

fat, and does none of the hard work. Oh! when shall I be a master? sighs the man. Both are unhappy — both striving to change their relative conditions; the master endeavoring to keep down the man, the man as earnestly striving to become master. Each forgetting that this relation *must* exist, and each forgetting that he can contribute much towards making the inevitable less uncomfortable, or possibly pleasant. Sympathetic respect for the feelings of each—a careful study of what you would feel, and how act if put in his place, would largely contribute to lubricate the frictional surfaces of trade machinery. None of these wheels are perfect, some are out of round, some eccentric, consequently variable in their actions and reactions. There is more or less disproportion in the relative sizes of these commercial wheels and pinions; any or all of these imperfections may be so great as to make a substitution necessary to keep the machinery running, or if, in spite of these, the mill does grind, it is with such clatter, and wear and tear as to endanger the stability of the business.

A very few men are born with a talent for control—a native intuition of what other men feel when subordinate, and how they should be treated so as to get their best services and at the same time secure their respect and regard. Those not so gifted by inheritance need the experience that comes by being themselves subordinate, and so feeling in their own persons the effects of those complicated environments that inevitably attach mutually to the condition of employer and employee. There are some who rise from man to master that profit by such experience, and learn how to rule justly and mercifully; others, not so wise, practically illustrate the fable of the “beggar on horseback.” The love of power in some form is indigenous in the human constitution, and the phases it assumes are infinite—the master worries the man, the man worries the wife, the wife worries the children, the children worries the dog, the dog worries the cat, the cat worries the mouse, and so on till the power to worry is lost in the dim perspective of sentient existences. Supremacy—or the position to control, seems to beget in the possessor a longing to use the power—a desire to *compel* the recognition of superiority when it is not voluntarily bestowed.

Aristocrats are not always “noble—

men,” as often they are quite the reverse. The aristocratic feeling comes oftener from the possession of wealth, than from the noble qualities of the man. My first employer was of this class, not that he was rich, but because he was the head of a good establishment all the subordinates were expected to show him deference. He and I soon came into collision; as I passed him in the morning going through the store to remove my coat and hat preparatory to work, my “good morning” salutation was not made with bared head and hat under my arm. I was spoken to on the subject, and informed that as an employee it was my duty to remove my hat in his presence, and thus show proper respect to him as proprietor of the establishment; that our relative positions made it eminently fit and proper for me to do so, and that hereafter it would be expected, etc. I was touched—but not with humility, I knew and felt that as men I was quite his equal, and vanity whispered, vastly his superior mentally. I politely told him (hat in hand) that to salute him as one gentleman would greet another, was all that he could claim of me. As employer, he had no more claim to my deference than I had to his; his business was as much dependent on me (or some other watch-maker) as mine was on him, I could as easily find another employer as he could an employee, and his claim for worshipful obeisance was no better than mine, or in more modern phrase the relation of labor to capital, was the same as capital to labor, mutually interchangeable. From that time we got on amicably—he was wise enough to see and comprehend the relation, and governed himself accordingly.

Little men (mentally) are usually the worst masters; their small meannesses are as irritating as nettles; no one prick or stab is of sufficient size to be tangible—too small to be resented, but the multitude of these irritates beyond measure. Not alone are words used to crush and humiliate an employee—looks, actions, manners, are quite as potent to sour what might otherwise be sweet and pleasant business relations. “Do this,” are not unpleasant words in themselves, and may be so said as to convey no sense of command, and yet they may be so uttered as to pierce the very marrow of a sensitive employee. This subject, like all others has two sides. Underlings are often tantalizing—vexatious—peaky—

but are they made less so by being trampled upon? May they not have been made so by tyrannical, dictatorial masters? Will the same treatment that made their bad manners mend them? He must indeed be brutal man who cannot be better managed by reasonable, gentlemanly, sympathetic treatment, than by a “counter irritant” method.

The bond that necessarily links together for a time the employer and employee should not be an inflexible rod, but a gently drawing elastic band of mutual benefit, a link that will allow freedom of motion at either end within certain limits, and so prevent the jerks and punches that must result from a rigid tie. If anything approaching this desirable condition is to be attained to, it will be by such *mutual* concessions as men and women must make to ensure conjugal happiness when they voluntarily assume the relation of husband and wife—and so a smiling, happy business family can only be found where labor and capital are lovingly married.

Our own craft, probably, suffer as little as any from this cause; but when even that little can be easily avoided, and at no cost except a trifle of self-control, and with a gain of good feeling and good service, it seems desirable that both parties to this condition of things, should contribute as much at least, as an earnest endeavor to make the relations as harmonious as possible between master and man.—“*Jewellers' Journal.*”

BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES.

The average merchant's life is a hard one, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. The fascination which it seems to possess for the unpractised, the growth of commerce, the cheapness of credit in late years, and the openings which seemed to offer in new countries, all helped to increase the proportion of merchants, so called, who see in store-keeping an occupation simple, light and genteel. How grievously many of these have been undeceived as to its simplicity and comfort, the sad array of mercantile wrecks which, in this country as in all others, strews the shores of the stream year by year, too plainly tells. The respectability of the occupation is not denied, unless by a narrow minded born aristocrat. The mistake people make is in fancying that the business of a conscientious mechanic or farmer, that is, of an honest man who makes goods or