

appendages equally fast ; is much at the club room, on the sporting track, and in billiard or kindred saloons ; speaks of his father as the " old governor," and of his mother as the " old woman ;" and finally becomes porter to his clerk, and lackey to his salesman. Beginning where his father left off, he leaves off where his father began.

XXVII.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS. — ORGANIZATION. — HEADQUARTERS. —
THE SUPERINTENDENT. — THE STABLES. — THE LESSON.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

BOSTON has the honor of originating the express companies of America. One morning a man took the East Boston ferry, bound for Salem, over the Eastern Railroad. He held in his hand a small trunk, trimmed with red morocco, and fastened with brass nails. The trunk contained a few notes which the person was to collect ; a small sum of money he was to pay, and a few commissions he was to execute. These were the tangible things in the trunk. Besides these notes, money, and orders, that little trunk, which a child might have lifted and carried, contained the germ of the express business of the land, whose agencies, untiring as the sun, are almost as regular ; which girdle this continent, cross and recross at every point, and track commerce, gain, glory, and religion round the globe.

The man still lives, among the most honored of his fellow-citizens, who commenced the express business as an experiment between Boston and New York. Alvin Adams, on the 4th day of May, 1840, made his first

trip between those cities as an expressman. He had no business, no customers, and no money. He shrewdly saw the coming greatness of his calling, though for one year it was carried on in the smallest possible way. He had indomitable energy; his integrity was without a question; he gained slowly on the confidence of the community, and closed the year with a future success before him.

ORGANIZATION.

William B. Dinsmore, the present honored head of the Adams Express Company, in 1841 became the New York partner. With the rapid increase of business, branches were extended towards the south. Edward S. Sandford, the present vice-president of the company, carried the business to Philadelphia. In the same year, Samuel M. Shoemaker extended the business to Baltimore. These gentlemen are still connected with the company. In 1854 a joint stock company was formed, with a capital of a million dollars. The ablest business talent in the land was called to the charge of affairs. The company now stretches out its arms towards all the towns, villages, and cities in the land. It is an express company for merchandise, from a bundle to a ship load. The amount of money received and disbursed every day exceeds that of any bank in the nation. It collects and pays out the smallest sum, and from that to a large wagon loaded with money, and drawn by three horses. During the war the company rendered efficient service to the government. In time of peril or panic, when the property of the army was abandoned or sacrificed, it bore away cart-loads of money by its coolness and courage, and saved millions

to the treasury. The company opened a department expressly to carry money from the private soldiers to their families. For a very small sum funds were taken from the soldier and delivered to his friends in any part of the land. I have seen, at one arrival, a bundle of greenbacks from the troops that no two men could lift. On several occasions, the transportation department in the army being in utter confusion, application was made to the Adams Express Company for relief. A shrewd, practical man sent out from this office would straighten matters in a short time.

HEADQUARTERS.

On Broadway, below Trinity Church, stands the headquarters of the company. It is a model for convenience, elegance, and utility. The immense business requires from twenty-five to fifty distinct departments, and each with an efficient head. Order, system, and despatch reign throughout the house. The quietness of a bank pervades the establishment. The company pay the highest wages, and secure the best of men. Every man knows his duty, has his place, and must do his work. No loud talking, swearing, or vulgarity is allowed. The building is fitted up with great elegance. The president's room is regal. Mr. Dinsmore, who has been identified with the company from its start, a practical business man, prompt, intelligent, and efficient, who blandly receives all comers, and courteously greets all who have any business to do, cannot be imposed upon. The whole building is fitted up in the best style of a banking-house. Order and neatness pervade every department. The attic is a museum.

Uncalled-for articles are here stored, and are marked "O. H.," which means On Hand; in the parlance of the office it is called "Old Hoss." The running expenses of the concern are not less than twelve thousand dollars a day.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

For many years John Hoey has been the executive officer. Much of the system and success is due to him. On entering the headquarters, the superintendent can be seen at his little desk opposite the door,—a man of medium height, thick-set, of sandy complexion, with a sharp, short, vigorous utterance. He despatches the complicated business of his position with ease and promptness. He has a remarkable combination of fitting gifts for his position. He is smart and courteous, shrewd and patient; blending suavity with great executive ability; never off his guard, never losing his temper; ready for any emergency, and prompt at all times. His position is perplexing and complicated. He has to deal with thousands of small packages, thousands of small customers, thousands of unreasonable men, thousands of nervous and irritable women, thousands of persons stupid and mad; with property lost, trunks stolen, packages missing; with turbulent customers threatening lawsuits. Every man's case is the most urgent, and all demand attention and redress at once. Without a cool and intelligent head, the headquarters would be a scene of wild and inextricable confusion. But all day long, with the coming and going of thousands, the demands, the threats, and the loud talking, Mr. Hoey can be seen as pleasant as a summer morning. He has but a word for each, and that

the right one. The man who threatens a lawsuit is told to go ahead; the boisterous talker cools down under the icy blandness of the executive; unreasonable men cease their strife, and the timid have their fears allayed. The equity of his decisions usually satisfies. He can do more business in a day, get more work out of men, get more goods into a wagon, get it off quicker, get more freight on board of a ship, and make all hands feel better about it, than any other man in New York. A wagon returns from a vessel without unloading. The driver reports that the captain will not take another package. Mr. Hoey jumps on to the box with the driver, returns to the vessel, unloads, gets every package on board, and with a hearty good will, mutually expressed, shakes hands with the captain, and returns to the office.

THE STABLES.

The stables are in the rear of the headquarters. They are the most convenient of any in the city, and are well worth a visit. They are five stories high, and, like a Fifth Avenue house, have all the modern improvements. Comfort, ventilation, cleanliness, and convenience are combined. Every horse has his name and his stall, and every harness its particular hook on which it must hang. Every piece of it must be kept clean and bright, and fit for immediate use. There are no corners for rubbish, for the system and order of the office reigns in the stable. Few men take better care of their families than this company do of their horses. The stables are as inviting as a summer-house, and are as attractive as the queen's at Windsor Castle. The

company offer a premium for fine horses, and secure the best in the land. Over a hundred and fifty horses are used to do the business of the concern in New York, some of which know quite as much as the men. The celebrated tandem team are the most valuable and sagacious horses in the land. They are elegant, of great size, are groomed perfectly, and nothing can excel their harness and trappings. Four of them are attached to the wagon, one before the other, Boston style. They start from the office for the upper part of the city with an immense load of goods, guided by no reins, and only an occasional word from the driver. These sagacious creatures will thread their way up through Broadway when it is the most thickly crowded with teams, crossing and recrossing in every direction; when the police have to unlock the conflicting teams; when a man cannot get over without the aid of an officer; and yet these horses will move on unguided. They seem to know the width of the wagon, and will not enter an opening large enough for themselves unless the wagon can follow. They will back and start, cross over, change their course, move at the right moment, prick up their ears, fling their heads up, snort, and carry the wagon safely through, as if navigating Broadway, in its wildest confusion, had been the study of their lives. The horses occupy three stories of the stables, two of them below ground. The stalls, cribs, mode of watering and feeding, are on new methods. An old horse who has outgrown his usefulness is daily hoisted on a platform from his subterranean stall to the attic, where he grinds the food for his more vigorous companions.

THE LESSON.

The men who originated this successful company, who still conduct its immense business, and through it have secured an ample fortune; began life as humble and as lowly as the lowest. They were trained among the farms and hills of New England. In the plain school-house they secured their education. In the church they received the good principles which have underlaid their success. A father's prayers followed them as they left the old homestead. A mother's blessing rested on their heads as they turned away to seek their fortune. The success of this company, for a quarter of a century, proves that integrity, fair dealing, promptness, and indomitable perseverance have a commercial value.

XXVIII.

COLLEGE HONORS.

COMMON BOON. — COVETED HONORS. — THE SCRAMBLE. — A RACE.

COMMON BOON.

ALMOST every preacher in New York is a Doctor of Divinity. Mere lads and whipsters are divines. Men who have no social or religious standing put D. D. after their name. Men who cannot construe correctly a sentence in Paradise Lost are announced as "The Rev. Dr. Blank." Formerly a diploma was a proof of standing and of repute; of learning, character, and ability. In many cases it is so now. Many of the pastors of New York have well earned the dignity of D. D. Many, without any solicitation on their part, or on the part of their friends, have received diplomas from prominent colleges at home and abroad. Many have declined the honor. Many honor the institution by accepting it, rather than receive honor from the college. To no such men do I now refer.

COVETED HONORS.

There is an insane desire to be a D. D. on the part of some men. They scramble for it as chickens do for corn. The tricks resorted to by politicians to get office

are resorted to by men to get a degree. They make direct application to the president or to one of the trustees. They get up petitions, have them signed by their friends, and send them to some college. The matter is reduced to a system in this city. Men have diplomas who, a few years ago, were in trade, made wagons, were artisans and dentists; who strut round with their honors upon them as if the hands of the apostles were laid on them. They suggest the idea that our colleges, in the bestowment of their gifts, imitate the divine economy, in giving "more abundant honor to the parts that lack."

THE SCRAMBLE.

The season when the annual shower of diplomas fall is an exciting one to the aspirant. Candidates for the coveted parchments begin to bestir themselves. One man has a rich father, or his wife has. A donation looms up in the distance. Another has a rich parishioner, who can, if he will, "remember the college." If an aspirant can get a liberal man in his parish to request the favor of a D. D., he has a fair chance of success. I have seen men in New York, with the charter of a college in their pockets, seeking subscriptions, with the promise of a Doctorate in due time. In some instances the matter is run as a political measure, and a degree goes through college as men get a bill through Congress, on the "you help me and I will help you" plan. A gentleman holding a government office in this city promised a friend that he would get him a degree, as he was trustee of a college. In reference to the rival claims for the honor, he boasted that he would

get his man through. He drew up a petition, had it numerously signed, and pressed it upon the trustees with all the zeal of a politician. Sometimes a compromise is made. An aspirant gives way this year to a more pressing case, with the promise that his turn shall come the next season. A person was requested to put his name to a petition for a Doctorate for a party named. He declined, on the ground that he had just signed one for another gentleman who was about changing his denomination. "Your friend must hold over for another year," he added.

A RACE.

Two men some time ago ran quite a race for a degree. Each had strong petitions, and was well backed. The campaign was as exciting and as sharp as a political one. The leading friend on each side was a well-trained New York politician. The list on each petition was long and imposing. Who would win no one could tell. Each of the candidates had a friend in the board. It was a ticklish matter to handle. The trustees held several meetings, and the debates were very earnest. The state of feeling outside of the board was very exciting. If it had not been a clerical matter, bets would have been freely offered, with many takers. The Commencement exercises began. The outside world did not know who was the successful candidate, for the secret was well kept. A large crowd was in attendance. The point at which degrees were conferred was reached. Silence pervaded the great throng. The president quietly said, "The board will confer no honorary degrees this year." The announcement was

received with a hearty, universal laugh, indicating the interest of the audience in the matter. At the conclusion, each of the rivals was saluted with, "How are you, Doctor?" One man in this state, who preaches on Sunday to less than fifty people, who is understood to run his machine, as it is called, to aid his stock and other speculations, who has made some money on Wall Street, advertises himself as a D. D. His diploma is said to have come from a small, poor college, in a distant part of the land.

"So easily are Doctors made,
By man's or woman's whim."

At a dinner of the alumni of a celebrated college, held on a time in New York, a letter was read from an eminent western professor, charging the institution with selling its degrees to men who, in character, position, and talent were a disgrace to it, and accusing the college of bartering its honors for so much cash.