

# The Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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## THE ART OF MONEY-GETTING.

**Barnum's Advice and Practical Suggestions to Persons Desirous of Achieving Fortunes.**

The art of Money-Getting is a subject which must, to some extent, interest all men. An empty pocket is a most unwholesome possession, and avowedly the "worst of crimes;" he, therefore, who is able to devise ways and means to successfully counteract the malady is a great public benefactor. P. T. Barnum, the Prince of Showmen, who latterly has turned lecturer, proves himself a public benefactor by letting fall the following wise and timely suggestions:—

**MEANNESS NOT ALWAYS ASSOCIATED WITH WEALTH.**

Money is the key that opens all doors, the power that removes all obstacles, and that procures everything worth having in this world. It is a mistaken idea with most people that meanness is always associated with the possession of wealth. The wealthiest men have always been the greatest philanthropists. Benjamin Franklin is an instance. He was always very much interested in money getting, and wrote a great deal about the art, but he was also a great philanthropist. Stephen Girard—look at his munificence; he was a true benefactor. As there are sometimes abuses in religion and politics, so you may find abuses of money getting. There are misers among money getters, but they are an exception to the general rule.

**MEAN MEN DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE MONEY.**

It is not, as some suppose, every one who gets money that is a miser; only a portion of them are miserly, because it is a most difficult thing for misers to get money. It is not an easy thing for a mean man to make money. Such a man ought not to make money, because he cannot enjoy it himself, nor does it give enjoyment to anybody else. I remember hearing of an Eastern man who, having accumulated money by his meanness, upon one occasion was invited by a gentleman to dine with him. He sat down at the table, and being accustomed to dine from a single joint, he expected no more there. He helped himself very liberally at the first course, and when the second came he found great difficulty in partaking of it, but when the third and fourth courses came, he sank back in despair, and in reply to his friend's pressing invitation to eat, replied—"I can eat no more victuals, but I will take the rest in money!" I remember meeting an Englishman in Paris, a miser, who would never go out except with some one who had an interpreter with him, because he was too mean to pay for one himself. One day, however, he went out alone, and when he returned he told me his adventures. He went outside the walls of Paris to get his dinner, because he heard that he could get it cheaper there than in the city. In relating his adventures he said, "I was unfortunate. I have not been able to get my dinner." "What was the trouble," said I. "Well," says he, "I had a little smattering of French, and I went into a restaurant to get my dinner. I asked the servant to bring me some *potage*, but he didn't understand me. I told him I would try some fish, in French *poisson*, but he hesitated—he didn't wish to buy me poison. Happening to pronounce the word correctly, he understood me, and asked me what kind of fish I wanted. I told him turbot, but pronounced it in such an ambiguous manner, that he brought me a boot-jack. I told him I didn't want that, and, seeing the servant growing impatient, as a last resort, I asked him for some roast beef. He brought it, and now says I, 'As every Englishman wants horse radish with his roast beef, I must have some.' But what is horse radish in French? *horse, cheval*, red or reddish is *rouge*; *cheval rouge* then must be the French for horse radish; so he asked the garcon for some *cheval rouge*, but the servant mistaking him, and thinking he was calling the roast beef red horse, kicked him without ceremony into the street. On another occasion, a miser in New York fell overboard, when an Irishman, who was standing by, jumped in, and dragged him ashore, thus saving his life. The miser, seeing his benefactor eyeing him askance, as though he was expecting something, put his hand into his pocket and handed the Irishman a sixpence! "Are you satisfied?" asked the miser. The Irishman eyed him for a while, and said: "Be jabers, I think I am overpaid."

**MONEY MAKING IS NOT DIFFICULT.**

As a general rule it is not a difficult thing to make money. It is about as simple as anything else, but I have no

doubt that my auditors will testify to the truth, that though it is easy to make it is difficult to keep—that is the great trouble. Dr. Franklin said the road to wealth was plain as the road to a mill; "it consists simply in spending less than you earn." Mr. Micawber, one of the happy creations of Dickens, says, "To have an income of £1000 per annum, and to spend £1100, is to be the most miserable of men; whereas to have an income of £100 and to spend £90, is to be the happiest of mortals." The trouble is we don't like to hear anything about this old story. Every man says "economy is wealth." We know all about that, but the great misfortune is, in almost every community there is a large class of people who suppose they understand economy, but who really do not.—Instead of being a principle which permeates their whole financial existence, at any rate always looking from the means to the end, many persons look instead at one thing only, and eternally quibble about this one thing. On account of their economy in this, they are very extravagant in others. The old lady in the country farm house is very economical at night in the use of light. She uses but one tallow candle, and is so strictly economical in tallow candles, that she loses much valuable information which she might have obtained; and on the strength of having saved in a year four or five dollars by this management, can go down to the village and spend ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty dollars for trifles and gimcracks, because she is economical, and—"economy is wealth."

**FALSE AND TRUE ECONOMY COMPARED.**

There are many merchants in business who fancy they are economical because they are sparing in the use of writing paper. They lose sometimes hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable figures, for the purpose of economizing so many cents' worth of paper. Thus is the old story of the bunghole and spigot illustrated.—Punch, who sometimes says some very good things, once remarked, "a man once bought a penny herring, and hired a coach and four to carry it home for him." There are persons who, in spite of this, do not know why they cannot make both ends meet. I recommend to people who have a tolerable salary, to get a little account book and mark down every penny expended just for three months,—three months will be sufficient,—and post off every week. Have two columns, one headed "necessaries," and the other "luxuries or unnecessary expenses." The last column will often prove to be double or ten times the former. This evil, by this contrivance, will correct itself. You will see where the trouble lies. Some people fancy that economy consists in being mean—cutting off a penny from their laundress' bill, and in screwing down the wages of their servants. That is not economy. That is meanness. Economy consists in being liberal, but liberal according to your ability. The great trouble in this country, more than in any other, is in having three or four classes mingling promiscuously.—Here we are all on an equality. This may have its abuses. Of course we are all born to be Presidents, every one of us; we know we are, and therefore we can say, "I am as good as you are, any day."

But here is your fortunate neighbor who is worth \$500,000, and who can afford his coach and horses, because he is economical on an income of \$30,000 a year, while you, with an income of \$800 or \$1000, get your horse and carriage, and strive to be equal with him. If you cannot afford a horse and carriage, you hire a horse and buggy, and try to make people believe you own them. We are trying to seem what we are not—that is the trouble.—When the rich man's wife comes out, the poor man's wife must have her silks and velvet. She must do that to the detriment of her children at home. Every city is full of this kind of people. No person has common sense who attempts to pretend to afford more than he can. I recollect last year, a stovepipe in my office happening to fall down, I sent for a man to put it up. A gentleman dressed in broadcloth shortly afterward came in, and said he wished to see me. "You sent for me to have the stovepipe put up," said he. "I won't let you do it," said I. "The man who is above putting on overalls to put up a stovepipe, must be starving his family to preserve false appearances. I won't patronize you—won't have such a man." Sometime afterwards, having sent for a servant, I was told a lady wished to see me. I went down, and there was a lady with a thirty or forty dollar shawl on, and other extravagances in dress. I put my best bow on, not much at any time, and asked, "What can I do for you?" Says she, "Sure an' I heard you wanted a laundress, an' I've come for the place, sure." It's all wrong, the whole thing, but it runs through every community. It is this artificial sort of living that causes more

miser than anything else, except, perhaps, evil propensities, intemperance, vice or bad habits.

**YOUNG MEN SHOULD SELECT A CONGENIAL BUSINESS.**

The best plan and the one surest of success, I think, is to have every young man, when he starts in business, select that business which best suits his natural genius. Now, phrenologists tell us, and we know it ourselves, that there is as great a difference in the formation of the brain as in that of the face. We are each created for some wise and different purpose. Some boys are natural mechanics, while others have not the slightest idea on these subjects, and have no taste for them. For my part, I never had the slightest curiosity to know anything about mechanics. I would not know to-night the principles on which the steam-engine works for a hundred dollars. You may take such a boy as I was and set him to watch-making, and after seven years he might be able to take apart and put together a watch, but it would be contrary to his inclination and up-hill work all his life. But if he selects the vocation he is fitted for, it is a pleasure, and nothing for him to succeed and make money. It is difficult to go across the grain. You will find from the pulpit to the anvil many people who have mistaken their vocation. Get them on the right track, and they would succeed. Sometimes persons will get on the right track, and yet not succeed, because they may be placed in too circumscribed a position in some village or town where they cannot get full play for their faculties. A man in this case should get out where he is not so circumscribed.

**THE LONDON SHOWMAN.**

I remember a case. Once in London, on passing down Hobern, we passed by a place where some small shows were located, many shanties with placards struck up, misrepresenting the wonderful curiosities to be seen within for a penny. Well, being a little in that line myself, I said to my friend, let us go in and see this. We made our way through the rabble, and soon found ourselves with the showman—the sharpest genius of the kind I ever met with. After drawing our attention to certain other monstrosities, he called our attention to the "illustrious gallery of wax statues," pointing to about fifteen miserable dust-covered wax figures, which had been there, perhaps, since the deluge, and had never seen water since that epoch.—"Sir," says he, "these were taken from life. You can easily imagine you are looking upon the living persons."—Glancing casually, I saw one labelled "George the Fourth," a lean, lank individual. "That was taken from life?"—"Yea sir," said the showman, "that, sir, is probably the only correct statue of his late majesty. That was taken at Windsor Palace at such a day," and I supposed had I pressed the inquiry he would have named the very hour. "Why," said I, "I thought George the Fourth was a large, portly man, not lean and lank, as this represents him to be."—"Yes," replied he, "and you would be lean and lank if you had set there as long as he has."—We examined and cross-examined him, and he was always too much for us, and I gave up in despair. On walking out, the fellow followed us to the door, and seeing the rabble there, he called out—"I beg to draw your attention to the respectable character of my business," pointing to us. I thought that man was in his sphere, but in too circumscribed a position. I called on him again, and I took him out of this limited sphere to New York, and he is now a traveling showman, one of the richest in the West.

**"PAY AS YOU GO."**

If you would make money, avoid debt, personal debt. "I have discovered the philosopher's stone," said John Randolph, on one occasion, "Pay as you go!" That is a nearer approximation to the philosopher's stone than has ever been attained by the alchemist. Some young men just out of their teens, you will hear boasting that "so and so trusted me to a suit of clothes, another person to a pair of boots, and another person a hat," endeavoring to get credit for the trust reposed in them, and vain to show their standing. They look at these debts as though they were gifts, and the trouble is they too often are gifts. Yet they keep on in this habit of debt, drawing on the bank which may not be open "to-morrow." No man has a right to draw on the future—because it may not be his, until he becomes a slave to debt all his life. It would be better to have a cannon ball chained to his leg all his days. There is no class of men in the world so remarkable for tenacity of memory as creditors. Franklin said, "Creditors are a superstitious sect, but are great admirers of set days and times."—One of the good-things coming out of this war is a more exclusive cash business.—

Avoid debt; wear the old coat a little longer, till you can earn a new one.—Money is good, but it is not the best thing in the world. Money is in many respects like fire, a very excellent thing to have, but it ruins a great many people, injures many. Some people become the slaves instead of the masters of money. If you get in debt you are a slave, and money is master. While you are sleeping, the interest is accumulating. It has the advantage of you. But get ahead, get your nest-egg, and while you are sleeping it is working for you.

**PERSEVERANCE NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.**

Men calculated to succeed, must lay down plans with judgment; and when they have done so, and looked at the end from the beginning, then persevere, don't be afraid. Perseverance is an element of success which every man is not born with, but which can be cultivated. However cautiously you may lay down your plans, there is no man that has not exigencies to arise which he did not foresee; and when these specks appear upon the horizon, a man with no perseverance imagines night is near at hand. He struggles till he nearly touches the gold; but owing to this speck, he despairs. Now, Shakespeare says:—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

but a man don't get these chances often, and very likely the flood-tide of your prosperity is when you get nervous and leave all go. Davy Crockett said:—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Remember fortune only favors the brave.—You must not stand, like Micawber, waiting "till something turns up;" for that will be a poor-house. A philosopher once said to a millionaire:—"I have got an idea.—I have discovered that there is money enough in the world for us all. The fact is, you have got enough to ruin your children, and I have none at all. I am going to announce this fact, and we will have a general distribution all around."—Said the millionaire, "That is very pleasant to you, but you would spend all your portion in three months."—"Oh! then, we would divide again," said the philosopher. "That is a state of things not to be expected nor desired, and every man should depend on his own exertions."—Cromwell was right when he said to his soldiers, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." It is said that Mahomet, when marching through the desert, heard one of his subjects say, "I will loose my camel and trust to God."—"No, no," said Mahomet, "not so, tie thy camel and trust to God." You must help yourselves. I hold, a man to be successful must depend on his own personal exertions, and there is not one chance in one million if he does not depend on those. The eye of the employer is worth more than a dozen hands working for him. You cannot trust to others. By a man's attending to his own business, there are a thousand advantages. He gets to learn all the details of business, the laws of supply and demand, every minutia of his business. The pedler once said, when cheated, "I have gained some information by it; I shall never be cheated in that way again."

**PERSONAL ATTENTION NECESSARY TO PROFICIENCY.**

Every man should, by constant personal attention to his occupation, be proficient as the great French naturalist Cuvier was in the science of Natural History. From a single bone, or small section of a bone, reasoning by analogy, he could draw a perfect picture of the entire animal, tho' he might never have seen it. On one occasion, wishing to frighten the naturalist, a man encased in the skin of a cow came into his study. "What animal is this?" asked Cuvier. "I am the devil, and I am going to eat you up," responded the strange animal. Perhaps this might be, but Cuvier, being a naturalist, very naturally wished to classify him. Looking intently at him, "divided hoof," said he, "graminivorous. It can't be done." He understood Natural History, and knew that animals with divided hoofs must live on grain, and were not inclined to eat meat dead or alive, and he was safe. If every man knew his business as well as this, he would close all avenues to being cheated.

**BOLDNESS NECESSARY, AS WELL AS CAUTION.**

Among the maxims of the elder Rothschild was the paradox, "Be cautious and bold." This is a correct maxim. It requires great caution in laying plans, but it requires great boldness, at times, to put them into execution. A man who is all caution cannot succeed, because he is afraid; a man all boldness, on the contrary, is merely reckless. He cannot succeed.—He may, by his boldness, make a fortune on stocks to day, but he will lose it to-morrow. It is mere recklessness; there

is no reason to govern it. He must be cautious and bold. Another of Rothschild's maxims was, "Have nothing to do with unlucky men or places." Every effect is produced by some cause. If a man is known to be always unlucky, you may depend upon it, although you may not be able to fathom it, there is a good reason why that man does not succeed, or else he would not be unlucky. So in regard to unlucky places. Man after man takes a certain place and fails. There is something about that locality why you should avoid it. I believe we should avoid all men and locations which are perpetually esteemed, from experience, as being unfortunate.

Some young men, when they get thro' their apprenticeship, fold their arms and say, "I am not going to work as journeyman. I understand my trade. I am going into business when I can get capital to start." They fold their arms in idleness, instead of working at their trade to make capital to start. They are waiting for some rich old fool (for he would be a fool) to lend them capital; but they would not succeed had they the capital, because they do not know its value. A man must earn his money before he knows the value of it. The chances are, if he got the money, he would lose every dollar. John Jacob Astor used to say that he found more difficulty in acquiring the first thousand dollars of his fortune than he did all the rest, because the discipline that was required taught him the true value of money, and how to use it, and then led him on to make the rest of the money.

**MISTAKES OF YOUNG MEN.**

Some young men says, "I am going into business when old grandmother dies"—but old people are very unaccommodating, and never die till they get ready. When men of wealth die, worth half a million, with five or six children, the three eldest, who have probably helped him to make his money, have learned the value of money, and with their portion will be successful, if temperate; but the other little fellows, five, six or seven years of age, are brought up and petted on the back all the way till they are twenty-one. Born with a golden spoon in their mouths, they are sent to college, and the chances are that before they get through there they will be poor, miserable drunkards. When they come to their fortune, they know nothing of the value of money, and run through the whole of it, contracting all sorts of bad habits besides. Money to the latter is a great evil. It is bad to leave money to children unless they know how to earn it, and therefore know its value. Young men, waiting for these things to turn up, look about you through the country, and you will find that more than three-fourths of the rich men started life where you are now—with empty hands, determined resolutions, and good habits. They went on and made their own fortunes; and low much pleasanter for you to do the same thing, and look back and say, "I made my fortune by my own industry," than to be under obligations to any one. It is the only way to acquire a fortune so as to be able to enjoy it.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM.**

Men should be systematic in their business. The man who does his business by rule will accomplish more in half the time than he who does it in a slipshod manner. There is a great deal in this, and yet there are limits to it as well as to every rule. There should be a happy medium between too rigid a system, and carelessness. Some are so systematic and careful that they put away things, where neither they nor any one else can find them. Red tapeism is wrong. The Astor House, many years ago, before your noble Continental Hotel was built, was considered the finest in the country in every respect. It stood number one, and the proprietors boasted that they did everything systematically. By merely touching a bell, every employee of the house came with a bucket of water in hand. On one occasion two gentlemen were to dine, and an Irishman was to wait on them. Everything was to be systematic. Orders were given to the Irishman to be attentive—to first bring each a plate of soup; after they had eaten that, and wanted fish, he could find it at a certain place. The gong struck, and the two gentlemen came in. Pat brought each a plate of soup, but they set that aside and asked for some fish. Says Pat, "Not till you have ate your soup!" This was carrying system to far.

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, says, in an address (just published) to the clergy and laity of his diocese:—"We go, with our whole heart and soul, for the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery." Sound, orthodox doctrine.

## Educational Department.

[All communications intended for this column should be addressed to "The Alleghanian."]

**THE PROBLEM.**—We have been reading the debates of the late convention of Co. Superintendents on the grade of Teachers' Certificates. Whatever else may be in dispute, it is apparent that a large portion of our schools are kept (would it be right to say taught?) by incompetent persons. This may be a humiliating fact, but it is nevertheless true.

As a remedy, it is proposed to grant no certificate of a lower grade than that denoted by the figure 3. We are unable, for our part, to see how this will help the matter. It is an entirely gratuitous assertion to say that if certificates below a certain grade be refused to applicants, they will qualify themselves sufficiently to obtain those which are of a higher order. If other means of obtaining a livelihood were not accessible, then such an assertion might hold good. Humbly seated here in our sanctum, in this backwoods Mountain county, we venture to suggest that if any of the speakers at the Harrisburg Convention fully comprehended the difficulty of obtaining competent teachers, they failed to make their comprehensions manifest in their speeches.

The matter of dollars and cents has more to do with this difficulty than it gets credit for. The State has undertaken the education of its youth, and having progressed thus far, it finds itself without a sufficient number of competent teachers to take charge of the public schools.—Why is this? and how will it be remedied? It would be a sorry compliment to say that our school system, after being in operation for more than a quarter of a century, has not turned out a sufficient number of persons competent to take charge of our schools. The evil, we think, is not here. It lies, rather, in the fact that the teachers' calling does not offer enough inducement to entice persons of sharp intellect away from other pursuits. Nay, more; it does not afford attractions sufficient to retain those who have embarked in it with the best motives. There are persons, both worthy and competent, educated in our best Normal schools, who turn their backs on teaching because teaching means extreme penury. As it is now, so it will, it must be again, unless the calling is made more remunerative. No sane man would undertake to raise and support a family on the average wages of teachers. Within the limits of our acquaintance, are teachers of acknowledged ability moving forward to old age and something akin to starvation.

To us, then, there appears to be but one solution to this problem. The State, having undertaken the education of the masses, cannot retrace her steps. She must have competent teachers, and to get them she must pay them. Devout shall be our thanks when, with our brother laborers, we are counted "worthy of our hire." Let the teachers' vocation be made to yield living wages, and at the same time let superlative competency be demanded, and we doubt not the present difficulty will vanish like the clouds of morning. Until this be done, we fear that much of the labor of our higher schools is in vain—that they educate for-all professions save that of teaching. We rejoice in the hope that when we cease to take part in the huge comedy of life, we shall leave to those who come after us in our profession a better inheritance than we inherited.

Providing they have not done so already, we would advise those of our readers who are teachers to subscribe for the *School Journal*. It is an ably edited monthly, and the official educational publication of the State. Tho. H. Burrows, formerly State Superintendent, and a gentleman of enlarged culture and experience, is its editor. Published at Lancaster city, at \$1.00 per annum. Send for a specimen copy, after perusing which we know you will not consent to be without its regular visitations.