

He was now saving at least six shillings a week, which is £15 a year! For four years no change took place in his condition. He still lived in his solitary garret; worked hard all day, and borrowed law books from the articulated clerks in the office, which he read at home at night. At home! poor fellow—what a name for his miserable little room up in the eaves of a house in the narrow court out of Fleet street! But Uncle John was a brave fellow and worked on without stopping to sentimentalize.

A promotion now took place in the office, and Uncle John was made chief common-law clerk at one pound a week. He had rendered himself quite competent for the duties by his midnight studies. He was never absent from his post, never forgot anything, and was never ill; for he had the strength of a horse. It is unsuspected that about this time Uncle John paid one or two visits to the cook's-shop; but it must not be supposed that the visits were more than two or three. As a rule, Uncle John dined on a piece of the cheapest meat he could purchase, boiled by himself in his garret.

He was wise enough, however, to be very neat in his dress, and thereby gained the credit of being a very respectable young man in the eyes of his employer, for it is a very remarkable fact that clerks are always expected to dress like gentlemen when their salaries are not even large enough to buy them food.

Another four years passed away, when one day Uncle John, having duly screwed up his courage, walked into his master's private room, and, after a little preliminary hesitation, ventured to hint that he should like to be articulated!

The master stared—the clerk remained silently awaiting his answer.

"Are you aware," inquired the former, "that the expense of the stamp, &c., is one hundred and twenty pounds?"

Uncle John was aware of it, and he was prepared with the money. He had saved it out of his miserable salary.

The master stared still more. But, after a short time, he consented to articulate Uncle John, and to continue his salary during the term of his articles. Uncle John was in ecstasies, and so far forgot his usual prudence that evening, as to indulge in half a pint of bad port wine—a foolish taste, by the way, which he has retained to this day.

He was now a happy man. Everything was "in train" now to make him one day a "gentleman by Act of Parliament"—as Attorneys are facetiously termed. It would certainly require something more than even the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to confer the character on some of the fraternity.

During the first year of his articles the managing clerk died, and Uncle John was promoted to that office with a salary of two hundred a year. Here was indeed a rise in life—from seven shillings a week to two hundred a year! Happy Uncle John. But you deserved it all; for you had plenty of the courage which is prepared for all ills, and endures those which it cannot conquer.

Long before the five years of his articles had expired, the clerk had made himself so absolutely necessary to his master, that the latter could scarcely have carried on the business for a month without him. Therefore, when the time arrived at which he ceased to be a clerk and became himself an attorney, Uncle John hinted to his master that he was going to leave him. Cunning Uncle John! You had no such intention; but you knew that your master would take alarm, beg you to stay, and offer you a partnership. Of course—and he did so.

Uncle John's path in life was from henceforth comparatively smooth. He was the working partner in a business which was both profitable and of good quality. Within a few years his partner was foolish enough to quarrel with him, and to demand a dissolution of the partnership. Uncle John readily consented, and all the clients knowing well who was the man that understood the business and transacted it, followed him; and he became an attorney with a practice of two thousand a year, and no partner to share the profits.

His economical habits never forsook him. He married and kept a decent table; but save in a love of good wine (or at least what his undecorated taste considered so,) he had nothing but the ordinary necessities of life. How much he saved each year who shall say? He had no children, and his practice increasing while his wants good still, he became what he is now—a prosperous and a highly respected old gentleman.

It is the fashion of the old to point out such men as

models for the imitation of the rising generation. The young, on the contrary, make them the subjects of their ridicule, for their bad grammar and worse manners. Let us see if we can find out the truth, unbiased by either party. Uncle John is now a rich man, an honorable man, a hardworking man, and in the main a sensible man. He has attained his position in life by patience, perseverance, and industry, favored also by a little of that good luck to which we first referred. But Uncle John is deficient in many of the characteristics which adorn human nature. Is it not natural that he should be so? Where was he to learn the gentler feelings of his kind—affection, sympathy, benevolence? In his garret, alone and unfriended? He is mean and parsimonious. He is worth forty thousand pounds, and his deceased brother's child is starving with his wife in a suburban garret. Uncle John will not aid him with a penny. Who aided him? Did he not live in a garret, and save money too! Was he such a fool to marry before he could keep a wife? Uncle John was guilty of no weakness in those days; he cannot forgive them in another.

His only brother dies, leaving a large family and a widow—unprovided for: for the children have eaten up all he could ever earn. Uncle John does not like the widow (perhaps because she had so many children,) but he gives her £50, a year. His own income is about four thousand.

His only sister is also left a widow without a sixpence. Uncle John gives her £50 a year. "People should not marry imprudently. He can afford no more; he has a great many calls upon him." Perhaps so; but the answer to such calls is always, "not at home."

He has many clerks now. He makes them all work twelve hours a day. Why not? He worked twelve hours a day.

He has articulated clerks too. They must work twelve hours a day also. He did it. True, Uncle John: but you had your salary for it; while they, on the contrary, pay you for the privilege of working for you.

There is an old adage that a slave makes the worst tyrant. Uncle John exemplifies it. Because he suffered poverty and privation, he thinks that every youth should suffer the same. Because nature had given him the constitution of a horse, he thinks that every one should have a similar one.

Such men as Uncle John are striking examples of certain qualities; and of those particular qualities which conduce to success in life. Their highest praise (perhaps there is no higher praise in the world) is their unflinching integrity. But we cannot bring ourselves to think them—on the whole—models for imitation. After all, there is selfishness at the bottom of their first motives, and this quality grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength, till, in their old age, they are impate at all the enjoyments of youth. The hardships of their younger days are not only to be pitied, but because they have closed upon all the avenues through which the gentler, nobler, and more generous sympathies of our nature find their way into the heart. Their want of education has not been of mind alone, but of the affections; and as it is ten thousand times more difficult to learn a language or a science in old age than in youth, so it is infinitely more difficult (if it be not impossible) to teach the science of the affections, and the language of the heart, to the old man whose youth has known nothing of either. Affliction and adversity teach oftentimes sympathy and benevolence, but to do so they must have followed on happier times, and not have been a lurch portion. You may praise and respect "Uncle Johns," but you cannot love them—neither can they love you.

#### HARPER AND BROTHERS

It is comparatively but a few years since the influential publishing firm of Harper and Brothers commenced business, with two old printing presses, and half a dozen sorts of second hand type. In 1810 the two elder brothers, then country boys, left their quiet Long Island home, and coming to New York apprenticed themselves to the printers' art, with the purpose to gain fame and fortune. When several years had been spent in faithful labour, they opened an unpretending printing office in Dover Street, and after much disappointment and ill success, obtained the first important job from Everett Daychick, the publisher. This was the issuing of an edition of "Seneca's Morals," which was executed in so faultless a manner, as to draw commendation from Daychick himself—for he was said to be very precise

and secured a large portion of his patronage. The same year they ventured, upon their own responsibility, to publish an edition of "Locke on the Human Understanding," which was rapidly sold. Their success was insured, and it only remained for them, by skilful energy, to make constant advances in their progress. Within six years after this, they admitted to the two other brothers. And in 1824 were the proprietors of the largest printing office of a private character in New York.

Since the year 1825 their establishment has been located in Cliff Street—at the present occupying Nos. 84, 86, 88, 89, and 81, opposite, connected with main building by subterranean passages.

Their operations are all conducted on a systematic method; Mr. James Harper, the ex-mayor, exercises general supervision over the concern, Mr. John Caspary, Mr. Joseph superintends the correspondence, and the mechanical department, and Mr. Fletcher the magazine. Gentlemen of eminent ability in the sciences, philosophy, mathematics, medicine, &c., are constantly employed, each in his own department, to examine and pronounce judgement upon the manuscripts offered to the firm for publication. Only seventy have passed this ordeal during the year just elapsed, it is calculated that eight out of ten are rejected, because unworthy or unsaleable.

Those works which are successful are, in instance, stereotyped, the firm acting on the principle that "everything worthy of publishing is worth being stereotyped." After the plates have been they are stored in the spacious vaults below the building, and it is estimated that there are now \$600,000 worth of stereotype plates in these deep dark repositories. The following statistics will surprise those who are unacquainted with the vastness of the publishing operations conducted in our city. It is calculated that Harper and Brothers furnish employment, directly or indirectly, to more than 1,600 persons, of whom less than 40 are compositors; 60,000 pounds of metal are consumed annually by them in the making of stereotype plates. The number of volumes yearly averages 2,500,000, and the paper alone on which they are printed, costs \$150,000.

The presses, of which they have 22, produce 11 impressions per day. In the binding of volumes following quantities of materials were used in the year:—1,000 yards of muslin; 15,000 sheepskins; 50 barrels of flour; and as many of glue and \$5,000 of gold leaf, besides great numbers of cut and sides of turkey broads. About 15 tons of shavings are cut from the edges of new books, and to be re-made into sheets of paper. The stock of this firm is now estimated at beyond \$1,500,000.

The Harpers have paid Stephens, the American traveller, more than \$50,000 for copyrights, and cost more than \$55,000. They are paying, at present time, \$3,000 to Professor Anthon, and 2 to Jacob Abbott, every year. In short enormous sums have been paid by them to most of the eminent authors in America, as well as many beyond the Atlantic. Am. ex. paper.

#### THE GIRAFFE.

It is vulgarly said that the giraffe inhabits the deserts, and a astonishment has, naturally enough, been felt that an animal of so large a size can find subsistence on a charlie soil, burnt up with the sun, and which, not a single vegetable grows. But the fact is, that the giraffe, no more than the antelope, lives in the desert. It is true that both animals are seen in large flocks; but it is only a place of refuge for them, as the forest is for the wild boar. They retire to be enabled to watch afar off, and to guard their young. As to their food, the giraffes find it in the open and fertile tracts, which form a great part of the country, within reach of which they take care to remain; and which, every time they enter, they commit great ravages. The lion is the giraffe's most formidable enemy, but he never attacks the latter in the desert, but lies in ambush, in the thickets of the forest, in which giraffes come to browse, or on the banks of rivers, at which they slake their thirst. For season, giraffes and antelopes use great caution, they visit places which may conceal their enemies, they perceive him at a distance, they fly, and thus escape the danger; but if the foe be too near, they defend themselves; and find, in the love of life, a resource which frequently proves fatal to the most powerful.