

I said that the first "seller" was one of the rising men, with dark bushy whiskers, a sharp twinkling eye that was everywhere at once, and a strong piercing voice. He let off his words in sharp cracks like detonating balls. By way of starting pleasantly, he flung himself into an attitude that looked like one of stark defiance, scowling with his dark eyes on the assembled buyers, as though they were plotting together to poison him with his own drugs. Up went the first lots : a pleasant assortment of nine hundred cases of castor oil, two hundred chests of rhubarb, and three hundred and fifty, "serons," of yellow bark. The rising broker stormed and raved as bid after bid, piercing the murmuring din with sharp expletives.

One, two, three, four—the nine hundred cases were disposed of in no time by some miraculous process of short-hand-auctioneering, known only at Garraway's. I thought the broker would have gone absolutely mad, as the bids went rapidly on : some slow man of inferior intellect would have given the buyers time to overbid each other ; he seemed to take delight in perplexing the whole room, and as quickly as a voice cried out "Hep!" the bidding interjection of Garraway's so instantaneously fell the everlasting little hammer ; and as surely did the seller scowl harder than ever, as much as to say, "I should just like to catch any body else in time for that lot" In this fashion above three hundred lots were sold in less time than many people in the last century would have taken to count them up.

The "rising" broker was followed by one of the old school, a pleasant looking, easy going man, the very reverse of his predecessor. He consumed as much time in wiping and adjusting his spectacles, as had sufficed just before to knock down a score of lots. He couldn't find a pen that didn't splutter, and he couldn't make his catalogue lie flat on the desk ; and at last the impatience of the "rising" men, and the Lane lads—Young Mincing Lane—was manifested by a sharp rapping of boot-heels on the floor, which soon swelled to a storm. The quiet broker was not to be hurried ; he looked mildly around over his glasses, and rebuked rebellion with "Boys, boys ! nonsense" The bids went smoothly along ; potent drugs, rich dyes, and costly spices fell before the calculating hammer ; but, each time, ere it descended, the bland seller gazed inquiringly and I almost fancied imploringly at the bidder, lest he had made a mistake, and might wish to retract his rash "Hep !"

The broker who followed, dealt largely in flowing language, as well as drugs and dyes. He assured the company present—and looked very hard at me, as though I was perfectly aware of the fact, and was ready to back him—that he intended to give all his lots away ; he was deter-