

The judge saw him coming, and knowing what a determined fellow he was, cried out, "Take a rule, Bethell, take a rule," and dived out of sight. It was doubtless an admiralty case.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE.

A GREEK LEGEND.

By E. D. K.

PROMETHEUS fell sick—disease of the liver—
A sudden attack, phlogistic, severe,
And so painful, it set all his flesh in a quiver,
While his moanings and groanings were dreadful
to hear.
His family absent, his woful condition
Excited the sympathies, tender and kind,
Of pitying neighbors, who called a physician,
'Honorable,' good-looking, well-mannered, refined.
His name was Apollo, his pedigree famous,
His blood of the oldest and bluest and best—
A "regular" Med., not a quack ignoramus,
And an F.M.M.S., Sir, besides all the rest.
Well, he came; and, taking the hand of poor Prom-
my,
Drew out his gold Frodsham, and turning his eye
Meditatively toward the vault astronomi-
Cal, rev'rently gazed at the star-studded sky.
At length he awoke from his reverie solemn,
And opened his mouth. "Tongue!" was just what
he said,
As, raising himself on his vertebral column,
He leaned o'er the Titan's unstratified bed.
"Hum—hum. Hepatitis, and probably chronic;
I'll prepare you some pills," he remarked, with a
smile
That Prometheus fancied was slightly sardonic,
"And a purgative gentle. You're full, Sir, of
bile."
Then he scratched off a Latin prescrip., this Apollo,
For Prom was a Greek, and it never would do
For the fellow to find out what stuff he must swal-
low—
There were secrets in those days the gods only
knew.
But Prom, being wiser in his generation
Than the children of light, when his doctor had
gone
Read the cabala through, and, in high indignation,
Vowed he'd pitch his M.D. into fierce Phlegethon
If ever again he came near him; then rending
The writing in twain, it came floating down
To subsequent ages, and, softly descending,
Both pieces—*mirabile!*—fell in a town
Called Boston—you've heard of it. There, a physi-
cian,
Earth-born, but "regular," "first-class," and "old,"
A man of undoubted social position,
And holding his M.D. (the truth must be told)
*Dei gratia—et Harvard—*self-satisfied proctor
Of the morals and methods of medical men
Throughout the Bay State; consociate doctor
Of the great Inquisition, and mighty with pen
As with lancet—well, this man found lying
On Beacon Hill, somewhere, or near Faneuil Hall,
Apollo's old recipe—past all denying
The genuine papyrus; the rude Latin scrawl
As distinct as if yesterday traced; and the potion
Full drams and no scruples; familiar crossed R's,
Showing plainly, in spite of the popular notion,
That the Old School of medicine's old as the stars.
For this was the dose prescribed for Prom's liver—
Not, "Kill off the vulture with Hercules' club!"
Hercules was an upstart—that wouldn't do—never!
Any more upon Caucasus than at the Hub.
For Hercules, though no doubt very skillful
In his way, scorned the well-beaten, time-honored
track,
Was vulgar, pretentious, irrev'rent, and willful,
In manners a boor—as to science, a quack.
Kill the vulture? Oh, never! Prometheus must
suffer
For the good of the cause. No! here is the squib
Apollo scratched down for the glorious old buffer:
"Hy., ʒij per diem; Ol. Ricini, ad lib."

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

MR. ED.—
Let the medicos bottle their wrath,
I never belonged to the gods, but am human;
What's more, am a somewhat diminutive woman.
Yours respectfully, Sir,
A LAY HOMEOPATH.

THE Drawer is indebted to Mrs. J. H. S—
for the following odd epitaphs, taken from tomb-
stones, mostly in England:

Here lies I and my three daughters,
All from drinking the Cheltenham waters;
If we had kept to the Epsom-salts
We should not have been in these here vaults.

In this grave reposes a dear little dear,
Susie Lee her name, and her age just one year;
She died of drug stuffs in too large a dose,
Which threw her in fits and made her vamous.

Sally Thomas is here, and that's enough;
Her departure from life was certainly rough.
From Sally take warning, when the cholera's around,
To avoid unripe fruit, and eat only the sound.

Here lies a spinster who wouldn't marry;
Didn't care what people said;
She knew herself, which was enough.
She was made of thin and brittle stuff,
And had great spunk, and when aroused
Could give a thump, if 'twere her spouse.
She knew no man would stand her tongue,
Or sit in silence when she flung
Things at his head.
This was the reason, so she said,
Why she never mar-ri-ed.

In one of the cemeteries in Paris may be seen
the following:

I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827.
Here I am.—A.D. 1867.

This one seems to be especially harrowing:

Go, cruel Death! Thou hast cut down
The fairest angel in all this kingdom.
Her virtues and good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge;
But her piety and great humility
Made her prefer me, a Doctor of Divinity,
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteemed the phoenix of her sex.
My grief for her was so sore
That I can utter but two lines more:
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never put blisters on a dying woman's back.

This on Martha Snell:

Poor Martha Snell; her's gone away;
Her would if her could, but her couldn't, stay.
Her'd two sore legs, and a bad-ish cough;
But her legs it was as carried her off.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

CITY MEN.

IF, reader, you take up your position on the
steps of the Royal Exchange, turning your
eyes westward to where the golden cross of St.
Paul's glitters in the sunshine, high above the
intervening spires of the Cheapside churches,
and stand idly as the busy crowd moves across
the wide pavement in front, you may haply note
one or two characters not unworthy of study.
You will see the typical man of business as he
hurries to his office, or his dinner, or his appoint-
ment on 'Change. Should an investigation of him
and of his habits entertain thee not, then watch
the gambols of the red-shirted shoe-blacks, noisy
and numerous, round the drinking fountain, or
reclining beside their brushes under the shadow
of the Duke of Wellington's statue. Or note the
coster-monger, with his barrow of temptation, in
the shape of sliced pine-apple or opened pome-
granate, moving on in obedience to the stern



"THE MONUMENT."

mandate of the stolid policeman. Or observe the scavengers with patent brushes cleansing the asphalt. Or look at the crush of traffic opposite the Mansion-House, where, at the confluence of half a dozen busy thoroughfares, a block of vehicles occurs frequently, amidst much ill language from the drivers of Pickford's vans and the conductors of omnibuses. Or thou mayst—having summoned up thy courage—open a conversation with the splendid beadle of the Exchange, and hear his no doubt valuable and refreshing opinion on men and things.

In the City there remain one or two perfect types of the merchant as he has existed in London from time immemorial. Allowing for the alteration in costume, a merchant of Elizabeth's time would find himself very much at home with a merchant of Victoria's time. The typical British merchant is as true to his traditions as to his interests: unconsciously true to them, for very often he might experience considerable difficulty in giving the meaning of either of these terms. Money is made under somewhat similar conditions in all ages, and the acquisition of money has a somewhat similar effect on all men. Of the old City itself, scarcely one brick has been left standing upon another. But of City *men* many old bricks have seemed to survive the shocks of time and chance, coming down to us from the good old days. It is true that new types have sprung up, called into existence by new channels of enterprise, and novel modes of conducting the same; but the merchant, the *bona fide* citizen, the seeker after civic honors, the lover of civic feasts, has descended to us without the loss of a single peculiarity, and without the diminution of a solitary eccentricity.

Here he comes! With measured step and slow—for gout dictates cautious pedestrianism—the portly alderman marches past. His aspect is sour; his eyes heavy and blood-shot; his chin and cheek fat; his countenance florid—florid being the very mildest term wherewith to describe its purpling tints. It has the color of an angry October sky, and is probably the result of an overapplication to the study of gastro-

my. Fifty years ago that portly alderman was wont to have strong misgivings about to-morrow's dinner. He came up to London with the proverbial shilling, and was punctually relieved of it in the proverbial manner; he has risen vastly in the commercial and social scale since then. People talk of him with bated breath. He is a man made of money. Persistent energy has carried him from the bottom to the top of the ladder. He has gone through all the stages of Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice." While the idler slumbered at the desk he was wide awake. On Sunday he never played pitch-and-toss among the tombstones, but regularly sought the interior of the church, and worshiped demurely by the side of his employer's daughter, for even during his religious intervals he kept his eye upon the main chance. And so gradually but surely he proceeded up the commercial rungs, rudely thrusting down, it may be, some less robust competitor—and look at him now! He has reached the height of his ambition; he has fulfilled his destiny. He wears a furred cloak of office, and beadles bob to him, and his footman wears powder, and he has his arms—his arms, you observe!—emblazoned on the panels of his chariot. The rude health which he laid in during the early stages of his career enables him to enjoy the port and turtle of declining years. Other acquirements of his youth are less valuable. He is invariably gruff to his inferiors, and to those who are intellectually or socially his superiors he is reserved. In conversation with such he is consciously ill at ease. Under a mask of haughty indifference, amounting sometimes to brutal brusqueness, he conceals an extreme nervousness. His notions as to the use of the letter H are of the vaguest possible, and his syntax is simply deplorable. But among his equals he is quite at home. It is a small but charming circle. There are not many millionaires in the world, and the aldermen of the City of London are not numerous; but though not numerous they are liberal, and hold that a man with a million of money may pronounce the Queen's English as he likes. But the alderman



THE ALDERMAN.



THE PROMOTER.

has passed out of sight. No! You once more catch sight of his white head. See how the policemen order the traffic to stop as the million of money crosses the street!

The next notability that passes us is of a more modern type, and is in many respects a complete contrast to the corpulent old citizen at whom we have just been gazing. He is middle-aged, has a slim, elegant figure, and is fashionably dressed. In manner he resembles Puff in *The Critic*. This gentleman is immensely respected, and yet no one knows positively what he is worth. His banking-book he keeps to himself. But he drives to town in the lightest and most charming brougham ever manufactured in Long Acre. He has a splendid house in Belgravia, and an opera-box in the grand tier. He is a Promoter of public companies. His gains are extraordinary. He will gain the confidence of an individual or of the public at large in schemes from which less daring men turn tremblingly away. His prospectuses are genuine works of art. But his greatest triumphs are those won in personal interview. He can make any one believe in him. He will trap the most wary. Should an intending share-holder seek him out, and put to him questions implying a doubt as to the value of his latest undertaking, his sharp, incisive manner, his frank but business-like disclosures, and, above all, his half-pitying smile at the incredulity of the inquirer, seldom fail to produce their effect, and the inquirer, blushing at his own simplicity in doubting the probity or judgment of the Promoter, invests his money, and feels as safe of the twenty per cent. dividend as if he had just paid the warrant for it into his banker's. He is a believer in the frailty of humanity, and understands how to discover, and then how to take advantage of, the

weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. The corpulent alderman lives on capital accumulated for himself by himself—and he looks it. The Promoter lives on capital produced for him by other people, and on credit—and *he* looks it. His rich appearance, his jaunty but gentlemanly manner, his unflinching affability, are worth thousands of pounds annually to him. He is a capital man to meet for half an hour—but beware of his friendship.

Following the Promoter is a man whose face seems furrowed with anxiety, and who walks as though he were walking for a wager. His hair, once brilliantly sandy, is becoming fast tinged with gray. He is a bank manager. He is of Caledonian extraction. The national characteristics of shrewdness and economy have been to him in place of capital. By a strict adherence to the admonitions given by Sir Pertinax Macsycophant to his son he has obtained his present eminence, such as it is. He obtained consideration by lavishing respect. He has spent the greater part of his existence in “booming to the great man.” He manages the men he bows to; for, as is frequently the case in London banks, he manages not only the institution itself, but also the directors of it. He has a soft, wheedling, suggestive way with him, and meetings of the board are principally occupied in giving sanction to his schemes.

The children of Israel are numerous and influential in the vicinity of Threadneedle Street. They are of all grades, but have a common object—namely, to administer relief to the necessitous Gentile at rates of interest of varying enormity. That greasy little Hebrew who has just shuffled past in a dirty paper collar, which seems to be fastened to a pimple on the back of his tawny neck, does twenty-five pound bills at three



THE BANK MANAGER.



THE JEW MONEY-LENDER.

months and fifty per cent. Is it possible for the human eye to see or for the human mind to conceive a more utterly contemptible mortal than this Shadrach, of the firm of Lazarus and Co., bill discounters, Throgmorton Street? Smollett, in one of his novels, has an elaborate defense of the money-lender (Tobias is not in his ironical vein either), wherein he points out the alarming risk that the lender usually incurs, and the wonderful relief that he grants to men who find it impossible to obtain it elsewhere. If a man, he argues, is willing to pay cent. per cent. for accommodation not obtainable elsewhere on any terms whatever, who is to blame another man for granting the loan and charging for the risk? Into these nice moralities we do not care to enter. Our logic is unable to draw these inferences. All we can say is, look carefully at this Jew Shadrach (stop not to consider the nature of his transactions), observe his sneaking, shuffling gait, his hook-nose, his irresolute eyes, that involuntarily engage themselves with your boots and never seek your countenance, and say whether or not he is a discredit to the human species. Hasn't he played the villain in a thousand works of fiction—in dramas old and new, in poems good and bad? And is he not now and then compelled to attend before the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, at which times his shady transactions are dragged into light, and where he is ably defended by his legal friend Abrams of the Old Bailey?

But in the City there are Jews and Jews. The great Jew R——, pillar of the Exchange and dictator to the money market, whose loans are to kings, and whose securities are (who knows?) crown jewels, is certainly not to be confounded with our oleaginous friend Shadrach. That is he who is just passing Wellington's stat-

ue. Handsome, isn't he? and carries himself with some dignity, too.

Looking at these men of wealth is apt to make us experience the unchristian feeling of envy. But there approaches us a sight to dispel the evil passion. A gray-headed old man, dressed in the seediest of black, walks painfully up the steps upon which we are standing. His well-darned coat, his trowsers worn into brightness, his hat brushed till the nap has left the edges utterly bare, his gloves through which the white bony fingers protrude to a distressing length—all these signs suggest the sum total which men call shabby gentility. Five years ago that old man was one of the most respected merchants on Change. His name was spoken in every market in the world; he had houses and carriages and servants; his daughter was on the point of marrying a marquis. A sudden panic came; his wealth took to itself wings. Houses, carriages, servants, and marquises disappeared. His name dropped in a year out of the world's memory. Men who once toadied to him now pass him by without a nod of recognition. The beadle of the Exchange, who once bobbed deferentially, now tells in an audible voice the story of his bankruptcy. He haunts the scenes of his former opulence, and hovering about the door of the Jamaica Coffee-House, sometimes intercepts a successful contemporary, whose fortune, perhaps, he made, from whom, with blinking eyes and whining voice, he essays to borrow half a crown. A sad sight. Let us turn away from it.

And now we descend the steps, and trudge westward full of curious reflections. Is it that we can not understand these City men, that we can not value their commercial virtue, that we fail to appreciate their money power? Are we all unskilled in estimating human nature, or is this a phase of it beyond our commonplace comprehension? It may be so. But nevertheless our conclusions were honest, and our feelings unprejudiced. During that interval spent upon the Exchange steps, with the text of Holy Writ above our heads and the golden cross of St. Paul's within our view, we felt as though we were mixing among men whose hearts were crushed out of them, whose most frequent feeling was suspicion, whose object was self, whose honesty was expediency, and whose god was Mammon.



THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT.