

and addresses. His "Judson Offering," written mainly by himself, had a large circulation. His "Power of Illustration, as an Element of Success in Preaching and Teaching," is a text-book, and one of the most popular in the language; while his "Night and Morning, or Words of Comfort to those who are Sowing in Tears," has been blessed to thousands in seasons of revivals. Dr. Dowling is a man of catholic spirit, and a warm and genial friend. He exhibits in his own preaching the element of illustration as an element of success. His theme is the Cross, and he allows nothing to intervene between the Savior and the sinner. He is earnest in delivery, impressive, interesting, and diversified in his manner of presenting divine truth. The fruits are seen in his long and successful pastorate.

LXXIV.

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM.

HIS EARLY CAREER. — MR. BARNUM AS A PUBLIC CATERER. — THE THEORY OF SUCCESS. — REVERSES. — PERSONAL. — FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

MR. BARNUM is one of our most remarkable men. He is a resident of the city of New York. He lives among the millionnaires, in a costly brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue, corner of Thirty-ninth Street, and is a millionaire himself. He has retired from the details of active life, though he has the controlling interest in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum. He has made and lost several fortunes, but in the evening of his life he is in possession of wealth, which he expends with great liberality and a genial hospitality. He is fifty-seven years of age, of temperate habits and prudent life, which insure him many years more of vigorous manhood.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

He was born in Bethel, Connecticut, and was trained in a village tavern kept by his father. He had a hopeful, buoyant disposition, and was distinguished by his irrepressible love of fun. At the age of thirteen he began life for himself, and married when he was nineteen. As editor of the Herald of Freedom he obtained

a world-wide notoriety. The sheet was distinguished for its pith and vigor. Owing to some sharp comments on officials, Mr. Barnum was incarcerated in jail, as his friends thought, unjustly. On the day of his liberation, his friends assembled in great force, with carriages, bands of music, and banners, and escorted him in triumph to his home.

MR. BARNUM AS A PUBLIC CATERER.

Mr. Barnum's first appearance as an exhibitor was in connection with an old negress named Joyce Heth, the alleged nurse of George Washington. His next attempt was to obtain possession of Scudder's American Museum. Barnum had not five dollars in the world. He did not pay one dollar down. The concern was little better than a corpse ready for burial. Yet he bound himself by terms fearfully stringent, and met all the conditions as they matured. He secured the person of Charles S. Stratton, the celebrated dwarf, known as General Tom Thumb, and exhibited him with astounding success. He secured the services of Jenny Lind, binding himself to pay her a thousand dollars per night for a hundred and fifty nights, assuming all expenses of every kind. The contract proved an immense pecuniary success. From the days of Joyce Heth to the present time Mr. Barnum has always had some speciality connected with his shows, which the world pronounces humbugs, and Mr. Barnum does not deny that they are so. Among these are the Woolly Horse, the Buffalo Hunt, the Ploughing Elephant, the Fegee Mermaid, the What-Is-It, and the Gorilla. But Mr. Barnum claims, that while these special features may not be all

that the public expect, every visitor to his exhibition gets the worth of his money ten times over; that his million curiosities and monstrosities, giants and dwarfs, his menagerie and dramatic entertainments, present a diversified and immense amount of amusement that cannot be secured anywhere else. A large-sized baboon has been recently on exhibition at the Museum. It was advertised as a living gorilla, the only specimen ever brought to this country. Mr. Barnum's agents succeeded in hoodwinking the press to such a degree that the respectable dailies described the ferocity of this formidable gorilla, whose rage was represented to be so intense, and his strength so fearful, that he came near tearing the persons in pieces who had brought him from the ship to the Museum. Barnum had not seen the animal, and when he read the account in the Post he was very much excited, and wrote immediately to his men to be very careful that no one was harmed. The baboon was about as ferocious as a small-sized kitten. The story did its work, and crowds came to see the wonderful beast. Among others a professor came from the Smithsonian Institute. He examined the animal, and then desired to see Mr. Barnum. He informed the proprietor that he had read the wonderful accounts of the gorilla, and had come to see him. "He is a very fine specimen of a baboon," said the professor, "but he is no gorilla." "What's the reason that he is not a gorilla?" said Barnum. The professor replied, that gorillas had no tail. "I know," said the showman, "that ordinary gorillas have no tails, but mine has, and that makes the specimen more remarkable." The audacity of the reply completely overwhelmed the

professor, and he retired without a word, leaving Mr. Barnum in possession of the field.

THE THEORY OF SUCCESS.

Mr. Barnum's rule has been to give all who patronize him the worth of their money, without being particular as to the means by which he attracts the crowd to his exhibitions. He justifies his little deceit in securing the visitor a greater amount of pleasure than he bargained for. Thus Warren sent an agent to Egypt to write on the Pyramids, in huge letters, "Buy Warren's Blacking." He knew the whole world would be indignant, but they would buy his blacking. When Genin, the hatter, gave two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the Jenny Lind ticket, all the world knew that Genin sold hats in New York. Barnum offered the Atlantic Telegraph Company five thousand dollars for the privilege of sending the first twenty words over to his Museum. The notoriety would be worth more than that sum. Leonard Gossling came out as Mons. Gossling, with French blacking. He drove a fine carriage through New York, drawn by a splendid span of blood bays, with "Gossling's Blacking" emblazoned in gold letters on it. Gossling drove the team, attended by a band of music. Jim Crow Rice introduced the blacking into Bowery Theatre, and was paid for singing an original blacking ditty. As Warren's blacking was good, as Genin's hats were first-class, and Gossling's blacking an excellent article, and they never befooled the public to its injury, no harm was done. On this principle Mr. Barnum has catered to public amusement for over thirty years. He has gotten up baby-shows,

poultry-shows, and dog-shows. He has ransacked creation for curiosities, and all the world has contributed to the novelty and value of his Museum.

REVERSES.

It has not been all sunshine with Mr. Barnum. His imposing villa at Bridgeport was burned to the ground. Anxious to build up East Bridgeport, he became responsible to a manufacturing company, and his fortune was swept away in an hour. The citizens of Bridgeport, without distinction of party or sect, assembled and expressed their sympathy with Mr. Barnum in his great embarrassment, and in "his irretrievable ruin," as they thought. But with wonderful sagacity he relieved himself. As a business man he has singular executive force and great capacity, and would have been successful in anything he undertook.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Barnum has held many positions of trust and honor. He was elected president of the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1854. He was appointed by the governor of Connecticut State Commissioner to the Grand Exposition at Paris. He was elected to represent the town of Fairfield in the legislature of Connecticut in 1865 and 1866. He was defeated for Congress in 1867, owing to the reaction which commenced in Northern States in regard to negro suffrage. Mr. Barnum has been a great friend to the temperance cause, and one of the most racy and eloquent of its advocates. He has a clear, flowing style, full of anecdote and points, which always draws crowds, and secures continued

interest. He lectures for benevolent and philanthropic audiences, giving away the entire proceeds. He was an influential speaker while a member of the legislature, being always distinguished for his practical good sense and sparkling wit. He received a telegram one day while he was speaking, announcing that the Museum was on fire, and that nothing probably would be saved. He laid the telegram on the desk, and finished his speech. He went to New York the next day, and found the Museum a pile of black, smouldering ruins. All that was left was the lease of the land, having eleven years to run. This lease was sold to James Gordon Bennett for two hundred thousand dollars, cash.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Men who regard Mr. Barnum as a charlatan; who attribute his success to what he calls "humbug," "clap-trap," "exaggerated pictures," and "puffing advertisements;" who undertake to imitate him in these questionable performances, will find that the secret of his success does not lie in that direction. A wealthy man, after repeated reverses, he is. Whether he would not have been as rich without the "clap-trap," whether the titles "humbug," and the "prince of humbugs," which were first applied to him by himself as a part of his stock in trade, have not damaged beyond redemption his social status, are questions which I will not stop here to argue. But under all the eccentricity, jugglery, and tomfoolery, there was a business intelligence, tact, energy, indomitable perseverance, shrewdness, and industry; without which all his humbugging would have been exerted in vain. From distributing "Sears's

Bible" he became lessee of the Vauxhall saloon; thence a writer of advertisements for an amphitheatre, at four dollars a week; then negotiating, without a dollar, for the Museum, giving the proprietor what he asked, a piece of unencumbered land, as security, a mere morass, kept in the family because it was worthless, and nobody would buy it; outwitting a corporation who intended to outwit him on the purchase of the Museum over his head; exhibiting a manufactured mermaid, which he had bought of a Boston showman; palming off Tom Thumb as eleven years of age, when he was but five; showing his woolly horse, and exhibiting his wild buffaloes at Hoboken;—these, and other smart things that Barnum did, are well known to the public. But there are other things which the public do not know. Barnum was thoroughly honest, and he kept his business engagements to the letter. He cheated the proprietor of the Museum in the matter of the security. The impression he left about "Ivy Island" was, that it was a valuable farm in Connecticut, while it was a mere bog. On it he could not have raised five dollars in the New York market, where its value was known. But without that deception he would have lost the Museum, he argues. He kept his business engagement to the letter, as he intended to do, so his deception did not harm. Once in the Museum, he taxed every energy to the utmost to secure success. He adopted the most rigid economy. Finding a hearty coadjutor in his wife, he put his family on a short allowance, and shared himself in the economy of the household. Six hundred dollars a year he allowed for the expenses of his family, and his wife resolutely resolved to reduce that sum to

four hundred dollars. Six months after the purchase of the Museum the owner came into the ticket office at noon. Barnum was eating his frugal dinner, which was spread before him. "Is this the way you eat your dinner?" the proprietor inquired. Barnum said, "I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum except on the Sabbath, and I intend never to eat another on a week day until I am out of debt." "Ah! you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out," replied the owner. In less than a year the Museum was paid for out of the profits of the establishment.

Barnum deceived in regard to the age of Tom Thumb, but his performances were genuine. The mermaid was a cheat, but the show at the Museum presented more for the money than any exhibition in the country. During the whole of his career, Barnum has exhibited a conscientiousness that borders closely on high religious principle. His extravagances were the mere froth of the bottle; the article beneath the foaming cover was genuine and stout. He believed in advertising, but knew well enough that it was money thrown away if he had not something to show. He staked everything he had in the world on his contract with Jenny Lind. He based his expectation of success, not on her voice simply, nor on her reputation as an artist, but her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity,— these he knew would captivate the American public.

To say that he failed, and lost several fortunes, is only to say that he was human. His confidence in the clock company was extraordinary. It grew out of the

impulses of his generous and confiding nature, and his desire to aid his friends in building up a part of Bridgeport, and make the town prosperous. But the manner in which he relieved himself from these obligations and retrieved his fortune, exhibits the pluck, shrewdness, and business ability of the man. That he was shamefully and wickedly defrauded no one has any question. He did not owe a dollar of personal debt, and he resolved not to pay the clock notes. He considered any strategy fair to elude their payments, and free himself from the pecuniary obligation they imposed. He put all his property out of his hands; sold his Museum— over the left; came to New York, and commenced "keeping boarders." He lived from hand to mouth; was arrested continually on suits, and brought up before the judges for examination, all which were duly chronicled in the paper. Clock notes were at a discount. It was said that Barnum had gone under so deep that he never would recover. The paper on which his name was placed was considered fit for the wastebasket or the stove. The notes were bought for a song and cancelled. When the last clock note was paid Barnum was himself again.

To relieve a friend, he went into court and offered himself as bail for the sum of five thousand dollars. It was a libel suit. Three of them were pending, and in all of them Mr. Barnum offered himself as security. The lawyer, desiring to imprison the defendant, was both vexed and impertinent. He put the showman through a course of examination. "Mr. Barnum, are you worth fifteen thousand dollars?" "I am," was the reply. "I desire a list of your property before you

are accepted as further security," the lawyer said. So Barnum began to call off the articles of property that he valued at fifteen thousand dollars, requesting the lawyer to keep an accurate inventory. "One preserved elephant, one thousand dollars; one stuffed monkey-skin, and two gander-skins, good as new — fifteen dollars for the lot." Starting to his feet in indignation, the lawyer cried out, "Mr. Barnum, what are you doing?" "I am giving you an inventory of my Museum. It contains only fifty thousand different articles, which I intend to call off, and which I wish you to take down." The limb of the law appealed to the court. Judge Ulshoeffler decided that if the lawyer was unwilling to take Mr. Barnum's affidavit to his responsibility he must go on with the catalogue. The lawyer decided to take him for bail without a further bill of particulars.

There are no better rules for business success than those laid down by Mr. Barnum, which have guided his own course. Among them are these: "Select the kind of business suited to your inclination and temperament; let your pledged word ever be sacred; whatever you do, do with all your might; use no description of intoxicating drinks; let hope predominate, but do not be visionary; pursue one thing at a time, but do not scatter your powers; engage proper assistance; advertise your business; live within your income, if you almost starve; depend upon yourself, and not upon others."

Besides his town residence, he has a superb estate in Fairfield, Connecticut, which is called Lindencroft. Here he dispenses an elegant hospitality, and dwells in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens in his native state. His business success has hardly a

parallel. The revenue books of the city reveal the fact that the Museum receipts for 1867 were considerably over four hundred thousand dollars, being far more than those of any other place of amusement in America, with only one exception. The doors were open from sunrise till ten P. M. A constant stream of visitors passed in and out all day. Country visitors, with valise in hand, visited the Museum from sunrise till the business hours commenced. Thousands made their inspection of this gallery of curiosities before they took breakfast or visited a hotel.