

"Well, if you haven't got them I can't have them—can I?" And then casting suspicious glances around him, he leaves the shop slowly, and the shopman may think himself fortunate if something in the window does not attract his notice, and bring him back again.

A customer much to be avoided is the Indiscreet customer. He orders readily, and speedily finds what he wants. But he never thinks about price, and generally never inquires until his parcel of goods is packed up. It most frequently happens that the price is three or four times what he expected or can afford, and an awkward dilemma is the result. It generally ends in the parcel being opened, and the goods extracted until the amount is reduced to within the reach of the Indiscreet customer's pocket.

This customer is the more annoying as the mode of dealing with him is so difficult. If it be attempted to discern the probable worth of the individual by his dress and appearance, there is the utmost danger of confounding him with the Unknown customer, who is at once the horror and delight of shopkeepers. We will narrate a fact we came across to illustrate this.

A shabby old gentleman walked into a jeweler's shop and asked to be allowed to look at some topazes. Three or four were accordingly shown to him, and he quickly selected the best, which he said, was hardly good enough. "Ah, but you see these stones are expensive," said the jeweler, rather patronizingly. "I can assure you the one you have chosen would answer any ordinary purpose."

The old gentleman looked around him in a dissatisfied way, and presently caught sight of a large and beautiful stone in a corner of the jeweler's glass case.

"That looks more like what I want," said he; "let me look at that one, will you?"

"It will be very expensive, Sir; very indeed—more, I dare say, than you would like to give. The stone you have is very good, Sir."

In a quiet voice, the old gentleman asked if the stone was for sale or only on view. At this rebuke the jeweler produced it, naming a high price. It was immediately chosen, and his customer, taking a sketch from his pocket, said:

"Get that coat of arms engraved upon it, and send me word when it is done."

He gave his name and address. He was a noble earl; and the shopkeeper had committed the grievous error of treating him as an Indiscreet, when he was an Unknown customer.

One of the most remarkable specimens is the Communicative customer. This person, it appears, will, with the slightest encouragement (and sometimes without), converse freely about his personal and private affairs over a shop counter, to an individual he has never seen before in his life. A gentleman of this class, on the simple introduction occasioned by the purchase of half a pound of figs, told the grocer's assistant that he should have been in the grocery trade himself if he had stopped down in the country, where he was born; but he always had a fancy to come to London; so he ran away, and came.

"I was n't worth much when I first arrived," said the Communicative customer; "but I'm worth a few thousand now. I bought a house yesterday that cost me over £1,500, and I'm going to furnish it, and left it furnished. I never could get on with unfinished houses. One of my tenants, &c., &c."

Another instance was a man who, within five minutes of entering the shop, informed the shopman where he was going to dine, what he was going to have, and what his balance was at his bankers.

Of course, the most troublesome of all customers are to be found among those who do not know what they want. For most among these, we are informed, are ladies. The difficulty these fair creatures have in making up their mind is only equalled by the difficulty the shopman experiences in making it up for them. They are impressed with the idea that the task of buying must be performed slowly; and if an article is found speedily, that is *prima facie* evidence that it is not suitable. The experience of a shopman in a fancy shop was interesting on this point.

If a lady and her husband are about to purchase, the lady of course performs the selection.

"That is very pretty, dear—isn't it?"

"Yes, very. Suppose you have that."

The fair one shrinks from the conclusion. She searches further. Presently she exclaims again: "There! I think I really like that best of any!"

Her husband observes not unreasonably:

"Well, then, my dear, you'd better have that one."

And we are assured that the lady will invariably put it on one side, and look over the others again.

Foreigners bear a very bad character. As the object of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkers was always "how not to do it," so the aim of a foreigner when he enters a shop would appear to be not to obtain what he requires. He demands an article. It is shown to him. He then wants it with or without some particular attribute. This is produced, and he finds some other qualifications necessary, and so on.

Such a man will enter a stationer's shop and say, "Have you such note-paper, what is very clean?" Apprehending that he wants very thin paper for foreign correspondence, the shopman shows him some. He looks at it thoughtfully and says, "Ave you also blue?" Blue paper is shown, and the foreign customer is alarmed at the prospect of getting exactly what he wants. But presently a happy thought strikes him, and he says, "Ave you wiz line?" If that

is also found, he wishes it "as large so that," measuring with his fingers; until at last, having by patience and perseverance succeeded in not getting what he wants, he raises his hat politely and leaves the shop.

All experience shows that the shopman should avoid being particular as to the manner or mode of speaking to customers. We have most of us met with people who annoyed us by a peculiarity of some sort in manner or conversation. This, no doubt, arises from a little fastidiousness on our part; yet we do occasionally allow our feelings a little liberty in this respect. But it is an exceedingly ill-advised thing for a shopman to do, especially (as is most often the case) with habitual customers. We met with an amiable bookseller, who suffered intense annoyance from a young man who frequently came into his shop, and, commencing at the door to speak in the highest falsetto, would end when he arrived at the counter in the deepest bass.

"Right down in his boots!" said our informant angrily; and although we pointed out that it was but a trivial fault, for which the young man was not perhaps altogether responsible, the bookseller declared he should be unable much longer to restrain his indignation.

A young man behind a counter complained of a customer who annoyed him by saying, "Err—yes—um!" in a nasal tone, at every available opportunity in conversation. The shopman always carefully constructed his sentences so as to avoid, if possible, the exclamation, and, failing this, he adopted the plan of serving him in dead silence.

We could speak of the Harmonic customer, who whistles or hums a tune the whole of the time he is in the shop, when not speaking, and who converses in an abrupt, short manner, in order to give himself more time for melody; of the Indistinct customer, who twice asks for "Orlypobblegletokens," and, in despair, is at last told that he may perhaps get them at little lower down on the same side of the way; of the Precise customer, who will not have his parcel sealed with wax, because the wax gets under his finger nail when he opens it; and of many, many more. But for want of space we must stop, content if we have reminded the public that if everybody is entitled to consideration from the shopman, the shopman may look for a little consideration from everybody.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE OF 1866.

Three vessels contested for the palm of victory in this naval feat,—the *Henrietta*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Vesta*; the two former being regular schooner-built keel boats, and the latter what is called a "centre-board" vessel, that is, fitted with a shifting keel, which could be drawn up at will; a great advantage when sailing in a light breeze before the wind, on account of its less resistance to the water, but rather a disadvantage, almost a danger, in a rough chopping sea with a head, or foul wind. All the yachts were of nearly equal tonnage, some two hundred according to the American scale. With regard to crews and officers, the *Henrietta* carried twenty-two seamen, her owner, Mr. Bennett—the son of the proprietor of the *The New York Herald*, and the vice-commander of the New York Yacht Club; and her sailing master, an old and experienced navigator, Captain Samuels, who once sailed a celebrated American clipper ship, called the *Dreadnaught*, from New York to Liverpool, before the days of steam and ten days' trips, within fourteen days, a wonderful passage under sail for a heavy ship, and the quickest ever known. The *Henrietta* also had a first and second mate, and two supernumeraries, twenty-eight souls on board in all. The *Fleetwing* had only twenty-two "of all sorts," and the *Vesta* the same number. The owner of the winning yacht, the *Henrietta*, deserves additional credit from the fact of his being the only one of the competitors who had the courage to essay the voyage in his own vessel; the other owners came over in one of the Cunard steamers to see the finish and reap the fruit of the race, should they win, without risking its perils.

Of course the contest was for money. A "sweep" was entered into by the three owners of thirty thousand dollars each, the winner to pocket the whole, and thus gain a profit of sixty thousand greenbacks, a prize worth taking. The course was from Sandy Hook bar to Cowes, no time allowance, and the first vessel to win.

On Tuesday, the 11th December, 1866, at one o'clock in the afternoon, they all started. It was a beautiful clear frosty day, with the sun shining brightly, and the sky as blue as azure and without a cloud; but it was blowing strongly and the wind was intensely cold, the winter having set in, as usual, with a steady severe frost. A number of pleasure steamers and tug-boats, went down the bay to see the boats off; and what with the amount of gaudy bunting displayed, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-spangled Banner," the cheering, the hoarse-voiced, and the fine weather, the scene was intensely exciting and enlivening.

After a warning gun to "get ready," the final signal was given, and away the three yachts started on a bowline with a good eight-knot breeze, the *Henrietta* lying well in shore, and having the worst of it at first, although she greatly retrieved her position when all got out into the offing. She lost sight of her competitors at nightfall on the first day at sea; and it is a remarkable fact, that none of the yachts sighted

each other again until all met in Cowes roads. The *Henrietta* ran two hundred and thirty-five miles in the first twenty-four hours from the start; after that she averaged regularly fourteen knots an hour during the rest of the voyage. When half way across the Atlantic, she experienced very heavy weather, losing six men overboard, and having to lay-to for five hours; she sprang a leak also; and it must have been a ticklish thing to all when the carpenter entered the cabin with a lugubrious face, and announced that the yacht was making water fast. However, Mr. Bennett gave orders to hold on at all hazards; the leak, which probably resulted from a sudden strain, as suddenly stopped, the canvas again was spread, and the *Henrietta* continued her course, with all plain sail set, as if nothing had happened. It is worthy of note that she sailed on the same even tack throughout the entire passage, and lost no ground—or one should more properly say "water"—by it either, for she hardly veered eleven miles from a straight line drawn on the chart between her point of departure and landfall at the "Needles." Passing this latter place at half-past three on the afternoon of Christmas-day, the *Henrietta* arrived at Cowes the same evening, completing her voyage from Sandy Hook in exactly 13 days 22 hours and 46 minutes, the winner of the ocean yacht race and the thirty-thousand-dollar sweepstakes. The *Fleetwing* came in to the port one hour and twenty minutes after midnight on the same day, and the *Vesta* at four o'clock *ante meridian* the following; so it was really a very close race, having only a few hours intervening between them all, after competing for over three thousand odd miles.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Bennett sold the *Henrietta* after she had so distinguished herself. The last time I saw her was along the quays of New York, discharging a cargo of oranges and lemons which she had imported from Bermuda, as she is now in "the fruit trade." A sad come-down for a gallant racer, almost as ignominious as for a Derby winner to be seen in the metropolitan streets drawing a four-wheel cab filled with patients for the Smallpox Hospital! The Dauntless, the new representative of the vice-commander of the New York Yacht Club, is not nearly so swift as her predecessor, in spite of her being larger, more roomy, and incomparably better fitted up. She has a long low black hull, reminding one of those daring smuggler vessels and pirate schooners that Maryatt immortalised; while, to follow Longfellow:

"and every where
The slender graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars."

She is a hundred and twenty-seven feet long, of twenty-six feet beam, and ten feet depth of hold. Her masts are wonderfully lofty, the main and maintop up to the truck measure exactly a hundred and fifty feet from the deck; while her fore and foretop masts are but twenty feetless. She spreads over eight thousand square yards of canvas; but that does not count for much, as she requires almost a hurricane to drive her along. The *Cambrila*, it may be recollected, beat her on the last "international race" from Queenstown to Sandy Hook by some four hours and a half, and the *Cambrila* is by no means entitled from her speed to be considered a representative of English yachts generally.

Habits of Literary Men.

We have from Aubrey the manner in which Hobbes composed his "Leviathan": "He walked much and mused as he walked, and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and he carried always a notebook in his pocket; and as soon as a thought darted he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, and he knew whereabouts it would come in." To Aubrey also we owe this account of Prynne's method of study: "He wore a long quilt cap, which came at least two or three inches over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper." Mr. Jacob adds on his own motion: "Refocillation is a favorite resource—whatever the word may be—with authors not a few. Addison, with his bottle of wine at each end of the long gallery at Holland House, and Schiller, with his flask of old Rhenish, and his coffee laced with old Cognac, at three in the morning, occur to the memory at once." Dr. Darwin, the grandfather of the great living naturalist, was a strange compound of science and eccentricity. He wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil, as he traveled. His equipage was as odd as his habits. He rode in an old "sulky," with a skylight at top, and an awning which could be drawn over it in case of need. The front of the carriage contained a box for the writing-paper and pencils, a knife and fork, and spoon. On one side was a huge pile of books. On the other, a hamper of fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, which divided the attention of the burly old doctor with the stack of literature. Burns usually composed while walking in the open air. Until he was completely master of a

tune, he could never write words for it. When he felt "his muse beginning to jade," he retired to the fireside of his study, and there committed his thoughts to paper. Sometimes he composed "by the leeside of a bowl of punch which had upset every mortal in the company except the hautbois and the muse." Shelley was once found in a pine forest writing verses on a guitar, the paper presenting a frightful scrawl, "all smear, and smudge, and disorder." "When my brain gets heated with thought," said he, "it soon boils, and throws off words and images faster than I can skim them off. In the morning when cooled down out of that rude sketch, I shall attempt a drawing." Christopher North describes himself as writing "by screeds," the coming on about ten in the morning, which he would encourage by a mere "nut-shell of mountain dew" ("which my dear friend the English opium-eater would toss off in laudanum.") As soon as he felt there was no danger of a relapse, this demon would be with him the whole day; he ordered dinner at nine, shut himself up within triple doors, and set manfully to work. "No desk! an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat." Washington Irving wrote most of the "Stout Gentleman" while stationed on a stile, or seated on a stone, in his excursions with Leslie the painter round about Stratford-upon-Avon, the latter taking sketches in the meantime. The artist says his companion wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript aloud. Douglas Ferriol worked at a desk without a speck upon it, using an inkstand in a marble shell clear of all litter; his little dog at his feet. Dr. Channing had the habit of taking a turn in the garden, during which he was a study for the calm concentration of his look, and the deliberateness of his step. Charlotte Brontë had to choose her favorite days for writing. Weeks or even months would sometimes elapse before she could add anything to the story which she had commenced. She wrote on little scraps of paper, in a minute hand, holding each against a little piece of thin board for a desk, on account of her short-sightedness. Many of the more spirited descriptions in "Marmion" were struck on while Scott was out with his cavalry. In the intervals of drilling, he delighted to walk his black steed up and down by himself, upon the Portobello sands, within the hearing of the surf, and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. Coleridge liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood. Wordsworth, preferred to weave his verses while pacing up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the flow of his rhymes was not exposed to any casual interruption. Some whimsical instances of the caprices of literary taste have been picked up by the author in his wanderings through the dusty purlieus of the library. He finds many who join in expressing admiration for books which they would deem it a burden to read through. There is a "muchness of truth" in the principle, however unjust in the application, of Voltaire's sarcasm on Dante, that his "reputation will now continually be growing greater and greater, because there is now nobody who reads him." "What will you say," writes Lord Chesterfield, "when I tell you truly that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through? Keep this secret for me; for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine in Europe." Plato is regarded by one of his modern expositors, G. H. Lewes, as both a tedious and a difficult writer, and though often quoted as a second hand, one that is rarely read except by professed students and critics. "Men of culture usually attack a dialogue or two out of curiosity, but their curiosity seldom inspires them to further progress. Chaucer, 'some speak of him, while I confess I find him unreadable'—in what terms," exclaims Thomas Moore. "Lord Lansdowne was willing to own that he had always felt the same though he did not dare to speak of it. M. de Tocqueville could not read the tragedies of Voltaire, as he acknowledged to his friend, Mr. Senior. The latter asked him, 'Can you read the 'Henriade'?' "No, nor can anybody else," was the reply. C. R. Leslie mentions Mr. Rose observing at Abbotsford that he had never known anybody who had read Voltaire's 'Henriade' through. Sir Walter replied, 'I have read it, and live; but indeed in my youth I read every thing.' Mrs. Browning confesses humbly before gods and men that she never did, and never could read, to the end of Akenaside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination.' We have heard Mr. R. W. Emerson make the same confession. The philosophy no doubt spoiled the poetry and the poetry the philosophy. Dr. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh, on the other hand, drew largely on Akenaside for his favorite illustrations of ethical doctrine, but whether he admired his poetry as poetry is another thing. Charles Lamb could read almost anything but the Histories of Josephus and Palay's Moral Philosophy, adding, however, to the list all those volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without" including the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soane, Jenyns, and all "Directories, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, and Statutes at Large." Compared with the labor of reading Dr. Nares's three quarto volumes on Burelligh and his Times, Macaulay declared all other labor, the labor of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations, to be an agreeable recreation. Carlyle describes the perusal of Whitlocke, Heylin, Prynne, and the like, as "all fat, boundless, dead, and dismal as an Irish bog," threatening the reader