of work at a season when it would be difficult for them to get engagements elsewhere. Second: I felt that a large city like New York needed a good Museum, and that my experience of a quarter of a century in that direction, afforded extraordinary facilities for founding another establishment of the kind, and so I took a few days for reflection.

Meanwhile, the Museum employees were tendered a benefit at the Academy of Music, at which most of the dramatic artists in the city volunteered their services. I was called out, and made some offhand remarks in which I stated that nothing which I could utter in behalf of the recipients of that benefit, could plead for them half so eloquently as the smoking ruins of the building where they had so long earned their support by their efforts to gratify the public. At the same time I announced that, moved by the considerations I have mentioned, I had concluded to establish another Museum, and that in order to give present occupation to my employees, I had engaged the Winter Garden Theater for a few weeks, and I hoped to open a new establishment of my own in the ensuing fall.

The *New York Sun* commented upon the few remarks which I was suddenly and quite unexpectedly called upon to make, in the following flattering manner:

> One of the happiest impromptu oratorial efforts that we have heard for some time, was that made by Barnum at the benefit performance given for his employees on Friday afternoon. If a stranger wanted to satisfy himself how the great showman had managed so to monopolize the ear and eye of the public during his long career, he could not have had a better opportunity of doing so than by listening to this address. Every word, though delivered with apparent carelessness, struck a key note in the hearts of his listeners. Simple, forcible and touching, it showed how thoroughly this extraordinary man comprehends the character of his countrymen, and how easily he can play upon their feelings.
>
> Those who look upon Barnum as a mere charlatan, have really no knowledge of him. It would be easy to demonstrate that the qualities that have placed him in his present position of notoriety and affluence would, in another pursuit, have raised him to far greater eminence. In his breadth of views, his profound knowledge of mankind, his courage under reverses, his indomitable perseverance, his ready eloquence and his admirable business tact, we recognize the elements that are con-

ducive to success in most other pursuits. More than almost any other living man, Barnum may be said to be a representative type of the American mind.

I very soon secured by lease the premises, numbers 535, 537 and 539 Broadway, seventy-five feet front and rear, by two hundred feet deep, and known as the Chinese Museum buildings. In less than four months, I succeeded in converting this building into a commodious Museum and lecture room, and meanwhile I sent agents through America and Europe to purchase curiosities. Besides hundreds of small collections, I bought up several entire museums, and with many living curiosities and my old company of actors and actresses, I opened to the public, November 13, 1865, "Barnum's New American Museum," thus beginning a new chapter in my career as a manager and showman.

# XL

## My War on the Railroads

Scenes in the Legislature—Sharpshooting—Propositions for a New Capital of Connecticut—The Rivalry of Cities—Culmination of the Railroad Controversy—Excitement Among the Lobbyists—A Bill for the Benefit of Commuters—People Protected from the Plunderers—How Settlers Are Drawn Into a State and Then Cheated by the Railroad Companies—Equal Rights for Commuters and Transient Passengers—What Commodore Vanderbilt Did—What the New York and New Haven Railroad Company Wanted to Do—Exposure of Their Plot—Consternation of the Conspirators—My Victory—Again Elected to the Legislature—United States Senator Ferry—Ex-Governor W. A. Buckingham—Theodore Tilton—Governor Hawley—Friends at Lindencroft—Nominated for Congress and Defeated.

During my membership in the Connecticut Legislature of 1865, I made several new friends and agreeable acquaintances, and many things occurred, sometimes in the regular proceedings, and sometimes as episodes, which made the session memorable. On one occasion, a representative, who was a lawyer, introduced resolutions to reduce the number of Representatives, urging that the "House" was too large and ponderous a body to work smoothly; that a smaller number of persons could accomplish business more rapidly and completely; and, in fact, that the Connecticut Legislature was so large that the members did not have time to get acquainted with each other before the body adjourned *sine die*.

I replied, that the larger the number of representatives, the more difficult it would be to tamper with them; and if they all could not become personally acquainted, so much the better, for there would be fewer "rings," and less facilities for forcing improper legislation.

"As the house seems to be thin now, I will move to lay my resolutions on the table," remarked the member; "but I shall call them up when there is a full house."

"According to the gentleman's own theory," I replied, "the smaller the number, the surer are we to arrive at correct conclusions. Now, therefore, is just the time to decide; and I move that the gentleman's resolutions be considered." This proposition was seconded amid a roar of laughter; and the resolutions were almost unanimously voted down, before the member fairly comprehended what was going on. He afterwards acknowledged it as a pretty fair joke, and at any rate, as an effective one.

The State House at Hartford was a disgrace to Connecticut; the Hall of Representatives was too small; there were no committee rooms, and the building was utterly unfit for the purposes to which it was devoted. The State House at New Haven was very little better, and I made a strong effort to secure the erection of new edifices in both cities. I was chairman of the committee on new State Houses, and during our investigations it was ascertained that Bridgeport, Middletown and Meriden would each be willing to erect a State House at its own cost, if the city should be selected as the new capital of the State. These movements aroused the jealousy of Hartford and New Haven, which at once appointed committees to wait upon us. The whole matter, however, finally went by default, and the question was never submitted to the people. It is quite possible, however, that ere long the citizens of Bridgeport or Meriden will offer to build a capitol, and that one of these two cities with the entire consent of the rest of the State, including the inhabitants of Hartford and New Haven, will become the capital of Connecticut.

As the session drew near its close, the railroad controversy culminated by my introduction of a bill to amend the act for the regulation of railroads by the interpolation of the following:

> Section 508. No railroad company, which has had a system of commutation fares in force for more than four years, shall abolish, alter, or modify the same, except for the regulation of the price charged for such commutation; and such price shall, in no case, be raised to an extent that shall alter the ratio between such commutation and the rates then charged for way fare, on the railroad of such company.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company seemed determined to move heaven and earth to prevent the passage of this law. The halls of legislation were thronged with railroad lobbyists, who buttonholed nearly every member. My motives were attacked, and the most foolish slanders were circulated. Not only every legal man in the house was arrayed against me, but occasionally a "country member" who had promised to stick by and aid in checking the cupidity of railroad managers, would drop off, and be found voting on the other side. I devoted many hours, and even days, to explaining the true state of things to the members from the rural regions, and although the prospect of carrying this great reform looked rather dark, I felt that I had a majority of the honest and disinterested members of the house with me. Finally, Senator Ballard informed me that he had canvassed the Senate and was convinced that the bill could be carried through that body if I could be equally successful with the house. At last it was known that the final debate would take place and the vote be taken on the morning of July 13.

When the day arrived the excitement was intense. The passages leading to the hall were crowded with railroad lobbyists; for nearly every railroad in the State had made common cause with the New York and New Haven Company, and every representative was in his seat, excepting the sick man, who had doctored the railroads till he needed doctoring himself. The debate was led off by skirmishers on each side, and was finally closed on the part of the railroads by Mr. Harrison, of New Haven, who was chairman of the railroad committee. Mr. Henry B. Harrison was a close and forcible debater and a clearheaded lawyer. His speech exhibited considerable thought, and his earnestness and high character as a gentleman of honor, carried much weight. Besides, his position as chairman of the committee naturally influenced some votes. He claimed to understand thoroughly the merits of the question, from having, in his capacity as chairman, heard all the testimony and arguments which had come before that committee; and a majority of the committee, after due deliberation, had reported against the proposed bill.

On closing the debate, I endeavored to state briefly the gist of the case—that, only a few years before, the New York and New Haven Company had fixed their own price for commuters' tickets along the whole line of the road, and had thus induced hundreds of New York citizens to remove to Connecticut with their families, and build their houses on heretofore unimproved property, thus vastly increasing the value of the lands, and corre-

spondingly helping our receipts for taxes. I urged that there was a tacit understanding between the railroad and these commuters and the public generally, that such persons as chose thus to remove from a neighboring State, and bring their families and capital within our borders, should have the right to pass over the railroad on the terms fixed at the time by the president and directors;—that any claim that the railroad could not afford to commute at the prices they had themselves established was absurd, from the fact that even now, if one thousand families who reside in New York, and had never been in our own State, should propose to the railroad to remove these families (embracing in the aggregate five thousand persons), to Connecticut, and build one thousand new houses on the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, provided the railroad would carry the male head of the family at all times for nothing, the company could well afford to accept the proposition, because they would receive full prices for transporting all other members of these families, at all times, as well as full prices for all their visitors and servants.

And now, what are the facts? Do we desire the railroad to carry even one-fifth of these newcomers for nothing? Do we, indeed, desire to compel them to transport them for any definitely fixed price at all? On the contrary, we find that during the late rebellion, when gold was selling for two dollars and eighty cents per dollar, this company doubled its prices of commutation, and retains the same prices now, although gold is but one half that amount ($1.40). We don't ask them to go back to their former prices; we don't compel them to rest even here; we simply say, increase your rates, pile up your demands just as high as you desire, only you shall not make fish of one and fowl of another. You have fixed and increased your prices to passengers of all classes just as you liked, and established your own ratio between those who pay by the year, and those who pay by the single trip; and now, all we ask is, that you shall not change the ratio. Charge ten dollars per passenger from New York to New Haven, if you have the courage to risk the competition of the steamboats; and whatever percentage you choose to increase the fare of transient passengers, we permit you to increase the rates of commuters in the same ratio.

The interests of the State, as well as commuters, demand this law; for if it is once fixed by statute that the prices of commutation are not

> to be increased, many persons will leave the localities where extortion is permitted on the railroads, and will settle in our State. But these railroad gentlemen say they have no intention to increase their rates of commutation, and they deprecate what they term "premature legislation," and an uncalled for meddling with their affairs. Mr. Speaker, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Men engaged in plots against public interests always ask to be "let alone." Jeff Davis only asked to be "let alone," when the North was raising great armies to prevent the dissolution of the Union. The people cannot afford to let these railroads alone. This hall, crowded with railroad lobbyists, as the frogs thronged Egypt, is an admonition to all honest legislators, that it is unsafe to allow the monopolies the chance to rivet the chains which already fetter the limbs of those whom circumstances place in the power of these companies.

It was at this point in my remarks when I received the telegram from my son-in-law in New York, announcing the burning of the American Museum. Reading the despatch, and laying it on my desk without further attention, I continued:

> These railroad gentlemen absolutely deny any intention of raising the fares of commuters, and profess to think it very hard that disinterested and conscientious gentlemen like them should be judged by the doings of the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads. But now, Mr. Speaker, I am going to expose the duplicity of these men. I have had detectives on their track, for men who plot against public interests deserve to be watched. I have in my pocket positive proofs that they did, and do, intend to spring their trap upon the unprotected commuters on the New York and New Haven Railroad.

I then drew from my pocket and read two telegrams received that morning, one from New York and the other from Bridgeport, announcing that the New York and New Haven Railroad Directory had held a secret meeting in New York, the day before, for the purpose of immediately raising the fares of commuters twenty percent, so that in case my bill became a law they could get ahead of me. I continued:

> Now, Mr. Speaker, I know that these despatches are true; my information is from the inside of the camp. I see a director of the New York and New Haven Railroad sitting in this hall; I know that he knows these despatches are true; and if he will go before the railroad committee and make oath that he don't know that such a meeting took place yesterday for exactly this purpose, I will forfeit and pay one thousand dollars to the families of poor soldiers in this city. In consideration of this attempt to forestall the action of this legislature, I offer an amendment to the bill now under consideration by adding after the word "ratio," the words "as it existed on the first day of July, 1865." In this way, we shall cut off any action which these sleek gentlemen may have taken yesterday. It is now evident that these railroad gentlemen have set a trap for this legislature; and I propose that we now spring the trap, and see if we cannot catch these wily railroad directors in it. Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question.

The opposition were astounded at the revelation and the previous question was ordered. The bill as amended was carried almost with a "hurrah." It is now an act in the statute book of the State, and it annually adds many dollars to the assessment roll of Connecticut, since the protection afforded to commuters against the extortions practised by railway companies elsewhere is a strong inducement to permanent settlers along the lines of Connecticut railways.[3]

In the spring of 1866, I was again elected to represent the town of Fairfield in the Connecticut Legislature. I had not intended to accept a nomination for that office a second time, but one of the directors of the New York and New Haven Railroad, who was a citizen of Fairfield and had been a zealous lobby member of the preceding legislature, had declared that I should not represent the town again. As the voters of Fairfield seemed to think that the public interests were of more importance than the success of railroad conspiracies, combinations, and monopolies, I accepted their nomination.

Almost the only exciting question before that legislature was the election of an United States Senator. President Johnson had begun to show disaffection towards the Republican party which elected him, and the zealous members of that party were watching with anxious hearts the actions of those who offered themselves as candidates for offices of trust and responsibility.

One of the Republican United States Senators had already abandoned the party and affiliated with Johnson. The other Senator was a candidate for re-election. He had been a favorite candidate with me, but when I became convinced that he sympathized with the recreant Senator and President Johnson, no importunities of political friends or any other inducement could change my determination to defeat him, if possible. I devoted days and nights to convincing some of my fellow numbers that the interests of the State and the country demanded the election of Hon. O. S. Ferry to that important office.

Excitement ran high. Ex-Governor Wm. A. Buckingham was also a candidate. I knew he would make an excellent Senator but he had filled the gubernatorial chair for eight years; and as the present senator had held his office twelve years, and he was from the same city as Governor Buckingham, I urged that Norwich should not carry off all the honors; that Fairfield County was entitled to the office; and both before and at the Republican nominating caucus I set forth, so far as I was able, what I considered the merits and peculiar claims of Mr. Ferry. I suggested that Mr. Buckingham might rest on his laurels for a couple of years and be elected to fill the place of the next retiring senator in 1868. Mr. Ferry started in the ballotings with a very small vote indeed, and it required the most delicate management to secure a majority for him in that caucus. But it was done; and as the great strife was between the two other rival candidates, Mr. Ferry had scarcely a hope of the nomination and was much surprised the next morning to hear of his success. He was elected for the term beginning March 4, 1866, and one of his opposing candidates in the caucus ex-Governor William A. Buckingham, was elected, two years afterwards, for the senatorial term commencing March 4, 1869.

I was again chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, and on the whole the session at New Haven, in 1866, was very agreeable to me; there were many congenial spirits in the House and our severer labors were lightened by some very delightful episodes.

During the summer, Governor Hawley, Hon. David Gallup, Speaker of the House, Hon. O. S. Ferry, U. S. Senator, Mr. W. G. Coe, of Winsted, Mr. A. B. Mygatt, of New Milford, Mr. Theodore Tilton, editor of the New York *Independent*, Mr. George Pratt, of Norwich, Mr. S. H. Wales, of the *Scientific American*, Mr. David Clark, of Hartford, Mr. A. H. Byington, of Norwalk, and many other gentlemen of distinction were occasional guests

at Lindencroft. Several times we had delightful sails, dinners, and clambakes at Charles Island, eight miles east of Bridgeport, a most cool and charming spot in the warm summer days. The health of my wife, which had been poor since 1855, prevented many occasions of festivity for which I had all other facilities; for Lindencroft was indeed a charming residence, and it afforded every requisite for the entertainment of large numbers of friends.

During the summer Governor Hawley appointed me a commissioner to the Paris Exposition, but I was unable to attend.

In the spring of 1867, I received from the Republican convention in the Fourth District in Connecticut the nomination for Congress. As I have already remarked, politics were always distasteful to me. I possess naturally too much independence of mind, and too strong a determination to do what I believe to be right, regardless of party expediency, to make a lithe and oily politician. To be called on to favor applications from office-seekers, without regard to their merits, and to do the dirty work too often demanded by political parties; to be "all things to all men" though not in the apostolic sense; to shake hands with those whom I despised, and to kiss the dirty babies of those whose votes were courted, were political requirements which I felt I could never acceptably fulfil. Nevertheless, I had become, so far as business was concerned, almost a man of leisure; and some of my warmest personal friends insisted that a nomination to so high and honorable a position as a member of Congress, was not to be lightly rejected, and so I consented to run. Fairfield and Litchfield counties composed the district, which in the preceding Congressional election, in 1865, and just after the close of the war, was republican. In the year following, however, the district in State election went democratic, although the republican State ticket was elected. I had this democratic majority to contend against in 1867, and as the whole State turned over and elected the democratic ticket, I lost my election. In the next succeeding Congressional election, in 1869, the Fourth District also elected the only democratic congressman chosen from Connecticut that year, although the State itself was republican again by a considerable majority.

I was neither disappointed nor cast down by my defeat. The political canvass served the purpose of giving me a new sensation, and introducing me to new phases of human nature—a subject which I had always great delight in studying. The filth and scandal, the slanders and vindictiveness, the plot-

tings and fawnings, the fidelity, treachery, meanness and manliness, which by turns exhibited themselves in the exciting scenes preceding the election, were novel to me, and were so far interesting. My personal efforts in the canvass were mainly confined to the circulation of documents, and I did not spend a dollar to purchase a vote.

Shortly after my opponent was nominated, I sent him the following letter, which was also published in the Bridgeport *Standard*:

Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 21, 1867.

W. H. Barnum, Esq., Salisbury, Conn.

Dear Sir: Observing that the democratic party has nominated you for Congress from this district, I desire to make you a proposition.

The citizens of this portion of our State will be compelled on the first Monday in April next, to decide whether you or myself shall represent their interests and their principles in the Fortieth Congress of the United States.

The theory of our government is, that the will of the people shall be the law of the land. It is important, therefore, that the people shall vote understandingly, and especially at this important crisis in our national existence. In order, that the voters of this district shall fully comprehend the principles by which each of their congressional candidates is guided, I respectfully invite you to meet me in a serious and candid discussion of the important political issues of the day, at various towns in the Fourth Congressional District of Connecticut, on each weekday evening, from the fourth day of March until the thirtieth day of the same month, both inclusive.

If you will consent to thus meet me in a friendly discussion of those subjects, now so near and dear to every American heart, and, I may add, possessing at this time such momentous interest to all civilized nations in the world, who are suffering from misrule, I pledge myself to conduct my portion of the debate with perfect fairness, and with all due respect for my opponent, and doubt not you will do the same.

Never, in my judgment, in our past history as a nation, have interests and questions more important appealed to the people for their wise and careful consideration. It is due to the voters of the Fourth Congressional District that they have an early and full opportunity to examine their

candidates in regard to these important problems, and I shall esteem it a great privilege if you will accept this proposition.

Please favor me with an early answer, and oblige,

Truly yours,

P. T. Barnum.

To this letter Mr. William H. Barnum replied, declining to accept my proposition to go before the people of the district, and discuss the political questions of the day.

During the canvass I received the following letter, which, together with my reply, was published in the Bridgeport *Standard* and in the New York *Tribune*:

Litchfield Co., Conn., Feb. 20, 1867.

P. T. Barnum.—Dear Sir:

Although Fairfield County was entitled to the nomination of the copperhead candidate for Congress from the Fourth District, and under ordinary circumstances it would have been given to William F. Taylor, of Danbury, you are, perhaps, aware that they have changed their tactics and nominated a wealthy namesake of yours, simply for the purpose of using his money against you. A democratic ex-Congressman is said to be preparing a tariff of prices to be paid for votes, and they boast that their candidate will expend $50,000 to secure his election. Already, I am credibly informed, the greenbacks are being freely circulated by his friends. I write to ask what your intentions are in regard to counteracting this effort of the copperhead party. Do you intend to fight fire with fire? The day of election is fast approaching, and we are confident of success, as all our friends are wide awake.

Respectfully yours, ——— ———

The New York *Tribune*, commenting upon the correspondence, said:

Mr. P. T. Barnum, Union candidate for Congress in the Fourth District of Connecticut, was lately solicited by a friend to spend money in a manner deemed objectionable by Mr. Barnum, and he responded as became a patriot.

The following was my reply to the above letter:

Bridgeport, Feb. 23, 1867.

——— Esq.—Dear Sir:

Your kind letter of the 20th inst. has caused me painful emotions. I now wish to say, once for all, that under no conceivable circumstances will I permit a dollar of mine to be used to purchase a vote, or to induce a voter to act contrary to his honest convictions.

The idea that the intelligent reading men of New England can be bought like sheep in the shambles, and that the sacred principles which have so far guided them in the terrible struggle between liberty and slavery can now, in this eventful hour of national existence, be set up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, seems to me as preposterous as it is shameful and humiliating. But if it is possible that occasionally a degraded voter can thus be induced to "sell his birthright for a mess of pottage," God grant that I may be a thousand times defeated sooner than permit one grain of gold to be accursed by using it so basely!

I will not believe that American citizens can lend themselves to the contemptible meanness of sapping the very lifeblood of our noble institutions by encouraging a fatal precedent, which ignores all principle, and would soon prevent any honest man, however distinguished for his intelligence and loyalty, from representing his district in our national councils. None could then succeed except unprincipled vagabonds, who, by the lavish expenditure of money, would debauch and degrade the freemen whose votes they coveted.

No, sir! Grateful as I am for the distinguished honor of receiving a unanimous nomination for Congress from the loyal Union party in my district, I have no aspiration for that high position if it is only to be attained by bringing into disgrace the noble privilege of the *free elective franchise*. Think for a moment what a deadly weapon is being placed in the hands of tyrants throughout the civilized world, with which to destroy such apostles of liberty as John Bright and Garibaldi, if it can be said with truth that American citizens have become so corrupt and degraded, so lost to a just estimate of the value and true nobility of the ballot, that it is bought and sold for money.

My dear sir, any party that can gain a temporary ascendancy by such atrocious means, not only poisons the body politic of a free and impar-

tial government, but is also sure to bring swift destruction upon itself. And so it should be.

I am unaccustomed to political life, and know but little of the manner of conducting a campaign like the present. I believe, however, it is customary for the State Central Committee to assess candidates, in order that they shall defray a proper portion of the expenses incurred for speakers and documents to *enlighten* the voters upon the political issues of the day. To that extent I am willing and anxious to be taxed; for "light and knowledge" are always desired by the friends of human rights and of public order.

But I trust that all money used for any other purpose, in the pending election will come from the pockets of those who now (as during the rebellion) are doing their utmost to aid traitors, and who, still unrepenting, are vindictively striving to secure at the ballot-box what their Southern allies failed to accomplish on the field of battle. If any of our friends misapprehend my true sentiments upon the subject of bribery, corruption and fraud, I hope you will read them this letter.

Truly yours,

P. T. Barnum.

P.S.—The following is the law of Connecticut on the bribery of electors:

> Section 64. No person shall offer or receive any money, or other thing, by way of gift, fee or reward, for giving, or refusing to give, a vote for electing members of the General Assembly, or any officer chosen at an electors' meeting, nor promise, procure, or in any way confer, any gratuity, reward or preferment, for any vote given or to be given, in any election; and every person guilty of so doing shall forfeit the sum of $17, one-half to him who shall prosecute to effect, and the other half to the treasury of the town where the offence is committed, and every person who shall be convicted a second time of a like offence shall be disfranchised.

That section commends itself to the obedience of every law-abiding voter, and I shall be the last to consent to its violation.

P. T. B.

When Congress met, I was surprised to see by the newspapers that the seat of my opponent was to be contested on account of alleged bribery, fraud and corruption in securing his election. This was the first intimation that I had ever received of such an intention, and I was never, at any time before or afterwards, consulted upon the subject. The movement proved to have originated with neighbors and townsmen of the successful candidate, who claimed to be able to prove that he had paid large sums of money to purchase votes. They also claimed that they had proof that men were brought from an adjoining State to vote, and that in the office of the successful candidate naturalization papers were forged to enable foreigners to vote upon them. But, I repeat, I took no part nor lot in the matter, but concluded that if I had been defeated by fraud, mine was the real success.

# XLI

## Bennett and the Herald

The American Museum Lease—Its Value—Bennett of the Herald Buys It for $200,000—He Purchases the Property—Overestimate of Its Worth—Max Maretzek—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's Estimate of Certain People—The Power Behind the Herald Throne—The Herald's Influence—Bennett Kicked and Cowhided—His Lawyer Insists Upon My Taking Back the Museum Lease—I Decline—Bennett Refuses My Advertisements—Interview with Mr. Hudson—War of the Managers Upon the Herald—Bennett Humbled—Loss of the Herald's Prestige—Money—Damage to Bennett's Establishment—The Editor Sued—Peace Between the Herald and the Managers.

When the old American Museum burned down, and while the ruins were still smoking, I had numerous applications for the purchase of the lease of the two lots, fifty-six by one hundred feet, which had still nearly eleven years to run. It will be remembered that in 1847 I came back from England, while my second lease of five years had yet three years more to run, and renewed that lease for twenty-five years from 1851 at an annual rental of $10,000. It was also stipulated that in case the building was destroyed by fire the proprietor of the property should expend twenty-four thousand dollars towards the erection of a new edifice, and at the end of the term of lease he was to pay me the appraised value of the building, not to exceed $100,000. Rents and real estate values had trebled since I took this twenty-five years' lease, and hence the remaining term was very valuable. I engaged an experienced and competent real estate broker in Pine Street to examine the terms of my lease, and in view of his knowledge of the cost of erecting buildings and the rentals they were commanding in Broadway, I enjoined him to take his time, and make a careful estimate of what the lease

was worth to me, and what price I ought to receive if I sold it to another party. At the end of several days, he showed me his figures, which proved that the lease was fully worth $275,000. As I was inclined to have a museum higher up town, I did not wish to engage in erecting two buildings at once, so I concluded to offer my museum lease for sale. Accordingly, I put it into the hands of Mr. Homer Morgan, with directions to offer it for $225,000, which was $50,000 less than the value at which it had been estimated.

The next day I met Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who told me that he desired to buy my lease, and at the same time to purchase the fee of the museum property, for the erection thereon of a publication building for the New York *Herald*. I said I thought it was very fitting the *Herald* should be the successor of the Museum; and Mr. Bennett asked my price.

"Please to go or send immediately to Homer Morgan's office," I replied, "and you will learn that Mr. Morgan has the lease for sale at $225,000. This is $50,000 less than its estimated value; but to you I will deduct $25,000 from my already reduced price, so you may have the lease for $200,000."

Bennett replied that he would look into the affair closely; and the next day his attorney sent for my lease. He kept it several days, and then appointed an hour for me to come to his office. I called according to appointment. Mr. Bennett and his attorney had thoroughly examined the lease. It was the property of my wife. Bennett concluded to accept my offer. My wife assigned the lease to him, and his attorney handed me Mr. Bennett's check on the Chemical Bank for $200,000. That same day I invested $50,000 in United States bonds; and the remaining $150,000 was similarly invested on the following day. I learned at that time that Bennett had agreed to purchase the fee of the property for $500,000. He had been informed that the property was worth some $350,000 to $400,000, and he did not mind paying $100,000 extra for the purpose of carrying out his plans. But the parties who estimated for him the value of the land knew nothing of the fact that there was a lease upon the property, else of course they would in their estimate have deducted the $200,000 which the lease would cost. When, therefore, Mr. Bennett saw it stated in the newspapers that the sum which he had paid for a piece of land measuring only fifty-six by one hundred feet was more than was ever before paid in any city in the world for a tract of that size, he discovered the serious oversight which he had made; and the owner of the property was immediately informed that Bennett would not

take it. But Bennett had already signed a bond to the owner, agreeing to pay $100,000 cash, and to mortgage the premises for the remaining $400,000.

Supposing that by this step he had shaken off the owner of the fee, Bennett was not long in seeing that, as he was not to own the land, he would have no possible use for the lease, for which he had paid the $200,000; and accordingly his next step was to shake me off also, and get back the money he had paid me.

At this time Bennett was ruling the managers of the theatres and other amusements with a rod of iron. He had established a large job printing office in connection with the *Herald* office; and woe to the manager who presumed to have his bills printed elsewhere. Any manager who dared to decline employing Bennett's job office to print his small bills and posters, at Bennett's exorbitant prices, was ignored in the *Herald*; his advertisements were refused, and generally, he and his establishment were blackballed and blackguarded in the columns of the *Herald*. Of course most of the managers were somewhat sensitive to such attacks, and therefore submitted to his impositions in the job office, his double price for newspaper advertisements, and any other overbearing conditions the *Herald* might choose to dictate. The advertisements of the Academy of Music, then under the direction of Mr. Max Maretzek, had been refused on account of some dissatisfaction in the *Herald* office in regard to free boxes, and also because the prima donna, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, had certain ideas of her own with regard to social intercourse with certain people, as Miss Jenny Lind had with regard to the same people, when she was under my management, and to some degree under my advice, and these ideas were not particularly relished by the power behind the *Herald* throne.

For my own part, I thoroughly understood Bennett and his concern, and I never cared one farthing for him or his paper. I had seen for years, especially as Bennett's enormously overestimated "influence" applied to public amusements, that whatever the *Herald* praised, sickened, drooped, and if the *Herald* persisted in praising it, finally died; while whatever the *Herald* attacked prospered, and all the more, the more it was abused. It was utterly impossible for Bennett to injure me, unless he had some more potent weapon than his *Herald*. And that this was the general opinion was quite evident from the fact that several years had elapsed since gentlemen were in the almost daily habit of cuffing, kicking and cowhiding Bennett in the streets and other public places for his scurrilous attacks upon them, or upon

members of their families. It had come to be seen that what the *Herald* said, good or bad, was, like the editor himself, literally of "no account."

My business for many years, as manager of the Museum and other public entertainments, compelled me to court notoriety; and I always found Bennett's abuse far more remunerative than his praise, even if I could have had the praise at the same price, that is, for nothing. Especially was it profitable to me when I could be the subject of scores of lines of his scolding editorials free of charge, instead of paying him forty cents a line for advertisements, which would not attract a tenth part so much attention. Bennett had tried abusing me, off and on, for twenty years, on one occasion refusing my advertisement altogether for the space of about a year; but I always managed to be the gainer by his course. Now, however, when new difficulties threatened, all the leading managers in New York were members of the "Managers' Association," and as we all submitted to the arbitrary and extortionate demands of the *Herald*, Bennett thought he had but to crack his whip, in order to keep any and all of us within the traces. The great Ogre of the *Herald* supposed he could at all times frighten the little managerial boys into any holes which might be left open for them to hide in. Accordingly, one day Bennett's attorney wrote me a letter, saying that he would like to have me call on him at his office the following morning. Not dreaming of the object I called as desired, and after a few pleasant commonplace remarks about the weather, and other trifles, the attorney said:

"Mr. Barnum, I have sent for you to say that Mr. Bennett has concluded not to purchase the museum lots, and therefore that you had better take back the lease, and return the $200,000 paid for it."

"Are you in earnest?" I asked with surprise.

"Certainly, quite so," he answered.

"Really," I said, smiling, "I am sorry I can't accommodate Mr. Bennett; I have not got the little sum about me; in fact, I have spent the money."

"It will be better for you to take back the lease," said the attorney seriously.

"Nonsense," I replied, "I shall do nothing of the sort, I don't make child's bargains. The lease was cheap enough, but I have other business to attend to, and shall have nothing to do with it."

The attorney said very little in reply; but I could see, by the almost benignant sorrow expressed upon his countenance, that he evidently pitied me for the temerity that would doubtless lead me into the jaws of the insatiable

monster of the *Herald*. The next morning I observed that the advertisement of my entertainments with my Museum Company at Winter Garden was left out of the *Herald* columns. I went directly to the editorial rooms of the *Herald*; and learning that Bennett was not in, I said to Mr. Hudson, then managing editor:

"My advertisement is left out of the *Herald*; is there a screw loose?"

"I believe there is," was the reply.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"You must ask the Emperor," said Mr. Hudson, meaning of course Bennett.

"When will the 'Emperor' be in?" I inquired; "next Monday," was the answer.

"Well, I shall not see him," I replied; "but I wish to have this thing settled at once. Mr. Hudson, I now tender you the money for the insertion of my Museum advertisement on the same terms as are paid by other places of amusement, will you publish it?"

"I will not," Mr. Hudson peremptorily replied.

"That is all," I said. Mr. Hudson then smilingly and blandly remarked, "I have formally answered your formal demand, because I suppose you require it; but you know, Mr. Barnum, I can only obey orders." I assured him that I understood the matter perfectly, and attached no blame to him in the premises. I then proceeded to notify the Secretary of the "Managers' Association" to call the managers together at twelve o'clock the following day; and there was a full meeting at the appointed time. I stated the facts in the case in the *Herald* affair, and simply remarked, that if we did not make common cause against any newspaper publisher who excluded an advertisement from his columns simply to gratify a private pique, it was evident that either and all of us were liable to imposition at any time.

One of the managers immediately made a motion that the entire association should stop their advertising and bill printing at the *Herald* office, and have no further connection with that establishment. Mr. Lester Wallack advised that this motion should not be adopted until a committee had waited upon Bennett, and had reported the result of the interview to the Association. Accordingly, Messrs. Wallack, Wheatley and Stuart were delegated to go down to the *Herald* office to call on Mr. Bennett.

The moment Bennett saw them, he evidently suspected the object of their mission, for he at once commenced to speak to Mr. Wallack in a patronizing

manner; told him how long he had known, and how much he respected his late father, who was "a true English gentleman of the old school," with much more in the same strain. Mr. Wallack replied to Bennett that the three managers were appointed a committee to wait upon him to ascertain if he insisted upon excluding from his columns the Museum advertisements—not on account of any objection to the contents of the advertisements, or to the Museum itself, but simply because he had a private business disagreement with the proprietor?—intimating that such a proceeding, for such a reason, and no other, might lead to a rupture of business relations with other managers. In reply, Mr. Bennett had something to say about the fox that had suffered tailwise from a trap, and thereupon advised all other foxes to cut their tails off; and he pointed the fable by setting forth the impolicy of drawing down upon the Association the vengeance of the *Herald*. The committee, however, coolly insisted upon a direct answer to their question.

Bennett then answered: "I will not publish Barnum's advertisement; I do my business as I please, and in my own way."

"So do we," replied one of the managers, and the committee withdrew.

The next day the Managers' Association met, heard the report, and unanimously resolved to withdraw their advertisements from the *Herald*, and their patronage from the *Herald* job establishment, and it was done. Nevertheless, the *Herald* for several days continued to print gratuitously the advertisements of Wallack's Theater and Niblo's Garden, and inordinately puffed these establishments, evidently in order to ease the fall, and to convey the idea that some of the theatres patronized the *Herald*, and perhaps hoping by praising these managers to draw them back again, and so to nullify the agreement of the Association in regard to the *Herald*. Thereupon, the managers headed their advertisements in all the other New York papers with the line, "This Establishment does not advertise in the New York *Herald*," and for many months this announcement was kept at the top of every theatrical advertisement and on the posters and playbills.

The *Herald* then began to abuse and vilify the theatrical and opera managers, their artists and their performances, and by way of contrast profusely praised Tony Pastor's Bowery show, and sundry entertainments of a similar character, thereby speedily bringing some of these sideshows to grief and shutting up their shops. Meanwhile, the first-class theatres prospered amazingly under the abuse of Bennett. Their receipts were never larger, and their houses, never more thronged. The public took sides in the matter with the

managers and against the *Herald*, and thousands of people went to the theatres merely to show their willingness to support the managers and to spite "Old Bennett." The editor was fairly caught in his own trap; other journals began to estimate the loss the *Herald* sustained by the action of the managers, and it was generally believed that this loss in advertising and job printing was not less than from $75,000 to $100,000 a year. The *Herald*'s circulation also suffered terribly, since hundreds of people, at the hotels and elsewhere, who were accustomed to buy the paper solely for the sake of seeing what amusements were announced for the evening, now bought other papers. This was the hardest blow of all, and it fully accounted for the abuse which the *Herald* daily poured out upon the theatres.

But the more Bennett raved the more the people laughed, and the more determined did they seem to patronize the managers. Many people came to the Museum, who said they came expressly to show us that the public were with us and against the *Herald*. The other managers stated their experience to be the same in this respect. In fact, it was a subject of general remark, that, without exception, the associated managers never had done such a thriving business as during the two years in which they gave the *Herald* the cold shoulder.

Bennett evidently felt ashamed of the whole transaction; he would never publish the facts in his columns, though he once stated in an editorial that it had been reported that he had been cheated in purchasing the Broadway property; that the case had gone to court, and the public would soon know all the particulars. Some persons supposed by this that Bennett had sued me; but this was far from being the case. The owner of the lots sued Bennett, to compel him to take the title and pay for the property as per agreement; and that was all the "law" there was about it. He held James Gordon Bennett's bond, that he would pay him half a million of dollars for the land, as follows: $100,000 cash, and a bond and mortgage upon the premises for the remaining $400,000. The day before the suit was to come to trial, Bennett came forward, took the deed, and paid $100,000 cash and gave a bond and mortgage of the entire premises for $400,000. That lien still exists against the *Herald* property.

Had I really taken back the lease as Bennett desired, he would have been in a worse scrape than ever; for having been compelled to take the property, he would have been obliged, as my landlord, to go on and assist in building a Museum for me according to the terms of my lease, and a Museum I

should certainly have built on Bennett's property, even if I had owned a dozen Museums up town. As it was, Bennett was badly beaten on every side, and especially by the managers, who forever established the fact that the *Herald*'s abuse was profitable, and its patronage fatal to any enterprise; and who taught Mr. Bennett personally the lesson of his own insignificance, as he had not learned it since the days when gentlemen used to kick and cowhide him up and down the whole length of Nassau Street. In the autumn of 1868, the associated managers came to the conclusion that the punishment of Bennett for two years was sufficient, and they consented to restore their advertisements to the *Herald*. I was then associated with the Van Amburgh Company in my new Museum, and we concluded that the cost of advertising in the *Herald* was more than it was worth, and so we did not enter into the new arrangement made by the Managers' Association.

# XLII

## Public Lecturing

My Tour at the West—The Curiosity Exhibitor Himself a Curiosity—Buying a Farm in Wisconsin—Helping Those Who Help Themselves—A Ride on a Locomotive—Punctuality in My Engagements—Tricks to Secure Seats in the Ladies' Car—I Suddenly Became Father to a Young Married Couple—My Identity Denied—Pity and Charity—Reverend Doctor Chapin Pulls the Bell—Temperance—How I Became a Teetotaler—Moderate Drinking and Its Dangers—Doctor Chapin's Lecture in Bridgeport—My Own Efforts in the Temperance Cause—Lecturing Throughout the Country—Newspaper Articles—The Story of Vineland, in New Jersey.

During the summer of 1866, Mr. Edwin L. Brown, Corresponding Secretary of the "Associated Western Literary Societies," opened a correspondence with me relative to delivering, in the ensuing season, my lecture on "Success in Life," before some sixty lyceums, Young Men's Christian Associations, and Literary Societies belonging to the union which Mr. Brown represented. The scheme embraced an extended tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri and Iowa, and I was to receive one hundred dollars for every repetition of my lecture, with all my travelling expenses on the route. Agreeing to these terms, I commenced the engagement at the appointed time, and, averaging five lectures a week, I finished the prescribed round just before New Year's. Before beginning this engagement, however, I gave the lecture for other associations at Wheeling, Virginia, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky. I also delivered the lecture in Chicago, for Professor Eastman, who at that time had one of his Business Colleges in that city. He engaged the celebrated Crosby Opera House for the occasion, and I think, with, perhaps, two exceptions, I never spoke before so large and intelligent an audience as was there assembled. It

was estimated that from five to six thousand ladies and gentlemen were gathered in that capacious building; and nearly as many more went away unable to obtain admission. I was glad to observe by the action of the audience, and by the journals of the following day, that my efforts on that occasion were satisfactory. Indeed, though it is necessarily egotistical, I may truly say that with this lecture I always succeeded in pleasing my hearers. I may add, that I have invariably, as a rule, devoted to charitable purposes every penny I ever received for lecturing, except while I was under the great Jerome Clock cloud in England, when I needed all I could earn.

My western tour was delightful; indeed it was almost an ovation. I found, in fact, that when I had strayed so far from home, the curiosity exhibitor himself became quite a curiosity. On several occasions, in Iowa, I was introduced to ladies and gentlemen who had driven thirty miles in carriages to hear me. I insisted, however, that it was more to see than to hear; and I asked them if that was not really the case. In several instances they answered in the affirmative. In fact, one quaint old lady said: "Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Barnum, we have read so much about you, and your Museum and your queer carryings-on, that we were not quite sure but you had horns and cloven feet, and so we came to satisfy our curiosity; but, la, me! I don't see but what you look a good deal like other folks, after all."

While at the West, I visited my sister, Mrs. Minerva Drew, and her family, at Bristol, Wisconsin, where they reside on a farm which I presented to her about twenty years ago. Her children having grown up and married, all except her son, Fairchild B. Drew, who had just attained his majority, his father (Ezekiel Drew) wished to retain his services on the farm. Fairchild, however, felt that the farm was not quite large enough for his aspirations. I found also that he coveted a neighboring farm, which, with its stock, was for sale for less than five thousand dollars. I bought it for him, on condition that he should continue the care of the old farm, and that the two should be worked together. I trust that the arrangement will prove beneficial to all concerned; for there is great pleasure in helping others who try to help themselves; without such effort on their part, all good offices in their favor are thrown away—it is simply attempting to make a sieve hold water.

On my tour, in attempting to make the connection from Cleveland, Ohio, to Fort Wayne, Indiana, via Toledo, I arrived at the latter city at one o'clock, p.m., which was about two hours too late to catch the train in time for the hour announced for my lecture that evening. I went to Mr. Andrews, the su-

perintendent of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, and told him I wanted to hire a locomotive and car to run to Fort Wayne, as I must be there at eight o'clock at night.

"It is an impossibility," said Mr. Andrews; "the distance is ninety-four miles, and no train leaves here till morning. The road is much occupied by freight trains, and we never run extra trains in this part of the country, unless the necessity is imperative."

I suppose I looked astonished, as well as chagrined. I knew that if I missed lecturing in Fort Wayne that evening, I could not appoint another time for that purpose, for every night was engaged during the next two months. I also felt that a large number of persons in Fort Wayne would be disappointed, and I grew desperate. Drawing my wallet from my pocket, I said:

"I will give two hundred dollars, and even more, if you say so, to be put into Fort Wayne before eight o'clock tonight; and, really, I hope you will accommodate me."

The superintendent looked me thoroughly over in half a minute, and I fancied he had come to the conclusion that I was a burglar, a counterfeiter, or something worse, fleeing from justice. My surmise was confirmed, when he slowly remarked:

"Your business must be very pressing, sir."

"It is indeed," I replied; "I am Barnum, the museum man, and am engaged to speak in Fort Wayne tonight."

He evidently did not catch the whole of my response, for he immediately said:

"Oh, it is a show, eh? Where is old Barnum himself?"

"I am Barnum," I replied, "and it is a lecture which I am advertised to give tonight; and I would not disappoint the people for anything."

"Is this P. T. Barnum?" said the superintendent, starting to his feet.

"I am sorry to say it is," I replied.

"Well, Mr. Barnum," said he, earnestly, "if you can stand it to ride to Fort Wayne in the caboose of a freight train, your well-established reputation for punctuality in keeping your engagements shall not suffer on account of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad."

"Caboose!" said I, with a laugh, "I would ride to Fort Wayne astride of the engine, or boxed up and stowed away in a freight car, if necessary, in order to meet my engagement."

A freight train was on the point of starting for Fort Wayne; all the cars were at once ordered to be switched off, except two, which the superintendent said were necessary to balance the train; the freight trains on the road were telegraphed to clear the track, and the polite superintendent pointing to the caboose, invited me to step in. I drew out my pocketbook to pay, but he smilingly shook his head, and said: "You have a through ticket from Cleveland to Fort Wayne; hand it to the freight agent on your arrival, and all will be right." I was much moved by this unexpected mark of kindness, and expressing myself to that effect, I stepped into the caboose, and we started.

The excited state of mind which I had suffered while under the impression that the audience in Fort Wayne must be disappointed now changed, and I felt as happy as a king. In fact, I enjoyed a new sensation of imperial superiority, in that I was "monarch of all I surveyed," emperor of my own train, switching all other trains from the main track, and making conductors all along the line wonder what grand mogul had thus taken complete possession and control of the road. Indeed, as we sped past each train, which stood quietly on a side track waiting for us to pass, I could not help smiling at the glances of excited curiosity which were thrown into our car by the agent and brakemen of the train which had been so peremptorily ordered to clear the track; and always stepping at the caboose door, I raised my hat, receiving in return an almost reverent salute, which the occupants of the waiting train thought due, no doubt, to the distinguished person for whom they were ordered by special telegram to make way.

I now began to reflect that the Fort Wayne lecture committee, upon discovering that I did not arrive by the regular passenger train, would not expect me at all, and that probably they might issue small bills announcing my failure to arrive. I therefore prepared the following telegram which I despatched to them on our arrival at Napoleon, the first station at which we stopped:

> Lecture Committee, Fort Wayne:—Rest perfectly tranquil. I am to be delivered at Fort Wayne by contract by half-past seven o'clock—special train.

At the same station I received a telegram from Mr. Andrews, the superintendent, asking me how I liked the caboose. I replied:

> The springs of the caboose are softer than down; I am as happy as a clam at high water; I am being carried towards Fort Wayne in a style never surpassed by Caesar's triumphal march into Rome. Hurrah for the Toledo and Wabash Railroad!

At the invitation of the engineer, I took a ride of twenty miles upon the locomotive. It fairly made my head swim. I could not reconcile my mind to the idea that there was no danger; and intimating to the engineer that it would be a relief to get where I could not see ahead, I was permitted to crawl back again to the caboose.

I reached Fort Wayne in ample time for the lecture; and as the committee had discreetly kept to themselves the fact of my non-arrival by the regular train, probably not a dozen persons were aware of the trouble I had taken to fulfil my engagement, till in the course of my lecture, under the head of "perseverance," I recounted my day's adventures, as an illustration of exercising that quality when real necessity demanded. The Fort Wayne papers of the next day published accounts of "Barnum on a Locomotive," and "A Journey in a Caboose"; and as I always had an eye to advertising, these articles were sent marked to newspapers in towns and cities where I was to lecture, and of course were copied—thus producing the desired effects, first, of informing the public that the "showman" was coming, and next, assuring the lecture committee that Barnum would be punctually on hand as advertised, unless prevented by "circumstances over which he had no control."

The managers of railroads running west from Chicago pretty rigidly enforce a rule excluding from certain reserved cars all gentlemen travelling without ladies. As I do not smoke, I avoided the smoking cars; and as the ladies' car was sometimes more select and always more comfortable than the other cars, I tried various expedients to smuggle myself in. If I saw a lady about to enter the car alone, I followed closely, hoping thus to elude the vigilance of the brakeman, who generally acted as doorkeeper. But the car Cerberus is pretty well up to all such dodges, and I did not always succeed. On one occasion, seeing a young couple, evidently just married, and starting on a bridal tour, about to enter the car, I followed closely, but was stopped by the doorkeeper, who called out:

"How many gentlemen are with this lady."

I have always noticed that young newly-married people are very fond of saying "my husband" and "my wife;" they are new terms which sound

pleasantly to the ears of those who utter them; so in answer to the peremptory inquiry of the doorkeeper, the bridegroom promptly responded:

"I am this lady's husband."

"And I guess you can see by the resemblance between the lady and myself," said I to Cerberus, "that I am her father."

The astounded husband and the blushing bride were too much "taken aback" to deny their newly-discovered parent, but the brakeman said, as he permitted the young couple to pass into the car:

"We can't pass all creation with one lady."

"I hope you will not deprive me of the company of my child during the little time we can remain together," I said with a demure countenance. The brakeman evidently sympathized with the fond "parient" whose feelings were sufficiently lacerated at losing his daughter through her finding a husband, and I was permitted to pass. I immediately apologized to the young bride and her husband, and told them who I was, and my reasons for the assumed paternity, and they enjoyed the joke so heartily that they called me "father" during our entire journey together. Indeed, the husband privately and slyly hinted to me that the first boy should be christened "P. T." My friend the Rev. Dr. Chapin, by the by an inveterate punster, is never tired of ringing the changes on the names in my family; he says that my wife and I are the most sympathetic couple he ever saw, since she is "Charity" and I am "Pity" (P. T.) On one occasion, at my house in New York, he called my attention to the monogram, P. T. B., on the door and said, "I did it," "Did what," I asked: "Why that," replied the doctor, "P. T. B.—Pull The Bell, of course," thus literally ringing a new change on my initials.

At another time during my western lecturing trip, I was following closely in the wake of a lady who was entering the favorite car, when the brakeman exclaimed; "You can't go in there, sir!"

"I rather guess I can go in with a lady," said I, pointing to the one who had just entered.

"Not with that lady, old fellow; for I happen to know her, and that is more than you do; we are up to all these travellers' tricks out here; it's no go."

I saw indeed that it was "no go," and that I must try something else; "Look here, my dear fellow," said I; "I am travelling every day on the railroads, on a lecturing tour throughout the West, and I really hope you will permit me to take a seat in the ladies' car. I am Barnum, the Museum man from New York."

Looking sharply at me for an instant, the altogether too wide-awake brakeman exclaimed: "Not by a d——n sight you ain't! I know Barnum!"

I could not help laughing; and pulling several old letters from my pocket, and showing him the directions on the envelopes, I replied:

"Well, you may know him, but the old fellow has changed in his appearance, perhaps. You see by these letters that I am the 'crittur.'"

The brakeman looked astonished, but finally said: "Well, that is a fact sure enough. I know you when I come to look again, but really I did not believe you at first. You see we have all sorts of tricks played on us, and we learn to doubt everybody. You are very welcome to go in, Mr. Barnum, and I am glad to see you," and as this conversation was heard throughout the car, "Barnum, the showman," was the subject of general observation and remark.

I fulfilled my entire engagement, which covered the lecturing season, and returned to New York greatly pleased with my Western tour. Public lecturing was by no means a new experience with me; for, apart from my labors in that direction in England, and occasional addresses before literary and agricultural associations at home, I had been prominently in the field for many years as a lecturer on temperance. My attention was turned to this subject in the following manner:

In the fall of 1847, while exhibiting General Tom Thumb at Saratoga Springs, where the New York State Fair was then being held, I saw so much intoxication among men of wealth and intellect, filling the highest positions in society, that I began to ask myself the question, What guarantee is there that *I* may not become a drunkard? and I forthwith pledged myself at that time never again to partake of any kind of spirituous liquors as a beverage. True, I continued to partake of wine, for I had been instructed, in my European tour, that this was one of the innocent and charming indispensables of life. I however regarded myself as a good temperance man, and soon began to persuade my friends to refrain from the intoxicating cup. Seeing need of reform in Bridgeport, I invited my friend, the Reverend Doctor E. H. Chapin, to visit us, for the purpose of giving a public temperance lecture. I had never heard him on that subject, but I knew that on whatever topic he spoke, he was as logical as he was eloquent.

He lectured in the Baptist Church in Bridgeport. His subject was presented in three divisions: The liquor-seller, the moderate drinker, and the indifferent man. It happened, therefore, that the second, if not the third clause of

the subject, had a special bearing upon me and my position. The eloquent gentleman overwhelmingly proved that the so-called respectable liquor-seller, in his splendid saloon or hotel bar, and who sold only to "gentlemen," inflicted much greater injury upon the community than a dozen common groggeries—which he abundantly illustrated. He then took up the "moderate drinker," and urged that he was the great stumbling-block to the temperance reform. He it was, and not the drunkard in the ditch, that the young man looked at as an example when he took his first glass. That when the drunkard was asked to sign the pledge, he would reply, "Why should I do so? What harm can there be in drinking, when such men as respectable Mr. A, and moral Mr. B drink wine under their own roof?" He urged that the higher a man stood in the community, the greater was his influence either for good or for evil. He said to the moderate drinker: "Sir, you either do or you do not consider it a privation and a sacrifice to give up drinking. Which is it? If you say that you can drink or let it alone, that you can quit it forever without considering it a self-denial, then I appeal to you as a man, to do it for the sake of your suffering fellow-beings." He further argued that if it was a self-denial to give up wine-drinking, then certainly the man should stop, for he was in danger of becoming a drunkard.

What Doctor Chapin said produced a deep impression upon my mind, and after a night of anxious thought, I rose in the morning, took my champagne bottles, knocked off their heads, and poured their contents upon the ground. I then called upon Doctor Chapin, asked him for the teetotal pledge, and signed it. He was greatly surprised in discovering that I was not already a teetotaler. He supposed such was the case, from the fact that I had invited him to lecture, and he little thought, at the time of his delivering it, that his argument to the moderate drinker was at all applicable to me. I felt that I had now a duty to perform—to save others, as I had been saved, and on the very morning when I signed the pledge, I obtained over twenty signatures in Bridgeport. I talked temperance to all whom I met, and very soon commenced lecturing upon the subject in the adjacent towns and villages. I spent the entire winter and spring of 1851–2 in lecturing through my native State, always travelling at my own expense, and I was glad to know that I aroused many hundreds, perhaps thousands, to the importance of the temperance reform. I also lectured frequently in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, as well as in other towns in the neighboring States.

While in Boston with Jenny Lind, I was earnestly solicited to deliver two temperance lectures in the Tremont Temple, where she gave her concerts. I did so; and though an admission fee was charged for the benefit of a benevolent society, the building on each occasion was crowded. In the course of my tour with Jenny Lind, I was frequently solicited to lecture on temperance on evenings when she did not sing. I always complied when it was in my power. In this way I lectured in Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities, also in the ladies' saloon of the steamer Lexington, on Sunday morning. In August, 1853, I lectured in Cleveland, Ohio, and several other towns, and afterwards in Chicago, Illinois, and in Kenosha, Wisconsin. An election was to be held in Wisconsin in October, and the friends of prohibition in that State solicited my services for the ensuing month, and I could not refuse them. I therefore hastened home to transact some business which required my presence for a few days, and then returned, and lectured on my way in Toledo, Norwalk, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois. I made the tour of the State of Wisconsin, delivering two lectures per day for four consecutive weeks, to crowded and attentive audiences.

My lecture in New Orleans, when I was in that city, was in the great Lyceum Hall, in St. Charles Street, and I lectured by the invitation of Mayor Crossman and several other influential gentlemen. The immense hall contained more than three thousand auditors, including the most respectable portion of the New Orleans public. I was in capital humor, and had warmed myself into a pleasant state of excitement, feeling that the audience was with me. While in the midst of an argument illustrating the poisonous and destructive nature of alcohol to the animal economy, some opponent called out, "How does it affect us, externally or internally?"

"*E*-ternally," I replied.

I have scarcely ever heard more tremendous merriment than that which followed this reply, and the applause was so prolonged that it was some minutes before I could proceed.

On the first evening when I lectured in Cleveland, Ohio, (it was in the Baptist Church,) I commenced in this wise: "If there are any ladies or gentlemen present who have never suffered in consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, either directly, or in the person of a dear relative or friend, I will thank them to rise." A man with a tolerably glowing countenance arose. "Had you never a friend who was intemperate?" I asked.

"Never!" was the positive reply.

A giggle ran through the opposition portion of the audience. "Really, my friends," I said, "I feel constrained to make a proposition which I did not anticipate. I am, as you are all aware, a showman, and I am always on the lookout for curiosities. This gentleman is a stranger to me, but if he will satisfy me tomorrow morning that he is a man of credibility, and that no friend of his was ever intemperate, I will be glad to engage him for ten weeks at $200 per week, to exhibit him in my American Museum in New York, as the greatest curiosity in this country."

A laugh that *was* a laugh followed this announcement.

"They may laugh, but it is a fact," persisted my opponent with a look of dogged tenacity.

"The gentleman still insists that it is a fact," I replied. "I would like, therefore, to make one simple qualification to my offer, I made it on the supposition that, at some period of his life, he had friends. Now if he never had any friends, I withdraw my offer; otherwise, I will stick to it."

This, and the shout of laughter that ensued, was too much for the gentleman, and he sat down. I noticed throughout my speech that he paid strict attention, and frequently indulged in a hearty laugh. At the close of the lecture he approached me, and extending his hand, which I readily accepted, he said, "I was particularly green in rising tonight. Having once stood up, I was determined not to be put down, but your last remark fixed me!" He then complimented me very highly on the reasonableness of my arguments, and declared that ever afterwards he would be found on the side of temperance.

Among the most gratifying incidents of my life have been several of a similar nature to the following: After a temperance speech in Philadelphia, a man about thirty years of age came forward, signed the teetotal pledge, and then, giving me his hand, he said, "Mr. Barnum, you have this night saved me from ruin. For the last two years I have been in the habit of tippling, and it has kept me continually under the harrow. This gentleman (pointing to a person at his side) is my partner in business, and I know he is glad I have signed the pledge tonight."

"Yes, indeed I am, George, and it is the best thing you ever did," replied his partner, "if you'll only stick to it."

"That will I do till the day of my death; and won't my dear little wife Mary cry for joy tonight, when I tell her what I have done!" he exclaimed in

great exultation. At that moment he was a happy man, but he could not have been more so than I was.

Sir William Don—who came to this country and acted in several theatres, afterwards going to Australia, and dying, I believe, soon after his return to England—once heard me lecture, and immediately afterwards came forward and signed the pledge. He kept it for a short period only, although when he signed, he said that strong drink was the bane of his life. It is the one bane of too many brilliant men, who but for this one misfortune might attain almost every desirable success in life.

I may add, that I have lectured in Montreal, Canada, and many towns and cities in the United States, at my own expense. One of the greatest consolations I now enjoy is that of believing I have carried happiness to the bosom of many a family. In the course of my life I have written much for newspapers, on various subjects, and always with earnestness, but in none of these have I felt so deep an interest as in that of the temperance reform. Were it not for this fact, I should be reluctant to mention, that besides numerous articles for the daily and weekly press, I wrote a little tract on "The Liquor Business," which expresses my practical view of the use and traffic in intoxicating drinks. In every one of my temperance lectures since the beginning of the year 1869, I have regularly read the following report, made by Mr. T. T. Cortis, Overseer of the Poor in Vineland, New Jersey:

> Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands as Overseer of the Poor. Within seventy days, there has only been one case among what we call the floating population, at the expense of $4.00. During the entire year, there has only been but one indictment, and that a trifling case of assault and battery, among our colored population. So few are the fires in Vineland, that we have no need of a fire department. There has only been one house burnt down in a year, and two slight fires, which were soon put out. We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one percent on the valuation. The police expenses of Vineland amount to $75.00 per year, the sum paid to me; and our poor expenses a mere trifle. I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the golden age, to the industry of our people, and the absence of King Alcohol. Let me give you, in contrast to this, the state of things in the town from which I came, in New England. The

> population of the town was 9,500—a little less than that of Vineland. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department, of four companies, of forty men each, at an expense of $3,000.00 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost $2,500.00 per annum. The debt of the township was $120,000.00. The condition of things in this New England town is as favorable in that country as that of many other places where liquor is sold.

It seems to me that there is an amount of overwhelming testimony and unanswerable argument in this one brief extract, that makes it in itself one of the most perfect and powerful temperance lectures ever written.

# XLIII

## The New Museum

A Gigantic Amusement Company—Immense Additions to the New Collection—Curiosities from Everywhere—The Gordon Cummings Collection from Africa—The Gorilla—What the Papers Said About the Monster—My Private View of the Animal—Amusing Interview with Paul Du Chaillu—A Superb Menagerie—The New Theater—Project for a Free National Institution—Messrs. E. D. Morgan, William C. Bryant, Horace Greeley and Others Favor My Plan—President Johnson Endorses It—Destruction of My Second Museum by Fire—The Ice-Clad Ruins—A Sad, Yet Splendid Spectacle—Out of the Business—Foot Races at the White Mountains—How I Was Not Beaten—Opening of Wood's Museum in New York—My Only Interest in the Enterprise.

My new Museum on Broadway was liberally patronized from the start, but I felt that still more attractions were necessary in order to insure constant success. I therefore made arrangements with the renowned Van Amburgh Menagerie Company to unite their entire collection of living wild animals with the Museum. The new company was known as the "Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company," and as such was chartered by the Connecticut Legislature, the New York Legislature having refused us a charter unless I would "see" the "ring" a thousand dollars' worth, which I declined. I owned forty percent and the Van Amburgh Company held the remaining sixty percent in the new enterprise, which comprehended a large travelling menagerie through the country in summer, and the placing of the wild animals in the Museum in winter. The capital of the company was one million of dollars, with the privilege of doubling the amount. As one of the conditions of the new arrangement, it was stipulated that I should withdraw from all active personal attention to the Museum, but should permit my

name to be announced as General Manager, and I was also elected President of the company. This arrangement gave me the comparative tranquillity which I now began to desire. I spent most of my time in Bridgeport, except in winter, when I resided in New York. I usually visited the Museum about once a week, but sometimes was absent for several months.

Meanwhile, immense additions were made to the curiosity departments of the new Museum. Every penny of the profits of this Museum and of the two immense travelling menageries of wild animals was expended in procuring additional attractions for our patrons. Among other valuable novelties introduced in this establishment was the famous collection made by the renowned lion-slayer, Gordon Cummings. This was purchased for me by my faithful friend, Mr. George A. Wells, who was then travelling in Great Britain with General Tom Thumb. The collection consisted of many hundreds of skins, tusks, heads and skeletons of nearly every species of African animal, including numerous rare specimens never before exhibited on this continent. It was a great Museum in itself, and as such had attracted much attention in London and elsewhere, but it was a mere addition to our Museum and Menagerie; and was exhibited without extra charge for admission.

In the summer of 1867, I saw in several New York papers a thrilling account of an immense gorilla, which had arrived from Africa in charge of Barnum's agent, for the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company. The accounts described the removal of the savage animal in a strong iron cage from the ship, and his transportation up Broadway to the museum. His cries and roarings were said to have been terrible, and when he was taken into the menagerie, he was reported to have bent the heavy iron bars of his cage, and in his rage to have seized a poker which was thrust at him, and to have twisted it as if it had been a bit of wire. Nothing so startlingly sensational in the line of zoological description had appeared since the *Tribune*'s famous report of the burning of the American Museum, in 1865.

For several years I had been trying to secure such an animal, and several African travellers had promised to do their best to procure one for me; and I had offered as high as $20,000 for the delivery in New York of a full-grown, healthy gorilla. From the minute description now given by the reporters, I was convinced that, at last, the long-sought prize had been secured. I was greatly elated, and at once wrote from Bridgeport to our manager, Mr. Ferguson, advising him how to exhibit the valuable animal, and

particularly how to preserve its precious life as long as might be possible. I have owned many ourang-outangs, and all of them die ultimately of pulmonary disease; indeed, it is difficult to keep specimens of the monkey tribe through the winter in our climate, on account of their tendency to consumption. I therefore advised Mr. Ferguson to have a cage so constructed that no draught of air could pass through it, and I further instructed him in methods of guarding against the gorilla's taking cold.

A few days later I went to New York expressly to see the gorilla, and on visiting the Museum, I was vexed beyond measure to find that the animal was simply a huge baboon! He was chained down, so that he could not stand erect, nor turn his back to visitors. His keeper could easily irritate him, and when the animal was excited, he would seize the iron bars with both hands, and, uttering horrid screams, would shake the cage so fiercely that it could be heard and "felt" in the adjoining saloons. No doubt many of the visitors recalled Du Chaillu's accounts of the genuine gorilla, and were convinced that the veritable animal was before them. But I had been too long in the business to be caught by such chaff, and approaching the keeper, I asked him why he did not lengthen the chain, so that the animal could stand up?

"Because, if I do, he will show his tail," the keeper confidentially whispered in my ear.

The imposition was so silly and transparent that I did not care how soon it was exposed. As usual, however, I looked at the funny side of the matter, and immediately enclosed a ticket to my friend Mr. Paul Du Chaillu, who was then stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the same time writing to the great African traveller, that, much as he had done; the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company had done more, since he had only killed gorillas, while we had secured a living one, and brought the monster safely from Africa to America. I informed him, moreover, that all the gorillas he had seen and described were tailless, while our far more remarkable specimen had a tail full four feet long!

Mr. Du Chaillu came into the Museum that afternoon, in great glee, with my open letter in his hand.

"Ah, Mr. Barnum," he exclaimed, "this is the funniest letter I ever received. Of course, you know your gorilla is no gorilla at all, but only a baboon. I will not look at him, for when people ask me about 'Barnum's gorilla,' I prefer to be able to say that I have not seen him."

"On the contrary," said I, "I particularly desire that you should see the animal, and expose it. The imposition is too ridiculous."

"True; but I think your letter is more curious than your animal."

"Then I give you full leave to read the letter to all who ask you about the 'gorilla.'"

"Thank you," said Du Chaillu, "and I wish you would let me read it in my lectures at the West, where I am soon going on a tour."

I consented that he should do so, and I afterwards heard that he was delighting as well as enlightening western audiences on the subject of Manager Ferguson's management of the great "gorilla" in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie.

The menagerie of living animals was superior in extent to any other similar collection in America, embracing, as it did, almost every description of wild animal ever exhibited, including the smallest African elephant, and the only living giraffe then in the United States. The collection of lions and royal Bengal tigers was superb. There was a cage full of young lions that attracted great attention, and the whole menagerie was an exceedingly valuable one. When I say that to these attractions was added an able dramatic company, which performed every afternoon and evening, and that the admission to the entire establishment was but thirty cents, with no extra charge, except for a few front seats and private boxes, it is no wonder that this immense building, five stories high, and covering ground seventy-five by two hundred feet in area, was thronged "from sunrise to ten p.m.," and from top to bottom, with country and city visitors, of both sexes and all ages. The public was soon thoroughly convinced of the facts; first, that never before was such an outlay made for so great an assemblage of useful and amusing attractions, combining instruction with amusement, and thrown open to the people at so small a charge for admission; and second, that the surest way of deriving the greatest profit, in the long run, is to give people as much as possible for their money. That these facts were fully impressed upon our patrons is instanced in the monthly returns made to the United States Collector of Internal Revenue for the district, which showed that our receipts were larger than those of Wallack's Theater, Niblo's Garden, or any other theater or place of amusement in New York, or in America.

Anxious to gather curiosities from every quarter of the globe, I sent Mr. John Greenwood, junior, (who went for me to the isle of Cyprus and to Constantinople, in 1864,) on the "Quaker City" excursion, which left New

York June 8, 1867, and returned in the following November. During his absence Mr. Greenwood travelled 17,735 miles, and brought back several interesting relics from the Holy Land, which were duly deposited in the Museum.

Very soon after entering upon the premises, I built a new and larger lecture room, which was one of the most commodious and complete theatres in New York, and I largely increased the dramatic company. Our collection swelled so rapidly that we were obliged to extend our premises by the addition of another building, forty by one hundred feet, adjoining the Museum. This addition gave us several new halls, which were speedily filled with curiosities. The rapid expansion of the establishment, and the immense interest excited in the public mind led me to consider a plan I had long contemplated, of taking some decided steps towards the foundation of a great free institution, which should be similar to and in some respects superior to the British Museum in London. "The Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company," chartered with a capital of $2,000,000 had, in addition to the New York establishment, thirty acres of land in Bridgeport, whereon it was proposed to erect suitable buildings and glass and wire edifices for breeding and acclimating rare animals and birds, and training such of them as were fit for public performances. In time, a new building in New York, covering a whole square, and farther up town, would be needed for the mammoth exhibition, and I was not with out hopes that I might be the means of establishing permanently in the city an extensive zoological garden.

It was also my intention ultimately to make my Museum the nucleus of a great free national institution. When the American Museum was burned, and I turned my attention to the collection of fresh curiosities, I felt that I needed other assistance than that of my own agents in America and Europe. It occurred to me that if our government representatives abroad would but use their influence to secure curiosities in the respective countries to which they were delegated, a free public Museum might at once be begun in New York, and I proposed to offer a part of my own establishment rent-free for the deposit and exhibition of such rarities as might be collected in this way. Accordingly, a week after the destruction of the American Museum, a memorial was addressed to the President of the United States, asking him to give his sanction to the new effort to furnish the means of useful information and wholesome amusement, and to give such instructions to public of-

ficers abroad as would enable them, without any conflict with their legitimate duties, to give efficiency to this truly national movement for the advancement of the public good, without cost to the government. This memorial was dated July 20, 1865, and was signed by Messrs. E. D. Morgan, Moses Taylor, Abram Wakeman, Simeon Draper, Moses H. Grinnell, Stephen Knapp, Benjamin R. Winthrop, Charles Gould, Wm. C. Bryant, James Wadsworth, Tunis W. Quick, John A. Pitkin, Willis Gaylord, Prosper M. Wetmore, Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Greeley. This memorial was in due time presented, and was endorsed as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.
"April 27, 1866.

"The purpose set forth in this Memorial is highly approved and commended, and our Ministers, Consuls and commercial agents are requested to give whatever influence in carrying out the object within stated they may deem compatible with the duties of their respective positions, and not inconsistent with the public interests.
"Andrew Johnson."

I went to Washington myself, and had interviews with the President, Secretaries Seward, McCulloch and Welles, and also with Assistant Secretary of the Navy, G. V. Fox, who gave me several muskets and other "rebel trophies." During my stay at the capital I had a pleasant interview with General Grant, who told me he had lately visited my Museum with one of his sons, and had been greatly gratified. Upon my mentioning, among other projects, that I had an idea of collecting the hats of distinguished individuals, he at once offered to send an orderly for the hat he had worn during his principal campaigns. All these gentlemen cordially approved of my plan for the establishment of a National Museum in New York.

But before this plan could be put into effective operation, an event occurred which is now to be narrated: The winter of 1867–68 was one of the coldest that had been known for years, and some thirty severe snowstorms occurred during the season. On Tuesday morning, March 3d, 1868, it was bitter cold. A heavy body of snow was on the ground, and as I sat at the breakfast table with my wife and an esteemed lady guest, the wife of my excellent friend Rev. A. C. Thomas, I read aloud the general news from the

morning papers. Leisurely turning to the local columns, I said, "Hallo! Barnum's Museum is burned."

"Yes," said my wife, with an incredulous smile, "I suspect it is."

"It is a fact," said I, "just listen; 'Barnum's Museum totally destroyed by fire.'"

This was read so coolly, and I showed so little excitement, that both of the ladies supposed I was joking. My wife simply remarked:

"Yes, it was totally destroyed two years ago, but Barnum built another one."

"Yes, and that is burned," I replied; "now listen," and I proceeded very calmly to read the account of the fire. Mrs. Thomas, still believing from my manner that it was a joke, stole slyly behind my chair, and looking over my shoulder at the newspaper, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mrs. Barnum, the Museum is really burned. Here is the whole account of it in this morning's paper."

"Of course it is," I remarked, with a smile, "how could you think I could joke on such a serious subject!"

It was indeed too true, and the subject was no doubt "serious" enough; in fact the pecuniary blow was perhaps even heavier than the loss of the other Museum, especially as there was probably no Bennett around who would give me $200,000 for a lease! But during my whole life I had been so much accustomed to operations of magnitude for or against my interests, that large losses or gains were not apt to disturb my tranquillity. Indeed, my second daughter calling in soon after, and seeing how coolly I took the disaster, said that her husband had remarked that morning, "Your father wont care half so much about it as he would if his pocket had been picked of fifty dollars. That would have vexed him, but he will take this heavier loss as simply the fortune of war."

And this was very nearly the fact. Yet the loss was a large one, and the complete frustration of our plans for the future was a serious consideration. But worse than all were the sufferings of the poor wild animals which were burned to death in their cages. A very few only of these animals were saved. Even the people who were sleeping in the building barely escaped with their lives, and next to nothing else, so sudden was the fire and so rapid its progress. The papers of the following morning contained full accounts of the fire; and editorial writers, while manifesting much sympathy for the pro-

prietors, also expressed profound regret that so magnificent a collection, especially in the zoological department, should be lost to the city.

The cold was so intense that the water froze almost as soon as it left the hose of the fire engines; and when at last everything was destroyed, except the front granite wall of the Museum building, that and the ladder, signs, and lampposts in front, were covered in a gorgeous framework of transparent ice, which made it altogether one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. Thousands of persons congregated daily in that locality in order to get a view of the magnificent ruins. By moonlight the ice-coated ruins were still more sublime; and for many days and nights the old Museum was "the observed of all observers," and photographs were taken by several artists.

When the Museum was burnt, I was nearly ready to bring out a new spectacle, for which a very large extra company had been engaged, and on which a considerable sum of money had been expended in scenery, properties, costumes, and especially in enlarging the stage. I had expended altogether some $78,000 in building the new lecture-room, and in refitting the saloons. The curiosities were inventoried by the manager, Mr. Ferguson, at $288,000. I bought the real estate only a little while before the fire, for $460,000, and there was an insurance on the whole of $160,000; and in June, 1868, I sold the lots on which the building stood for $432,000. The cause of the fire was a defective flue in a restaurant in the basement of the building.

Thus by the destruction of Iranistan, and two Museums, about a million of dollars' worth of my property had been destroyed by fire, and I was not now long in making up my mind to follow Mr. Greeley's advice on a former occasion, to "take this fire as a notice to quit, and go a-fishing."

We all know how difficult it is for a person to stop when he is engaged in business, and how seldom it is that we find a man who thinks he has accumulated money enough, and is willing to cease trying to make more. An active business life, like everything else, becomes a habit, and the strife for success in business, through all the changes of fortune, and ups and downs of trade, becomes an infatuation akin to that which spurs the gambler. Hence, men often pursue their money-getting occupations long after the necessity therefor has ceased. Of course, by wedding themselves to this one ambition they forego many of the higher pleasures of life, and though they have a vague idea of that "good time coming," when they are going to take things easy and enjoy themselves, that time never comes. Men who are en-

tirely idle are the most miserable creatures in the world; but when by arduous toil they have secured a competence, and especially when they have reached a point in life where they are conscious of a waning of their vital energies, we must admit that they are unwise if they do not slip out of active business, and devote a large portion of their time to intellectual pursuits, social enjoyments, and, if they have not done so through life, to serious reflections on the ends and aims of human existence.

It is, perhaps, possible that notwithstanding the active life I have led, I have after all a lazy streak in my composition; at all events, I confess it was with no small degree of satisfaction that by this last burning of the Museum, notwithstanding the serious pecuniary loss it proved to me, I discovered a way open through which I could retire to a more quiet and tranquil mode of life. I therefore at once dissolved with the Van Amburgh Company, and sold out to them all my interest in the personal property of the concern. I was, however, beset on every side to start another Museum, and men of capital offered to raise a million of dollars if necessary, for that purpose, provided I would undertake its management. My constant reply was, "lead me not into temptation." I felt that I had enough to live on, and I earnestly believed the doctrine laid down in my lecture on "Money Getting," in regard to the danger of leaving too much property to children.

As I now had something like real leisure at my disposal, in the summer of 1868 I made my third visit to the White Mountains. To me, the locality and scene are ever fresh and ever wonderful. From the top of Mount Washington, one can see on every side within a radius of forty miles peaks piled on peaks, with smiling valleys here and there between, and, on a very clear day, the Atlantic Ocean off Portland, Maine, is distinctly visible—sixty miles away. Beauty, grandeur, sublimity, and the satisfaction of almost every sense combine to remind one of the ejaculation of that devout English soul who exclaims: "Look around with pleasure, and upward with gratitude."

At the Profile House, near the Notch, in the Franconia range, I met many acquaintances, some of whom had been there with their families for several weeks. When tired of scenery-hunting and hill-climbing, and thrown entirely upon their own resources, they had invented a "sell" which they perpetrated upon every newcomer. Naturally enough, as I was considered a capital subject for their fun, before I had been there half an hour they had made all the arrangements to take me in. The "sell" consisted in getting up a

footrace in which all were to join, and at the word "go" the contestants were to start and run across the open space in front of the hotel to a fence opposite, while the last man who should touch the rail must treat the crowd.

Of course, no one touched the rail at all, except the victim. I suspected no trick, but tried to avoid the race, urging in excuse that I was too old, too corpulent, and besides, as they knew, I was a teetotaler and would not drink their liquor.

"Oh, drink lemonade, if you like," they said, "but no backing out; and as for corpulence, here is Stephen, our old stage-driver, who weighs three hundred, and he shall run with the rest."

And in good truth, Stephen, in a warm day especially, would be likely to "run" with the best of them; but I did not know then that Stephen was the stool-pigeon whom they kept to entrap unwary and verdant youths like myself; so looking at his portly form I at once agreed that if Stephen ran I would, as I knew that for a stout man I was pretty quick on my feet. Accordingly, at the word "go," I started and ran as if the traditional enemy of mankind were in me or after me, but before I had accomplished half the distance, I wondered why at least, one or two of the crowd had not outstripped me, for, in fact, Stephen was the only one whom I expected to beat. Looking back and at once comprehending the "sell," I decided not to be sold. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* told how I escaped the trick and the penalty, and how I subsequently paid off the tricksters, in a letter from which I quote the following:

> "Barnum threw up his hands before arriving at the railing, and did not touch it at all! It was acknowledged on all sides that the 'biters were bit.' 'But you ran well,' said those who intended the sell. 'Yes,' replied Barnum in high glee, 'I ran better than I did for Congress; but I was not green enough to touch the rail!' Of course a roar of laughter followed, and the sellers resolved to try the game the next morning on some other newcomer; but their luck had evidently deserted them, for the next man also 'smelt a rat,' and holding up his hands refused to touch the rail. The two successive failures dampened the ardor of the sellers, and they relinquished that trick as a bad job. But the way Barnum sold nearly the whole crowd of sellers, in detail, on the following afternoon, by the old 'sliver trick,' was a caution to sore sides. So much laughing in one day was probably never before done in that lo-

cality. One after another succeeded in extracting from the palm of Barnum's hand what each at first supposed was a tormenting sliver, but which turned out to be a broom splinter a foot long which was hidden up B.'s sleeve, except the small point which appeared from under the end of his thumb, apparently protruding from under the skin of his palm. One weak brother nearly fainted as he saw come forth some twelve inches of what he at first supposed was a sliver, but which he was now thoroughly convinced was one of the nerves from Barnum's arm. Mr. O'Brien, the Wall Street banker, was the first victim. When asked what he thought upon seeing such a long sliver coming from Barnum's hand, he solemnly replied, 'I thought he was a dead man!' It was acknowledged by all that Barnum gave them a world of fun, and that he and his friends left the Profile House with flying colors."

During the year, Mr. George Wood, a most successful and enterprising manager, had been engaged in enlarging and refitting Banvard's building, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, for a Museum and theater; and wishing to avoid my competition in the business, he proposed, that for a consideration, to be governed to some degree by the receipts, I should bind myself to have no other interest in any Museum or place of amusement in New York, and that I should give him the benefit of my experience, influence and information, and thus aid in advancing his interests and in building up and carrying out his enterprise. His proposition fully met my views, and I accepted it. Without incurring risk or responsibility, I could occupy portions of my time, which otherwise, perhaps, might drag heavily on my hands; my mind especially would be employed in matters with which I was familiar, and I might gratify my desire to assist in catering to the healthful, wholesome amusement of the rising generation and the public. I should not rust out; and, moreover, the new museum would afford me a pleasant place to drop into when I felt inclined to do so. Nothing in this arrangement compelled my presence in New York, or even in the United States; I could go when and where I chose, and could continue to be, as I hope to be for the rest of my life, "a man of leisure," which in my case, and according to my construction, is far from being a man of idleness.

While I was at the White Mountains, I received a telegram from Mr. George Wood, stating that he could not consider his list of curiosities complete unless I would consent to be present at the opening of his Muse-

um, and I accordingly waived all my chances in any intended foot races, and hastened to New York, making at Mr. Wood's request the opening address in his new establishment, August 31, 1868.

# XLIV

## Curious Coincidences.—Number Thirteen

Popular Superstitions—Unlucky Friday—Unfortunate Saturday—Rainy Sundays—Terrible Thirteen—The Brettells of London—Incidents of My Western Trip—Singular Fatality—Number Thirteen in Every Hotel—No Escape from the Frightful Figure—Advice of a Clerical Friend—The Thirteen Colonies—The Thirteenth Chapter of Corinthians—Thirteen at My Christmas Dinner Party—Thirteen Dollars at a Fair—Two Disastrous Days—The Thirteenth Day in Two Months—Thirteen Pages of Manuscript.

In the summer of 1868, a lady who happened to be at that time an inmate of my family, upon hearing me say that I supposed we must remove into our summer residence on Thursday, because our servants might not like to go on Friday, remarked:

"What nonsense that is! It is astonishing that some persons are so foolish as to think there is any difference in the days. I call it rank heathenism to be so superstitious as to think one day is lucky and another unlucky"; and then, in the most innocent manner possible, she added: "I would not like to remove on a Saturday myself, for they say people who remove on the last day of the week don't stay long."

Of course this was too refreshing a case of undoubted superstition to be permitted to pass without a hearty laugh from all who heard it.

I suppose most of us have certain superstitions, imbibed in our youth, and still lurking more or less faintly in our minds. Many would not like to acknowledge that they had any choice whether they commenced a new enterprise on a Friday or on a Monday, or whether they first saw the new moon over the right or left shoulder. And yet, perhaps, a large portion of these same persons will be apt to observe it when they happen to do anything which popular superstition calls "unlucky." It is a common occurrence with

many to immediately make a secret "wish" if they happen to use the same expression at the same moment when a friend with whom they are conversing makes it; nevertheless these persons would protest against being considered superstitious—indeed, probably they are not so in the full meaning of the word.

Several years ago an old lady who was a guest at my house, remarked on a rainy Sunday:

"This is the first Sunday in the month, and now it will rain every Sunday in the month; that is a sign which never fails, for I have noticed it many a time."

"Well," I remarked, smiling, "watch closely this time, and if it rains on the next three Sundays I will give you a new silk dress."

She was in high glee, and replied:

"Well, you have lost that dress, as sure as you are born."

The following Sunday it did indeed rain.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the old lady, "what did I tell you? I knew it would rain."

I smiled, and said, "all right, watch for next Sunday."

And surely enough the next Sunday it did rain, harder than on either of the preceding Sundays.

"Now, what do you think?" said the old lady, solemnly. "I tell you that sign never fails. It won't do to doubt the ways of Providence," she added with a sigh, "for His ways are mysterious and past finding out."

The following Sunday the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and not the slightest appearance of rain was manifested through the day. The old lady was greatly disappointed, and did not like to hear any allusion to the subject; but two years afterwards, when she was once more my guest, it again happened to rain on the first Sunday in the month, and I heard her solemnly predict that it would, every succeeding Sunday in the month, for, she remarked, "it is a sign that never fails." She had forgotten the failure of two years before; indeed, the continuance and prevalence of many popular superstitions is due to the fact that we notice the "sign" when it happens to be verified, and do not observe it, or we forget it, when it fails. Many persons are exceedingly superstitious in regard to the number "thirteen." This is particularly the case, I have noticed, in Catholic countries I have visited, and I have been told that superstition originated in the fact of a thirteenth apostle having been chosen, on account of the treachery of Judas. At any rate, I have known num-

bers of French persons who had quite a horror of this fatal number. Once I knew a French lady who had taken passage in an ocean steamer, and who, on going aboard, and finding her assigned stateroom to be "No. 13," insisted upon it that she would not sail in the ship at all; she had rather forfeit her passage money, though finally she was persuaded to take another room. And a great many people, French, English, and American will not undertake any important enterprise on the thirteenth day of the month, nor sit at table with the full complement of thirteen persons. With regard to this number to which so many superstitions cling, I have some interesting experiences and curious coincidences, which are worth relating as a part of my personal history.

When I was first in England with General Tom Thumb, I well remember dining one Christmas day with my friends, the Brettells, in St. James's Palace, in London. Just before the dinner was finished (it is a wonder it was not noticed before) it was discovered that the number at table was exactly thirteen.

"How very unfortunate," remarked one of the guests; "I would not have dined under such circumstances for any consideration, had I known it!"

"Nor I either," seriously remarked another guest.

"Do you really suppose there is any truth in the old superstition on that subject?" I asked.

"Truth!" solemnly replied an old lady. "Truth! Why I myself have known three instances, and have heard of scores of others, where thirteen persons have eaten at the same table, and in every case one of the number died before the year was out!"

This assertion, made with so much earnestness, evidently affected several of the guests, whose nerves were easily excited. I can truthfully state, however, that I dined at the Palace again the following Christmas, and although there were seventeen persons present, every one of the original thirteen who dined there the preceding Christmas, was among this number, and all in good health; although, of course, it would have been nothing very remarkable if one had happened to have died during the last twelve months.

While I was on my Western lecturing tour in 1866, long before I got out of Illinois, I began to observe that at the various hotels where I stopped my room very frequently was No. 13. Indeed, it seemed as if this number turned up to me as often as four times per week, and so before many days I almost expected to have that number set down to my name wherever I

signed it upon the register of the hotel. Still, I laughed to myself, at what I was convinced was simply a coincidence. On one occasion I was travelling from Clinton to Mount Vernon, Iowa, and was to lecture in the college of the latter place that evening. Ordinarily, I should have arrived at two o'clock p.m.; but owing to an accident which had occurred to the train from the West, the conductor informed me that our arrival in Mount Vernon would probably be delayed until after seven o'clock. I telegraphed that fact to the committee who were expecting me, and told them to be patient.

When we had arrived within ten miles of that town it was dark. I sat rather moodily in the car, wishing the train would "hurry up"; and happening for some cause to look back over my left shoulder, I discovered the new moon through the window. This omen struck me as a coincident addition to my ill-luck, and with a pleasant chuckle I muttered to myself, "Well, I hope I wont get room number thirteen tonight, for that will be adding insult to injury."

I reached Mount Vernon a few minutes before eight, and was met at the depot by the committee, who took me in a carriage and hurried to the Ballard House. The committee told me the hall in the college was already crowded, and they hoped I would defer taking tea until after the lecture. I informed them that I would gladly do so, but simply wished to run to my room a moment for a wash. While wiping my face I happened to think about the new room, and at once stepped outside of my bedroom door to look at the number. It was "number thirteen."

After the lecture I took tea, and I confess that I began to think "number thirteen" looked a little ominous. There I was, many hundreds of miles from my family; I left my wife sick, and I began to ask myself does "number thirteen" portend anything in particular? Without feeling willing even now to acknowledge that I felt much apprehension on the subject, I must say I began to take a serious view of things in general.

I mentioned the coincidence of my luck in so often having "number thirteen" assigned to me to Mr. Ballard, the proprietor of the hotel, giving him all the particulars to date.

"I will give you another room if you prefer it," said Mr. Ballard.

"No, I thank you," I replied with a semi-serious smile; "If it is fate, I will take it as it comes; and if it means anything I shall probably find it out in time." That same night before retiring to rest I wrote a letter to a clerical friend, then residing in Bridgeport, telling him all my experiences in regard

to "number thirteen." I said to him in closing: "Don't laugh at me for being superstitious, for I hardly feel so; I think it is simply a series of coincidences which appear the more strange because I am sure to notice every one that occurs." Ten days afterwards I received an answer from my reverend friend, in which he cheerfully said: "It's all right; go ahead and get 'number thirteen' as often as you can. It is a lucky number," and he added:

> "Unbelieving and ungrateful man! What is thirteen but the traditional 'baker's dozen,' indicating 'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,' as illustrated in your triumphal lecturing tour? By all means insist upon having room No. 13 at every hotel; and if the guests at any meal be less than that charmed complement, send out and compel somebody to come in.
>
> "What do you say respecting the Thirteen Colonies? Any ill luck in the number? Was the patriarch Jacob afraid of it when he adopted Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph, so as to complete the magic circle of thirteen?
>
> "Do you not know that chapter thirteen of First Corinthians is the grandest in the Bible, with verse thirteen as the culmination of all religious thought? And can you read verse thirteen of the Fifth chapter of Revelation without the highest rapture?"

But my clerical friend had not heard of a certain curious circumstance which occurred to me after I had mailed my letter to him and before I received his answer.

On leaving Mount Vernon for Cedar Rapids the next morning, the landlord, Mr. Ballard, drove me to the railroad depot. As I was stepping upon the cars, Mr. Ballard shook my hand, and with a laugh exclaimed: "Goodbye, friend Barnum, I hope you won't get room number thirteen at Cedar Rapids today." "I hope not!" I replied earnestly, and yet with a smile. I reached Cedar Rapids in an hour. The lecture committee met and took me to the hotel. I entered my name, and the landlord immediately called out to the porter:

"Here John, take Mr. Barnum's baggage, and show him to 'number thirteen!'"

I confess that when I heard this I was startled. I remarked to the landlord that it was certainly very singular, but was nevertheless true, that "number

thirteen" seemed to be about the only room that I could get in a hotel.

"We have a large meeting of railroad directors here at present," he replied, "and 'number thirteen' is the only room unoccupied in my house."

I proceeded to the room, and immediately wrote to Mr. Ballard at Mount Vernon, assuring him that my letter was written in "number thirteen," and that this was the only room I could get in the hotel. During the remainder of my journey, I was put into "number thirteen" so often in the various hotels at which I stopped that it came to be quite a matter of course, though occasionally I was fortunate enough to secure some other number. Upon returning to New York, I related the foregoing adventures to my family, and told them I was really half afraid of "number thirteen." Soon afterwards, I telegraphed to my daughter who was boarding at the Atlantic House in Bridgeport, asking her to engage a room for me to lodge there the next night, on my way to Boston. "Mr. Hale," said she to the landlord, "father is coming up today; will you please reserve him a comfortable room?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Hale, and he instantly ordered a fire in "room thirteen!" I went to Boston and proceeded to Lewiston, Maine, and thence to Lawrence, Massachusetts, and the hotel register there has my name booked for "number thirteen."

My experience with this number has by no means been confined to apartments. In 1867 a church in Bridgeport wanted to raise several thousand dollars in order to get freed from debt. I subscribed one thousand dollars, by aid of which they assured me they would certainly raise enough to pay off the debt. A few weeks subsequently, however, one of the "brethren" wrote me that they were still six hundred dollars short, with but little prospect of getting it. I replied that I would pay one-half of the sum required. The brother soon afterwards wrote me that he had obtained the other half, and I might forward him my subscription of "thirteen" hundred dollars. During the same season I attended a fair in Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, given by a temperance organization. Two of my little granddaughters accompanied me, and telling them to select what articles they desired, I paid the bill, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Whereupon I said to the children, "I am glad you did not make it thirteen dollars, and I will expend no more here tonight." We sat awhile listening to the music, and finally started for home, and as we were going, a lady at one of the stands near the door, called out: "Mr. Barnum, you have not patronized me. Please take a chance in my lottery."
"Certainly," I replied; "give me a ticket." I paid her the price (fifty cents),

and after I arrived home, I discovered that in spite of my expressed determination to the contrary, I had expended exactly "thirteen" dollars!

I invited a few friends to a "clambake" in the summer of 1868, and being determined the party should not be thirteen, I invited fifteen, and they all agreed to go. Of course, one man and his wife were "disappointed," and could not go—and my party numbered thirteen. At Christmas, in the same year, my children and grandchildren dined with me, and finding on "counting noses," that they would number the inevitable thirteen, I expressly arranged to have a high chair placed at the table, and my youngest grandchild, seventeen months old, was placed in it, so that we should number fourteen. After the dinner was over, we discovered that my son-in-law, Thompson, had been detained down town, and the number at dinner table, notwithstanding my extra precautions, was exactly thirteen.

Thirteen was certainly an ominous number to me in 1865, for on the thirteenth day of July, the American Museum was burned to the ground, while the thirteenth day of November saw the opening of "Barnum's New American Museum," which was also subsequently destroyed by fire.

Having concluded this veritable history of superstitious coincidences in regard to thirteen, I read it to a clerical friend, who happened to be present; and after reading the manuscript, I paged it, when my friend and I were a little startled to find that the pages numbered exactly thirteen.

# XLV

## A Story-Chapter

"Every Man to His Vocation" and "Nature Will Assert Herself"—Rest by the Wayside—A Half-Shaved Party—Consternation of a Clergyman—Natives in New York—Doctoring a Corn-Doctor—Religious Railways—The Brighton Bugle Business—Cash and Conscience—Castles in the Air—A Deluded Antiquarian—Gambling and Politics—Irish Wit—About Conductors—Dr. Chapin as a Punster—Fowl Attempts—A Pair O' Ducks—Cutting a Sick Friend—Rev. Richard Varick Dey—His Crime and Its Consequences—Foreordination—Practical Joking by My Father—A Valuable Racehorse—How He Was Let and Then Killed—Agony of the Horse-Killer—The Final "Sell"—Foreign and Domestic French—Cockneyism—Wicked Words in Exeter Hall.

And now as a traveller, when almost home, sits down by the wayside to rest, and meanwhile discourses to his companion about minor matters relating to the journey, or revives reminiscenses of home and foreign lands, so I stop to sum up in this chapter some of the incidents and anecdotes which seem pertinent to my story.

The old adages, "Every man to his vocation," and "Nature will assert herself" are oftentimes amusingly illustrated. Everyone knows the fable of the man who prayed to Jupiter to convert his cat into a woman, and Jupiter kindly gratified him and the man married the woman. This was well enough, till one night the feline female heard a mouse scratching at the door, when she jumped out of bed and began a vigorous hunt, to the consternation of her husband, if not of the mouse. Something almost as absurd and quite as illustrative of "instinct," or "nature" occurred during my management of the Museum.

I had brought out a play entitled "The Patriot Fathers," or something of the sort; it was patriotic at any rate, and required a great many people, who had very little to do excepting to dress, group themselves, and go on and off the stage at the proper times demanded by the incidents or situations of the play. One night I suddenly found myself short of supernumeraries to do these subordinate parts, so I sent up to Center Market for a supply of young men who were willing to be soldiers, Indians, or anything else which the exigencies of Revolutionary times not less than my own immediate necessities demanded.

Now, it fortunately happened that an engine company near by, the famous "Forty" of bygone days, had just returned from a fire, and my messenger proposed to these men to come down and help me out of my difficulty. The boys wanted no better fun. At least thirty of them came headed by their foreman, Mr. William Racey. They were soon dressed, one as a woman, a mother of the Revolution; others as Indians, British soldiers, Hessian grenadiers, and Continentals. A very little drilling sufficed to put these new recruits in order for presentation on the stage, for they had little to do but to follow directions as to where they must stand, and when they must go on and off. Numbers, not talent, were needed. They were apt pupils, and did excellently well from the start.

But in the very midst of one of those convulsions which threatened the fate of the struggle for Independence, the City Hall bell sounded out the alarm for fire. That was enough. Racey shouted out on the stage:

"Boys, there's a fire in the Seventh! Put for 'Forty'"; and the thirty incontinently fled in post haste for "Forty," and soon after appeared in the street, followed by a jeering, cheering crew, the most motley company that ever dragged a fire engine through the streets of New York. They were in full costume as they left the Museum. The red-coated British troops, the Hessians in their tall bearskin caps, the Indians in their paint and feathers, and even the "woman" helped to drag the machine, and at the fire these strange people, including the woman, helped to "man" the brakes. It is unnecessary to say that they succeeded in creating in the street, what I hoped they would have done on the stage, a positive sensation.

I confess that I am fond of story-telling as well as fun, and I inherit this I think from my maternal grandfather, whom I have already chronicled in these pages as a "practical joker of the old school." One of the best illustrations of his peculiar fondness for this amusement appears in the following:

Danbury and Bethel were and still are manufacturing villages. Hats and combs were the principal articles of manufacture. The hatters and comb makers had occasion to go to New York every spring and fall, and they generally managed to go in parties, frequently taking in a few "outsiders," who merely wished to visit the city for the fun of the thing. They usually took passage on board a sloop at Norwalk, and the length of their passage depended entirely upon the state of the wind. Sometimes the run would be made in eight hours, and at other times nearly as many days were required. It, however, made little difference with the passengers. They went in for a "spree," and were sure to have a jolly time whether on land or water. They were all fond of practical jokes, and before starting they usually entered into a solemn compact, that any man who got angry at a practical joke should forfeit and pay the sum of twenty dollars. This agreement frequently saved much trouble; for occasionally an unexpected and rather severe trick would be played off, and sadly chafe the temper of the victim.

Upon one of these occasions a party of fourteen men started from Bethel on a Monday morning for New York. Among the number were my grandfather, Capt. Noah Ferry, Benjamin Hoyt, Esq., Uncle Samuel Taylor, (as he was called by everybody,) Eleazer Taylor, and Charles Dart. Most of these were proverbial jokers, and it was doubly necessary to adopt the stipulation in regard to the control of temper. It was therefore done in writing, duly signed.

They arrived at Norwalk Monday afternoon. The sloop set sail the same evening, with a fair prospect of reaching New York early the next morning. Several strangers took passage at Norwalk, among the rest a clergyman. He soon found himself in jolly company, and attempted to keep aloof. But they informed him it was of no use, they expected to reach New York the next morning, and were determined to "make a night of it," so he might as well render himself agreeable, for sleep was out of the question. His "reverence" remonstrated at first, and talked about "his rights"; but he soon learned that he was in a company where the rights of "the majority" were in the ascendant; so he put a smooth face upon affairs, and making up his mind not to retire that night, he soon engaged in conversation with several of his fellow-passengers.

The clergyman was a slim, spare man, standing over six feet high in his stockings; of light complexion, sandy hair, and wearing a huge pair of reddish-brown whiskers. Some of the passengers joked him upon the super-

fluity of hair upon his face, but he replied that nature had placed it there, and although he thought proper, in accordance with modern custom, to shave off a portion of his beard, he considered it neither unmanly nor unclerical to wear whiskers. It seemed to be conceded that the clergyman had the best of the argument, and the subject was changed.

Expectation of a speedy run to New York was most sadly disappointed. The vessel appeared scarcely to move, and through long weary hours of day and night, there was not a ripple on the surface of the water. Nevertheless there was merriment on board the sloop, each voyager contributing good humor to beguile the tediousness of time.

Friday morning came, but the calm continued. Five days from home, and no prospect of reaching New York! We may judge the appearance of the beards of the passengers. There was but one razor in the company; it was owned by my grandfather, and he refused to use it, or to suffer it to be used. "We shall all be shaved in New York," said he.

On Saturday morning "all hands" appeared upon deck, and the sloop was becalmed opposite Sawpits (now Port Chester)!

This tried the patience of the passengers sadly.

"I expected to start for home today," said one.

"I supposed all my combs would have been sold at auction on Wednesday, and yet here they are on board," said another.

"I intended to have sold my hats surely this week, for I have a note to pay in New-Haven on Monday," added a third.

"I have an appointment to preach in New York this evening and tomorrow," said the clergyman, whose huge sandy whiskers overshadowed a face now completely covered with a bright red beard a quarter of an inch long.

"Well, there is no use crying, gentlemen," replied the captain; "it is lucky for us that we have chickens and eggs on freight, or we might have to be put upon allowance."

After breakfast the passengers, who now began to look like barbarians, again solicited the loan of my grandfather's razor.

"No, gentlemen," he replied; "I insist that shaving is unhealthy and contrary to nature, and I am determined neither to shave myself nor loan my razor until we reach New York."

Night came, and yet no wind. Sunday morning found them in the same position. Their patience was well nigh exhausted, but after breakfast a slight ripple appeared. It gradually increased, and the passengers were soon de-

lighted in seeing the anchor weighed and the sails again set. The sloop glided finely through the water, and smiles of satisfaction forced themselves through the swamps of bristles which covered the faces of the passengers.

"What time shall we reach New York if this breeze continues?" was the anxious inquiry of half a dozen passengers.

"About two o'clock this afternoon," replied the good-natured captain, who now felt assured that no calm would further blight his prospects.

"Alas! that will be too late to get shaved," exclaimed several voices—"the barber shops close at twelve."

"And I shall barely be in time to preach my afternoon sermon," responded the red-bearded clergyman. "Mr. Taylor, do be so kind as to loan me your shaving utensils," he continued, addressing my grandfather.

The old gentleman then went to his trunk, and unlocking it, he drew forth his razor, lather-box and strop. The passengers pressed around him, as all were now doubly anxious for a chance to shave themselves.

"Now, gentlemen," said my grandfather, "I will be fair with you. I did not intend to lend my razor, but as we shall arrive too late for the barbers, you shall all use it. But it is evident we cannot all have time to be shaved with one razor before we reach New York, and as it would be hard for half of us to walk on shore with clean faces, and leave the rest on board waiting for their turn to shave themselves, I have hit upon a plan which I am sure you will all say is just and equitable."

"What is it?" was the anxious inquiry.

"It is that each man shall shave one half of his face, and pass the razor over to the next, and when we are all half shaved we shall go on in rotation and shave the other half."

They all agreed to this except the clergyman. He objected to appearing so ridiculous upon the Lord's day, whereupon several declared that any man with such enormous reddish whiskers must necessarily always look ridiculous, and they insisted that if the clergyman used the razor at all he should shave off his whiskers.

My grandfather assented to this proposal, and said: "Now, gentlemen, as I own the razor, I will begin, and as our reverend friend is in a hurry he shall be next—but off shall come one of his whiskers on the first turn, or he positively shall not use my razor at all."

The clergyman seeing there was no use in parleying, reluctantly agreed to the proposition.

In the course of ten minutes one side of my grandfather's face and chin, in a straight line from the middle of his nose, was shaved as close as the back of his hand, while the other looked like a thick brush fence in a country swamp. The passengers burst into a roar of laughter, in which the clergyman irresistibly joined, and my grandfather handed the razor to the clerical gentleman.

The clergyman had already well lathered one half of his face and passed the brush to the next customer. In a short time the razor had performed its work, and the clergyman was denuded of one whisker. The left side of his face was as naked as that of an infant, while from the other cheek four inches of a huge red whisker stood out in powerful contrast. Nothing more ludicrous could well be conceived. A deafening burst of laughter ensued, and the poor clergyman slunk quietly away to wait an hour until his turn should arrive to shave the other portion of his face.

The next man went through the same operation, and all the rest followed; a new laugh breaking forth as each customer handed over the razor to the next in turn. In the course of an hour and a quarter every passenger on board was half shaved. It was then proposed that all should go upon deck and take a drink before operations were commenced on the other side of their faces. When they all gathered upon the deck, the scene was most ludicrous. The whole party burst again into loud merriment, each man being convulsed by the ridiculous appearance of the rest.

"Now, gentlemen," said my grandfather, "I will go into the cabin and shave off the other side. You can all remain on deck. As soon as I have finished, I will come up and give the clergyman the next chance."

"You must hurry or you will not all be finished when we arrive," remarked the captain; "for we shall touch Peck Slip wharf in half an hour."

My grandfather entered the cabin, and in ten minutes he appeared upon deck, razor in hand. He was smoothly shaved.

"Now," said the clergyman, "it is my turn."

"Certainly," said my grandfather. "You are next, but wait a moment, let me draw the razor across the strop once or twice."

Putting his foot upon the side rail of the deck, and placing one end of the strop upon his leg, he drew the razor several times across it. Then, as if by mistake, the razor flew from his hand, and dropped into the water! My grandfather, with well-feigned surprise, exclaimed in a voice of terror, "Good heavens! the razor has fallen overboard!"

Such a picture of consternation as covered one-half of all the passengers' faces, was never before witnessed. At first they were perfectly silent as if petrified with astonishment. But in a few minutes murmurs began to be heard, and soon swelled into exclamations. "An infernal hog!" said one. "The meanest thing I ever knew," remarked another. "He ought to be thrown overboard himself," cried several others; but all remembered that every man who got angry was to pay a fine of twenty dollars, and they did not repeat their remarks. Presently all eyes were turned upon the clergyman. He was the most forlorn picture of despair that could be imagined.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" he drawled, in a tone which seemed as if every word broke a heart-string.

This was too much, and the whole crowd broke into another roar. Tranquillity was restored! The joke, though a hard one, was swallowed. The sloop soon touched the dock. The half-shaved passengers now agreed that my grandfather, who was the only person on board who appeared like a civilized being, should take the lead for the Walton House, in Franklin Square, and all the rest should follow in "Indian file." He reminded them that they would excite much attention in the streets, and enjoined them not to smile. They agreed, and away they started. They attracted a crowd of persons before they reached the corner of Pearl Street and Peck Slip, but they all marched with as much solemnity as if they were going to the grave. The door of the Walton House was open. Old Backus, the landlord, was quietly enjoying his cigar, while a dozen or two persons were engaged in reading the papers, etc. In marched the file of nondescripts, with the rabble at their heels. Mr. Backus and his customers started to their feet in astonishment. My grandfather marched solemnly up to the bar—the passengers followed, and formed double rows behind him. "Santa Cruz rum for nineteen," exclaimed my grandfather to the barkeeper. The astonished liquor-seller produced bottles and tumblers in double-quick time, and when Backus discovered that the nondescripts were old friends and customers, he was excited to uncontrollable merriment.

"What in the name of decency has happened," he exclaimed, "that you should all appear here half shaved?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Backus," said my grandfather, with apparent seriousness. "These gentlemen choose to wear their beards according to the prevailing fashion in the place they came from; and I think it is very hard that

they should be stared at and insulted by you Yorkers because *your* fashion happens to differ a trifle from theirs."

Backus half believed my grandfather in earnest, and the bystanders were quite convinced such was the fact, for not a smile appeared upon one of the half-shaved countenances.

After sitting a few minutes the passengers were shown to their rooms, and at teatime every man appeared at the table precisely as he came from the sloop. The ladies looked astonished, the waiters winked and laughed, but the subjects of this merriment were as grave as judges. In the evening they maintained the same gravity in the barroom, and at ten o'clock they retired to bed with all due solemnity. In the morning, however, bright and early, they were in the barber's shop, undergoing an operation that soon placed them upon a footing with the rest of mankind.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the clergyman did not appear in that singular procession of Sunday afternoon. He tied a handkerchief over his face, and taking his valise in his hand, started for Market Street, where it is presumed he found a good brother and a good razor in season to fill his appointment.

Let me give an illustration of a "practical joke," which is quite professional as well as practical with the operator, and in nine cases out of ten, no doubt, profitable withal. When I was in Paris in 1845, there came one day to my room in the Hotel Bedford, where I was staying, a smart little Frenchman with a case of instruments under his arm. He announced himself as a chiropodist who could instantly remove the worst corns, not only without pain, but he promised by means of a mysterious liniment in his possession to immediately heal the spot from which he removed the corn.

Now I had not a corn on my feet, but willing to test his wonderful powers, I told him to examine my left foot, and to remove a troublesome corn on the little toe. Surely enough he did remove and exhibit such a corn as I am sure would have prevented my walking, had I known that I was so grievously afflicted. He then poured some of his red oil on the toe and triumphantly showed me that the place had already entirely healed. Pretending to be delighted with his skill, I held out another toe for "operation," and watching him carefully I saw him slip a manufactured corn into his oil bottle, which, after fumbling awhile and pretending to pare the unoffending toe, he "extracted." More delighted than ever, I rang the bell, and told the servant to send up the landlord, as I wished him to witness the extraordinary

skill of the corn-doctor. The landlord arrived, and, after a few words of eulogy upon the chiropodist, I submitted another healthy toe, and forth came another monstrous corn; for the same process of extraction, with the same results, could have been performed on the foot of a marble statue.

It was now my turn, to "operate," so I rose and bolted the door and took off my coat, telling the "doctor" that I greatly admired his gold mounted instruments and the brazen impudence with which he swindled the public, but that this time he had "caught a Tartar," and that he could not leave the room till he had been searched.

The quack bristled up in grand style at what he termed my ungentlemanly behavior, and threatened if I touched him to bring me before the "Tribunal." I remarked that I rather thought the "Tribunal" was the last place on earth at which he desired to appear, and then assuring the landlord that the fellow was an arrant imposter, and that if he would assist me in searching him I would prove it and warrant that no harm should come to the searchers, he consented, and collared the chiropodist. The fellow seeing that we were resolved, quietly submitted. We first searched his pockets and found nothing; but upon examining his morocco instrument case, we discovered a drawer in which were eighty ready-made corns and a small piece of horn which furnished the raw material for the manufacture! Fortunately, my right foot was not bare, and I forthwith gave the chiropodist a lesson in the shape of a warm visitation of shoe-leather, which sent him flying downstairs, where the dose was doubled by an attentive servant till the chiropodist reached the street. He did not call at the Hotel Bedford again during my stay.

I was a good deal amused when I was in Brighton, England, during the same year, to see how some people manage to reconcile cash and conscience. Everyone knows that Brighton is a fashionable watering-place, frequented by all sorts of people; but the actual residents, many of whom are very wealthy, are supposed to be quite removed from the fashionable and other follies of the visitors from abroad during the "season." The millionaires of Brighton, when I was there, were great churchgoers, and at the same time were extensive owners in the stock of the railway which brought so many visitors to the place. It was therefore for their interest that trains should run on Sundays, as well as on other days, but as such a course would clash with their religious professions, it was necessary that some plan should be devised by which a compromise could be effected between profits and profession, cash and conscience—for the idea of ever sacrificing inter-

est to principle never enters the minds of those whose religion may be in their heads while it never reaches their hearts. The compromise between the duty and the dividends of the Brighton railway shareholders was effected as follows:

After a great deal of talk pro and con on the subject, the trains on Sunday were permitted to arrive and depart on the following conditions. But little noise and confusion was manifest and there were fewer porters employed about the station than on weekdays, obliging the arriving and departing passengers not only to look after, but to lift their baggage, and as bell-ringing, that is, locomotive bell-ringing, would disturb the sanctity of the Sabbath, a bugle gave notice of the incoming and outgoing of the trains. But even this was not enough; it was expressly stipulated that the bugle-player should play nothing but sacred music! Thus trains came in to "Old Hundred," or some similar Psalm tune, and went out to the air of "Dismission" common to the hymn commencing, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing." I do not know that this custom is still kept up at Brighton, but it certainly was so when I was there in 1845; and it was gravely recommended to others who favored a very strict observance of Sunday, and yet liked their dividends, or were eager for Sunday mails. In common phrase, it was whipping the Evil One round the stump in a curious way.

It reminded me of the good old deacon in Connecticut who was in the habit of selling milk to his neighbors on all days in the week. One Sunday, however, his parson came home with him to tea, and while they were at the table a little girl came in for a quart of milk. The deacon was afraid of being scandalized in the presence of the parson, and so he told the girl he did not sell milk on Sunday. The girl, who had been accustomed to buy on that day as on other days, was much surprised and turned to go away, when the sixpence in her hand was too much of a temptation for the deacon, who called out:

"Here, little girl! you can leave the money now, and call and get the milk tomorrow!"

During my journeyings abroad I was not wholly free from the usual infirmity of travellers, viz, a desire to look at the old castles of feudal times, whether in preservation or in ruins; but there was one of our party, Mr. H. G. Sherman, who had a peculiar and irresistible taste for the antique. He gathered trunks full of stone and timber mementos from every place of note which we visited; and, if there was anything which he admired more than

all else, it was an old castle. He spent many hours in clambering the broken walls of Kenilworth, in viewing the towers and dungeons of Warwick, and climbing the precipices of Dumbarton. When travelling by coach, Sherman always secured an outside seat, and, if possible, next to the coachman, so as to be able to make inquiries regarding everything which he might happen to see.

On our journey from Belfast to Drogheda, Sherman occupied his usual seat beside the driver, and asked him a thousand questions. The coachman was a regular wag, with genuine Irish wit, and he determined to have a little bit of fun at the expense of the inquisitive Yankee. As we came within eight miles of Drogheda, the watchful eye of Sherman caught the glimpse of a large stone pile, appearing like a castle, looming up among some trees in a field half a mile from the roadside.

"Oh, look here! what do you call that?" exclaimed Sherman, giving the coachman an elbowing in the ribs which was anything but pleasant.

"Faith," replied the coachman, "you may well ask what we call that, for divil a call do we know what to call it. That is a castle, sir, beyond all question the oldest in Ireland; indade, none of the old books nor journals contain any account of it. It is known, however, that Brian Borrhoime inhabited it some time, though it is supposed to have been built centuries before his day."

"I'll give you half-a-crown to stop the coach long enough for me to run and bring a scrap of it away," said Sherman.

"Sure, and isn't this the royal mail coach? and I would not dare detain it for half the Bank of Ireland," replied the honest coachman.

"How far is it to Drogheda?" inquired Sherman.

"About eight miles, more or less," answered the coachman.

"Stop your coach, and let me down then," replied Sherman; "I'll walk to Drogheda, and would sooner walk three times the distance than not have a nearer view, and carry off a portion of the oldest castle in Ireland."

With that Sherman dismounted, and, raising his umbrella to protect him from the cold rain which was falling in torrents, he marched off in the mud, calling out to me that I might expect him in Dublin by the next train to that which would take us from Drogheda, the railroad being then completed only to that point from Dublin.

We arrived in Dublin about five o'clock, cold and uncomfortable; but warm apartments and good fires were in waiting for us, and in a few hours

we had partaken of an excellent supper, and were as happy as lords. About nine o'clock in the evening, the door of our parlor was opened, and who should come in but poor Sherman, drenched to the skin with cold rain—the legs of his boots pulled over the bottoms of his pantaloons, and covered with thick mud to the very tops, and himself looking like a half-famished, weary and frozen traveller.

"For Heaven's sake, let me get to the fire!" exclaimed Sherman, and we were too much struck with his suffering appearance not to heed it.

"Well, Sherman," I remarked, "that must have been a tedious walk for you—eight long Irish miles through the rain and mud."

"I guess you would have thought so if you had walked it yourself," replied Sherman, doggedly.

"I hope you have brought away trophies enough from the castle to pay you for all this trouble," I continued.

"Oh, curse the castle!" exclaimed Sherman.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, you need not look surprised," replied Sherman; "for I have no doubt that you and that bog-trotting Irish coachman have had fun enough at my expense before this time."

I assured him that I positively had not heard the coachman speak on the subject, and begged him to tell me what had occurred to vex him in this manner.

"Why, if you don't already know," replied Sherman, "I would not have you know for twenty pounds, for you would be sure to publish it. However, now your curiosity is excited, you would be certain to find it all out, if you had to hire a post-chaise, and ride there on purpose; so I may as well tell you."

"Do tell me," I replied, "for I confess my curiosity is excited, and I am unable to guess why you are so angry; for I know you love to see castles, and that pleasure you surely have enjoyed, for I caught a glimpse of one myself."

"No, you have not seen a castle today, nor I either!" exclaimed Sherman.

"What on earth was it, then?" I asked.

"A thundering old limekiln!" exclaimed Sherman; "and I only wish I could pitch that infernal Irish coachman into it while it was under full blast!"

It was many a long day before Sherman heard the last of the limekiln; in fact, this trick of the Irish coachman rendered him cautious in making inquiries of strangers.

One day we rode to Donnybrook, the place so much celebrated for its fairs and its black eyes; for it would be quite out of character for Pat to attend a fair without having a flourish of the shillelah, and a scrimmage which would result in a few broken heads and bloody noses.

Near Donnybrook we saw something on the summit of a hill which appeared like a round stone tower. It was probably sixty feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high.

"I would like to know what that is," said Sherman.

I advised him to inquire of the first coachman that came along, but, with a forced smile, he declined my advice.

"It can't be a limekiln, at any rate," continued Sherman; "it must be a castle of some description."

The more we looked at it the more mysterious did it appear to us, and Sherman's castle-hunting propensities momentarily increased. At last he exclaimed: "A man who travels with a tongue in his head is a fool if he don't use it; and I am not going within a hundred rods of what may be the greatest curiosity in Ireland, without knowing it."

With that he turned our horse's head towards a fine-looking mansion on our right, where we halted. Sherman jumped from the carriage, opened the small gate, proceeded up the alley of the lawn fronting the house, and rang the bell. A servant appeared at the door; but Sherman, knowing the stupidity of Irish servants, was determined to apply at headquarters for the information he so much desired.

"Is your master in?" asked Sherman.

"I will see, sir. What name, if you plaze?"

"A stranger from the United States of America!" replied Sherman.

The servant departed, and in a minute returned and invited Sherman to enter the parlor. He found the gentleman of the mansion sitting by a pleasant fire, near which were also his lady and several visitors and members of the family. Sherman was not troubled with diffidence. Being seated, he hoped he would be excused for having called without an invitation; but the fact was, he was an American traveller, desirous of picking up all important information that might fall in his way.

The gentleman politely replied that no apology was necessary, that he was most happy to see him, and that any information which he could impart regarding that or any other portion of the country should be given with pleasure.

"Thank you," replied Sherman; "I will not trouble you except on a single point. I have seen all that is important in Dublin and its vicinity, and in and about Donnybrook; there is but one thing respecting which I want information, and that is the stone tower or castle which we see standing on the hill, about a quarter of a mile south of your house. If you could give me the name and history of that pile, I shall feel extremely obliged."

"Oh, nothing is easier," replied the gentleman, with a smile. "That 'pile,' as you call it, was built some forty years ago by my father; and it was a lucky 'pile' for him, for it was the only windmill in these parts, and always had plenty to do: but a few years ago a hurricane carried off the wings of the mill, and ever since that it has stood as it now does, a memorial of its former usefulness. Is there any other important information that I can give you?" asked the gentleman, with a smile.

"Not any," replied Sherman, rising to depart: "but perhaps I can give you some; and that is, that Ireland is, beyond all dispute, the meanest country I ever travelled in. The only two objects worthy of note that I have seen in all Ireland are a limekiln and the foundation for a windmill!"

Upon resuming his seat in the carriage, Sherman laughed immoderately, although he evidently felt somewhat chagrined by this second mistake in searching for ancient castles.

Calling one day in one of the principal hotels in Dublin, I noticed among the "rules" framed and hung in the coffee-room for the warning, instruction, or entertainment of the guests of the house, the following:

"No Gambling or Politics will be allowed to *take place* in this house, by any parties whatever."

How politics could "take place" in an Irish hotel, or elsewhere, would have been a mystery to me, if I did not remember that the "scrimmages" and rows, which often follow the mere discussion of politics, seemed to warrant the landlord in classing politics with gambling, or any other dangerous amusement which might take place in the coffee-room of an Irish inn.

Speaking of Irishmen, I am reminded of an illustration of ready Irish wit, which is located on the line of the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad. Some years ago, the Reverend Thomas Whittemore, a wealthy Universalist minis-

ter, who was a large stockholder in the road, was appointed president of the company; and, as he was exceedingly conscientious in the discharge of his duty, he once took upon himself to walk over every foot of the route, to see if every part of the road was in complete order. Walking along in this way and alone, he came to a place where a loose rail lay alongside of the track; and, seeing an Irishman near by, who was apparently employed on the road, Mr. Whittemore called out to him:

"Here, Pat, pick up this rail, and lay it alongside of the fence out of the way, till it is wanted."

It never occurred to Mr. Whittemore that every man whom he met did not know him and his official position; but Pat, not dreaming that his virtual employer, the president of the railroad company, was giving him an order, sharply answered:

"Jist go to the divil, will ye?"

"My dear friend," said the smiling Whittemore, who instantly comprehended "the situation"—that is, that Pat did not know him, and no particular wonder, either—"'go to the devil?' why, that is the last place I should desire to go to!"

"An' faith, an' I think it's the last place you *will* be goin' to," responded Pat.

Of railroads and railroad travel and employees I have heard and told no end of stories; but one of the latest and best, I think, is told of a man in a town "down East," who had some difficulty with a conductor, and vowed that not another cent of his money should ever go into the treasury of that company.

"But," said the conductor of the road, "you own property in one place on the line, and do business in another place, and are obliged to go back and forth almost every day: how are you going to help paying something to the company?"

"Oh! hereafter I shall pay my fare to you in the cars," was the reply.

It may be a joke, but conductors themselves, that is, some of them, are more or less facetious on the subject of what in the vernacular is known as "knocking down." Soon after the conductors on the New York and New Haven Railroad were put in costume while on duty, and were obliged to wear a badge bearing the initials of the company, my friend Rev. Dr. Chapin was accompanying me over the road to my Bridgeport home, when along came a conductor, whom we both knew well, to collect our fares.

"Ah, I see," said Dr. Chapin, pointing to the letters on the new badge, "N.H., N.Y.—'Neither Here, Nor Yonder."

"No," whispered the conductor confidentially in the Doctor's ear; "it means, 'New House, Next Year.'"

It is scarcely necessary to tell the thousands who know Dr. Chapin that he is a man of most ready wit, and an inveterate punster. One day, when we were dining together, I was carving a chicken, which the Doctor pronounced a "hen-ous offence," when, having some difficulty with a tough wing, I exclaimed:

"How shall I get the thing off, anyhow?"

"Pullet," gravely answered the Doctor.

"Eggsactly," said I.

Then began what the Doctor called a "battle of the spurs,"—I trying to "crow" over the Doctor, and he endeavoring to upset my "cackle-ations"; urging me meanwhile to "scratch away," till at last I told him, if he made another pun on that "lay," he would knock me off the roost.

"Oh, then," said the Doctor, finally feathering his nest, "Shan't I clear?!"

An equally fowl pun of the Doctor's was perpetrated in cold blood, or rather in very cold water, down at Rockport, Massachusetts. Thither every summer season were wont to congregate, for their vacation, such celebrated clergymen as Starr King, Dr. Chapin, and others, mainly for the fine sea-bathing there. One season Dr. Chapin arrived at least a fortnight behind the rest; and, when they went down bathing together, the acclimated visitors pronounced the water to be "delightful," "just right," and so on.

"But isn't it cold?" asked Dr. Chapin.

"Oh, no," replied Starr King; "you have only to go down and up twice, and you are warm enough."

"Ah, I see how it is," said Dr. Chapin, who tried the experiment and came up half frozen; "you are warm after down and up twice? Why, that's a pair o' ducks!"

Fowls naturally suggest the market, and this brings to mind a neighbor of mine in New York who keeps two things—a boardinghouse, and "bad hours." His wife justly suspected him of gambling; but he generally managed to get in before midnight, and always had money enough in his pocket to go to market with in the morning. On one occasion, however, after gambling all night, he did not come home till six o'clock in the morning, when, after a sound scolding from his wife for staying out all night and

"gambling," as she insisted, he was sent to market to get something for breakfast. Returning, he was again berated by his wife for gambling, he protesting all the while that he had been "spending the night with a sick friend."

His wife might have believed him, if he had not sat down at the head of the table, half asleep, and solemnly passed the bread to the nearest boarder with the exclamation—

"Cut!"

"*That's* your 'sick friend!'" exclaimed the wife, while a general roar around the table woke the host to the fact that he was passing bread, and not a pack of cards.

This story-telling carries me back to my boyhood days at Bethel, and brings to mind an old clerical acquaintance whom I knew long before I met Dr. Chapin. The Rev. Richard Varick Dey, who resided at Greenfield, Connecticut, was in the habit of coming to Bethel to preach on Sabbath evenings. He was a very eloquent preacher, and an eccentric man. He possessed fine talents; his sermons were rich in pathos and wit; and he was exceedingly popular with the world's people. The more straightlaced, however, were afraid of him. His remarks both in and out of the pulpit would frequently rub hard against some popular dogma, or knock in the head some favorite religious tenet. Mr. Dey was therefore frequently in hot water with the church, and was either "suspended," or about to be brought to trial for some alleged breach of ministerial duty, or some suspected heresy. While thus debarred from preaching, he felt that he must do something to support his family. With this view he visited Bethel, Danbury, and other towns, and delivered "Lectures," at the termination of which, contributions for his benefit were taken up. I remember his lecturing in Bethel on "Charity." This discourse overflowed with eloquence and pathos, and terminated in a contribution of more than fifty dollars.

It was said that on one occasion Mr. Dey was about to be tried before an ecclesiastical body at Middletown. There being no railroads in those days, many persons travelled on horseback. Two days before the trial was to take place, Mr. Dey started for Middletown alone, and on horseback. His valise was fastened behind the saddle; and, putting on his large greatcoat surmounted with a half a dozen broad "capes," as was the fashion of that period, and donning a broad-brimmed hat, he mounted his horse and started for the scene of trial.

On the second day of his journey, and some ten miles before reaching Middletown, he overtook a brother clergyman, also on horseback, who was wending his way to the Consociation.

He was a man perhaps sixty years of age, and his silvered locks stood out like porcupine quills. His iron visage, which seemed never to have worn a smile, his sinister expression, small, keen, selfish-looking eyes, and compressed lips, convinced Mr. Dey that he had no hope of mercy from that man as one of his judges. The reverend gentlemen soon fell into conversation. The sanctimonious clergyman gave his name and residence, and inquired those of Mr. Dey.

"My name is Mr. Richard," replied Rev. Richard V. Dey, "and my residence is Fairfield." (Greenfield is a parish in the town of Fairfield.)

"Ah," exclaimed the other clergyman; "then you live near Mr. Dey: do you know him?"

"Perfectly well," responded the eccentric Richard.

"Well, what do you think of him?" inquired the anxious brother.

"He is a wide-awake, cunning fellow, one whom I should be sorry to offend, for I would not like to fall into his clutches; but, if compelled to do so, I could divulge some things which would astonish our Consociation."

"Is it possible? Well, of course your duty to the Church and the Redeemer's cause will prompt you to make a clean breast of it, and divulge everything you know against the accused," responded the excited clergyman.

"It is hard to destroy a brother's reputation and break up the peace of his family," answered the meek Mr. Richard.

"It is the duty of the elect to expose and punish the reprobates," replied the sturdy Puritan.

"But had I not better first tell our brother his fault, and give him an opportunity to confess and be forgiven?"

"Our brother, as you call him, is undoubtedly a heretic, and the true faith is wounded by his presence amongst us. The Church must be purged from unbelief. We must beware of those who would introduce damnable heresies."

"Are you sure that Mr. Dey is an unbeliever?" inquired the modest Mr. Richard.

"I have heard that he throws doubt upon the Trinity—shrugs his shoulders at some portions of the Saybrook Platform, and has said that even

reprobates may sincerely repent, pray for forgiveness, and be saved; ay, that he even doubts the damnation of unregenerate infants!"

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mr. Richard.

"Yes, horrible indeed! But I trust that our Consociation will excommunicate him at once and forever. But what do you know concerning his belief?"

"I know nothing specially against his belief," responded Mr. Richard; "but I have witnessed some of his acts, which I should be almost sorry to expose."

"A mistaken charity. It is your duty to tell the Consociation all you know regarding the culprit, and I shall insist upon your doing so."

"I certainly desire to do that which is right and just; and, as I am but young in the ministry, I shall defer to your judgment, founded on age and experience. But I would prefer at first to state to you what I know, and then will be guided by your advice in regard to giving my testimony before the Consociation."

"A very proper course. You can state the facts to me, and I will give you my counsel. Now what do you know?"

"I know that on more than one occasion I have caught him in the act of kissing my wife," replied the injured Mr. Richard.

"I am not at all astonished," responded the clergyman; "such conduct coincides exactly with the opinion I had formed of the man. I commiserate you, sir, but I honor your sense of duty in divulging such important facts, even at the expense of exposing serious troubles in your domestic relations. But, sir, justice must have its course. These facts must be testified to before the Consociation. Do you know anything else against the delinquent?"

"I know something more; but it is of a nature so delicate, and concerns me personally so seriously, that I must decline divulging it."

"Sir, you cannot do that. I will not permit it, but will insist on your telling the whole truth before our Consociation, though your heartstrings were to break in consequence. I repeat, sir, that I sympathize with you personally, but personal feelings must be swallowed up in the promotion of public good. No sympathy for an individual can be permitted to clash with the interests of the true Church. You had better tell me, sir, all you know."

"Since you say that duty requires it, I will do so. I have caught him, under very suspicious circumstances, in my wife's bedroom," said the unfortunate Mr. Richard.

"Was your wife in bed?" inquired the man with the iron face.

"She was," faintly lisped the almost swooning Mr. Richard.

"Enough, enough," was the response. "Our Consociation will soon dispose of the Rev. Richard V. Dey."

The two clergymen had now arrived at Middletown. The Rev. Mr. Vinegarface rode to the parsonage while Mr. Dey, *alias* "Mr. Richard," went to a small and obscure inn.

The Consociation commenced the next day. This ecclesiastical body was soon organized, and, after disposing of several minor questions, it was proposed to take up the charges of heresy against the Rev. Mr. Dey. The accused, with a most demure countenance, was conversing with his quondam travelling companion of the day previous, who upon hearing this proposition instantly sprang to his feet, and informed the reverend Chairman that providentially he had been put in possession of facts which must necessarily result in the immediate expulsion of the culprit from the Church, and save the necessity of examining testimony on the question of heresy. "In fact," continued he, "I am prepared to prove that the Rev. Richard V. Dey has frequently kissed the wife of one of our brethren, and has also been caught in a situation which affords strong evidence of his being guilty of the crime of adultery!"

A thrill of horror and surprise ran through the assembly. Every eye was turned to Mr. Dey, who was seated so closely to the last speaker that he touched him as he resumed his seat. Mr. Dey's countenance was as placid as a May morning, and it required keen vision to detect the lurking smile of satisfaction that peeped from a corner of his eye. A few minutes of dead silence elapsed.

"Produce your witnesses," finally said the Chairman, in an almost sepulchral voice.

"I call on the Rev. Mr. Richard, of Fairfield, to corroborate under oath the charges which I have made," responded the hard-visaged Puritan.

Not a person moved. Mr. Dey looked as unconcerned as if he was an utter stranger to all present, and understood not the language which they were speaking.

"Where is the Rev. Mr. Richard?" inquired the venerable Chairman.

"Here he is," responded the accuser, familiarly tapping Mr. Dey on the shoulder.

The whole audience burst into such a roar of laughter as probably never was heard in a like Consociation before.

The accuser was almost petrified with astonishment at such inconceivable conduct on the part of that sedate religious assembly.

Mr. Dey alone maintained the utmost gravity.

"That, sir, is the Rev. Richard V. Dey," replied the Chairman, when order was restored.

The look of utter dismay which instantly marked the countenance of the accuser threw the assembly into another convulsion of laughter, during which Mr. Dey's victim withdrew, and was not seen again in Middletown. The charges of heresy were then brought forward. After a brief investigation, they were dismissed for want of proof, and Mr. Dey returned to Greenfield triumphant.

I have often heard Mr. Dey relate the following anecdote. A young couple called on him one day at his house in Greenfield. They informed him that they were from the southern portion of the State, and desired to be married. They were well dressed, made considerable display of jewelry, and altogether wore an air of respectability. Mr. Dey felt confident that all was right, and, calling in several witnesses, he proceeded to unite them in the holy bonds of wedlock.

After the ceremonies were concluded, Mr. Dey invited the happy pair (as was usual in those days) to partake of some cake and wine. They thus spent a social half-hour together, and, on rising to depart, the bridegroom handed Mr. Dey a twenty-dollar bank note; remarking that this was the smallest bill he had, but, if he would be so good as to pay their hotel bill (they had merely dined and fed their horse at the hotel), he could retain the balance of the money for his services. Mr. Dey thanked him for his liberality, and went at once to the hotel with the lady and gentleman, and informed the landlord that he would settle their bill. They proceeded on their journey, and the next day it was discovered that the banknote was a counterfeit, and that Mr. Dey had to pay nearly three dollars for the privilege of marrying this loving couple.

The newspapers in various parts of the State subsequently published facts which showed that the affectionate pair got married in every town they passed through—thus paying their expenses and fleecing the clergymen by means of counterfeits.

One of the deacons of Mr. Dey's church asked him if he usually kissed the bride at weddings. "Always," was the reply.

"How do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the deacon's next question. "In all such cases," replied Mr. Dey, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

My grandfather was a Universalist, and for various reasons, fancied or real, he was bitterly opposed to the Presbyterians in doctrinal views, though personally some of them were his warmest and most intimate friends. Being much attached to Mr. Dey, he induced that gentleman to deliver a series of Sunday evening sermons in Bethel; and my grandfather was not only on all these occasions one of the most prominent and attentive hearers, but Mr. Dey was always his guest. He would generally stop over Monday and Tuesday with my grandfather, and, as several of the most social neighbors were called in, they usually had a jolly time of it. Occasionally "mine host" would attack Mr. Dey good-naturedly on theological points, and would generally come off second best; but he delighted, although vanquished, to repeat the sharp answers with which Mr. Dey met his objections to the "Confession of Faith."

One day, when a dozen or more of the neighbors were present, and enjoying themselves in passing around the bottle, relating anecdotes, and cracking jokes, my grandfather called out in a loud tone of voice, which at once arrested the attention of all present:

"Friend Dey, I believe you pretend to believe in foreordination?"

"To be sure I do," replied Mr. Dey.

"Well, now, suppose I should spit in your face, what would you do?" inquired my grandfather.

"I hope that is not a supposable case," responded Mr. Dey, "for I should probably knock you down."

"That would be very inconsistent," replied my grandfather, exultingly; "for if I spat in your face it would be because it was foreordained I should do so: why then would you be so unreasonable as to knock me down?"

"Because it would be foreordained that I should knock you down," replied Mr. Dey, with a smile.

The company burst into a laugh, in which my grandfather heartily joined.

My father, as well as my grandfather, was very fond of a practical joke, and he lost no occasion which offered for playing off one upon his friends and neighbors. In addition to his store, tavern, and freight-wagon business to Norwalk, he kept a small livery-stable; and on one occasion, a young man named Nelson Beers applied to him for the use of a horse to ride to

Danbury, a distance of three miles. Nelson was an apprentice to the shoemaking business, nearly out of his time, was not overstocked with brains, and lived a mile and a half east of our village. My father thought that it would be better for Nelson to make his short journey on foot than to be at the expense of hiring a horse, but he did not tell him so.

We had an old horse named "Bob." Having reached an age beyond his teens, he was turned out in a bog lot near our house to die. He was literally a "living skeleton,"—much in the same condition of the Yankee's nag, which was so weak his owner had to hire his neighbor's horse to help him draw his last breath. My father, in reply to Nelson's application, told him that the livery horses were all out, and he had none at home except a famous "racehorse," which he was keeping in low flesh in order to have him in proper trim to win a great race soon to come off.

"Oh, do let me have him, Uncle Phile" (my father's name was Philo; but, as it was the custom in that region to call everybody uncle, or aunt, or squire, or deacon, or colonel, or captain, my father's general title among his acquaintances was "Uncle Phile"). "I will ride him very carefully, and not injure him in the least; besides, I will have him rubbed down and fed in Danbury," said Nelson Beers.

"He is too valuable an animal to risk in the hands of a young man like you," responded my father.

Nelson continued to importune, and my father to play off, until it was finally agreed that the horse could be had on the condition that he should in no case be ridden faster than a walk or slow trot, and that he should be fed four quarts of oats at Danbury.

Nelson started on his Rosinante, looking for all the world as if he was on a mission to the carrion crows; but he felt every inch a man, for he fancied himself astride of the greatest racehorse in the country, and realized that a heavy responsibility was resting on his shoulders, for the last words of my father to him were: "Now, Nelson, if any accident should happen to this animal while under your charge, you could not pay the damage in a lifetime of labor."

Old "Bob" was duly oated and watered at Danbury, and at the end of several hours Mr. Beers mounted him and started for Bethel. He concluded to take the "great pasture" road home, that being the name of a new road cut through swamps and meadows as a shorter route to our village. Nelson, for the nonce forgetting his responsibility, probably tried the speed of his race-

horse and soon broke him down. At all events something occurred to weaken old Bob's nerves, for he came to a standstill and Nelson was forced to dismount. The horse trembled with weakness and Nelson Beers trembled with fright. A small brook was running through the bogs at the roadside, and Beers, thinking that perhaps his "racehorse" needed a drink, led him into the stream. Poor old "Bob" stuck fast in the mud, and, not having strength to withdraw his feet, quietly closed his eyes, and, like a patriarch as he was, he dropped into the soft bed that was awaiting him, and died without a single kick.

No language can describe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe his eyes, and vainly tried to open those of his horse. He placed his ear at the mouth of poor old Bob, but took it away again in utter dismay. The breath had ceased.

At last Nelson, groaning as he thought of meeting my father, and wondering whether eternity added to time would be long enough for him to earn the value of the horse, took the bridle from the "deadhead," and unbuckling the girth, drew off the saddle, placed it on his own back, and trudged gloomily towards our village.

It was about sundown when my father espied his victim coming up the street with the saddle and bridle thrown across his shoulders, his face wearing a look of the most complete despair. My father was certain that old Bob had departed this life, and he chuckled inwardly and quietly, but instantly assumed a most serious countenance. Poor Beers approached more slowly and mournfully than if he was following a dear friend to the grave.

When he came within hailing distance my father called out, "Why, Beers, is it possible you have been so careless as to let that racehorse run away from you?"

"Oh, worse than that—worse than that, Uncle Phile," groaned Nelson.

"Worse than that! Then he has been stolen by some judge of valuable horses. Oh, what a fool I was to entrust him to anybody!" exclaimed my father, with well-feigned sorrow.

"No, he ain't stolen, Uncle Phile," said Nelson.

"Not stolen! Well, I am glad of that, for I shall recover him again; but where is he? I am afraid you have lamed him."

"Worse than that," drawled the unfortunate Nelson.

"Well, what is the matter? where is he? what ails him?" asked my father.

"Oh, I can't tell you—I can't tell you!" said Beers with a groan.

"But you must tell me," returned my father.

"It will break your heart," groaned Beers.

"To be sure it will if he is seriously injured," replied my father; "but where is he?"

"He is dead!" said Beers, as he nerved himself up for the announcement, and then, closing his eyes, sank into a chair completely overcome with fright.

My father groaned in a way that started Nelson to his feet again. All the sensations of horror, intense agony, and despair were depicted to the life on my father's countenance.

"Oh, Uncle Phile, Uncle Phile, don't be too hard with me; I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world," said Beers.

"You can never recompense me for that horse," replied my father.

"I know it, I know it, Uncle Phile; I can only work for you as long as I live, but you shall have my services till you are satisfied after my apprenticeship is finished," returned Beers.

After a short time my father became more calm, and, although apparently not reconciled to his loss, he asked Nelson how much he supposed he ought to owe him.

"Oh, I don't know; I am no judge of the value of blood horses, but I have been told they are worth fortunes sometimes," replied Beers.

"And mine was one of the best in the world," said my father, "and in such perfect condition for running—all bone and muscle."

"Oh, yes, I saw that," said Beers, despondingly, but with a frankness that showed he did not wish to deny the great claims of the horse and his owner.

"Well," said my father, with a sigh, "as I have no desire to go to law on the subject, we had better try to agree upon the value of the horse. You may mark on a slip of paper what sum you think you ought to owe me for him, and I will do the same; we can then compare notes, and see how far we differ."

"I will mark," said Beers, "but, Uncle Phile, don't be too hard with me."

"I will be as easy as I can, and endeavor to make some allowance for your situation," said my father; "but, Nelson, when I think how valuable that horse was, of course I must mark something in the neighborhood of the amount of cash I could have received for him. I believe, however, Nelson, that you are an honest young man, and are willing to do what you think is about right. I therefore wish to caution you not to mark down one cent more

than you really think, under the circumstances, you ought to pay me when you are able, and for which you are now willing to give me your note of hand. You will recollect that I told you, when you applied for the horse, that I did not wish to let him go."

Nelson gave my father a grateful look, and assented to all he said. At least a dozen of our joke-loving neighbors were witnessing the scene with great apparent solemnity. Two slips of paper were prepared; my father marked on one, and after much hesitation, Beers wrote on the other.

"Well, let us see what you have marked," said my father.

"I suppose you will think it is too low," replied Beers, handing my father the slip of paper.

"Only three hundred and seventy-five dollars!" exclaimed my father, reading the paper; "well, there is a pretty specimen of gratitude for you!"

Nelson was humbled, and could not muster sufficient courage to ask my father what *he* had marked. Finally one of our neighbors asked my father to show his paper—he did so. He had marked, "*Six and a quarter cents*." Our neighbor read it aloud, and a shock of mirth ensued, which fairly lifted Beers to his feet. It was some time before he could comprehend the joke, and when he became fully aware that no harm was done, he was the happiest fellow I have ever seen.

I might fill a volume with these reminiscences of my younger days, but turning once more to my foreign notebooks, I find material there which seems to claim a place in this story-chapter. I am never tired of telling and laughing at some of my mishaps and adventures in trying to use the French language, when I first went abroad. It was no unusual thing to travel half a day in a "diligence," or in the cars, with some Englishman, as I would afterwards discover, both of us doing our best to make ourselves intelligible to each other in French, till at last, in despair, one or the other would utter the conventional conundrum:

"*Parlez-vous Anglais?*"

"Why, of course; I am an American" (or an Englishman); and then a mutual roar would follow.

American, or English, or Dutch French is generally quite a different thing from "French French." Thus I could always understand the Dutchmen who spoke to me in French in Amsterdam, and I may add, they could perfectly understand me. We spoke the same *patois*. I wrote to my wife, I remember,

from Amsterdam, that I found they spoke much purer French in that city than in Paris!

Once on arriving in Paris at the station of the Northern Railway, I, with other passengers, was in the room devoted to the examination of baggage. Among the rest, was a party consisting of a New York merchant and his wife, with their daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who was at once volatile and voluble. Undoubtedly, she had spoken the best Madison-Avenue school French for five years or more; and with this she fairly overwhelmed the official interpreter who was present. After hearing her for full five minutes, the interpreter gravely asked:

"Do you speak English, Miss?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Well, speak English then, if you please, for I can understand your English better than I can your French."

I was one evening at the house of my friend, Mr. John Nimmo, in Paris, and while waiting for him and his family to return from the theater, was entertained for an hour or more by two very agreeable young ladies, to whom I made such reply in French, from time to time, as I could. At last came the inevitable inquiry as to the capacity of the young ladies in the English language:

"Why, bless us, Mr. Barnum," was the reply; "we are Scotch governesses, who are here in Paris simply to learn French!"

The last time I went from France to England, arriving late at night, I stopped in Dover, at the hotel nearest the customhouse, so as to look after my luggage next day. Ringing my bell early in the morning, for shaving-water, half asleep I called out to the serving-maid for "*l'eau chaude*."

"Please, sir," was the reply, "I do not speak French."

"Nor I, either," said I, promptly; "just bring me some hot water, if you please."

But some of the English have a queer way of speaking their own language, and the cockney's management of what he would call the "haspirate" is sufficiently familiar. Crowding into Exeter Hall, London, at an entertainment, one evening, I heard the usher just before me shouting out seats, as he looked at the checks, in this fashion:

"Letter Ha, first row; letter Hef, sixth row; letter He, fifth row; letter Hi, ninth row"; and so on. Seeing that my own check was "L," I showed it to him, and quietly inquired:

“Where do I go to, usher?”

“You go to Hell,” was the prompt response; which was not intended to be either profane or impolite.

But I must bring this story-telling chapter—an episode in the narrative of graver events in my autobiography—to a close, and discourse of Seaside Park and Waldemere.

# XLVI

## Seaside Park

Interest in Public Improvements—Old Park Projects—Opposition of Old Fogies—The Sound Shore at Bridgeport—Inaccessible Property—The Eye of Faith—Talking to the Farmers—Reaching the Public Through the Papers—How the Land Was Secured for a Great Pleasure-Ground—Gifts to the People—Opening of Seaside Park—The Most Beautiful Ground Between New York and Boston—Magnificent Drives—The Advantages of the Location—Music for the Million—By the Seaside—Future of the Park—A Perpetual Blessing to Posterity.

From the time when I first settled in Bridgeport and turned my attention to opening and beautifying new avenues, and doing whatever lay in my power to extend and improve that charming city, I was exceedingly anxious that public parks should be established, especially one where good driveways, and an opportunity for the display of the many fine equipages for which Bridgeport is celebrated, could be afforded. Mr. Noble and I began the movement by presenting to the city the beautiful ground in East Bridgeport now known as Washington Park—a most attractive promenade and breathing place and a continual resort for citizens on both sides of the river, particularly in the summer evenings, when one of the city bands is an additional attraction to the pleasant spot. Thus our new city was far in advance of Bridgeport proper in providing a prime necessity for the health and amusement of the people.

Our park projects in the city date as far back as the year 1850. At that time, by an arrangement with Deacon David Sherwood, who lived in Fairfield, a few rods west of the Bridgeport line, and who owned land adjoining mine, we agreed to throw open a large plot of ground free to the public, provided State Street, in Bridgeport, was continued west so as to pass through

this land. But a few "old fogies" through whose land the street would pass, thereby improving their property thousands of dollars in value, stupidly opposed the project in the Fairfield town-meeting, and the measure was defeated. Seventeen years afterwards, in 1867, after a long sleep, these same old fogies managed to awake, as did the citizens of Fairfield generally, and then State Street was extended without opposition; but property, to some extent, had changed hands and had largely increased in value, so that the chance of having a free park in that locality was forever lost, and the town was actually obliged to pay Deacon Sherwood for the privilege of continuing the highway through his land. How many similar opportunities for benefiting the public and posterity in all coming time are carelessly thrown away in every town, through the mere stupidity of mole-eyed landowners, who stand as stumbling-blocks not only in the way of public improvements, but directly in opposition to their individual interests, and thus for scores of years rob the community of the pleasures to be derived from broad avenues lined with shade-trees and from open and free public grounds.

Up to the year 1865, the shore of Bridgeport west of the public wharves, and washed by the waters of Long Island Sound, was inaccessible to carriages, or even to horsemen, and almost impossible for pedestrianism. The shore edge in fact was strewn with rocks and boulders, which made it, like "Jordan" in the song, an exceedingly "hard road to travel." A narrow lane reaching down to the shore enabled parties to drive near to the water for the purpose of clamming, and occasionally bathing; but it was all claimed as private property by the land proprietors, whose farms extended down to the water's edge. On several occasions at low tide, I endeavored to ride along the shore on horseback for the purpose of examining "the lay of the land," in the hope of finding it feasible to get a public drive along the water's edge. On one occasion, in 1863, I succeeded in getting my horse around from the foot of Broad Street in Bridgeport to a lane over the Fairfield line, a few rods west of "Iranistan Avenue," a grand street which I have since opened at my own expense, and through my own land. From the observations I made that day, I was satisfied that a most lovely park and public drive might be, and ought to be opened along the whole waterfront as far as the western boundary line of Bridgeport, and even extending over the Fairfield line.

Foreseeing that in a few years such an improvement would be too late, and having in mind the failure of the attempt in 1850 to provide a park for the people of Bridgeport, I immediately began to agitate the subject in the

Bridgeport papers, and also in daily conversations with such of my fellow-citizens as I thought would take an earnest and immediate interest in the enterprise. I urged that such an improvement would increase the taxable value of property in that vicinity many thousands of dollars, and thus enrich the city treasury; that it would improve the value of real estate generally in the city; that it would be an additional attraction to strangers who came to spend the summer with us, and to those who might be induced from other considerations to make the city their permanent residence; that the improvement would throw into market some of the most beautiful building-sites that could be found anywhere in Connecticut; and I dwelt upon the absurdity, almost criminality, that a beautiful city like Bridgeport, lying on the shore of a broad expanse of salt water, should so cage itself in, that not an inhabitant could approach the beach. With these and like arguments and entreaties I plied the people day in and day out, till some of them began to be familiarized with the idea that a public park close upon the shore of the Sound was at least a possible if not probable thing.

But certain "conservatives," as they are called, said: "Barnum is a hair-brained fellow, who thinks he can open and people a New-York Broadway through a Connecticut wilderness"; and the "old fogies" added: "Yes, he is trying to start another chestnut-wood fire for the city to blow forever; but the city or town of Bridgeport will not pay out money to lay out or to purchase public parks. If people want to see green grass and trees, they have only to walk or drive half a mile either way from the city limits, and they will come to farms where they can see either or both for nothing; and, if they are anxious to see salt water, and to get a breath of the Sound breeze, they can take boats at the wharves, and sail or row till they are entirely satisfied."

Thus talked the conservatives and the "old fogies," who unhappily, even if they are in a minority, are always a force in all communities. I soon saw that it was of no use to expect to get the city to pay for a park. The next thing was to see if the land could not be procured free of charge, or at a nominal cost, provided the city would improve and maintain it as a public park. I approached the farmers who owned the land lying immediately upon the shore, and tried to convince them that, if they would give the city free, a deep slip next to the water, to be used as a public park, it would increase in value the rest of their land so much as to make it a profitable operation for them. But it was like beating against the wind. 'They were not so stupid as

to think that they could become gainers by giving away their property.' Such trials of patience as I underwent in a twelvemonth, in the endeavor to carry this point, few persons who have not undertaken like almost hopeless labor can comprehend. At last I enlisted the attention of Messrs. Nathaniel Wheeler, James Loomis, Francis Ives, Frederick Wood, and a few more gentlemen, and persuaded them to walk with me over the ground, which to me seemed in every way practicable for a park. These gentlemen, who were men of taste as well as of enterprise and public spirit, very soon coincided in my ideas as to the feasibility of the plan and the advantages of the site; and some of them went with me to talk with the landowners, adding their own pleas to the arguments I had already advanced. At last, after much pressing and persuading, we got the terms upon which the proprietors would give a portion and sell another portion of their land which fronted on the water, provided the land thus disposed of should forever be appropriated to the purposes of a public park. But unfortunately a part of the land it was desirable to include was the small Mallett farm, of some thirty acres, then belonging to an unsettled estate, and neither the administrator nor the heirs could or would give away a rod of it. But the whole farm was for sale—and, to overcome the difficulty in the way of its transfer for the public benefit, I bought it for about $12,000, and then presented the required front to the park. I did not want this land or any portion of it for my own purposes or profit, and I offered a thousand dollars to anyone who would take my place in the transaction; but no one accepted, and I was quite willing to contribute so much of the land as was needed for so noble an object. Indeed, besides this, I gave $1,400 towards purchasing other land and improving the park; and, after months of persistent and personal effort, I succeeded in raising, by private subscription, the sum necessary to secure the land needed. This was duly paid for, deeded to and accepted by the city, and I had the pleasure of naming this new and great public improvement, "Seaside Park."

Public journals are generally exponents of public opinion; and how the people viewed the new purchase, now their own property, may be judged by the following extracts from the leading local newspapers, when the land for the new enterprise was finally secured:

### Our Seaside Park.

[From the *Bridgeport Standard*, August 21, 1865.]

Bridgeport has taken another broad stride of which she may well be proud. The Seaside Park is a fixed fact. Yesterday Messrs. P. T. Barnum, Captain John Brooks, Mr. George Bailey, Captain Burr Knapp, and Henry Wheeler generously donated to this city sufficient land for the Park, with the exception of seven or eight acres, which have been purchased by private subscriptions. Last night the Common Council appointed excellent Park Commissioners, and work on the seawall and the avenues surrounding the Park will be commenced at once. Besides securing the most lovely location for a park to be found between New York and Boston, which for all time will be a source of pride to our city and State, there is no estimating the pecuniary advantage which this great improvement will eventually prove to our citizens. Plans are on foot and enterprises are agitated in regard to a park hotel, seaside cottages, horse railroad branch, and other features, which, when consummated, will serve to amaze our citizens to think that such a delightful seaside frontage has been permitted to lie so long unimproved. To Mr. P. T. Barnum, we believe, is awarded the credit of originating this beautiful improvement, and certainly to his untiring, constant, and persevering personal efforts are we indebted for its being finally consummated. Hon. James C. Loomis was the first man who heartily joined with Barnum in pressing the plan of a seaside park upon the attention of our citizens, but it is due to our citizens themselves to say that, with an extraordinary unanimity, they have not only voted to appropriate $10,000 from the city treasury to making the avenues around the Park, and otherwise improving it, but they have also generously aided by private contributions in purchasing such land as was not freely given for the Park. Of course, we shall not only, at an early day, publish the names of such citizens as have subscribed money for this purpose, but they will also be handed down to posterity, as they will richly deserve, in the publication of the Park Commissioners.

[From the *Bridgeport Standard*, August 21, 1865.]

The names of P. T. Barnum, Capt. John Brooks, Mr. George Bailey, Capt. Burr Knapp and Henry Wheeler have gone into history as the generous contributors to the best enterprise ever attempted for the benefit of our city; and the city has accepted the trust with the most commendable promptness, and appointed its commissioners, who have al-

ready entered upon their duties. We shall watch now with eager interest the unfolding and development of such a park as can nowhere be found on either side of the Sound, and one which shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to our city.

It needs but the hand of skilful art, assisted by a proper public spirit, to render the Seaside Park a charmed spot of delightful resort for public drives or private walks. The commissioners chosen to superintend the inauguration of the laying out and improvements of the grounds are men of correct taste, of good judgment and of liberal and comprehensive views as to the wants and demands of a growing city like Bridgeport. They understand that Nature is here to be made so attractive by Art, that all classes shall be drawn hither not merely for the pleasure of enjoying a favorite resort but also for the profit which comes to the nobler impulses of our nature, by the contemplation of cunning handicraft upon the landscape, as God left it for man to adorn and beautify. Here will be planted trees of every variety that will endure the temperature of this latitude, and flowers of every hue and perfume; here will walks serpentine through shady groves, and anon lead out to behold the broad expanse of the beautiful Sound.

Someone has aptly said, that one work of art was worth a thousand lectures on art. Here, then, let the statues of the artist be placed, to educate the masses by their silent teachings, and win them to higher ideas and better views of life by their mute eloquence. One feature of American parks is especially worthy of mention: they are essentially and emphatically democratic. They are made for the people, and are in turn appreciated by the people. They are open alike to the millionnaire with his coach-and-six, and the poor pedestrian without a penny. The advantages possessed by Bridgeport as a manufacturing city are becoming daily more and more appreciated by businessmen from various portions of the country. There is no city in the State which can compare with ours in the recent erection of large and permanent manufacturing establishments. This fact brings into our midst a large industrial population, for which, even now, the supply of dwellings is inadequate to the demand. This population, commingling and combining with our own, and possessing energy, enterprise, business tact and intelligence, will rapidly develop the resources of our city and its surroundings for mechanical pursuits, and the productions of the various manufacturing

establishments already erected, or in process of erection. To such a class, the benefits of a Park, possessing such facilities for recreation and improvement as the Seaside Park will present, will be incalculable, in fostering the health, promoting the happiness, and elevating the taste of all who can avail themselves of its beneficial influences.

To the public-spirited gentlemen who have so generously donated to the city the land for the Seaside Park, Bridgeport owes a debt of gratitude which she can never repay. Their names will descend to posterity, and be remembered with pride and exultation as among the noblest of public benefactors, so long as the flowers bloom and the waves wash the margin of the Seaside Park. No citizen of Bridgeport, identified with her growth and prosperity, and having the future welfare of the city at heart, should fail to contribute, in such a manner as best he may, to such a grand improvement. Let our citizens take hold of this noble enterprise with that large and liberal spirit in which it has been conceived and thus far consummated, and Bridgeport will ere long possess an attraction which will draw hither for permanent residence much of the wealth and intelligence, refinement and virtue of the great metropolis, which now sequesters itself along the banks of the Hudson, or among the sand-knolls of New Jersey.

Thus was my long-cherished plan at length fulfilled; nor did my efforts end here, for I aided and advised in all important matters in the laying out and progress of the new park; and in July, 1869, I gave to the city several acres of land, worth at the lowest valuation $5,000, which were added to and included in this public pleasure-ground, and now make the west end of the park.

At the beginning, the park on paper and the park in reality were two quite different things. The inaccessibility of the site was remedied by approaches which permitted the hundreds of workmen to begin to grade the grounds, and to lay out the walks and drives. The rocks and boulders over which I had more than once attempted to make my way on foot and on horseback were devoted to the building of a substantial seawall, under the able superintendence of Mr. David W. Sherwood. Paths were opened, shade-trees were planted; and fortunately there was in the very center of the ground a beautiful grove of full growth, which is one of the most attractive features of this now charming spot; and a broad and magnificent drive follows the

curves of the shore and encircles the entire park. Although work is constantly going on and much remains to be done, yet a considerable portion of the park presents a finished appearance: a large covered music-stand has been built; and, on a rising piece of the ground, a substantial foundation has been built for a Soldiers' Monument. The cornerstone of this monument was laid with impressive ceremonies and a military display, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens and soldiers, among whom were Major-General Alfred H. Terry, U.S.A.; Major-General and Governor Joseph H. Hawley; Adjutant-General Charles T. Stanton; Quartermaster-General Julius S. Gilman; Surgeon-General Philo G. Rockwell; Paymaster-General William B. Wooster; Aides-de-Camp and Colonel John H. Burnham, Alford P. Rockwell, William H. Mallory, Charles M. Coit, General S. W. Kellogg, of the First Brigade; Colonel S. E. Merwin, Jr., Colonel Crawford, and other officers of the Governor's staff, and of the Connecticut State Militia.

The branch horse-railroad already reaches one of the main entrances, and brings down crowds of people every day and evening, and especially on the evenings in which the band plays. At such times the avenues are not only thronged with superb equipages and crowds of people, but the whole harbor is alive with rowboats, sailboats and yachts. The views on all sides are charming. In the rear is the city, with its roofs and spires; Black Rock and Stratford lights are in plain sight; to the eastward and southward stretches "Old Long Island's seagirt shore"; and between lies the broad expanse of the salt water, with its ever "fresh" breezes, and the perpetual panorama of sails and steamers. I do not believe that a million dollars today would compensate the city of Bridgeport for the loss of what is confessed to be the most delightful public pleasure-ground between New York and Boston.

For these magnificent results, accomplished in so short a time, the people of Bridgeport are indebted to the park commissioners, and especially to Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, whose untiring energy and exquisite taste have been mainly instrumental in bringing this work forward to its present state of completion.

There is easy and cheap access to this ground by means of the horse-railroad from East Bridgeport and Fairfield, and numerous avenues open directly upon the park from Bridgeport. It is the daily resort of thousands, who go to inhale the salt sea-air; and the main drive is already, on a lesser scale, to the citizens of Bridgeport, what the grand avenue in Central Park is to the people of New York; with this priceless advantage, however, in favor of

Seaside Park, of a frontage on the Sound, and a shore on which the waves are ever breaking, and sounding the grand, unending story of the mysteries of the great deep.

On the western and northern margins of this public ground, in sight of the Sound and in full view of every part of the park, will hereafter be built the villas and mansions of the wealthiest citizens, and, when the hand that now pens these lines is stilled forever, and thousands look from these seaside residences across the water to Long-Island shore, and over the groves and lawns and walks and drives of the beautiful ground at their feet, it may be a source of gratification and pride to my posterity to hear the expressions of gratitude that possibly will be expressed to the memory of their ancestor who secured to all future generations the benefits and blessings of Seaside Park.

# XLVII

## WALDEMERE

My Private Life—Plans for the Public Benefit in Bridgeport—Opening Avenues—Planting Shade-Trees—Old Fogies—Conservatism a Curse to Cities—Benefiting Barnum's Property—Sale of Lindencroft—Living in a Farmhouse—By the Seashore—Another New Home—Waldemere—How It Came to Be Built—Magic and Money—Wavewood and the Petrel's Nest—My Farm—The Holland Blanket Cattle—My City Residence—Comforts of City Life—Begging Letters—My Family—Religious Reflections—My Fifty-Ninth Birthday—The End of the Record.

What I can call, without undue display of egotism or vanity, my "public life," may be said to have closed with my formal and final retirement from the managerial profession, when my second Museum was destroyed by fire, March 3, 1868. But he must have been a careless reader of these pages, which record the acts and aspirations of a long and industrious career, who does not see that what, in opposition to my "public life," may be considered my "private life," has also been largely devoted to the comfort, convenience, and permanent prosperity of the community with which so many of my hopes and happiest days are thoroughly identified. I speak of these things, I trust, with becoming modesty, and yet with less reluctance than I should do, if my fellow-citizens of Bridgeport had not generally and generously awarded me sometimes, perhaps, more than my need of praise for my unremitting and earnest efforts to promote whatever would conduce to the growth and improvement of our charming city.

When I first selected Bridgeport as a permanent residence for my family, its nearness to New York and the facilities for daily transit to and from the metropolis were present and partial considerations only in the general advantages the location seemed to offer. Nowhere, in all my travels in Ameri-

ca and abroad, had I seen a city whose very position presented so many and varied attractions. Situated on Long Island Sound, with that vast water-view in front, and on every other side a beautiful and fertile country with every variety of inland scenery, and charming drives which led through valleys rich with well-cultivated farms, and over hills thick-wooded with far-stretching forests of primeval growth—all these natural attractions appeared to me only so many aids to the advancement the beautiful and busy city might attain, if public-spirit, enterprise, and money grasped and improved the opportunities the locality itself extended. I saw that what Nature had so freely lavished must be supplemented by yet more liberal Art.

Consequently, and quite naturally, when I projected and established my first residence in Bridgeport, I was exceedingly desirous that all the surroundings of Iranistan should accord with the beauty and completeness of that place. I was never a victim to that mania which possesses many men of even moderate means to "own everything that joins them," and I knew that Iranistan would so increase the value of surrounding property that none but first-class residences would be possible in the vicinity. But there was other work to do, which, while affording advantageous approaches to my property, would at the same time be a lasting benefit to the public; and so I opened Iranistan Avenue, and other broad and beautiful streets, through land which I freely purchased and as freely gave to the public, and these highways are now the most convenient as well as charming in the city.

To have opened all these new avenues, in their entire length, at my own cost, and through my own ground, would have required a confirmation of Miss Lavinia Warren's opinion, that what little of the city of Bridgeport and the adjacent town of Fairfield was not owned by General Tom Thumb, belonged to P. T. Barnum. It is true that, apart from my East Bridgeport property, I became a very large owner of real estate on the other side of the river, in Bridgeport proper and in Fairfield, my purchases in Fairfield lying on and so near to the boundary line—Division Street—as virtually to be in Bridgeport. Everywhere through my own lands I laid out and threw open to the public, streets of the generous width which distinguished the old "King's roads" in the colonies, before grasping farmers and others encroached upon, and fenced in as private property, land that really belonged to the public forever; and on both sides of every avenue I laid out and planted a profusion of elms and other trees. In this way, I have opened miles of new streets, and have planted thousands of shade-trees in Bridgeport; for I think there is

much wisdom in the advice of the Laird of Dumbiedikes, in Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian," who sensibly says: "When ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing when ye're sleeping." But, in establishing new streets, too often, when I had gone through my own land, the project came literally to an end; some "old fogy" blocked the way—my way, his own way, and the highway—and all I could do would be to jump over his field, and continue my new street through land I might own on the other side, till I reached the desired terminus in the end or continuation of some other street; or till, unhappily, I came to a dead standstill at the ground of some other "old fogy," who, like the original owners of what is now the shore-front of Seaside Park, "did not believe there was money to be made by giving away their property."

And this is the manner in which these old fogies talked: "We don't believe in these improvements of Barnum's. What's the use of them? We can get to the city by the old road or street, as we have done for forty years. The new street will cut the pasture or mowing-lot in two, and make a checkerboard of the farm. It was bad enough to have the railroad go through, and we would have prevented that if we could; but this new street business is all bosh!" And then, singularly enough, every old fogy would wind up with: "I declare, I believe the whole thing is only to benefit Barnum, so that he can sell land, which he bought anywhere from sixty to two hundred dollars an acre, at the rate of five thousand dollars an acre in building-lots, as he is actually doing today."

It is strange indeed that these men, who could see the benefit to "Barnum's property" by opening new streets which would immediately convert cheap farm and pasture land into choice and high-priced building-lots, should not see that precisely the same thing would proportionately increase the value of their own property. Conservatism may be a good thing in the state, or in the church, but it is fatal to the growth of cities; and the conservative notions of old fogies make them indifferent to the requirements which a very few years in the future will compel, and blind to their own best interests. Such men never look beyond the length of their noses, and consider every investment a dead loss unless they can get the sixpence profit into their pockets before they go to bed. My own long training and experience as a manager impelled me to carry into such private enterprises as the purchase of real estate that best and most essential managerial quality of instantly deciding, not only whether a venture was worth undertaking, but

what, all things considered, that venture would result in. Almost any man can see how a thing will begin, but not every man is gifted with the foresight to see how it will end, or how, with the proper effort, it may be made to end. In East Bridgeport, where we had no "conservatives" to contend with, we were only a few years in turning almost tenantless farms into a populous and prosperous city. On the other side of the river, while the opening of new avenues, the planting of shade-trees, and the building of many houses, have afforded me the highest pleasures of my life, I confess that not a few of my greatest annoyances have been occasioned by the opposition of those who seem to be content to simply vegetate through their existence, and who looked upon me as a restless, reckless innovator, because I was trying to remove the moss from everything around them, and even from their own eyes.

In the summer of 1867, the health of my wife continuing to decline, her physician directed that she should remove nearer to the seashore; and, as she felt that the care of a large establishment like Lindencroft was more than she could bear, I sold that place. I have already spoken of my building of this residence. It was emphatically a labor of love. All that taste and money could do was fairly lavished upon Lindencroft; so that, when all was finished, it was not only a complete house in all respects, but it was a perfect home. And a home I meant it to be, in every and the best sense of the word, for my declining years. Consequently, from basement to attic, everything was constructed, by days' work, in the most perfect manner possible. Convenience and comfort were first consulted, and thereafter, with no attempt at ostentation, elegance, pure and simple, predominated and permeated everywhere. No first-class house in the metropolis was more replete with all that goes to constitute a complete dwelling-place. Under this new roof I gathered my library, my pictures, my souvenirs of travel in other lands, and assembled my household "gods"; while the surrounding grounds, adorned with statuary and fountains, displayed also, in the walks, the arbors, the lawns, the garden, the piled-up rocks even, the profusion of trees and shrubbery, and the wealth of rare and beautiful flowers, my wife's exquisite taste, which in times past had made the grounds of our loved and lost Iranistan so celebrated as well as charming. It was hard indeed to tear ourselves from this fascinating spot, but there are times when even the charms of home must be sacrificed to the claims of health.

Lindencroft was sold July 1, 1867, and we immediately removed for a summer's sojourn to a small farmhouse adjoining Seaside Park. During the hot days of the next three months we found the delightful sea-breeze so bracing and refreshing that the season passed like a happy dream, and we resolved that our future summers should be spent on the very shore of Long Island Sound. I did not, however, perfect my arrangements in time to prepare my own summer residence for the ensuing season; and during the hot months of 1868 we resided in a new and very pretty house I had just completed on State Street, in Bridgeport, and which I subsequently sold, as I intended doing when I built it. But, towards the end of the summer, I added by purchase to the Mallett farm, adjoining Seaside Park, a large and beautiful hickory grove, which seemed to be all that was needed to make the site exactly what I desired for a summer residence. It will be remembered that I bought this Mallett farm, not for myself, but so that a portion of it could be devoted to the public park; and, a generous slice having been thus given away, there were several acres remaining which were admirably adapted to one or more residences, and the purchase of the grove property made the location nearly perfect.

But there was a vast deal to do in grading and preparing the ground, in opening new streets and avenues as approaches to the property, and in setting out trees near the proposed site of the house; so that ground was not broken for the foundation till October. I planned a house which should combine the greatest convenience with the highest comfort, keeping in mind always that houses are made to live in as well as to look at, and to be "homes" rather than mere residences. So the house was made to include abundant room for guests, with dressing-rooms and baths to every chamber; water from the city throughout the premises; gas, manufactured on my own ground; and that greatest of all comforts, a semidetached kitchen, so that the smell as well as the secrets of the cuisine might be confined to its own locality. The stables and gardens were located far from the mansion, on the opposite side of one of the newly opened avenues, so that in the immediate vicinity of the house, on either side and before both fronts, stretched large lawns, broken only by the grove, single shade-trees, rock-work, walks, flowerbeds and drives. The whole scheme as planned was faithfully carried out in less than eight months. The first foundation stone was laid in October, 1868; and we moved into the completed house in June following, in 1869.

It required a regiment of faithful laborers and mechanics, and a very considerable expenditure of money, to accomplish so much in so short a space of time. Those who saw a comparatively barren waste thus suddenly converted to a blooming garden, and, by the successful transplanting and judicious placing of very large and full-grown forest trees, made to seem like a long-settled place, considered the creation of my new summer home almost a work of magic; but there is no magic when determination and dollars combine to achieve a work. When we moved into this new residence, we formally christened the place "Waldemere,"—literally, but not so euphoniously, "Waldammeer," "Woods-by-the-Sea,"—for I preferred to give this native child of my own conception an American name of my own creation.

On the same estate, and fronting the new avenue I opened between my own property and the public park, I built at the same time two beautiful cottages, one of which is known as the "Petrel's Nest," and the other, occupied by my eldest daughter, Mrs. Thompson, and my youngest daughter, Mrs. Seeley, as a summer residence, is called "Wavewood." From the east front of Waldemere, across the sloping lawn, and through the reaches of the grove, these cottages are in sight, and before the three residences stretches the broad Sound, with nothing to cut off the view, and nothing intervening but the western portion of Seaside Park. Seaside and sea-breezes, however, do not include the sum of rural felicities in summer; and so I still keep possession of the fine farm which, years ago, was the scene of the elephant-plowing feats. On this property, which is in charge of a judicious farmer, I have some very fine imported stock, including several head of the celebrated white-blanket "Dutch cattle," which excite the curiosity and attract the attention of all who see them. These cattle are black, with a distinctly defined white "blanket" around their bodies, giving them a very unique appearance; and when they struck my fancy in Holland, some years ago, I imported several of them: nor is their singular appearance their best recommendation, for they are excellent milkers, and my dairy and farm products keep my table constantly supplied with fresh fruits and vegetables, poultry, and that choicest of country luxuries, pure cream.

Amid such comforts, advantages, and luxuries the summer months speed swiftly and sweetly by. My well-supplied stables afford the means of enjoying the numberless delightful drives which abound in the vicinity; and my saltwater-loving friend, Mr. George A. Wells, is always ready to minister to the pleasure of myself or my guests by tendering the use of anything in his

Sound fleet, from a rowboat to a yacht. The five months in the year which I devote to rural rest seem all too short for the enjoyment which is necessarily compressed in the twenty weeks. But I can feel at the end of the season that it is a consolidation as well as compression, not only of pleasure, but of capital, in the way of health and vigor for the winter's campaign of city living and metropolitan excitement.

For, at my time of life, and especially for a man who has had so much to do with the metropolitan million as I have done, I am convinced that the city is the most congenial residence during the cooler season of the year. No matter how active may have been one's life, as a man grows older, if he does not become a little lazy, he at least learns to crave for comfortable ease and seeks for quiet. To such a man, the city in winter extends numberless pleasures. There is a sense of satisfaction even in the well-cleared sidewalks after a snowstorm, and an almost selfish happiness in looking out upon a storm from a well-warmed library or parlor window. One loves to find the morning papers, fresh from the press, lying upon the breakfast-table; and the city is the center of attractions in the way of operas, concerts, picture-galleries, libraries, the best music, the best preaching, the best of everything in aesthetical enjoyments. Having made up my mind to spend seven months of every year in the city, in the summer of 1867 I purchased the elegant and most eligibly situated mansion, No. 438 Fifth Avenue, corner of Thirty-ninth Street, at the crowning point of Murray Hill, in New York, and moved into it in November. My residence therein in the winter season has fully confirmed my impressions in its favor. The house is replete with all that can constitute a pleasant home, and the location is so near to Central Park that we spend hours of every fine day in that great pleasure-ground. While I am in town, it is scarcely more than once or twice a week that I take pains to ascertain by personal observation that I am living on the edge of a toiling, excited city of a million inhabitants. My pecuniary interests in Connecticut and in New York occupy my attention sufficiently to keep me from ennui, and an extended correspondence—for which I do not yet feel the need of a private secretary—employs an hour or more of every day. I have had letters from New Zealand, and other remote quarters of the globe, respecting curiosities, and addressed simply to "Mr. Barnum, America," and the post-office officials, knowing of no other Barnum who would be likely to receive letters from such out-of-the-way places, regularly put these vaguely addressed letters in my New York box.

Yet I suppose that not less than two-thirds of all the letters I receive are earnest petitions for pecuniary aid. This begging-letter business began to persecute me as long ago as the time of the Jenny Lind engagement, and even before. Many of these letters ask money as a free gift, and some of them demand assistance; while others request temporary loans, or invite me to furnish the capital for enterprises which are certain to bring the richest returns to all concerned therein. When I was travelling with Jenny Lind, I received a letter from a woman in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who informed me that she had named her just-born boy-and-girl twins "P. T. Barnum" and "Jenny Lind," coolly adding that we might send $5,000 for their immediate wants, and make such provision for their future education and support as might be determined upon at the proper time! In some of these letters, the amusement afforded by the orthography and grammar was almost a compensation for the annoyance and impudence of the requests. One very bad speller, referring me to a former employer of the letter-writer, wrote: "I Can rePhurr you too Him"; another, urging his petition, declared; "god Nose I am Poore"; and not long ago I received a communication from an old man who claimed to be too decrepid to earn a support, but he urged that he was a religious man, and added: "I tak grait pleshur in Readin my bibel, speshily the Proffits"; and it did look a little as if he had a sharp eye to the "Proffits."

I have said but little in these pages of the immediate circle which is nearest and dearest to me. My wife, with whom I have lived so many happy years, and who has been my support in adversity and my solace in prosperity, still survives. Our children are all daughters: Caroline C., the eldest, was married to Mr. David W. Thompson, October 19, 1852; Helen M., my second daughter, was married to Mr. Samuel H. Hurd, October 20, 1857; Frances J., the third daughter, was born May 1, 1842, and died April 11, 1844; and Pauline T., the fourth daughter, was married on her birthday, March 1, 1866, to Mr. Nathan Seeley. For my eldest daughter I built and furnished a beautiful house on ground near Iranistan, and she moved into it immediately after her marriage, though of late years she has resided in New-York in winter and in Bridgeport in summer. For Helen and Pauline, I bought and furnished handsome houses in Lexington Avenue, in New-York, within a short distance of my own city residence in Fifth Avenue. A fine young rising generation of my grandchildren is growing up around them and me.

I have written as little as might be, too, about my religious principles and profession, because I agree with the man who, in answer to the pressing inquiry, declared that he had "no religion to *speak* of"; and I believe with him that true religion is more a matter of work than of words. When I am in the city, I regularly attend the services and preaching of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, and I usually go to the meetings of the same denomination in Bridgeport. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies"; and I can truly say that I have always felt my entire dependence upon Him who is the dispenser of all adversity, as well as the giver of all good. With a natural proclivity to look upon the bright side of things, I am sure that under some of the burdens—the Jerome entanglement, for instance—which have borne so heavily upon me, I should have been tempted, as others have been, to suicide, if I had supposed that my troubles were brought upon me by mere blind chance. I knew that I deserved what I received; I had placed too much confidence in mere money and my own personal efforts; I was too much concerned in material prosperity; and I felt that the blow was wisely intended for my ultimate benefit—a chastening, which, like the husks to the prodigal son, should cause me to "come to myself," and teach me the lesson that there is something infinitely better than money or position or worldly prosperity in our "Father's house."

And I should be ungrateful indeed, if on my birthday, this fifth of July, 1869, when I enter upon my sixtieth year in full health and vigor, with the possibility of many happy days to come, I did not reverently recognize the beneficent Hand that has crowned me with so many comforts, and surrounded me with so many blessings. It is on this day, in my own beautiful home of Waldemere, that I write these concluding lines, which record a long and busy career, with the sincere hope that my experiences, if not my example, will benefit my fellow-men.

# Appendix I

## Rest Only Found in Action

A New Experience—"Doing Nothing" a Failure—Excitement Demanded-Visit of English Friends—I Show Them Our Country—Niagara Falls—We Visit Cuba—New Orleans—Mammoth Cave—Washington—"Castle Thunder"—Trip to California—Salt Lake City—I Offer Brigham Young Two Hundred Thousand Dollars to "Show" Him "Down East"—Am "Interviewed" at Sacramento and San Francisco—The Chinese—Sea Lions—The Geysers—Mariposa—The Big Trees—Inspiration Point—Yosemite Valley—The Remarkable Town of Greeley, in Colorado—Quebec—Saginaw River—Saratoga—Alice Cary—Wild Buffalo Hunt in Kansas—My Great Travelling Show—The Winter Exhibition in New York—The Empire Rink—Success of the Show—Opinions of the Press—Curiosities from California—My Imitators—Attempts to Deceive and Swindle the Public.

Everyone knows the story of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. His ambition gratified to satiety in the conquest of kingdoms, and the firm establishment of his empire, he craved rest. He abdicated his throne, "retired from business," content to live on his laurels in the peaceful shades of the Cloister at Yustee. The tradition is that here he forgot the world without, withdrew in thought as in person from the cares and turmoils of state, and found rest and cheerfulness by alternating his devotions with the tinkering of clocks. Perhaps everyone is not so familiar with the somewhat recent correction by Mr. Stirling of this romantic story. In fact, the Emperor was never so restless as when he was taking rest; was never so full of the perplexities of empire as when, in "due form," he had shaken them off. In the Cloister he was the same man that he was in the Camp and the Court, and when he sought to repress his energies, they simply tormented him.

Not denying that my egotism is equal to a good deal, I must beg my readers not to suppose that I assume for my own history a very extended similarity to that of the greatest monarch of his time. In fact, the points of difference are quite as striking as those of resemblance. It is true, we both tried the "clock business;" but I must claim that my tinkering in that way throws that of the Emperor entirely in the shade. I was not, however, fool enough to go into a cloister. Let not an illustration any more than a parable "run on all fours." But I want a royal illustration; and the history of Charles the Fifth, in the particular of abdicating for rest, I find very pertinent to my own experience. I took a formal, and as I then supposed, a last adieu of my readers on my fifty-ninth birthday. I was, as I had flattered myself, through with travel, with adventure, and with business, save so far as the care of my competence would require my attention. My book closed without a suspicion that in any subsequent edition "more of the same sort" would make possible an Additional Chapter. It is with a sense of surprise, and withal a feeling akin to the ludicrous, that in this new edition, I cannot bring my career up to my sixty-second year, without filling a few more pages, in their contents not unlike in kind to those which make the bulk of my book.

As stated [previously], my final retirement from the managerial profession closed with the destruction of my Museum by fire, March 3, 1868. But when I wrote that sentence I had not learned by a three years' cessation of business, how utterly fruitless it is to attempt to chain down energies which are peculiar to my nature. No man not similarly situated can imagine the *ennui* which seizes such a nature after it has lain dormant for a few months. Having "nothing to do," I thought at first was a very pleasant, as it was to me an entirely new sensation.

"I would like to call on you in the summer, if you have any leisure, in Bridgeport," said an old friend.

"I am a man of leisure and thankful that I have nothing to do; so you cannot call amiss," I replied with an immense degree of self-satisfaction.

"Where is your office downtown when you live in New York?" asked another friend.

"I have no office," I proudly replied. "I have done work enough, and shall play the rest of my life. I don't go downtown once a week; but I ride in the Park every day, and am at home much of my time."

I am afraid that I chuckled often, when I saw rich merchants and bankers driving to their offices on a stormy morning, while I, looking complacently

from the window of my cozy library, said to myself, "Let it snow and blow, there's nothing to call *me* out today." But Nature *will* assert herself. Reading is pleasant as a pastime; writing without any special purpose soon tires; a game of chess will answer as a condiment; lectures, concerts, operas, and dinner parties are well enough in their way; but to a robust, healthy man of forty years' active *business* life, something else is needed to satisfy. Sometimes like the truant schoolboy I found all my friends engaged, and I had no playmate. I began to fill my house with visitors, and yet frequently we spent evenings quite alone. Without really perceiving what the matter was, time hung on my hands, and I was ready to lecture gratuitously for every charitable cause that I could benefit.

Then I, who had travelled so many years, that almost all cities seemed to me as the same old brick and mortar, began now to think I would like to travel. In the autumn of 1869, after my family had moved for the winter from Bridgeport to our New York residence, an English friend came with his eldest daughter to America especially to visit me. This friend was Mr. John Fish, and he is an old friend of the reader also, for he is the enterprising cotton-mill proprietor, of Bury, England, fully described in chapter XXXII of this book, in which he is mentioned as "Mr. Wilson." When I was writing that chapter, I had no authority to append his real name to the faithful photograph of the man; but Mr. Fish gives me his consent to use it now. I need not say how pleased I was to see my friend, and how happy I was to show a representative Englishman whatever was worth seeing in the metropolis and elsewhere in the United States.

After enjoying the Christmas and New Year's festivities in New York; taking numerous drives in our beautiful Central Park, including several sleigh-rides, which, to them, were real novelties; going the rounds of the metropolitan amusements; and "doing" the city in general and in detail, my English friends wanted to see more of the "New World," and I was just in the humor to act as the exhibitor. In fact, I now resumed my old business of systematically organizing an extensive travelling expedition, and, almost unconsciously, became a showman of "natural curiosities" on a most magnificent scale.

We first went to Niagara Falls, going by the Hudson River and Central Railroads; and returned by way of the Erie. I saw these scenes through the eyes of my English friends, and took a special pleasure in witnessing their surprise and delight. As they extolled the beautiful Hudson, that stream

looked lovelier than ever; the Catskill Mountains were higher to me than ever before; for the same reason Albany, Syracuse, and Rochester were more lively than usual; the mammoth International Hotel at Niagara Falls looked capacious enough to bag the entire islands of Great Britain; and the immense cataract seemed large enough to drown all the inhabitants thereof. The Palace cars of the Erie Railroad astonished my friends and gave me great satisfaction. The contagion of their enthusiasm opened my eyes to marvels in spectacles which I had long dismissed as commonplace.

They wanted to go to Cuba. I had been there twice; yet I readily agreed to accompany them. We took steamer from New York in January, 1870. We had a smooth, pleasant voyage, and did not even know when we passed Cape Hatteras. In three days we had doffed all winter clothing and arrayed ourselves in white linen. Three weeks were most truly enjoyed among the novel scenes of Havana and the peculiar attractions of Mantanzas—including a visit to the new and beautiful cave a few miles from that city. We made a charming visit to a coffee plantation and orange orchard; another to a sugar plantation, where my English friends, as well as myself, were shocked to see the negro slaves, male and female, boys and girls, cutting and carrying the sugar cane under the lash of the mounted, booted, and spurred Spanish overseer.

But riding in our charming volantes from that plantation to the exceedingly beautiful valley of the Yumurri caused us almost to forget the sad scene we had witnessed. We all agreed as we stood on the east side of this almost celestial valley and witnessed the sun dropping behind the hill, on whose summit the royal palms were holding up their beautiful plumes, that the valley below, interspersed with its cottages and streamlets, and its rich tropical trees, shrubs and flowers, was a scene of surpassing loveliness; and I was not surprised to see the tears of joy and gratitude roll down the cheeks of the young English lady. I enjoyed the scene hugely; but as one evidence that this pleasure was derived from the enjoyment it afforded my transatlantic friends, I will say that when I was in Cuba with Jenny Lind in 1851, I witnessed the same scene without emotion, so absorbed was I in business at that time. And this is a fitting opportunity for saying that in order to enjoy travelling, and indeed almost anything else, it is of the very first importance that it be done without care and with congenial companions.

We feasted upon oranges, pine apples, bananas, and other tropical fruits, and enjoyed the warm, mild days. The enjoyment was no doubt enhanced or

at least better appreciated, by our reading of the freezing condition of our New York friends. The quaint buildings, and the novel manners and customs of a nation speaking a different language from our own, of course are interesting for a short time.

We went to New Orleans by steamer. We stopped a few days at the St. Charles Hotel; "did" the city; and then took passage for Memphis on a steamer which was so capacious and commodious that my English friends declared that people at "home" would scarce believe it was a steamer. A few days sail up the broad Mississippi was a real treat. The conversations which my English friend held with the Southern planters, and their manumitted slaves, caused him to somewhat change his opinions in regard to the merits of our late civil war.

From Memphis we went by rail to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; thence to Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Baltimore and Washington. A few days' sojourn at the best hotel in the world, "The Arlington," a visit to all the attractions in and around our national capital including attendance at Mrs. President Grant's levee and a talk with the President, and with numerous Senators and Members of Congress, terminated our visit. We then proceeded to Richmond; for my friend Fish had a great desire to see the Confederate Capital, and especially Libby Prison, and "Castle Thunder." He was almost indignant when he discovered that the latter institution was a tobacco warehouse, instead of being a great castellated fortress, such as his imagination had pictured it. From Richmond we visited Baltimore and Philadelphia, and returned to New York.

In April we made up a small, congenial party of ladies and gentlemen, and visited California via the Union and Central Pacific Railroads. And here let me say that this trip is one of the most delightful I ever made. The Pullman Palace Cars are so convenient and comfortable that ladies and gentlemen can make the trip to California, a distance of 3,000 miles, with no more real fatigue than they will experience in their own drawing rooms. They can dress in *dishabille*, read, lounge, write, converse, play a social game, sleep, or do what they choose, while a great portion of the route affords a constant succession of novel and delightful scenes, to be witnessed nowhere else on the face of the earth. I say emphatically, that for every person who can afford it, the trip to California is one that ought by all means to be made. Like a thing of beauty it will prove "a joy forever."

When our party arrived at San Francisco, they all agreed in saying that if they were compelled to return home the next day, they should feel that they were well paid for their journey. In view of the strange and interesting scenes we witnessed in Salt Lake City—a place in many respects unlike any other in the world; and in fresh remembrance of the wild, bold, rocky mountain scenery, the vast plains, the wild antelope, buffalo, and wolves, the mining districts, the curious snow sheds, and many other scenes and peculiar things brought to our notice—I think my friends were right in their conclusions.

We took our journey leisurely. I lectured in Council Bluffs, in Omaha, and in Salt Lake City. We stopped several days in this celebrated Mormon city; and as I wished without prejudice to examine into the habits, customs, and opinions of the Mormons, we put up at the Townsend House—a very excellent hotel kept by Mr. Townsend, a New England Mormon with three or more wives. One of the principal Mormons, an Alderman and an Apostle, had visited me in New York. He devoted his time to our party for several successive days; and through his courtesy and influence we were furnished facilities for obtaining information that not one stranger in a thousand ever enjoys. We not only visited the Tabernacle and all the institutions, civil and religious, but were introduced into the families of several of the dignitaries. In turn, we were visited at our hotel by all the principal church officers. Without stopping to discuss their great error—a plurality of wives—I must say that all of our party agreed that the Mormons of Salt Lake City were an industrious, quiet, seemingly conscientious, peaceable, God-fearing people. A serious defection has taken place in their church. The portion called the "Liberals" have renounced polygamy for the future; and this example, together with their rejection of certain theological superstitions, is giving them great influence and respect. This branch of the Mormons is growing rapidly; and I have no doubt that their influence, aided by the great influx of Gentiles caused by the Pacific Railroad, will soon serve in exterminating the plurality wife system—unless, unhappily, fanatics and fools give this system renewed strength by recklessly persecuting its devotees to martyrdom.

I lectured in the Salt Lake Theater—a large and commodious building belonging to the Mormons. A dozen or so of Brigham Young's wives, and scores of his children, were among the audience. As I came out of the theater one of the Apostles introduced me to five of his wives in succession!

The Mormon wives whom I visited in company of their husbands, expressed themselves pleased with their positions; but I confess I doubt their sincerity on this point. All with whom our party conversed (and some of our ladies talked with these Mormon wives in secret), expressed their solemn conviction, that polygamy was the only true domestic system sanctioned by the Almighty, although they confessed they wished it was right for a man to have but one wife.

I was introduced by her father to a girl of seventeen, named Barnum. The old man was an original Mormon. He had moved from Illinois with Brigham Young and his disciples, when they were driven out and compelled to make that wonderful and fearful journey over the plains. The daughter was born in Salt Lake City, and of course knew nothing of any other religion. I asked her laughingly if she expected to have the fifth part of a man for her husband?

"I expect I shall. I believe it is right," she replied.

My apostolic friend took me to Brigham Young's house early in the morning. Mr. Young had gone to Ogden to accompany some Bishops whom he was sending abroad. I left my card with his Secretary, and said I would call at four o'clock. But before noon a servant from President Young brought a message for me to call on him at one o'clock. At the hour designated I called with my friends. Brigham Young was standing in front of one of his houses—the "Bee Hive," in which was his reception room. He received us with a smile and invited us to enter. He was very sociable, asked us many questions, and promptly answered ours. Finally he said with a chuckle:

"Barnum, what will you give to exhibit me in New York and the Eastern cities?"

"Well, Mr. President," I replied, "I'll give you half the receipts, which I will guarantee shall be $200,000 per year, for I consider you the best show in America."

"Why did you not secure me some years ago when I was of no consequence?" he continued.

"Because, you would not have drawn at that time," I answered.

Brigham smiled and said, "I would like right well to spend a few hours with you, if you could come when I am disengaged." I thanked him, and told him I guessed I should enjoy it; but visitors were crowding into his reception room, and we withdrew.

I subsequently met him in the street driving his favorite pair of mules attached to a nice carriage. He raised his hat and bowed, which salutation I, of course, returned. I hope that Brigham's declining years will prompt him to receive a new "revelation," commanding a discontinuance of the wife plurality feature of the Mormon religion.

Arriving at Sacramento, where the train stopped for half an hour, I was "interviewed" for the first time in my life by a newspaper reporter. On the same evening, in the excellent Cosmopolitan Hotel, in San Francisco, I was again "interviewed" by the chief editor of a morning paper, accompanied by his reporter. By this time I had become accustomed to this business, and when the gentlemen informed me they wanted to interview me, I asked them to be seated, pulled up an extra chair, on which to rest my feet, and said:

"Go ahead, gentlemen; I am ready."

Well, they did "go ahead," asking me every conceivable question, on every conceivable subject. I felt jolly and "spread myself." The consequence was, three columns of "Barnum Interviewed" appeared next morning with a "To be continued" at the bottom; and the succeeding morning appeared three columns more. This conspicuous advertisement prepared the way for a lecture I gave in Pratt's large hall, which was well attended.

It took us a week to "do" San Francisco, with its suburbs, including Oakland, Woodward's celebrated and beautiful Gardens, and "Seal Rock." When I saw that small rocky island lying only ten rods off, covered with sea lions weighing from eight hundred to two thousand pounds, the "show fever" began to rise. I offered fifty thousand dollars to have ten of the large sea lions delivered to me alive in New York, so that I could fence in a bit of the East River near Jones' Wood, and give such an exhibition to citizens and strangers in that city. I little thought at that time that I should subsequently expend half that sum in procuring these marine monsters and transport them through the country in huge water-tanks as a small item in a mammoth travelling show.

The Chinese quarters—where were their shops, restaurants and laundries, their Joss House, and the Chinese Theater—gave us a new sensation, and were quite sufficient to quench a lingering desire I had long felt to visit China and Japan. The Chinese servants and laborers are diligent, peaceable, clean, and require no watching. When I remembered how many thousands of dollars I had paid to "eye servants" for not doing what I had hired them

to do, I did not feel sorry that there was a prospect of the "Celestials" extending their travels to the Eastern States.

While I was in San Francisco, a German named Gabriel Kahn brought to me his little son—literally a little one, for he is a dwarf more diminutive in stature than General Tom Thumb was when I first found him. The parents of this liliputian were anxious that I should engage and exhibit him. Several showmen had made them very liberal offers, but they had set their hearts on having "Barnum" bring him out and present him to the public.

Of course I felt the compliment, but was inclined to say "no," as I had given up the exhibition business and was a man of leisure. But the marvelous manikin was such a handsome, well-formed, intelligent little fellow, speaking fluently both English and German, and withal was so pert and so captivating, that I was induced to engage him for a term of years and gave him the soubriquet of "Admiral Dot." Indeed he was but a "dot"—or as the New York *Evening Post* put it, the small boy of the "period"—at any rate, in the matter of growth, at a very early age he came to a "full stop;" though further, in the matter of punctuation, he compels an "exclamation" on the part of all who see him, and occasions numerous "interrogations."

I dressed the little fellow in the complete uniform of an Admiral, and invited the editors of the San Francisco journals and also a number of ladies and gentlemen to the parlors of the Cosmopolitan Hotel to visit him. All were astonished and delighted. The newspapers stated as "news" the facts, and gave interesting details with regard to Barnum's "discovery" of this wonderful curiosity who had been living so long undiscovered under their very noses. It was the old story of Charles Stratton, (Tom Thumb,) of Bridgeport, over again, with a new liliputian and a new locality.

Meanwhile, I told the parents of the Admiral that personally I should not exhibit their son till I returned to New York; but advised them to give the San Franciscans the opportunity to see him during the remaining few weeks of my stay in the Golden State. My friend Woodward, of Woodward's Gardens, engaged the Admiral for three weeks, duly advertising the curious discovery by Barnum of this valuable "nugget," further stating that as he would depart for the East in three weeks the only opportunity for the San Francisco public to see him was then offered at the Gardens.

Immediately there was an immense furore—thousands of ladies and children, as well as men, daily thronged the Gardens, saw the little wonder, and purchased his *carte de visite*. During the short period he remained there, lit-

tle "Dot," as dots are apt to do, "made his mark," pocketed more than a thousand dollars for himself, besides drawing more than twice that sum for Mr. Woodward. Moreover, the extended and enthusiastic notices of the entire San Francisco press gave the Admiral a prestige and start which would favorably introduce him wherever he might show himself throughout the United States. Thus originated the public exhibition of one of the handsomest, most accomplished, and most diminutive dwarfs of whom there is any history, and the fame of the little Admiral already is rapidly spreading all over the world.

Speaking of dwarfs, it may be mentioned here, that notwithstanding my announced retirement from public life I still retained business connections with my old friend, the well-known General Tom Thumb. In 1869, I joined that celebrated dwarf in a fresh enterprise which proposed an exhibition tour of him and a party of twelve, with a complete outfit, including a pair of ponies and a carriage, entirely around the world.

This party was made up of General Tom Thumb and his wife (formerly Lavinia Warren), Commodore Nutt and his brother Rodnia, Miss Minnie Warren, Mr. Sylvester Bleeker and his wife, and Mr. B. S. Kellogg, besides an advertising agent and musicians. Mr. Bleeker was the manager, and Mr. Kellogg acted as treasurer. In the Fall of 1869, this little company went by the Union Pacific Railway to San Francisco, stopping on the way to give exhibitions at Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, and other places on the route, with great success. In San Francisco Pratt's Hall, which the company occupied, was crowded day and evening for several weeks. Everyone went to see them. The exhibition was profusely hand-billed and posted in Chinese as well as in English, and crowds of Celestials went to see the smallest specimens of "Mellicans" known in that region, for Admiral Dot living in San Francisco had not then been "discovered" by Barnum.

After a prolonged and most profitable series of exhibitions in San Francisco, the company visited several leading towns in California and then started for Australia. On the way they stopped at the Sandwich Islands and exhibited in Honolulu. From there they went to Japan, exhibiting in Yeddo, Yokohama and other principle places, and afterwards at Canton and elsewhere in China. They next made the entire tour of Australia, drawing immense houses at Sydney, Melbourne, and in other towns, but they did not go to New Zealand. They then proceeded to the East Indies, giving exhibitions in the larger towns and cities, receiving marked attentions from Rajahs

and other distinguished personages. Afterwards they went by the way of the Suez Canal to Egypt, and gave their entertainments at Cairo; and thence to Italy, exhibiting at all available points, and arrived in Great Britain in the summer of 1871. Notwithstanding the enormous expenses attending the transportation of this company around the world, it was one of the few instances of profitably "swinging round the circle." The enterprise was a pecuniary success, and, of course, the opportunity for sightseeing enjoyed by the little General and his party was fully appreciated. They travelled to see as well as to be seen. Fortunately they all preserved the best of health and met with no accident during the extended tour. My name did not publicly appear in connection with this enterprise—the exhibition was conducted under the auspices of "Thumb," but I had a large "finger in the pie." Mr. Sylvester Bleeker, the manager, wrote me from Dublin, December 6, 1871, a letter from which I extract the following:

> "If any person will perform the feat of travelling with such a company 48,946 miles, (29,900 miles by sea,) give 1,284 entertainments in 407 different cities and towns, in all climates of the world, without losing a single day, or missing a single performance through illness or accident, let him show his vouchers and I will give him the belt."

While I am about it, I may as well confess my connection, *sub rosa*, with another little speculation during my three years' "leisure." I hired the well-known Siamese Twins, the giantess, Anna Swan, and a Circassian lady, and, in connection with Judge Ingalls, I sent them to Great Britain where, in all the principal places, and for about a year, their levees were continually crowded. In all probability the great success attending this enterprise was much enhanced, if not actually caused by extensive announcements in advance, that the main purpose of Chang-Eng's visit to Europe was to consult the most eminent medical and surgical talent with regard to the safety of separating the twins.

Eminent surgeons in London and in Edinburgh examined these physiological phenomena and generally coincided in the declaration that their lives would be jeopardized and probably be forfeited if surgery should separate them. Of course, the "Reports" of these examinations were duly and officially made in all the leading medical and surgical journals, as well as the reports of lectures delivered by surgeons who had given their personal

attention to the case of the twins, and these accounts in English and American journals were also translated and were widely circulated throughout Europe.

As "this establishment did not advertise in the New York *Herald*," I was not a little amused to see several columns of editorial matter in that sheet published a few weeks before the Siamese Twins sailed for Europe, giving elaborate scientific reasons why no attempt to separate them should be made. I quite coincided with my quondam friend Bennett in his conclusions, as a proof of which I may state that I purchased and mailed marked copies of his editorial to all the leading newspapers and magazines abroad, in most of which the matter was republished, thereby affording the best of advertising and greatly increasing the receipts of the Twin treasury for many months.

But to return to my California trip. We visited "the Geysers," and when we witnessed the bold mountain scenery through which we passed to get there, and then saw and heard the puffing, steaming, burning, bubbling acres of hot springs emitting liquids of a dozen different minerals, and of as many different colors, we said, "This would pay for coming all the way from New York, if we saw nothing else,"—and it would.

In returning from the Geysers to Calistoga we fell into the hands of the celebrated stage driver, Foss. He had been "laying" for me several days, and had said he would "give Barnum a specimen of stage driving that would astonish him." He did it! Foss is by far the greatest stage driver of modern times. The way he handles the reins seems marvellous; and although he dashes his six-horse team, under full gallop, down the most precipitous mountain roads, making one's hair continually to stand on end, his horses are as docile as lambs, and they know every tone of Foss' voice and obey accordingly. I suppose that this New Hampshire Jehu is, after all, as safe a driver as ever held the ribbons.

Calistoga lies chiefly on made ground. Dig down five feet and you find water wherein an egg will boil hard in five minutes. A Japanese tea plantation is started here with prospects of success.

We devoted a fortnight to visiting the great Yosemite Valley. We went by way of Mariposa where we saw the Mariposa grove of "big trees," whence I sent to New York a piece of bark thirty-one inches thick! That bark was taken from a tree 102 feet in circumference, over three hundred feet high, and according to its annual layers, 837 years old. The Yosemite has been so of-

ten and so well described that I shall not attempt a new description. Suffice it to say it is one of those great and real things in nature that goes in reality far beyond any previous conception. From the moment I got a bird's eye view of this wonderful valley from "Inspiration Point," until a week afterwards, when we mounted our horses to emerge from it, I could not help oft repeating, "Wonderful, wonderful, sublime, indescribable, incomprehensible; I never before saw anything so truly and appallingly grand; it pays me a hundred times over for visiting California."

On returning to Stockton, I lectured for a Methodist church pursuant to agreement made to that effect when I left for the Yosemite twelve days before.

On our return home we stopped at Cheyenne and took the Branch Railroad to Denver, Colorado, afterwards going fifty miles by stage to the mines at Georgetown, Golden City, Central City, and other notable places.

Returning from Denver, we stopped at the truly wonderful town of Greeley, where when we left home in April not ten persons resided, but where was now settled the "Union Colony." This company then numbered six hundred. Greeley is now a city, two years old, containing thousands of inhabitants and increasing at a rate totally unexampled. There is no community of interests here except in such public works as the irrigating canals and the schoolhouses. Each inhabitant owns whatever lands and buildings he or she pays for; and real estate and other property rises in value according to the increase in the number of inhabitants. Here are millions of acres of rich valley land, which needed only the irrigation that the Cache de Poudre River is giving through the canals of the Union Colony. This model town of Greeley will ever have peace and prosperity within its borders; for no title can inhere to any land or building where intoxicating drinks are permitted to be sold. It is a "city of refuge" from the curse of strong drink; and to it for generations to come will whole families congregate as their paradise guarded by flaming swords of sobriety and order where they can live rationally, happily, and prosperously.

From Greeley we returned to New York, and my family removed to our Summer quarters in Bridgeport the last of June. Here we were visited by numerous noble friends. The late Alice Cary spent several weeks with us at Waldemere, and although her health was feeble she enjoyed the cool breezes as well as the fine drives, clambakes, etc., for which Bridgeport is specially renowned. Indeed, my own house was the last which this good

and gifted lady ever entered except her own in New York, to which I accompanied her from Bridgeport. Her sister Phoebe, who so quickly followed Alice to the other world, was also my guest at Waldemere.

But the restless spirit of an energetic man of leisure prompted me again to travel. I went with friends to Montreal, Quebec, the Saginaw River, and the regions round about. Returning by way of Saratoga Springs, my English friends again had occasion to open their eyes at the large Union Hotel, and Congress Hall, where fifteen hundred persons dine at one time, and two thousand lodge under a single roof without crowding.

"Well, this is a big country, and you Americans do everything on a big scale, that's a fact," was the expression for the thousandth time of my Anglo-Saxon companions.

In September, I made up a party of ten, including my English friend, and we started for Kansas on a grand buffalo hunt. General Custar, commandant at Fort Hayes, was apprized in advance of our anticipated visit, and he received us like princes. He fitted out a company of fifty cavalry, furnishing us with horses, arms and ammunition. We were taken to an immense herd of buffaloes, quietly browsing on the open plain. We charged on them, and during an exciting chase of a couple of hours, we slew twenty immense bull buffaloes. We might have killed as many more had we not considered it wanton butchery.

My friend George A. Wells, of Bridgeport, who is a great hunter, was one of the party, and although he had slain two buffaloes, and had lost himself on the prairie, not only to his own dismay, but to the great terror for four mortal hours of all his companions, he was by no means satisfied. He wanted to camp out and hunt buffaloes for several days longer. Another Bridgeport huntsman, Mr. James Wilson, was of the same mind. But when the question was put to vote, my English friend, John Fish, who had made himself sore by hard riding; Mr. Charles B. Hotchkiss, a Bridgeport bank president, who was quite content with killing one buffalo; my right bower, David W. Sherwood, who with a single shot dropped an immense bull (as indeed he now and then has done with no other weapon than his tongue); David M. Read, a Bridgeport merchant; another Bridgeporter, Theodore W. Downs—each credited with one or two carcases on the field; and I who had brought down two and had half killed another buffalo—all voted that we had done enough and were in favor of returning home. Whereupon Wells indignantly exclaimed:

"I was invited out here for a hunt, but you have made it a race."

But every man had killed his buffalo, some had killed two, and we were satisfied. We had plenty of buffalo and antelope meat, and on the whole our ten days' sport afforded another "sensation,"—a feeling so necessary to one in my state. But "sensations" cannot be made to order every day. I am, therefore, taught by an experience of three years' "retirement" from business, that it is better to be moderately engaged in some legitimate occupation so long as health and energy permit. If a man is regularly in "harness," though he may do but a small portion of the drawing, he will at least so far occupy his mind as not to need spasmodic excitements.

Hence, although my worldly possessions—trivial indeed in comparison with the wealth of some of America's millionaires—were yet as ample as I cared to acquire, nevertheless from the very necessity of my active nature, in the Autumn of 1870 I began to prepare a great show enterprise, requiring five hundred men and horses to transport and conduct it through the country. Selecting as manager of this gigantic enterprise Mr. William C. Coup, whom I had favorably known for some years as a capital showman and a man of good judgment, integrity, and excellent executive ability, we spent several weeks in blocking out and perfecting our course of action. As one project after another, involving the outlay of thousands upon thousands of dollars, was laid before Manager Coup, he began to open his eyes pretty widely, and before we had been three weeks in consultation, he exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Barnum, such a show as you are projecting after a while would ruin the richest man in America, for the expenses would double the receipts every day!"

I begged Mr. Coup not to be alarmed, reminding him that I was not wholly inexperienced in the show business, and that, in any event, I was to "foot the bills." It is true that the enormous expense of this vast scheme involved a greater risk than any showman had ever before dared to assume. My main object in setting on foot this great travelling exhibition was to open a safety valve for my pent up energies, and I felt far more anxious to put before the public a grand and triumphant show than I did to add a penny to my competence.

When my plans were made public, the proprietors of the travelling shows throughout the country, with scarcely an exception, declared that my exhibition necessarily must prove a failure, for, they said, "No travelling show in the world ever took in one-half so much money per day as Barnum's daily

expenses will be." I knew that this was nearly true; but in reply to their ill-omened prognostications, I only said: "Well, but you see, no show that has travelled ever drew out one-half of the people; I expect to attract all of them." I confess I felt that my reputation for always giving my patrons more than their money's worth, and also for scrupulously excluding from my exhibitions everything objectionable to the refined and moral, would inevitably draw out large numbers of people who are not in the habit of attending ordinary travelling shows. With these views, I had confidence in my undertaking from the start, and I expended money like water in order fully to carry out my intentions and desires.

Previous business arrangements prevented my opening, at the first, in New York; but I did the next best thing by going to the next best place for the benefit and convenience of my numerous New York friends and patrons, and opened in Brooklyn April 10, 1871. At the outset the exhibition was truly a mammoth one. It embraced a museum, menagerie, caravan and hippodrome—all first-class and unsurpassed in previous shows—and Dan. Costello's celebrated circus was added. It was an exhibition absolutely colossal, exhaustive, and bewilderingly various as the most liberal expenditure and years of experience could possibly make it. My motto through life has been: "Get the best, regardless of expense." My aim was to combine in the several shows more startling and entirely novel wonders of creation than were ever before seen in one collection anywhere in the world, and to furnish my patrons with wholesome instruction and innocent amusement, without the taint of anything that should seem immoral or exceptionable. In all this I fully succeeded, and I declare with pride that this grand combination has proved to be the crowning success of my managerial life.

My canvas covered about three acres of ground, and would hold nearly ten thousand people, yet from the start in Brooklyn, and throughout the entire summer tour, it was of daily occurrence that from one thousand to three thousand people were turned away. After an extraordinarily successful week in Brooklyn, I visited all the leading places in the immediate vicinity; then the principal towns in Connecticut; next through Rhode Island to Boston. How the great combination was received and appreciated in "the Athens of America" is well set forth in the following extracts from a two-column article in the Boston *Journal*:

The arrival in Boston last Monday of Barnum's new enterprise, comprising a museum, menagerie, caravan and hippodrome, to which is gratuitously added Dan. Costello's mammoth circus, has produced a sensation in this city never before equalled by any amusement enterprise known to New England. We have had our anniversaries, reviews, parades, the Odd Fellows, and today shall have Fisk's famous "Ninth." But after all, nothing seems to equal or eclipse the great Barnum and his immense amusement enterprise, which is the theme of universal comment and observation here, as elsewhere. "Have you seen Barnum?" is the question that is heard in the streets, counting houses, stores and shops, the public being as anxious to see the veteran Show King as they are to visit his big show. We confess that Barnum is a curiosity, and always has been for the last thirty years, during which time he has figured prominently before the American people, until the fame of him is as familiar to both worlds as household words. Verily, who has not heard of P. T. Barnum and the famous American Museum? We don't mean that as a specimen of the *genus homo* Barnum is very different from other specimens who have gained notoriety and success; but simply as an embodiment of the very best representative type of a shrewd, enterprising, wide awake American, who has achieved an immense success in his specialty as the greatest amusement caterer of the nineteenth century. Through two disastrous conflagrations his immense museum collection in New York, however, the accumulations of half a century, were in a single day almost entirely swept out of existence. This was a serious loss to the public, as it was to Mr. Barnum, although he is said to have taken it as coolly and imperturbably as the apple woman round the corner would the loss of a Roxbury russet. Already advancing in years, and thinking, no doubt, he had served the public long enough, Mr. Barnum concluded, after the loss of his museum, to retire permanently from the show business, and, taking Horace Greeley's advice, go a fishing or seek the shades of a more quiet and private life for the balance of his days. A man, however, like P. T. Barnum, who has spent a whole life amid scenes of bustle and excitement, with a constant tension of muscle and brain, catering for the ever recurring demands of a curious public, naturally fond of amusements, especially the marvellous and sensational, is rarely satisfied to withdraw suddenly, like the tortoise, within his own shell, and let the outside world

"wag" without taking an active interest in passing events. Thus Mr. Barnum's retirement, although surrounded by every luxury that money could furnish, became the veriest prison to every element, nervous, physical and intellectual, of his being, and it is no wonder, under these circumstances, that he became absolutely "restive under rest." His ambition, like ancient "Utica," he felt to be too much "pent up," and as "volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue," so "smoke betrays the wild consuming fire." Like Dan. Costello's famous gymnasts his vaulting ambition has fairly o'erleapt itself, for by a single bound he comes before the public in a new role, having on his hands an "elephant" more ponderous and expensive to manage than the famous quadruped that used to be seen "plowing" on his Bridgeport farm, not for agricultural purposes exactly, but as a "rocket thrown up to attract public attention to my Broadway American Museum." About a year ago Mr. Barnum, desirous to do good in his day and generation, instituted and put on wheels his present mammoth enterprise, at a cost of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, which has met with a success unparalleled in the annals of the show business. This success is so sudden and complete as to astonish everybody, and none more so than professionals themselves. Knowing the interest the public feels in all that pertains to P. T. Barnum, and especially his "last great effort," (Barnum himself calls it his last great "splurge," which we readily grant in deference to his known modesty,) we sent one of our reporters to interview the whole affair, and as his injunctions were imperative to "stick to facts" (*fiat justitia ruat codum*), our readers will be able to judge of the big show as it appeared. One thing is very evident. Since starting from New York, Barnum's show has been patronized by the largest concourse of people ever known in New England. His transit across the country has been like "Sherman's March to the Sea," while his entertainments have been visited by the great masses, including eminent clergymen and their families, and the most respectable of all persuasions—in fact, by everybody, "without reference to race, color, or previous condition," etc. Barnum's great procession, which made its first appearance in the streets last Monday, is one of the grandest and most magnificent pageants of the kind that ever appeared in Boston. The great cortege is varied and almost interminable in length. The cages, chariots, carriages and vans—no two being painted or finished alike—

are of unique workmanship, elaborate design and gorgeously painted and gilded. The mottoes inscribed on the cages are peculiarly curt and Barnamish. The massively carved chariot, called the Temple of Juno, which, in construction, is somewhat telescopic, that is, lets up and down to the extent of thirty feet or more, by means of machinery, is of solid carved work, gilt all over with the precious metals and studded profusely with plated mirrors, which give to the tableau a truly gorgeous and magnificent effect. Upon an elevated seat, just beneath a rich and unique oriental canopy of the most elaborate finish, sits, in perfect nonchalance, the representative Queen, surrounded by gods and goddesses in mythological costume, giving a striking picture of an oriental pageant, as seen in the days of the Roman Emperors. This gorgeous car, built in London expressly for Barnum, is forty feet high, and is rendered picturesque in effect by the team of elephants, camels and dromedaries which lead or escort the van. The entire procession is the longest and most varied ever witnessed here, and consisted of about seventy cages, wagons and chariots, and 250 horses. But let us follow this grand street demonstration to the grounds selected for the great exposition, for we are a little anxious to know what becomes of so many horses, wagons, housings, traps and paraphernalia in general. The lot on which the three colossal tents are pitched presents a really novel and interesting sight. From two to three acres of land are required for all the purposes of exhibition, hotel caravansary, ecurie, horse tents, etc. Immediately after returning from the pageant the cages containing the living wild animals, and all the museum curiosities, are driven under the spacious tents and arranged in regular order, those containing the animals being arranged in the caravan and menagerie, while the others are classified in the museum department. The horses are detached from the cages, dens and chariots by experienced grooms and immediately removed to eight long rows of horse tents, which are located in a separate lot, containing about thirty horses each, these being principally draft and baggage horses, as the ring stock is conveyed to hotel and livery stables. Of the 245 people connected with this varied show, two-thirds were employed in getting their breakfast. The establishment is equipped with portable stoves and accomplished cooks. The meals are served in large tents, and in this way all the attaches but the artists are fed. Everything connected with the enterprise is first

class—a fact which strikes one, turn which way he will. Not only is everything done for the comfort and convenience of the people engaged with it, but the same thoughtfulness is manifested in behalf of the horses, whether used for draught purposes, or as accessories to the arenic performances. The tents in which the horses are kept are large, and ample room is assigned each animal. In fact they are complete stables with patent mangers and all the modern stable appointments. The best rye straw is used for bedding, and never were horses better provided with the little notions which certainly contribute to their comfort, and which are probably in exact accordance with a horse's idea of good living. A veterinary surgeon is regularly employed, and the health of the horses is, we have reason to believe, much closer looked after than the health of many people is by their family physician. The wagons used for the conveyance of baggage when the company is moving are converted into sleeping rooms at night, by letting down shelves, which, when equipped with bedding and blankets form very comfortable berths. Each wagon accommodates twelve persons. Another feature worthy of notice is the manner in which the baggage is carried. If each person carried a "Saratoga," of course it would require some fifty wagons to carry the trunks. To obviate this difficulty, the clothing and other personal effects of the employees are kept in one large wagon. The possessions of each one are numbered. This wagon is in charge of a clerk, who has reduced his business to a science, and with the same skill that a photographer picks out your old "negative" from among a thousand others, when you order an additional dozen *cartes de visite*, this gentleman can produce the article called for at a moment's notice. Having satisfied ourselves that Barnum's numerous employees know how to groom their stock, as well as how to "keep a hotel," we will now take our readers with us to the great show, the doors of which are by this time opened (of course they must buy their own tickets, for the management are not in the habit of "papering" their house rather than play to empty benches), and we shall see whether Phineas has kept faith with the public, for we have a glimmering recollection that he promised not long ago to make this last great effort the "crowning success of his managerial life," which we are of course bound to believe, although we have also a sort of inquisitive penchant to "look for the proofs." Already the masses of curious sight-

seers are occupying every foot of available ground, the three ticket wagons being literally besieged, from which the necessary cards of admission are being rapidly distributed at fifty cents per head for adults, children half price, and very soon the three colossal tents are full to overflowing with anxious spectators. The first impression that one receives on entering is that of bewilderment, such is the magnitude, extent, variety and uniqueness of the combination. Here in almost endless variety we see gathered together from all parts of the earth a miniature representation of the wonder world, that nobody but Barnum would ever have thought of securing for a travelling exhibition.

Then follows in the same article a detailed account of the leading attractions, which want of space precludes me from copying. The notice concludes as follows:

With all these unique and bewildering attractions our faith has been wonderfully increased, and we shall no longer doubt why it is that P. T. Barnum is the happiest and most successful show proprietor that ever came before the American public, and no man more than he deserves, as he is constantly receiving, their unstinted and unprecedented patronage. The great show is now on its triumphant tour through Northern New England, and will no doubt be visited by myriads everywhere, as it has been here and elsewhere.

From Boston my exhibition went through New Hampshire and into Maine as far as Waterville. Why the show did not go to towns beyond in the State is fully and amusingly explained in the following, which appeared in the New York *Tribune*, August 19, 1871:

Barnum's Menagerie And Circus

One of the greatest successes ever achieved in the annals of the sawdust ring has been accomplished the present season by P. T. Barnum's Museum, Menagerie and Circus. From the inception of the enterprise success has crowned its efforts. Mr. Barnum's name in itself has been a tower of strength, and to his direction and general control its success is due. There are few men that have the courage to invest nearly $500,000 in so precarious a business, and to run it at a daily expense of nearly $2,500. But Mr. Barnum had faith that the public would respond

liberally to his appeal. One great secret of his success has been ever to give the public a great deal for their money, and to fix the prices of admission at popular rates. But we doubt if he expected so great a success as has recently, in the State of Maine, been showered upon him. It is worthy of being recorded as equal to Jenny Lind's triumphal American tour. It had originally been the intention to make a tour with the great show as far east as Bangor, ME, and it was so announced, but subsequently they found that there were many bridges over which it was impossible for the large chariots to pass, and that the show would be obliged to make stands at several small towns en route which could not possibly pay the running expenses even if every inhabitant attended, consequently it was decided that Lewiston, ME, should be the terminus of their eastern tour. The following letter, dated Winthrop, ME, July 30, from a correspondent, will best convey the idea of the great interest and enthusiasm there manifested by the people:

> "The business in Maine has been immense, contrary to the predictions of showmen generally. Since entering the State, except at Brunswick, where it rained hard all day, they have been compelled to show three times daily to accommodate the vast crowds that flocked from every direction. While exhibiting at Gardiner and Augusta persons came all the way from Bangor. When they reached Waterville, a scene occurred which has never been equaled in this or any other country. The village was crowded with people who had come from the surrounding country, many of them travelling a distance of seventy-five miles, and all the morning crowds were pouring in from all points of the compass in carriages, wagons, oxcarts, and on foot. Near the circus tents, in an adjoining field, were several large tents pitched, which had served to shelter the people the previous night who had come long distances and encamped there. The authorities of the village had taken the precaution to stop the sale of all spiritous liquors during that day, and had caused barrels of water and plenty of ice to be placed at the street corners, for the free use of all. Carts were provided at the expense of the village to constantly replenish the barrels. The early morning performance was commenced and it was found that they could not accommodate a tithe part of their pa-

trons, and ere its close an excursion train of twenty-seven cars, crowded in every part, came in from Bangor, closely followed by another of seventeen cars from Belfast. Seeing this vast accession to the already large numbers of visitors, the manager was somewhat puzzled how to accommodate them. Finally, it was decided to give a continuous exhibition, giving an act in the circus department every few moments. This style of performance was kept up without cessation until nine o'clock in the evening, when a heavy shower of rain falling, afforded the manager an excuse to close the exhibitions. The men and horses were completely exhausted, and their next drive being forty-eight miles to Lewiston, where they were to exhibit three times, they shipped all the ring horses by railroad, to give them an opportunity for much needed rest. On driving out of Augusta, on July 29, they narrowly escaped an accident similar to the one which happened in New Jersey. One of the passenger wagons, with twelve passengers and having four horses attached, had driven down a steep hill, when suddenly they came upon a locomotive crossing the road immediately in front of them. The driver, with great presence of mind, suddenly pulled the horses to the right, making an abrupt turn, which overturned the wagon, breaking the arm of Mr. Summerfield, one of the business men, bruising several others, and injuring somewhat severely Josephe, the French giant, who was compelled to remain behind the show for a couple of days."

From Maine we went across Vermont, exhibiting in the more important places, to Albany and Troy. At Albany it was impossible to secure a suitable locality for the exhibition short of a distance of two miles from the city; yet here distance seemed literally to "lend enchantment to the view," for every exhibition was thronged, and here as everywhere, thousands were turned away who were unable to find room.

Our route from Albany was along the line of the New York Central Railroad to Buffalo, and back by the Erie Railway to the Hudson River, exhibiting nearly everywhere, and after exhibitions at Catskill, Poughkeepsie and Newburg, returning to New York. Our tour through the country was more than a carnival—it was a perfect ovation; and best of all, the public and the

press, with one accord, pronounced the exhibition even better and greater than I had advertised.

At the close of the travelling season I desired to exhibit my great show to my New York patrons, and to return again to the metropolis where, in days gone by, the children, the parents, and the grandparents of the present generation have flocked in millions to my museum. Accordingly I secured the Empire Rink immediately after the close of the American Institute Fair, and opened in that building November 13, 1871. At least ten thousand people were present, and in response to an enthusiastic welcoming call, I made a few remarks, the report of which I copy from the next morning's New York *World*:

> "A popular Eastern poet has said the noblest art a human being can acquire is the power of giving happiness to others. I sincerely hope this is true, for my highest ambition during the last thirty years has been to make the public happy. When I introduced the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, to the American public in 1851, a thrill of pleasure was felt throughout the land by our most refined and intellectual citizens, as well as by every lover of melody in the humblest walks of life. As a museum proprietor for nearly thirty years I catered successfully to the pleasures of many millions of persons. Nor have my efforts been confined to this continent. As a public exhibitor I have appeared before kings, queens and emperors in the Old World, and have given gratification to many millions of their devoted subjects. Fifty years ago some moralists taught that it was wicked to laugh, but all divines of the present day have abandoned that untenable and austere position, and now almost universally agree that laughter is not only conducive to health, but very proper and to be encouraged, for, as the bard of Avon justly says: 'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.' In fact, Mr. Beecher permits laughing in his church, holding that it is as right to laugh as to cry. It has been said that I have caused more people to laugh than any other man on this continent. Ten years ago one of our first families in Fifth avenue were conversing regarding the duties, responsibilities, and trials of this life. Their little daughter of seven was present. The father remarked that it was a pretty hard world to live in—full of struggles, labors, toils and disappointments. The mother added that there was much poverty and suffering in the world, etc., but

the little girl chirped in, 'Well, I think it is a beautiful and pleasant world. I have my dear mamma and papa, and my good grandma there, besides I have Barnum's Museum to go to, and surely I don't want a happier world than this.' My great object has been to elevate the standard of amusements, to render them instructive as well as amusing, to divest them of all vulgar and immoral tendencies, and to make all my exhibitions worthy the patronage of the best and most respectable families. Finally, my great desire has been to give my patrons ten times the worth of their money, and in this my last crowning effort to overshadow and totally eclipse all other exhibitions in the world."

And the metropolitan press, people and patronage combined, only repeated with more emphasis, the universal testimony of the country as to the extent and merits of this great show. Want of space permits me to copy only two or three of the favorable articles which appeared from day to day during the entire exhibition in the columns of the New York press. The following is from the Baptist *Union*:

Rare Curiosities

Mr. P. T. Barnum has organized at the Empire Rink a very large exhibition, combining a Museum, Menagarie, International Zoological Garden, Polytechnic Institute and Hippodrome. Having examined the various departments of this vast combination, we do not hesitate to recommend our friends to go with their families to visit it, and they will enjoy a treat seldom offered in a lifetime. The department of natural history is especially excellent and interesting, and embraces the largest and rarest collection of wild animals ever exhibited together in this or probably in any other country. Everything connected with the entertainments admirably harmonizes with the good taste and respectability which give to all of Mr. Barnum's enterprises a refinement and morality which commend them to the most scrupulous. The great Hippodrome Pageant, in which appear so many elephants, camels, dromedaries, horses and ponies, with men, women and children in costumes representing the Arabs and Bedouins of the desert, Roman knights, heralds, warriors, kings, princes and bashaws of the olden time, is truly interesting and grand, and is worth going a long distance to see.

That popular religious journal, the New York *Christian Leader*, edited by the Rev. G. H. Emerson, speaks as follows:

A Good Sermon For Showmen

> The success which everywhere attends Barnum's great show ought to be evidence to the managers who furnish amusement to the public that profanity and indecency of speech and gesture—all of which Mr. Barnum excludes by promptly and indignantly discharging the offender—are not of the nature of supply meeting a popular demand. If a man is coarse and vulgar himself, he usually has manhood enough left not to take his wife and children where coarseness and vulgarity are sure to be witnessed. Mr. Barnum's combination is now doing for canvas what his Jenny Lind enterprise did for public halls. Its patrons are not individuals, but communities. For example, the factories of Paterson, NJ, were compelled to suspend, the operative population having left, *en masse* for the show. But this swimming and unsurpassed success would come to a full stop in one day if profanity and indecency, instead of being rigorously forbidden, were encouraged. The community at large respects decency. The show, bewildering, various and mammoth beyond a precedent, is now on its way through New England, in one sense, like "Sherman's march to the sea," and a patronage never before anticipated is organized in advance. It is big, and, better still, it is clean—clean to the eye and to the moral sense.

"Nym Crinkle," the Dramatic Critic of the New York *World*, wrote a very entertaining column about the show for that journal, and "Trinculo" copied it in full in the "Amusements Gossip" of the New York *Leader*. The following is extracted from the article:

Barnum's Universal Show

> Barnum, who long ago beat all creation, is now exhibiting his spoils at the Rink. Animated nature and animated art make a stunning combination, especially when the combination is all in active operation, as it generally is about two o clock in the afternoon and eight o'clock in the evening. Then one can enjoy the howls of the animals, the rush and scurry of the arena, the rattlebang of the band, and the delight of ten thousand people, without stopping to discriminate. It is something for

the veteran showman to say he has been able to stir the metropolis with his caravan as other and less indifferent villages are stirred by smaller shows. The combination, as shows are rated, is really an extraordinary one, and when it arrives at an average Western city it doubles the population for them, contributing of its own multitudinous teamsters, tricksters, and stirrers-up about three hundred people, with as many more ravening beasts thrown in.

The first living curiosity that one meets at the Rink is Barnum himself uncaged. He still holds to the notion that it is worth fifty cents to look at him, and one dollar to read his life; and as nearly everybody has looked at him and read his life, we presume the rest of the world agrees with him. Still it is curious to observe how the healthy and hearty world, thronging to see the monkeys and the mermaids, mingle awe with their admiration of the greatest curiosity of all. They are subdued by a sense of the showman's power. They skirt carefully round the edges of his greatness, so as not to attract too much of his attention, for who could tell at what moment, if he so chose, he would exhibit them. We say the healthy and hearty world, for of course the unhealthy and deformed world, which we all know was made to be exhibited, throngs as of old in supplicating procession after him. Three-legged women and four-legged men, and double-headed children may be seen at all hours congregating on the Third avenue in the vicinity of the Rink, seeking audience of the great showman. Indeed, the observant traveller on this great thoroughfare will know, hours before he gets to the Rink, that he is approaching Barnum, by the strange monstrosities, woolly horses, Albino children, and living skeletons that will be observed wending their way from all parts of the world to the great show in hope of getting engagements. Of course, all this adds to the excitement and interest of the eager multitude. But the animals and curiosities inside constitute the real attraction to the public; and a very fine collection of animals it is. The eight or ten royal Abyssinian and Babylonian lions roar less like sucking doves than any that have had their jaws stretched among us since Van Amburgh's time. As for the rhinoceros, he deserves especial attention, because, as the card on his cage informs us, he is the unicorn of Scripture. But he doesn't look a bit like the agile fellow that fought for the crown on his hind legs, (ah, he was an artist,) for he eats too much hay, and nothing can be more

absurd and contrary to the revolutionary character of the unicorn dear to heraldry than this ironclad monster eating hay with the demureness of a cow. Still there is danger in his cage, the keeper informs us, and he ought to know, for he probably lived there at some time with him in order to find him out. And he further assures us that the reason Mr. Barnum employs him to take care of the beast is that he is an old sailor, nobody else being able to go round his horn. Time, however would not suffice to relate the wonders of the yak and guayga and the wart hog, none of which are popular pets, nor to tell of the infinite variety of the feline tribe, from *felis leo* himself to the tiniest cougar. This collection of animals makes what is called the Zoological Garden, a distinct apartment of the show. There is a collection of camels—about forty—and several elephants, eating peanuts with singularly disproportioned taste, at the east end, and here, we observe, is the menagerie. The camels, each with his hump tastefully covered with a camel's hair shawl, wait with meek patience for the ringmaster to call them, and they all slide out on their cushioned feet like dusty spectres. It would be well to visit the collection of wild animals after this, and then inspect the exhibition of animated nature, reserving the caravan till the last. But the conscientious visitor has the hippodrome, the hippotheatron, the circus, the arena and the ring to inspect, and unless he hurries up, he will not get through in time. We have found it in our experience that the best plan is to cut the arena, the hippodrome, and the hippotheatron, and stick to the circus. The circus will be found worthy of the carefulest study. It will be found to have a largeness that is new, and certainly it would be difficult to find more performers or have them do more. The Rink, thanks to Barnum, is a popular resort. We forget how many miles of promenade there are through the zoological department of the menagerie, but we know that thousands of people may be seen there of a pleasant afternoon, adding a biological interest to the zoological exhibit that is well worth noting.

The following is from the New York *Daily Standard* of Dec. 28, 1871:

Unbounded Enterprise

Mr. P. T. Barnum is the only man in the show-business who thoroughly comprehends the demands of the public, and is willing to satisfy them

at any expenditure of time and means. His projects are conceived on a gigantic scale, very far in advance of the conservatism so characteristic of even liberal managers. His expensive expeditions to Labrador, some years ago, to capture white whales for the American Museum, and another expedition to South Africa, in 1859, which secured the first and only living hippopotamus ever seen on this continent, involved an outlay sufficient to organize and completely furnish a first-class show. A third even more hazardous expedition was sent to the North Pacific to capture seals, sea lions, and other marine monsters, which were transported thousands of miles in immense water tanks. These are but a few in many instances of that large and comprehensive liberality that distinguishes all of Mr. Barnum's enterprises, and is the source of his managerial triumphs and the foundation of his financial success. Obstacles, that to others seem insurmountable, only spur him on to greater effort. No article of real novelty or merit which will enhance the attractions of his exhibitions is suffered to escape for lack of energy, or for want of liberal expenditure of money. It is this spirit that has enabled Mr. Barnum to combine in one exhibition the most complete and colossal collection of animate and inanimate curiosities ever assembled in the world.

In the spring of 1871, when the great show was about to enter upon its first campaign, complete as it seemed to the manager and to other experts, Mr. Barnum thought a most valuable feature might be added. He telegraphed to the whaling ports of New England, and sent messages to San Francisco and Alaska, to know if a group of sea lions and other specimens of the phocine tribe could be secured. Finally, through his agents in San Francisco, he organized an expedition to Alaska. By the first of July, several fine specimens of seals and sea lions, some of the latter weighing more than 1,000 pounds each, were brought in tanks over the Union Pacific Railway, were safely landed at Bridgeport, and, thereafter, were forwarded to the show, then on its travels through New England. As these delicate animals are likely to die, arrangements have been made to keep good the supply, and December 16, 1871, Mr. Barnum received a telegram from San Francisco that six more sea lions had just arrived at that port for him. Two of these will be sent, by arrangement, to the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park,

London, and the rest, with several seals captured in the same expedition, will be added to Barnum's show next spring.

Mr. Barnum's active and enterprising agents are in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and elsewhere in the world, wherever anything rare and valuable—bird, beast, reptile, or other animate or inanimate curiosity—can be secured, which will add to the interest of the exhibition. In the menagerie, and the hippodrome also, experts are constantly engaged in training elephants, camels, performing horses, and other animals, and are thus preparing new and attractive features, some of which will be as novel to the show profession as they will be new and attractive to the public.

I might fill hundreds of pages with the notices of the New York papers during the protracted exhibition at the Empire Rink. Every day, almost, the journals had something new to say about the show, from the simple fact that nearly every day the addition of some new animal or attraction, or fresh features in the ring performances compelled new notices. The exhibition continued with unabated success and patronage till after the holidays, when necessary preparations for the spring campaign, including the repainting of all the wagons, compelled me to close.

I must make mention merely of two genuine curiosities from California—the one a section of one of the big trees, and the other a bright young Digger Indian, who was my guide through the Yosemite Valley. I little thought when I saw the big trees that I should soon secure for exhibition in New York a gigantic section of one of them, with the bark, which, set up as it enclosed the tree, enclosed, on one occasion, at the Empire Rink, two hundred children from the Howard Mission. The Digger was equally a curiosity in his way. One day when the baboon escaped from his cage, and defied all the efforts of the keepers to capture him, my Digger Indian lassooed him, and brought him down with a run and a rope in less than no time. His services in, and with, this "line" on other occasions were more memorable.

I cannot close this additional narrative without warning my readers, and the public generally, that the enormous success of my great combination has stimulated unscrupulous smaller showmen to feeble imitations, which, in some instances, are, and are intended to be, downright frauds upon the public. Nearly every circus and menagerie in the country has lately added what is called a "museum," and in some cases they have employed a man named,

or supposed to be named, Barnum, intending to advertise under the title of "Barnum's Show," thereby deceiving and swindling the public. The trick is very transparent, and can be successful, if at all, only in very rural regions, where the newspapers fail to penetrate. The so-called "Museums" may embrace a stuffed animal or two, and a small show of waxworks. Indeed, some of these minor managers have bought cast-off curiosities from me, and cheap rubbish from old museums, with which to set up the "new features" in their circuses or menageries. The whole public knows that there is but one P. T. Barnum, and but one show in the country of sufficient importance to bear his name. I trust to my name and my long-worked-for and well-earned reputation to insure the public against imposition from the attempts of my imitators, who are as unprincipled as they will be unsuccessful in their efforts to defraud me and to delude the public.

# Appendix II

## A Remarkable Campaign

Record of Events—Immense Business—Retrograding Not My Nature—Treasurer's Report—Surprised at Last—Excitement in the Rural Districts—Camping Out—"seeing Barnum"—An "incident of Travel"—Down the Bank—A Terrible Night—A Temperance Crew—Close of the Tenting Season—Westward Ho!—Free Lectures—Waldemere—A Fifty Thousand Dollar Dooryard—Visit of Horace Greeley—Trip to Colorado—My New Enterprise—Fourteenth Street Hippodrome—Grand Opening—A Brilliant Audience—Departure for the South—New Orleans in Winter—News of the Conflagration—"Business Before Pleasure"—En Route for Home—Speech at the Academy—season of 1873—Conclusion.

Written up to February, 1873.

Readers of the preceding pages will expect in this Appendix a brief resumé of events relating to my Great Travelling World's Fair for the season of 1872. Connected as I have been with so many gigantic undertakings, and the subject of so many and varied experiences, it can hardly be thought strange if I have taught myself not to be surprised at anything in the way of business results. The idea of attempting to transport by rail any company or combination requiring sixty-five cars—to be moved daily from point to point—was an experiment of such magnitude that railroad companies could not supply my demands, and I was compelled to purchase and own all the cars. Up to this time in life, my record is clear for never retrograding after once embarking in any undertaking, and I did not propose to establish a contrary precedent at this late day, so, at the appointed time, the great combination moved westward by rail: The result is known. It visited the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Min-

nesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. In order to exhibit only in large towns, it was frequently necessary to travel one hundred miles in a single night, arriving in season to give three exhibitions and the usual street pageant at 8 o'clock a.m. By means of cheap excursion trains, thousands of strangers attended daily from along the lines of the various railroads, for a distance of fifty, seventy-five and even a hundred miles. Other thousands came in wagons, on horseback and by every means of conveyance that could be pressed into service, until by 10 o'clock—the hour for the morning exhibition—the streets, sidewalks and stores were filled with strangers. It was universally conceded that the money invested by these country customers, who took this opportunity to visit the town and make purchases, exceeded by many thousands of dollars the amount I took away. Indeed, my own expenditures at each point where we exhibited, averaged one-half my gross receipts.

Some idea of the excitement throughout the country, may be formed from the fact that, upon arriving at daylight, we usually found wagon loads of rural strangers—men, women and children—who had come in during the night, and "pitched camp." They had arrived at a most unseasonable hour for pleasure, but this nocturnal experience was no barrier when they had the ultimatum of "seeing Barnum." Notwithstanding our transportation was necessarily done at night, under all the disadvantages of darkness and usually by three trains, it is gratifying to look back upon the great railroad campaign of 1872 as entirely free from serious accident. A few minor casualties occurred. At 1 o'clock on the morning of June 8, several of our cars and cages were precipitated down an embankment at Erie, Penn., by the gross carelessness of a switchman, and the utter recklessness of two locomotive engineers. The accident resulted in no loss of life, but the crushed cages, the roaring of the animals, the general excitement, coupled with the fact that the night was one of Egyptian darkness, all combined to form an "incident of travel" long to be remembered. It is also a source of satisfaction to record that nothing like riotous conduct, quarreling or disturbing elements of any nature have annoyed us during the tenting season. I attribute this to one fact, *viz.*, that my employees are *teetotalers* and of gentlemanly behavior; that they fully appreciate the wisdom of my forty years' motto—"We Study to Please"—and consequently make every effort to preserve decorum, and make visitors as happy as possible during the few hours they are with us.

With wonderful unanimity the public and the press acknowledged that I exhibited much more than I advertised, and that no combination of exhibi-

tions that ever travelled had shown a tithe of the instructive and amusing novelties that I had gathered together. This universal commendation is, to me, the most gratifying feature of the campaign, for not being compelled to do business merely for the sake of profit, my highest enjoyment is to delight my patrons. The entire six months' receipts of the Great Travelling World's Fair exceeded one million dollars. The expenses of 156 days were nearly $5,000 per day, making about $780,000, besides the interest on a million dollars capital, and the wear and tear of the whole establishment. Although these daily expenses were more than double the receipts of any other show ever organized in any country, the financial result surprised everyone, and even I, who had anticipated so much, was a little "set back" when my treasurer made his final report. It will be remembered that it was the year of a heated presidential campaign, when factional strife and political ambition might be expected to monopolize public attention to the serious detriment of amusements generally. I think I may with truth say that no other man in America would have dared to assume such risk. All well known showmen agree that without *my name*, which is recognized as the synonym of "Old Reliable—always giving my patrons thrice the worth of their money," the enormous outlay I incurred would have swamped any other proprietor of this vast collection of novelties, requiring the services of 1,000 men and 300 horses. The tenting season proper, closed at Detroit October 30th, when we were patronized by the largest concourse of people ever assembled in the State of Michigan.

During this season of unparalleled prosperity, I made it my custom to be present at all large cities and prominent points, and superintend in person the gigantic combination. Frequently I was invited by leaders in the temperance cause or by the "Young Men's Christian Associations" to lecture on temperance, which invitation I accepted when in my power, but always upon conditions that the lecture should be free and open to all. As a matter of fact I may be permitted to say that upon these occasions more people were turned away than gained admission, but whether these crowds were attracted by an interest in the temperance cause, or from a desire to get a glimpse of the old showman, I have never been fully satisfied. My manager and assistants insist that the latter is true, and that my free lectures, especially in the large cities, result to my pecuniary disadvantage, as fully satisfying many who otherwise would patronize the exhibition to gratify their curiosity. However, as our immense pavilions are always crowded, I can see no

real cause for complaint. At my stage of life I confess to a deeper interest in the noble cause of temperance than I ever had in the largest audience ever assembled under canvas. If but one-half the people who have signed the pledge at these lectures keep it through life, I shall feel that my labors in this direction will not have been devoid of valuable and beneficent results.

Early in the presidential canvass I published a general invitation offering the free use of my immense Hippodrome pavilion to either of the great political parties, for holding mass meetings. No building in the West would accommodate the masses seeking admission upon these occasions, and "open air" gatherings were at a discount, even with enthusiastic politicians. My immense circus canvas had a seating capacity of 12,000, and was proof against ordinary storms. My offer gave the free use of this immense tent between the hours of 4 and 6 p.m. The invitation was accepted in some instances where the exhibition and the political gathering were billed for the same day.

When not with the company I spent most of my time at my ideal home—Waldemere. To me who have travelled so far and seen so much, and whose life seems destined to be an eventful one, this delightful summer retreat is invested with new charms at each successive visit. The beautiful groves seem still more beautiful, the foliage more green, the entire scenery more picturesque and the broad expanse of water—with the Long Island shore visible in the mazy background—sparkles in the sunlight with additional brilliancy. Possibly my affection for Waldemere is due in some degree to the fact that I can here look upon thriving shade trees and spacious drives of my own creation, and that wherever art has beautified nature, it has but utilized plans and carried out suggestions of my own. In 1871 I attached to Waldemere a new building for a library. Its architecture was so beautiful and unlike the main edifice that after expending $10,000 on it, I was obliged to lay out $30,000 on the house to make it "correspond!" It was the old story of the man's new sofa over again. When the building was enlarged, the lawn on the east side appeared too narrow, so I purchased a slip of land (seven acres) on that side for $50,000. The land is worth it for building lots at present prices, but I could not help half agreeing with a neighboring farmer who said, "well, that Barnum is the queerest man I ever saw. He's gone and spent $50,000 for a little potato patch to put on his dooryard." The past season my summer home was made still more attractive by the frequent presence of distinguished personal friends, whom I took delight in

entertaining. Their sojourn I endeavored to make agreeable, and in after years their recollections of Waldemere will, I trust, be pleasing reminiscences of a quiet visit and unfeigned hospitality. In August I received a visit from my esteemed friend, the late Horace Greeley. Mine was one of the few private residences he visited during the campaign, and the last, I think, which he sought for relaxation or pleasure. I have every reason to believe that he spoke the true sentiment of his heart when he assured me of his enjoyment while at my house, and never did a careworn journalist, and him too the very central figure of a heated political campaign, stand more in need of repose and perfect freedom from mental excitement than did Mr. Greeley at this time. I arranged an old-fashioned clam bake, at which were present congenial spirits from home and abroad. Mr. Greeley laid aside all restraint. He mingled freely with the guests, and his native genial humor and ready wit contributed greatly to the enjoyment. The keenest observer could have detected nothing like care or anxiety upon his countenance, and the stranger would have pointed him out as a quiet farmer enjoying a day at the seaside.

Although not much of a politician I have my political preferences. Mr. Greeley was my lifelong personal friend. I gave him my support. Once I ventured my opinion that his election was doubtful. He replied that a more important result than his election would be, that, running upon so liberal a platform as that adopted at Cincinnati, would compel all parties to recognize a higher standard regarding public justice and the rights of others. "My chief concern," he added, "is to do nothing in this canvass that I shall look back upon with an unapproving conscience."

In October I visited Colorado accompanied by my English friend John Fish, and a Bridgeport gentleman who has an interest with me in a stock-raising ranch in the southern part of that Territory. We took the Kansas Pacific Railroad to Denver, seeing many thousands of wild buffalo—our train sometimes being stopped to let them pass. The weather was delightful. We spent several days in the new and flourishing town of Greeley. I gave a temperance lecture there; also at Denver. At the latter city, in the course of my remarks, I told them I never saw so many disappointed people as at Denver. The large audience looked surprised, but were relieved when I added, "half the inhabitants came invalids from the East, expecting to die, and they find they cannot do it. Your charming climate will not permit it!" And it is a fact. I am charmed with Colorado, the scenery and delightful air, and particularly

would I recommend as a place of residence to those who can afford it, the lively, thriving city of Denver. To those who have their fortunes yet to make, I say "go to Greeley."

We took the narrow gauge road from Denver to Pueblo, stopping at Colorado Springs and the "Garden of the gods." The novel scenery here amply paid us for our visit. From Pueblo I proceeded forty miles by carriage to our cattle ranch, and spent a couple of days there very pleasantly. We have several thousand head of cattle there, which thrive through the winter without hay or fodder of any kind.

At the close in Detroit of the great Western railroad tour, I equipped and started South a Museum, Menagerie and Circus, which, while it made no perceptible diminution in the main body, was still the largest and most complete travelling expedition ever seen in the Southern States. Louisville was designated as the rendezvous and point of consolidation of the various departments, and the new expedition gave its initial exhibition in the Falls City, November 4th. Much of the menagerie consisted of animals of which I owned the duplicate, and hence could easily spare them without injuring the variety in my zoological collection. I was aware also that many of the rare specimens would thrive better in a warmer climate, and as the expense of procuring them had been enormous, I coupled my humanitarian feelings with my pecuniary interests and sent them South.

And now in this routine of events for 1872, I record one important project with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. In August I purchased of Mr. L. B. Lent the building and lease in Fourteenth street, New York, known as the Hippotheatron. One purpose was to open a Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome that would give employment to two hundred of my people who otherwise would be idle during the winter. Another and main object was to take the inaugural steps toward the foundation of a permanent establishment, where the higher order of arenic entertainments could be witnessed under all the advantages of a thoroughly equipped, refined and moral dramatic entertainment. My project combined not only a circus, but a museum of the world's wonders and a menagerie that should equal in extent and variety the great zoological collection of London. I realized the importance of an establishment in New York where old and young could seek innocent amusement, and where Christian parents could take their children and feel that the exhibition contributed not only to their enjoyment but to their instruction. The press generally had kindly acknowl-

edged the success of my efforts in bringing the modern arena up to its proper standard among the fashionable amusements of the day. By divesting the ring of all objectionable features, and securing the highest talent of both hemispheres, my circus had become popularized among the better classes, for whose good opinion it has ever been my fortune to cater. At an expense of $60,000 I enlarged and remodeled the building, so as to admit my valuable collection of animals, museum of life-size automatons, and living curiosities. The entire edifice was so thoroughly built over as to leave but little to remind the visitor of the original structure. The amphitheater had a seating capacity of 2,800. It consisted of parquette and balcony, each completely encircling the ring, and the former luxuriously fitted up with cushioned armchairs and sofa seats. The grand opening took place Monday evening, November 18th. In theatrical parlance, the house was crowded from "pit to dome." The leading citizens of the metropolis were present, many of whom on that occasion patronized an equestrian entertainment for the first time. Viewed from the center of the ring, the vast amphitheater presented a scene of bewildering beauty. The dazzling lights, the delightful music of the orchestra, the gorgeous surroundings, and the brilliant audience—filling the numerous circles of seats which rose one above another to the most remote outskirts of the building—all formed a picture so unlike anything ever before seen in New York, as to bring out detailed and eulogistic editorials from the press of the following morning. Being recognized among the audience, I was called into the ring, when I briefly thanked my friends for their generous appreciation. From this date the establishment was open daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., with hippodrome performances afternoon and evening.

On December 16th, four weeks after the inauguration of the new Fourteenth street building, I started for New Orleans, to visit my southern show. I found the Crescent City luxuriating in its usual winter rains, and paddling through its regular rations of mud and slush—happy in its very dreariness. The contentment of the native population of New Orleans reaches the sublime. The average citizen accepts rain and its kindred elements as special attractions indigenous to that climate; and unless the levee breaks and the turbulent Mississippi overflows the city, they see no occasion to murmur. During the brief intervals of sunshine I rode through the principal streets, met several old acquaintances, and renewed friendships formed many years ago. Changes I found, it is true, but they are changes resulting from nature

rather than from human hands. The ravages of time and natural decay seem to offset all the thrift of which New Orleans can boast. No Northerner—no matter how frequent his visits—fulfills his destiny until he drives to the suburbs and plucks his fill of oranges. Upon the occasion of my visit political dissensions monopolized public attention. What with the continual skirmishing between the municipal, State and general governments, the city was in a most disagreeable turmoil; and one retired at night quite uncertain as to what administration would be in power in the morning. Once I had occasion to inquire for the governor's address, and my companion innocently asked, "Which one?" Compared to the civic and military imbroglio in New Orleans in December, the political situation of Mexico was one of placid serenity.

It was while quietly seated at the breakfast table, at the St. Louis Hotel, in the Crescent City, on Tuesday, December 24th, that the waiter handed me a telegram. I had been reading in the morning papers of the flooding of my show grounds on Canal street, and of the change of location my manager had been forced to make. These annoyances had prepared me when I read the despatch to fully appreciate Longfellow's words,

"So disasters come not singly."

It was as follows:

New York, Dec. 24.
To P. T. Barnum, New Orleans:

About 4 a.m. fire discovered in boiler-room of circus building; everything destroyed except 2 elephants, 1 camel.
S. H. Hurd, Treasurer.

Calling for pen, ink and paper, I then and there cabled my European agents to send duplicates of all animals lost, with positive instructions to have everything shipped in season to reach New York by the middle of March. They were further directed to procure at any cost specimens never seen in America, and through sub-agents to purchase and forward curiosities—animate and inanimate—from all parts of the globe. Cable dispatches were also sent to the celebrated inventors and manufacturers of automatons, in Paris, to lose no time in making and purchasing everything new and wonderful in the way of mechanical effects. This feature of my great exhibition

had proved so attractive that I determined at once not only to duplicate it, but to enlarge this department to double its original size. I then dispatched the following to my son-in-law:

New Orleans, Dec. 24.
To S. H. Hurd, New York:

Tell editors I have cabled European agents to expend half million dollars for extra attractions; will have new and more attractive travelling show than ever early in April.
P. T. Barnum.

These details attended to, I could see no further occasion for delaying breakfast and taking a calm view of the situation.

The total destruction of this beautiful building and its valuable contents, was an item of news for which I was ill prepared, and the extent of which calamity I could scarcely comprehend. I could realize in a measure a vast conflagration, with its excitement and contingent incidents, but I could not think without a shudder of the terrible sufferings of one hundred wild beasts, in their frantic, howling efforts to escape the flames. For a moment I was disposed to censure my agents and employees for permitting such a wholesale destruction of these poor animals. Then I remembered the reliable men I employed, and could not but feel assured that everything in their power had been done. The four beautiful giraffes—the only ones in the United States, and which alone cost $80,000—were lost in the general sacrifice. I learned afterwards that every effort was made to rescue them, but the poor innocent pets were utterly paralyzed with fear, and could not be made to move, even after the lattice inclosure had been torn away. Had they escaped the burning building, the terrible cold night would doubtless have killed them before they could have been sheltered from the weather. No pecuniary compensation could satisfy me for the loss of these and many other rare animals.

Returning to New York I learned that my loss on building and property amounted to the neighborhood of $300,000. To meet this I held insurance polices to the amount of $90,000. My equestrian company, in which I took great pride, and which I had hoped to give employment during the winter, was of course left idle until the opening of the summer season. The members lost their entire wardrobe, a loss of which can only be appreciated by

professionals. I was pleased to see a disposition manifested to render them some assistance, and encouraged it so far as lay in my power. A benefit was arranged under the auspices of the Equestrian Benevolent Association of the United States. The order has for its object the relief of unfortunate members, and, as in the present case, its broad mantle of charity includes worthy professionals not members of the Association. The affair came off at the Academy of Music, Tuesday, January 7, 1873, afternoon and evening. Many stars in the Equestrian, Dramatic and Musical firmament volunteered for the occasion, and the two entertainments were largely attended. Being called upon to "define my position," I stepped upon the stage and made a few offhand remarks, which were reported in the morning papers as follows:

> Ladies and Gentlemen: I have catered for so many years for the amusement of the public, that the beneficiaries on this occasion seem to have thought that the showman himself ought to be a part of the show; and, at their request, I come before you. I sincerely thank you, in their behalf, for your patronage on this occasion. How much they need your substantial sympathy, the ashes across the street can tell you more eloquently than human tongue could utter. Those ashes are the remnants of "all the worldly goods" of some who appeal to you today.
>
> For myself, I have been burned out so often, I am like the singer who was hissed on the stage; "Hiss away," said he, "I am used to it." My pecuniary loss is very serious, and occurring as it did, just before the holidays, it is all the more disastrous.
>
> It may perhaps gratify my friends to know, however, that I am still enabled to invest another half million of dollars without disturbing my bank account. The public will have amusements, and they ought to be those of an elevating and an unobjectionable character. For many years it has been my pleasure to provide a class of instructive and amusing entertainments, to which a refined Christian mother can take her children with satisfaction.
>
> I believe that no other man in America possesses the desire and facilities which I have in this direction. I have, therefore, taken steps, through all my agents in Europe and this country, which will enable me to put upon the road, early in April, the most gigantic and complete travelling museum, menagerie and hippodrome ever organized.

It has been asked whether I will build up a large museum and menagerie in New York. Well, I am now nearly sixty-three years of age. I can buy plenty of building sites and get plenty of leased lots for a new museum; but I cannot get a new lease of life.

Younger members of my family desire me to erect in this city an establishment worthy of New York and of myself. It will be no small undertaking; for if I erect such an establishment, it will possess novel and costly features never before attempted. I have it under consideration, and within a month shall determine whether or not I shall make another attempt; of one thing, however, you may be assured, ladies and gentlemen, although conflagrations may, for the present, disconcert my plans, yet while I have life and health no fire can burn nor water quench my ambition to gratify my patrons at whatever cost of money or of effort. I shall never lend my name where my labors and heart do not go with it, and the public shall never fail to find at any of my exhibitions their money's worth ten times told.

The following paragraph from the New York *Tribune* of January 16, 1873, will give an inkling of what I am about, as I send these last pages to press:

BARNUM AND THE AUTOMATON TALKER.

Mr. Phineas T. Barnum, the genial showman, contributes a good deal to our amusement, and all New Yorkers have a kindly side for him. Here is *The Philadelphia Press*'s account of his latest achievement:

"Early yesterday morning Prof. Faber received a call, at the Girard House, from the renowned showman, P. T. Barnum, who is now on a visit to Philadelphia in pursuit of wonders for his great travelling show. Within two hours Prof. Faber had given notice to the Emperor of Austria of his forfeiture of £200 for not exhibiting his talking machine at the Vienna Exposition next summer, and a contract was signed by Mr. Barnum, agreeing to pay $20,000 for the services of Mr. and Mrs. Faber and their wonderful automaton talker during the tenting season of 1873. No more marvelous exhibition was ever seen in a travelling tent. It is the most wonderful achievement of ingenuity that this age of new inventions has yet

> witnessed. Although it looks no more like a talking machine than an old-fashioned weaver's loom, or a modern sewing machine, it converses plainly and distinctly in all languages, giving every intonation of the human voice to extraordinary perfection. Mr. Barnum says that 10,000,000 of visitors will hear this wonderful wooden conversationalist during the coming Summer."

It is amusing to witness the difference in men's dispositions. I arrived in New York from New Orleans the night before New Year's, just a week after the fire. I found my manager, Mr. Coup, and my son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, in rather low spirits. I laughed at them and called them my deacons, but begged them not to go into mourning.

"It's astonishing how you can laugh when you know our museum building and all of our rare animals are burned up, and we cannot get more in time for the spring show," drawled the lugubrious Coup, in an injured tone.

"If the fire had waited ten days till the holidays were over, we should have been $50,000 dollars better off," chimed in the chopfallen Hurd.

"If the skies had fallen we should have caught larks," I replied; "but as the skies did not fall, let us be content with what is still left us."

"As for you, Coup," I continued, "you talk about what we *cannot* do; now, have I not told you often enough, the word '*can't*' is not in my dictionary?"

"But you can't help the fire, can you?" retorted Coup.

"I shall not try, but I can restore all it has destroyed, and much more," I replied; "and I will do it within three months at furthest."

"That is easier said than done," responded Coup with a sigh.

"Surely, Father, you don't think we can get a new show upon the road before July, do you?" asked Mr. Hurd.

"I repeat that I see nothing to prevent our exhibiting the largest and best show on this earth, three months from today," I replied; "all that is required are energy, pluck, courage, and a liberal outlay of money. All our golden chariots and cages, our horses, harness, canvas tents and wagons are saved, besides which we have thirty new cages nearly finished. Telegraphs, Atlantic cables and our agents abroad, can supply us all the curiosities and animals we want, before the last of March next, if we will supply them with money enough."

But my advisers thought I was too sanguine, and they said as much. Coup even proposed to lie still a year, and start our show again in 1874. But I replied that my "years" were too few and too precious to be wasted in that way; and although I would never put a show upon the road that did not exceed in magnitude and merit that which we had lost, I felt every confidence in accomplishing this before April, if we would all work hard.

Strange enough, before we parted on that evening of December 31st, I received a cable message from my trusty agent, Robert Fillingham of London, saying he had purchased for me a pair of giraffes or camelopards and a full supply of lions, tigers and other animals. He added: "All the Governmental Zoological Gardens here and on the continent sympathize with you, and are ready to dispose of any animals you wish. The mechanicians of Paris and Geneva are at work on automatons and other attractions for your travelling museum."

"Don't that electricity beat the world?" exclaimed Mr. Coup with great delight.

"Just put a little of it into your blood," I replied, "and we will beat the world."

The spirits of my associates were thoroughly revived, and at this present writing, on the 20th day of February, I have already received more rare wild animals and other curiosities than I ever had before at one time, with promise of many more within a month, and Messrs. Hurd and Coup are in high feather.

"Mr. Barnum," said Coup this morning, "this new show of ours, got up in so short a time, is the *miracle* of the age."

"Well, my dear fellow," I replied, "the public like miracles; keep performing them and you are sure of success. You can never do so much for the public, but they will do more for you in return. Give them the best show possible, at whatever cost; keep it free from objectionable features, and never fear; your efforts will surely be appreciated, and you will receive a generous support. Remember, 'Excelsior' is our motto."

These are the feelings which inspire us as we energetically prepare for our third campaign, and although I see plenty of hard work ahead, I also see bright skies, smiling faces, and assured success.

FINIS.

---

In concluding this brief resumé of the last year's events, I would seem ungrateful did I fail to acknowledge my heartfelt thankfulness to the public and the press, for the generous and unqualified expressions of sympathy on account of the great calamity of December 24th. Editors throughout the United States and Europe have written of this conflagration, and of those which preceded it, and have attributed to me a degree of perseverance I fear beyond my deserts. If the fiery ordeal has had any visible effect, it has been to increase my desire to identify my name with a class of entertainments at once moral, amusing and instructive. Colossal as was the Great Travelling World's Fair of 1872, that of 1873 will surpass it.

With full confidence in that just discrimination which recognizes and rewards true merit, I remain, as ever, the public's obedient servant.

P. T. B.

February, 1873.

# Conclusion

In sending these last pages to the printer in March, 1872, I may say that my manager, Mr. Coup, his assistants, and myself, have been busy ever since New Year's in reorganizing our great travelling show, building new wagons and cages, and painting, gilding and repairing the others. One of the great carved, mirrored and gilded chariots, from England, used by me in 1871, is a grand affair, made telescopic, and when extended to its full height reaches an altitude of forty feet, on the top of which, in our street processions, we place a young lady, costumed to personate the Goddess of Liberty. The regilding of this one vehicle preparatory to opening our spring campaign cost about five thousand dollars—enough to build a nice house in the country. The wintering of my horses and wild animals, salaries of employees and expense of fitting up properly for the next season, cost over $50,000. During the winter my agents abroad have shipped me many interesting and expensive curiosities. Indeed, ship after ship has brought me so many rare animals and works of art that I have sometimes been puzzled to find places to store them.

Two beautiful giraffes, or camelopards, were despatched to me, but one died on the Atlantic, making three of these tender and valuable animals that I have lost within a year. The only one on this continent at this present writing is mine. He is a beauty. I own another, which is now in the Royal Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, ready to be shipped at any moment should I unfortunately be obliged to send a message by the Atlantic Cable announcing the death of my present pet.

Other managers gave up trying to import giraffes several years ago, owing to the great cost and care attending them. No giraffe has ever lived two years in America. These very impediments, however, incited me to always have a living giraffe on hand, at whatever cost—for, of course, their scarcity

enhances their attraction and value as curiosities. I hear that my example has stimulated the manager of a small show to try and obtain a giraffe. I am educating the public curiosity and taste to demand so much that is rare and valuable, that many managers will soon give up the show business, as several have this spring, while others must be more liberal and enterprising if they succeed.

Hitherto many small showmen who could raise cash and credit to the amount of $20,000, would get half a dozen cages of cheap animals, two or three fourth-rate circus riders, a few acrobats or tumblers, a clown, and three or four broken down "ring horses;" then buying some ready printed dashy show-bills *mis*-representing their show, they would announce a great menagerie and circus, and perhaps clear the cost of their show the first season; for there are some persons who are bound to go to "the show" whatever may be its merits. But the public are generally getting sick of this same old story, and as my Broadway American Museum years ago served to reform or extinguish "one horse shows," so I trust that the immensity of my travelling show will serve to elevate and extend public expectations and improve public exhibitions.

Several immense sea lions and barking seals have also been captured by my agents at Alaska and are added to the "innumerable caravan." Some of these marine monsters weigh a thousand pounds each, and each consumes from sixty to a hundred pounds of fish per day. It is very curious to see them floundering in and out of the immense water tanks in which I transport them through the country. Their tremendous roar may often be heard the distance of a mile.

Among my equestrian novelties is an Italian goat taught in Europe to ride on horseback, leap through hoops and over banners, alighting on his feet on the back of the horse while at full speed. I named him "Alexis" in honor of the Russian Prince. He appeared at Niblo's Garden, New York, in February, and created much enthusiasm.

Numerous artists in different parts of Europe have been engaged all winter in making for my show extraordinary musical and other automatons and moving tableaux, so marvelous in their construction as to seem enchanted or to be possessed of life.

But perhaps the most rare and curious addition to my great show, and certainly the most difficult to obtain, is a company of four wild Fiji cannibals! I have tried in vain for years to secure specimens of these "man-

eaters." At last the opportunity came. Three of these cannibals having fallen into the hands of their Royal enemy, who was about to execute, and perhaps to eat them, the missionaries and my agent prevailed upon the copper-colored king to accept a large sum in gold on condition of his majesty's granting them a reprieve and leave of absence to America for three years, my agent also leaving a large sum with the American Consul to be forfeited if they were not returned within the time stipulated. Accompanying them is a half-civilized cannibal woman, converted and educated by the Methodist missionaries. She reads fluently and very pleasantly from the Bible printed in the Fijian language, and she already exerts a powerful moral influence over these savages. They take a lively interest in hearing her read the history of our Saviour. They earnestly declare their convictions that eating human flesh is wrong, and faithfully promise never again to attempt it. They are intelligent and docile. Their characteristic war dances and rude marches, as well as their representations of cannibal manners and customs, are peculiarly interesting and instructive. It is perhaps needless to add that the bonds for their return will be forfeited. They are already learning to speak and read our language, and I hope soon to put them in the way of being converted to Christianity, even if by so doing the title of "Missionary" be added to the many already given me by the public.

The following happy hit is from the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as it appeared in that excellent paper of which he is editor, the N.Y. *Christian Union* of Feb. 28th, 1872:

> "Should not a paternal government set some limit to the enterprise of Brother Barnum; with reference, at least, to the considerations of public safety? Here, upon our desk, lies an indication of his last perilous venture. He invites us 'and one friend'—no conditions as to 'condition' specified—to a private exhibition of *four living cannibals*, which he has obtained from the Fiji Islands, for his travelling show. We have beaten up, in this office, among the lean and tough, and those most easily spared in an emergency, for volunteers to visit the Anthropophagi, and report; but never has the retiring and self-distrustful disposition of our employees been more signally displayed. This establishment was not represented at that exposition. If Barnum had remembered to specify the 'Feeding-time,' we might have dropped in, in a friendly way, at some other period of the day."

I may add that at the above exhibition several editors brought their daughters. These blooming young ladies refused to sit on the front seat, in the fear of being eaten; but I remarked that there was more danger of some of the young gentlemen swallowing them alive, than there was from the cannibals. The belles subsided and were safe.

And now comes a joke so huge and ludicrous that I laugh over it daily, although there is a serious aspect to it. Every shipment of curiosities that has arrived from abroad this winter has served to put my worthy manager Coup in great agony.

"I tell you, Mr. Barnum, you are getting this show too big," has been repeated by my perplexed manager a hundred times since New Year's.

"Never mind," I reply, "we ought to have a *big* show—the public expect it, and will appreciate it."

"So here must go six thousand dollars more for a giraffe wagon and the horses to draw it," says Coup, "and this makes more than seventy additional horses that your importations since last fall have rendered necessary."

"Well, friend Coup, we have the *only* giraffe in America," I replied.

"Yes, sir, that is all very well, but no country can support such an expensive show as you are putting on the road."

And that is poor Coup's doleful complaint continually.

But now comes a more serious side, and here is where the joke comes in. I had wintered about five hundred horses, and was preparing to add at least another hundred to my retinue. I induced my son-in-law, Mr. S. H. Hurd, to sell out his business, take stock in the show, and become its treasurer and assistant manager. Hurd is clearheaded, but he moves cautiously, and "looks before he leaps." On a cold, clear morning in February, 1872, Mr. Coup, Mr. Hurd, and several of our leading assistants and counsellors called at my house. Their countenances were solemn, not to say lugubrious; their jaws seemed firmly set, and altogether I discovered something ominous in their appearance. I saw that there was solid business ahead, but I said with a smile:

"Gentlemen, I am right glad to see you. I confess you don't look very jolly, but never mind, unbosom yourselves, and tell me what is up."

Manager Coup opened the ball.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. Barnum," said that honest, good-hearted manager, "that our business here is important and serious. Although we, of course, like to bow to your decisions, and are ready to acknowledge that

your experience is greater than ours, we have had a long and serious consultation this morning, and have unanimously concluded that your show is more than twice too large to succeed; that you will lose nearly four hundred thousand dollars if you try to drag it all through the country, and that your only chance of success is to sell off more than half of your curiosities and horses and wagons, or else divide them into three, or certainly two distinct shows."

"Is this a *mutiny*, gentlemen?" I asked, with a feeling and countenance far from solemn.

"By no means a mutiny, father," said Hurd, "but really it is a very serious affair. We have been making a careful and close calculation." Here he drew from his pocket a sheet of paper covered with figures, and read from it: "The expenses of your exhibitions, including nearly a thousand men and horses, the printing, board, salaries, etc., will average more than $4,000 per day. But call it $4,000. You show thirty weeks—180 days. Thus your expenses for the tenting season, besides wear and tear and general depreciation, will be at least $720,000. This is about twice as much as any show ever took in one season, except your own, last year. This is the year of the presidential election, which, on account of political excitement and mass meetings, always injures travelling shows. We have carefully looked over the towns which you will be able to touch this summer, not going west of Ohio, for you cannot get beyond that State in a single season, and we compute your receipts at not over $350,000, which would leave you a loser of $370,000."

"Are you not a little mistaken in some of your estimates?" I asked.

"Mr. Barnum, figures never lie," exclaimed Mr. Coup, with great earnestness, and, pulling a pocket-map from his breast pocket, he opened it, and I saw that he was set down for the next spokesman.

"Our teams cannot travel with heavy loads more than an average of twenty miles per day," continued Coup; "now please follow the lines marked on this map, and you will find that we are compelled to make seventy-one stands where there are not people enough within five miles to give us an average of $1,000 per day. That will involve a loss of $213,000, and, I tell you, that taking accidents, storms, and other risks, the season will be ruinous if you don't reduce the show more than one-half."

"Coup," I replied, "did not thousands of people come fifty, sixty, a hundred miles last year, by railroad excursions, to see my show?"

He confessed that they did.

"Well," I replied, "if you have lost faith in the discernment of the public, I have not, and I propose to prove it." Then, laughing heartily, I added:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your advice; but I won't reduce the show a single hair or feather; on the contrary, I will add five or six hundred dollars per day to my expenses!"

My assembled "cabinet" rolled their eyes in astonishment.

"Father, are you crazy?" asked Hurd, with a look of despair.

"Not much," I replied.

"Now," I continued, "I see the show is too big to drag from village to village by horse power, and I have long suspected it would be, and have laid my plans accordingly. I will immediately telegraph to all the principal railroad centres between here and Omaha, Nebraska, and within five days I will tell you what it will cost to transport my whole show, taking leaps of a hundred miles or more in a single night when necessary, so as to hit good-sized towns every day in the season. If I can do this with sixty or seventy freight cars, six passenger cars and three engines, within such a figure as I think it ought to be done for, I will do it."

The "cabinet" adjourned for five days, and it was worth something to see how astonished, and apparently pleased, the various members looked as they withdrew.

At the appointed time all met again. The railroad telegrams were generally favorable, and we, then and there, resolved to transport the entire Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome, all of the coming season, by rail, enlisting a power which, if expended on traversing common wagon roads, would be equivalent to *two thousand men and horses*.

If life and health are spared me till another spring, I will report the result of thus setting on foot a mighty "army with banners." But if it is wisely appointed that some other hand shall record it, I confidently trust that the American public will bear witness that I found great pleasure in contributing to their rational enjoyment.

P. T. B.

# ENDNOTES

1. These were the euphonious names of localities in the vicinity of Bethel. ↩

2. By his consent I state that his name is John Fish. ↩

3. The New York and New Haven Railroad Company never forgave me for thus securing a righteous law for the protection of its commuters. Even as lately as 1871, the venders of books on the trains were prohibited from selling to passengers this book which exposes their cupidity. A parallel railroad from New York to New Haven would be good paying stock, and would materially disturb, if not destroy, the present railroad and express monopolies. ↩

ALICE & BOOKS

This book has been downloaded from www.aliceandbooks.com. You can find many more public domain books in our website

# Table of Contents


1. Titlepage
2. Imprint
3. Dedication
4. Preface
5. Struggles and Triumphs
    1. I: Early Life
    2. II: Incidents and Anecdotes
    3. III: In Business for Myself
    4. IV: Struggles for a Livelihood
    5. V: My Start as a Showman
    6. VI: My First Travelling Company
    7. VII: At the Foot of the Ladder
    8. VIII: The American Museum
    9. IX: The Road to Riches
    10. X: Another Successful Speculation
    11. XI: General Tom Thumb in England
    12. XII: In France
    13. XIII: In Belgium
    14. XIV: In England Again
    15. XV: Return to America
    16. XVI: At Home
    17. XVII: The Jenny Lind Enterprise
    18. XVIII: The Nightingale in New York
    19. XIX: Successful Management
    20. XX: Incidents of the Tour
    21. XXI: Jenny Lind
    22. XXII: Close of the Campaign
    23. XXIII: Other Enterprises
    24. XXIV: Work and Play
    25. XXV: The Jerome Clock Company Entanglement
    26. XXVI: Clouds and Sunshine
    27. XXVII: Rest, but Not Rust
    28. XXVIII: Abroad Again

29. XXIX: In Germany
30. XXX: In Holland
31. XXXI: The Art of Money Getting
32. XXXII: An Enterprising Englishman
33. XXXIII: Richard's Himself Again
34. XXXIV: Menagerie and Museum Memoranda
35. XXXV: East Bridgeport
36. XXXVI: More About the Museum
37. XXXVII: Mr. and Mrs. General Tom Thumb
38. XXXVIII: Political and Personal
39. XXXIX: The American Museum in Ruins
40. XL: My War on the Railroads
41. XLI: Bennett and the Herald
42. XLII: Public Lecturing
43. XLIII: The New Museum
44. XLIV: Curious Coincidences.—Number Thirteen
45. XLV: A Story-Chapter
46. XLVI: Seaside Park
47. XLVII: Waldemere
48. Appendix I: Rest Only Found in Action
49. Appendix II: A Remarkable Campaign
50. Conclusion

6. Endnotes
7. Colophon
8. Uncopyright