

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Associate Editor.—TWO DOLLARS Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.
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For fifty insertions, \$202.00
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For sixty-one insertions, \$246.00
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For seventy insertions, \$282.00
For seventy-one insertions, \$286.00
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For eighty insertions, \$322.00
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share in your firm, and all your property, at a venture—there?
"My good friend, are you really envious of my luck, as you call it; be frank now, are you?"
"Yes, I am, Yardstick. I can't help it.—Here, it is only dig—dig—dig. I want, before I die, to be a merchant."
"And before I die, I want to be a farmer; so if we do not exchange property, mind you my good friend, it will be your own fault.—Nay! don't stare so."
"What! what! Yardstick, you astonish me. You want to be a farmer, ha! ha! a man good for a hundred thousand before he dies, in a splendid business, rolling up his pile, to throw away his prospects and take hold of the dirty plough-handle—good joke ha! ha! You take my offer then, do you?"
"Hoehandle, my friend, a sober word or two with you, I have done business thirty years. Have sold millions of dollars' worth of goods. Have made and lost much money. Have credited large stocks of goods out, which I myself bought on credit, and have stood year after year over the brink of a pent-up volcano, expecting that those who owed me would explode and blow me to atoms.—Sleepless nights—worn days. Head-aches and heart-aches. Constant fear that I could not keep my chin above water. Obligated to raise money at high, exorbitant rates of interest, to take up my paper with, because my debtors were so long-winded in their payments to me. Stocks depreciated in value. Fashions changing. Dishonest clerks speculating from my money drawer. Ah, my friend, I do not wonder you stare with astonishment. Let me hear you laugh, it has a charm for me. Sunshine, sir, a merchant's heart, if he cares for his reputation and his credit, when embarked in such a hazardous business as a wholesaler, has no sunshine.—He don't care the feeling, sir. Care, carding care, cat's up his heart; weighs him down; turns day into night; he can't shake it off; it is a horrible night-mare. He goes to New York, sir; he buys fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods on time, and gives notes. O! those bank notes—fearful words to a man who has a credit at stake, and relies upon his customers to pay their notes by which he may be able to meet his own. See him, sir, fairly embarked like a ship at sea, and this ship is surrounded on all sides by huge icebergs, perfect mountains—no chance of escape; bye-and-bye he sees they are coming down upon him; he is hemmed in; slowly and quietly those huge piles advance; steadily they come; the ship will surely be crushed. Aye, not a chip left of her—down—down they come. Hold! a little blue sky is seen, she escapes she gets into the sea once more."
"The ship is like the merchant; the mountains of ice, the bank-notes, the bills payable; the blue sky, the bills receivable. But sometimes the bills receivable are not met, and the ship is crushed to atoms."
"How do you like the picture, my friend? So much for a merchant's life.—We are not what we seem.—Our extensive business is all on paper—mere trash; the great noise we make is produced from the emptiness of our pretensions. Now, sir, will you take your place at the desk, and let me see how sensible a man you are? Sick to the farm; you are a lord, aye, a king; independent; owing no man, while the poor merchant must cringe and fawn upon banks and money lenders. Yes, sir, go down on his knees to get money to save his credit. Sir, producers can say, we ask nothing of the banks, nothing of the merchants; but ask everything that constitutes the whole comforts of life from us. Give me now your property for mine, with my kind of life with it! Nay, when I tell you that one single disastrous year, with the kind of business I am doing, would sweep away all I am worth—will you exchange situations with me?"
"Friend Yardstick, I thank you; but what a picture you have set before me! I'll never despise the old farmer again. Let us join Mrs. Hoehandle in the dining-room, and as we take a quiet lunch, with a thankful heart, we drink in a glass of domestic catwba, this toast: 'The farmer, the luckiest mortal on earth.'"

FALLING IN LOVE.

Some time ago I fell in love
With pretty Mary Jane;
And I did hope that by and by
She'd love me back again.
Alas! my hopes, a-dawning bright,
Where all at once made dim;
She saw a chap—I don't know where—
And fell in love with him!

Next time we went—(now, how it was
I don't pretend to say;)
But when my chair mov'd up by her's,
Why, her's would move away.
Before, I always got a kiss,
(I own with some small fuss;)
But now, forsooth, for love nor fun,
'Twas non come-at-bust!

When, there we sat—and when we spoke,
Our conversation dwelt
On everything beneath the sun,
Except what most we felt.
Enjoying this delightful mood,
Whom then should just step in,
But he, of all the world whom I
Would rather not have seen!

And he could sit down by her side;
And she could—all the while
He pressed her hand within his own—
Upon him sweetly smile.
And she could pluck a rose for him,
So fresh, and bright, and red,
And give me one, which, hours ago,
Was shrunk and pale and dead.

And she could freely gladly sing
The songs he did request;
The ones I asked were just the ones
She always did detest.
I rose to leave—and 'she'd be glad
To have me longer stay!
No doubt of it! No doubt they wept
To see me go away!

I set me down. In thought profound
This maxim wise I drew;
It's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you.
But, after all, I don't believe
My heart will break with wo;
If she's a mind to love 'that chap,'
Why, bless her, let her go!

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Wishing and sighing and imagining and dreaming of greatness, said William Wirt, will not make you great. But cannot a young man command his energies? Read Foster on decision of character. That book will tell you what is in your power to accomplish. You must give up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of your time, talents and opportunities.
Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than any one of his subjects, found time to study.
Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to dive into the depths of philosophy, and explored an untrodden path of science.
Frederic the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxuries of science.
Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his ante-chamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD, is said to be living at Gateshead, England. Her name is Mary Benton. She was born Feb. 12, 1731, and if she lives till the census is taken, she will be entered as 120 years old. She walks erect, hears well, uses no spectacles, and so late as 1848 assisted at a haymaking at Elton.

BENEFIT OF RAILROADS.

The Wheeling Gazette states that in 1840 the average assessed value of the lands in Marion county was \$2 50 per acre; and in 1850 it is \$9 50 per acre; showing an increase in the value of real estate of nearly four hundred per cent. This increase is almost wholly owing to the fact that the Baltimore Ohio Railroad is running through the county.
Great as this result seems, it is only the effect upon a single article, while like benefits accrue to the farmers and consumers of goods for almost everything produced or consumed. And it is to this fact that Georgia owes, in a great degree, her present unparalleled prosperity.

The Posen journals report a fatal duel that has just taken place, remarkable for the extreme youth of the combatants, two boys of fifteen and sixteen, scholars in the chief school or gymnasium of the place. They were both Poles by birth. A slight quarrel was the only cause of the encounter. The duel was fought on the ice of a sheet of water near the town. Several shots were exchanged the distance being decreased at each fire from fifteen to ten and five paces; at the last fire the youngest fell mortally wounded.

AN EFFECTUAL STOP TO DUELLING.

"Hard that we, who have always been such good friends, should have to fight! Come, now, if you will fire at my second, I will fire at yours!"

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

The Liverpool Mercury speaks of the fugitives from Boston as Mr. and Mrs. Crafts. It appears that "Mrs Crafts" is ill, and "Mr. Crafts" has left Liverpool to meet and consult with an American friend in Edinburgh." We should like to hear the Mercury tell us something of Mr. and Mrs. Sniggins, who are worked and starved to death in British mines and factories. Possibly Mrs. Sniggins is slightly indisposed, from want of bread and meat, and perhaps Mr. Sniggins is on a pleasure trip. Can't the Mercury inform its readers on this subject, or are white slaves beneath its attention?—*Richmond Republican.*

THE PLUM PUDDING.

The following is told of a Yankee captain and his mate;
When there was a plum pudding made by the captain's order, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it.—Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed upon the steward to place the end that had no plums in it next to the captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as it merely to examine the china, he said:
"This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool; and put it down again as though without design, with the plums next to himself."
"Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish; "I suppose it was not worth more than one; and, as if in perfect innocence, he put forth the dish with the plum end next to himself."
The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain, and the captain laughed.
"I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out—so we'll just cut the pudding lengthways this time, and have the plums fairly distributed."

A MASSACRE PREVENTED.

In June last, eight thousand Christians, at Imreina, Madagascar, being assembled together one evening in different places, engaged in religious exercises, were all arrested and condemned to death. Eighteen of them had already been executed, when all the rest found means of escape, fled to the palace of the prince, and implored his protection. The prince took them under his care, and successfully defended them against the orders of the Queen, his mother, for their delivery to be executed.

A bark arrived at Liverpool from Africa, ran before the wind under bare poles for three days and nights at the rate of nine knots per hour, the captain and crew remaining all that time lashed on the fore-rigging, being unable to keep the deck, from the heavy seas which swept over the vessel.

MR. STIFF.

We have seen and conferred with Mr. STIFF, the late refugee from Cuban tyranny.
His account of his trial and incarceration gives no very favorable impression of the ranner in which justice is distributed in that country, particularly in regard to American citizens. He mentions that in the sham trial which gave him, no tangible grounds of accusation were presented upon which he could base a defence, nor was he allowed to speak in his own behalf, all inquiries of his, being generally answered by a shrug of the shoulders in those who surrounded him. He further adds, that there are many American citizens confined in the same prison who are totally unacquainted with the causes which have led to their apprehension and confinement, and who left to the tender mercies of the suspicious Dons, may find their graves there also. This is a subject that demands the attention of our government; for while we are doing every justice to such suspicions as may be directed by them against our most respectable citizens and public officers, our countrymen are perishing in their detestable vaults.

A POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

The lines and fences of political parties have been so much displaced since the ancient Federalists and Democrats contested so hotly the political field, that we venture to publish the following good one, believing that at this day no party will feel particularly hit by it.
A worthy deacon in Connecticut, hired a journeyman farmer, from a neighboring town, for the summer, and induced him, although he was unaccustomed to church going, to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the Deacon's house, he asked his "hired man" how he liked the preaching. He said that he didn't like to hear any minister "preach politics."
"I am very sure you heard no politics to-day," said the deacon.
"I am as sure that I did," said the man.
"Mention the passage," said the Deacon.
"I will. He said 'if the federalist scarcely are saved, where will the democrats appear?'"
"Ah," said the Deacon, "you mistake. These are the words—'if the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"
"Oh yes!" said the man, "he might have used those words, but I knew darned well what he meant!"

PLANK ROAD MEETING AT STATESVILLE.

This being Court week in Iredell, a large number of the citizens of the county were in attendance on the Plank Road Meeting appointed to be held at Statesville on the 15th. Several delegates from Alexander and Rowan county were also in attendance.

There were several able speeches delivered, and some of the people manifested a most commendable zeal in behalf of the enterprise. At the conclusion of the meeting a book for subscription of stock was opened, and several gentlemen went forward and put down their names. The Chairman of the meeting was the first to subscribe; and we remember the name of And. Allison, Esq., who took forty shares. In all, at the time of our leave, there were 98 shares taken—25 dollars a share—and the work was going on. We hope to hear, in a few days that Iredell has done herself great credit in this matter.

We were informed by a gentleman from Taylorsville that there would be a Plank Road meeting held at the Court-house in that place, at their next Court, a week or two hence—and the friends of the scheme, we are requested to say, are invited to attend and participate in the same.

QUITE A STORM.

On Saturday last, during a short but violent storm of wind and rain the Branch Mint in this place had two chimneys blown down which fell through the roof into the coining room, and it is a most fortunate circumstance that the hands were not at work in that room at the time or they would certainly have been killed. Our Court House also had one chimney blown down and a good deal of the tin blown from the roof. The damage to the Mint will be repaired by the last of the week so that the operations will not be retarded.

AN OUTRAGE IN COURT.

On Thursday evening last, whilst Wake County Court was in session, an outrage occurred in the Court-House which has excited the deepest indignation of our citizens. The Constable of the Court and City, Mr. James H. Murray, was sitting within the bar, when John Williamson came up behind him and struck him with all his force, with a rock which he held in his hand, stunning and felling him to the floor. Williamson was immediately seized by the Clerk, Mr. Marriott, and held until the Court ordered him to prison.

This outrage is the more atrocious from the fact that Williamson had just been compelled by the Court to give bond to keep the peace towards Mr. Murray, who had only dealt with him previously as an officer in the discharge of his duty. Mr. Murray was conveyed to his residence in a carriage, and was immediately attended by Doctors Hill and F. J. Hayward. We are glad to learn that his skull is not fractured, though his head is cut through to the bone.

Such an outrage, perpetrated on a worthy officer of the law, and under the eye of the Court, calls for the heaviest punishment which that Court can inflict. Williamson is noted for his profligate and desperate disposition, and is the very character of whom an example ought to be made at this time, for the good of the community.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

By the late arrivals we have received from a friend in San Francisco the *Alta California* of the 15th of January. We make some few extracts. The following relates to the Indian Difficulties under which the Californians labor:
"It is to be hoped that the temperate and reasonable address to the Indian Agents, which we published yesterday, may have weight with the public, and induce that forbearance and moderation which the importance of the matter demands. Not only do we hope that the miners and people generally will pause and let reason and justice guide their conduct toward the ignorant starving savages, but that our legislators and all those who hold public and high trust will use their influence to prevent the effusion of blood. It is not for the benefit of our State, viewed even in pecuniary light, to annihilate these poor creatures. But there are reasons infinitely beyond all estimate of dollars and cents, all prospects of profitable business or possessions, which should guide our councils and conduct. There is a question of justice, of humanity, of right, and religion. They are the original possessors of the soil. Here are all the associations of their lives. Here are their traditions. The trees which we cut down are the volumes of their unwritten histories. The mountain-tops are their temples; the running streams which we turn aside for gold have been the storerooms of their food, their fisheries by us destroyed and their supplies thus cut off."
"The wild game which give them food we have driven from the valleys, the very graves of their sires have been dug down for the glittering gold which lay beneath. The recklessness of our people have not stopped at these inevitable results.—They have abused and outraged the confidence and friendship of the trusting Indians, robbed and murdered them without compunction, and, in short, perpetrated all those outrages against humanity, and decency, and justice, which have entailed upon the American public nearly every war

which has turned red with Indian blood the green valleys from Perquod and Narragansett nations, all the way through the continent, which we have taken from them, to the sad bordered homes of the Yumas, and the oaken hills of the Clear Lake tribes.

"Is it not time to pause to inquire if might is right in this matter? We may make war upon them and annihilate them. But is that the best policy? It is humane? It is politic? It is Christian? We answer it is not. The Indian has his vices; it is to be regretted that the white man has many—ay, greater by far than these poor untaught children of nature. And it is known, too, that they have lived on the most friendly terms with us until oppression has broken all the bonds between the races?"

"We have driven them to the wall. We have pushed them from the valleys where their arrows procured their meat, from the rivers where they caught their fish, we have destroyed their oak orchards; we have cut down or burned their wheat which was the seed of the wild grass; have slaughtered the men and debauched the women. And now the atonement is to be, utter destruction! Can God look down upon such cruelty, and bless the people guilty of the outrage?—We therefore call once more for moderation in council and moderation in action! Our agents are already upon the mission. Let all good citizens give a helping hand. Let us avoid if within the bounds of possibility an Indian war. Such a calamity would not alone be one to the Indian.—It will cost the lives of many valuable citizens.—And should it end with the total destruction of the Indian tribes, it would be at a cost of treasure and blood horrible to contemplate, for which there could be no adequate reparation, and would be a result over which the philanthropist, the Christian, and every true hearted man would mourn as the last great sin of national injustice, violence and oppression."

SUICIDE OF MRS. HAMBLETON.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Hambleton the favorite actress, who had proved of late so attractive at the Jenny Lind Theatre, committed suicide yesterday afternoon at her residence, by taking poison. The circumstances which led to this unhappy tragedy have been detailed to us, and are substantially to the following effect. It appears that the alliance between Mr. and Mrs. Hambleton was not of happy character, and that the latter had conceived an ardent attachment to a member of the company, Mr. Coad, who remained it with equal ardor. They had, however, determined from prudential reasons to refrain from meeting each other or conversing until some opportunity should occur when they could unite their destinies. Matters had remained in this state for some days, up to yesterday, when Mr. Hambleton, who has been jealous of his wife for some time, and, it is said, not treated her well, charged her with having bestowed her affections upon another. He informed her that if she would tell him who the individual was, he would consent to a separation, and permit her to take the object of her choice. She informed him that it was Coad, whereupon he brought that person into her presence, and told him that if he did not consent to leave he would blow his brains out, or mingle their blood together, or make some threat of that character. Coad consented to go and left. Mrs. H. probably under the impression that he had deceived her, and been trifling with her affections merely, immediately swallowed a very large dose of some powerful corrosive poison. Medical aid was sent for as soon as it was discovered, but in about 10 minutes she died. As soon as the fact that the object of his affections had poisoned herself was made known to Coad, he purchased a quantity of what he supposed to be the same kind of compound and attempted to poison himself. An emetic was administered soon after, and at last accounts he was doing well, although suffering severely. No criminal conduct is attributed to the deceased, even by her husband.

THE LAST TRICK.

The Charleston Sun of Thursday last, gives the following account of the last trick performed by Mr. SPOONER, the Magician:
"We would call the attention of the public to the last trick in magic of the Hon. Gen. above mentioned, by which he succeeded in eloping and leaving behind his advertising account unpaid, which he was successful to swell to no very trifling amount. We request all papers to give this notice insertion, and at the same time beware of so successful an operator on their interests and indulgence."

FIRE ON SHIPBOARD.

An alarm of fire was sounded near 2 o'clock this morning, which was found to proceed from the hold of the Swedish bark *Urica* lying at Vanderhoy's Wharf, loading with Cotton and Rice by Messrs. L. Trapnann & Co. for the North of Europe. Our vigilant firemen were promptly on the spot with their excellent apparatus, and rendered efficient service—but up to the time of our going to press (3 o'clock) it had not been extinguished and it was thought probable she would have to be scuttled.—*Charleston Sun.*

BOSTON AFFAIRS.

No decision has as yet been made in the cases of those who are on trial as aiders and abettors in the late riot. Davis' case was probably decided on Wednesday.

LUCK AND NO LUCK:

OR
The Merchant and the Farmer.

"Good morning, friend Hoehandle."
"Ah! Yardstick I am glad to see you. Come out to smell the fresh air and hear the birds sing. I suppose? Well, I am glad to see you; I walk into the house, Mrs. Hoehandle will be most happy to see a city friend; that is if you will not quiz our style of living. We plain country folks are not quite up to fashion; and it is well we are not, for we could not afford it if we were. Ah! Yardstick, you are a lucky dog—here we are, a-bout fifty years old, each of us, and—"
"Good gracious! Hoehandle. Why what can you mean? Why, I am but forty or say a trifle over—that."
"Ha! ha! Yardstick, it won't do. Still playing the beau. I see, but no matter. As I was saying—here we are. You a rich merchant, never did any work in your life, and I, a poor farmer, worked hard all my days—let us get together—ried on nothing—every-thing in luck, everything in luck."
"Well, well, Hoehandle, you are a modest man. I won't go into an argument with you on our comparative positions in the world; that is, I will get through another matter first. I want a thousand dollars for thirty days. If you have it over—"
"Have it over?—over what, Yardstick?"
"In an, friend Hoehandle, that if you are not short, I should like to—the fact is, I am out on a shipping expedition, and must raise some money."
"Ah! I see, have it over—short—slimming—means that you want to borrow, and that I must lend you—all right, sir. I have it, I have it, and Yardstick, I am proud to be able to lend you. Want a thousand—well, hold, let us get through this matter now, before my wife comes in—these women always want to know all that's going on and she will inquire if I am indebted to you. Indebted, had she would be astonished if John Hoehandle should owe a man a thousand dollars—hold! don't sigh so, man—what's the matter? Pay Tape? Yardstick & Co. There you are, sir, here is the check."
"Thank you, Hoehandle, here is our note; had it ready before I left home, knew you would oblige me."
"As I was observing, Yardstick, you city merchants do have an easy time of it. Go to New York, buy your stock, sell at a profit, buy again, sell again, roll up your hundred thousand in a few years; and poor John Hoehandle works like a slave six months out of the year, up in the morning at daylight, and works at least two hours before dinner, and sometimes two after dinner, and in harvest time from sunrise to sunset. Yes, sir, it is a fact, and what have we got to show for it? What have I got to show for it? Why, after thirty years toil, sir, I have only this farm of three hundred acres, worth, perhaps, thirty dollars an acre, and perhaps a little bank stock, purchased with its yearly profits."
"And pray, my good friend, what have you averaged per year, clear profits, over all expenditures, for all this terrible labor for thirty years?"
"Not over two thousand dollars a year, Yardstick, while you make ten."
"Let me see, farm worth nine thousand—thirty years' profit—sixty-nine thousand, and a large yearly income beside; poor fellow—why you are to be pitied."
"I know it, I know it—all in luck, all in luck, Ah! if I had only been a merchant—"
"Let me ask, Hoehandle, your products are all sold for cash down, I think. Never credit out, do you?"
"Credit! What, credit grain, what? Credit my wool? Credit my live stock? Excuse me, ha! ha! You don't know what farming is, I see. O, no, sir our produce is cash. All we raise is cash, at my door. Why, I am plagued to death by produce buyers, and purchasers of live stock, wool buyers, and all the rest of them, who will gladly advance me eighty per cent, on my produce here, and pay me the other twenty in thirty days—Credit! Do not know the word, sir. I don't use it. But Yardstick, they tell me you are getting rich."
"Hoehandle, how will you exchange property with me, 'unsight, unseen,' as the boys say, you know how—how I stand—do you, Hoehandle?"
"Stand, yes sir; why the firm of Tape, Yardstick & Co. are good for two hundred thousand at any moment. They say that you sold that amount last year alone."
"True, so we did, on paper and we are worth something handsome too, on paper; but sir, we cannot feed ourselves on paper, but build houses with paper."
"Well, well, I see—all gammon, you dog you. You are rich, you know you are. I am sorry that thirty-five years ago, I did not make myself a dry goods clerk; but here I am, toiling, year after year, and show but little for it, while you sit at your desk and count up your weekly receipts as they run down—yes, fairly run down upon you. Ah, nothing but a farmer, and not worth much at that. Yardstick, I'll give my farm and all the balance of my property, for your