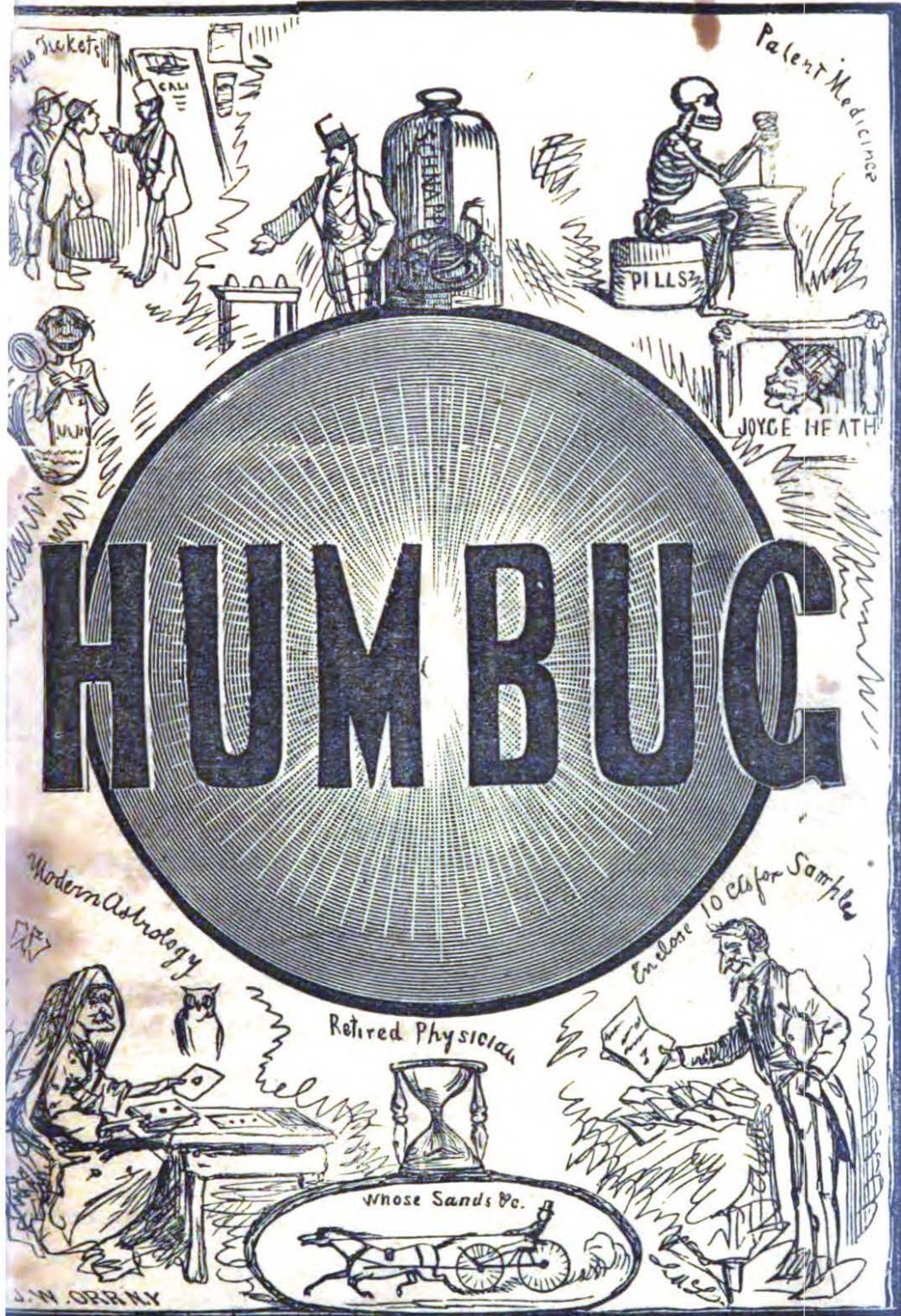


PRICE,

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New-York:

S. F. FRENCH & CO., PUBLISHERS,

No. 121 NASSAU STREET.

1859.

H U M B U G :

A L O O K,

AT SOME

POPULAR IMPOSITIONS.



NEW YORK:
S. F. F R E N C H & C O .
121 NASSAU STREET.
1859.

3215.1

FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Handwritten notes:
Wendell
1918
3/16

TO THE

“RETIRED CLERGYMAN”

WHO WAS SO ANXIOUS TO MAKE KNOWN THE MEANS OF HIS CURE, AND SEND
THE SAME AT

ONE DOLLAR PER BOX:

AND

TO THAT DEAR OLD

“RETIRED PHYSICIAN”

WHOSE BANDS OF LIFE, IT IS HOPED, HAVE ENTIRELY RUN OUT,

These Pages are most affectionately inscribed!

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by

S. F. FRENCH & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of
New York.

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I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is quite probable the reader supposes that the prominent word printed on the cover, several pages back, conveys some particular and emphatic signification. We were of such an opinion in our more youthful days; but since studying the "Autobiography of the American Showman," and having had our optics filled with many patriotic tears from indiscreetly contemplating the glory our country achieved by the Great Mormon War; since reading about the Models of Consistency who rejected that "TRACT," and the brilliant deeds of the *Count de Riviere*; and having learned from indubitable authority, the newspapers, what vast, inexhaustible quantities of gold lie waiting for the pick-ax and shovel in the Fraser River and Pike Peak Mines; and being, withal, an ardent admirer of the good John Mitchell, and other zealous "Emancipators" of his stamp, we are convinced of the erroneous opinion we had formed of the genteel word referred to, and now experience much satisfaction in assuring the reader that the word "HUMBUG" does not possess meaning of amount worth speaking of!

We understand, however, that years ago, when the old man they called WEBSTER took delight in writing dictionaries, the word in question meant exactly, *to practice imposition under fair pretenses*; and that people even had a decided objection to the term being applied to them!

But, "times is changed" somewhat since those innocent days; and now, it appears, the word **HUMBUG** is used merely as a term, flattering and complimentary!

The moral sense of the public has attained to such well-known degree of acuteness and perfection, that the word, though employed very often, is always understood to be used in a Pickwickian sense!

To be sure, an insight into some of the "sharp practices" of business men generally, might lead very old people to imagine that there is still real meaning in **HUMBUG**. As for instance:—

Burnt peas are ground, mixed with chicory, labeled and sold for pure Java coffee.

TEAS are adulterated with leaves of the beach, sloe, elm, poplar, willow, fancy oak, hawthorn, bastard plane, sycamore, and the horse-chestnut; flavored with *la veno beno*, Chinese botanical powders, catechu gum, and sulphate of iron; colored with rose pink, Dutch pink, vegetable red, Prussian blue, turmeric, arsenite of copper, black lead, bicromate of potash;—and sold for pure green and black teas.

SUGAR is mixed with sand and sawdust; **LARD**, with water, potato flour, carbonate of soda, and caustic lime.

[*Strychnine*, that most deadly poison, is used largely in many distilleries. Hogs are fed on the slops, and are butchered before they can die naturally from the effects of their horrible food.

What wonder then, that undertakers grow rich, and grave-yards reek with moldering bones!]

Those "extra superfine" flours are mixed with Indian corn flour, potato-flour, bean-flour, chalk, alum, bone-dust, and plaster of Paris.

Manufacturers in this country alone, use annually thousands of pounds of certain mineral substances—*deadly poisons*—to color their tempting candies and sweetmeats. And indulgent, unthinking parents feed their children with the sweetened Death; and thousands of the little ones, with black, crumbling teeth, and poisoned bodies, droop and die, and are stowed away in coffins;—a “*mysterious dispensation of Providence!*”

Those “creamy ales,”—“sparkling wines,”—“crimson brandies,”—“cordial gins,” &c., are either entirely composed of, or are largely adulterated with, *citric acid, sulphuric acid, cayenne, alcohol, alum, ammonia, ambergris, alkanet-root, angelica-root, carbonate of potash, cream of tartar, calken-root, bone-black, red beets, Brazil wood, beach wood, balsam of Peru, catechu, caustic potash, charcoal, cochineal, creosote, Guinea pepper, ginger, sulphuric ether, flax-seed, gamboge, indigo, iodine, logwood, nitrate of silver, oak-bark, black pepper, red sanders-wood, saffron, sulphate of iron, salts of tartar, hartshorn shavings, snake-root, oil of cloves, cedar, juniper, orange peel, sassafras, turpentine, musk, quassia, nux vomica, tobacco, wormwood, and strychnine!*

And people drink these mixtures of concentrated DEATH!—drink these simmering compounds of liquid Devils!—make of themselves festering cesspools!—rot and die—thinking all the time they are swallowing “pure liquors!”

By a journey to Cuba and back, tobacco, raised in Connecticut, is transformed into the “best Havana;” and the cigars made from this tobacco,—in little back room, on fifth floor, —are the “finest Cubanos.”

Our manufacturers, knowing the Yankee partiality for everything “foreign,” stamp their productions accordingly. We have “Paris hats” made in New York, “London Gin”

and "London Porter" that never was in a ship's hold, "Superfine French paper" made in Massachusetts, &c., &c.

—But, we really hope you will not infer, from what we have said, that there exists anything among us, "material or immaterial," which can be placed under the head of HUMBUG—IMPOSITION, &c. Oh, no! nothing smacks of the thing in this, our "great and glorious country, land of the brave and home of the"—Universal Yankee Nation!

Pity the benighted individual who believes there is HUMBUGGERY in *this* country!

The REV. CREAM CHEESE, in a soft, mellifluous voice, preaches a most perfumed and pathetic sermon in behalf of the poor, miserable heathen; and he whispers a very touching and unintelligible prayer for some class of benighted individuals;—and the plates go round, and tightly grasped purses are opened, and crisp bills pass to those silver plates for the *sole* benefit of the uneducated heathen!—and all the result of the very perfumed and pathetic effort of the Rev. Cream Cheese; whose labors in the sanctuary being now ended, he walks from the Temple on a Brussels carpet, and goes home very comfortably indeed, seated on cushions that are "soft as downy pillows are!"

But the Rev. Cream Cheese is not entirely exempt from "worldly trials."

On his marble steps crouches a miserable old woman, trying in vain to screen her shivering body from the bleak November winds. Her thin, bloodless lips mutter something about "starving,"—"bit of bread,"—"it's so cold, Sir!" &c. And the Rev. Cream Cheese is "annoyed;" but, knowing his duty, calls a policeman, and has the woman Lazarus sent to the station-house as a "vagrant."

(And some people, who always persist in looking at

matters in a certain light, think the REV. CREAM CHEESE a hypocritical humbug. But they should know better; in deed they should!)

Crabbed, desolate bachelors insinuate that the dear creatures who borrow the plumpness of their beautiful forms from cotton and bent whalebone; whose fair rosy cheeks come from *lily white* and *Vinaigre de Rouge*; whose "teeth of pearls" were made at the dentist's; whose "showering curls" were bought at Bogle's,—forlorn, dyspeptic bachelors, we say, insinuate that such fascinating creatures are female humbugs! But we all know better!

And crabbed people who are not desolate bachelors, assert, quite brazenly, that the great "Head of the Nation" is a Humbug, spending his time shuffling the political cards, and squandering millions of the public treasure, when he was hired to do something entirely different.

(People *will* talk!)

Even our boasted civilization and refinement is declared a sham-humbug by those old-fashioned folks who do not appreciate "science" as applied to the "manly art," and who see five columns or more of their daily and weekly "Skyblower" devoted to elaborate descriptions of the last "great contest" between the two "eminent prize—bull-dogs."

[In fact, we are hardly sure that the prominent word on the cover is yet entirely obsolete; but the unimpassioned reader can judge for himself, after reading more of our little book; which we may as well remark here, is calculated for the latitude of the country, as the almanac-makers would say,—and is intended to remind people generally that the rascals are not all in Sing Sing, and that, consequently, the Millenium has not arrived.]

II.

THE LOTTERY SWINDLES.

THE well-known BARNUM, who was at one time engaged in the Lottery business, (and who has, by the way, exemplified the proverb of "He that hasteth to be rich shall," &c.), makes an *exposé* of the thing as follows:—

"I am continually annoyed, even at this late date, by lottery schemes sent by various agents at the South, where lotteries are still legal. I received one yesterday, from a lottery firm in Baltimore. One of their schemes is as follows. My object in inserting it will, I trust, be appreciated.

"It will be observed that there are 78 combination numbers in this lottery. The number of tickets, as I have remarked, is determined by multiplying together the three highest combi-

\$ 30,000.

MARYLAND

CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY.

For the Benefit of the Susquehanna Canal, and other purposes.

CLASS 25.

To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27th.

SCHEME.

1 of \$30,000 is	\$30,000
1 of 20,000 is	20,000
1 of 10,000 is	10,000
1 of 5,000 is	5,000
1 of 3,000 is	3,000
1 of 2,870 is	2,870
50 of 1,000 are	50,000
50 of 500 are	25,000
180 of 200 are	36,000
65 Prizes of 100 are	6,500
65 do. 80 are	5,200
180 do. 60 are	7,800
180 do. 40 are	5,200
4,680 do. 20 are	93,600
37,040 do. 10 are	270,000
36,896 prizes, amounting to		\$570,570

Tickets, \$10; Half, \$5; Qr., \$2 50.
Certificate of Package of 26 Wholes, \$148 00
do. do. 26 Halves, 74 00
do. do. 26 Quarters, 87 00
78 Numbers and 13 drawn Ballots.

nation numbers, 76, 77, and 78, and dividing by 6, as follows:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 78 \\
 77 \\
 \hline
 546 \\
 546 \\
 \hline
 6006 \\
 76 \\
 \hline
 36036 \\
 42042 \\
 \hline
 6)456456
 \end{array}$$

76076 tickets.

This number of tickets, at \$10 each, amounts to	\$760,760 00
Whereas the prizes amount to no more than	570,570 00
Leaving a profit of	\$190,190 00
Add 15 per cent., deducted from \$570,570, the aggregate of prizes	85,585 50
Making the entire profits on a single lottery	\$275,775 50

“The ‘scheme’ I have here presented is ‘Class 25.’ If the preceding classes were the same, the aggregate profit on the series is nearly *seven millions of dollars!*”

“Another scheme in the same circular, announces tickets at \$2 each, 78 numbers; the ‘prizes’ amounting to \$106,506 50. The tickets in this lottery are, at the scheme price, \$1 40 each, thus giving the agent 60 cents profit on each \$1 40 which he expends, or a trifle over 42 per cent. ! This, with the 15 per cent. of the managers, makes more than 57 per cent; thus giving a lottery-ticket buyer a

chance of realizing 42½ cents for every dollar that he expends!  provided he is *lucky!*

“Thousands of persons are at this day squandering in lottery tickets and lottery policies the money which their families need. If this *exposé* shall have the effect of curing their ruinous infatuation, I, for one, shall not be sorry.”

“If in ten bushels of black beans,” says the writer of *Tricks and Traps*,* “there was somewhere concealed a single white one, and a man should bet ten dollars that he could walk up blindfolded and pick out said white bean at the first thrust of his hand, none of us would hesitate to ‘write him down an ass,’ a living verification of the old saying that ‘a fool and his money are soon parted.’ But that man’s chance of winning his ten dollars by thus selecting that white bean, would be equally good with his chance of drawing a big prize in a lottery, should he choose to invest his money in that popular fallacy. There is a *possibility* of his winning the highest prize; and so, too, he might jump from the top of a ten-story building, and, by some strange combination of lucky circumstances, alight safely on the ground; but who would want to own stock in the company which would insure such a man’s neck?”

“‘But,’ says Aunt Betsey, ‘folks do draw prizes, for I hearn tell of ’em.’ Yes, Madam, and so you have heard of people being struck by lightning of a clear summer’s day. But the fact is, that while every prize drawn is known to all the neighbors, friends, and acquaintances of the lucky man, and is duly advertised and trumpeted throughout the

* “TRICKS AND TRAPS OF NEW YORK CITY.” a series of little ‘dime books,’ you will profit by reading.

land, by parties interested in that particular lottery, the names of the *unlucky* holders of the *thousands of blanks that go to offset that single prize*, are never heard of. But so long as there is one chance in a million of drawing a 'prize,' countless fools will invest their money in the 'Wheel of Fortune,' though that wheel be almost ever sure to roll it beyond their reach. It is utterly useless to speak of those thus infatuated; but it is possible that a *word of warning will be heeded* by some who have not yet tasted the forbidden fruit."

Thousands upon thousands of hard-earned dollars are being constantly poured into the coffers of "Southern Lottery" proprietors, by persons who should know better,—persons excited by the wild, feverish hope of becoming suddenly rich,—hopes, which, of course, they are never to realize; and they are led on by the most tempting, lying schemes,—are induced to "invest,"—lose their money,—have the satisfaction of knowing they have been duped and swindled, and receive the printed consolation of "try again,"—"luck next time,"—"never despair,"—"fortune favors the brave," &c., &c., which means exactly, "You are green! All right! send on your dollars, I'm good for 'em!"

Study well the "scheme" on the other page. It is a sample of all. A solitary *chance* of receiving back $42\frac{1}{2}$ cents for every dollar you send! What a "tremenjus" chance to get rich! Won't you try your luck, Mr. Simple-green! Always sure of a *pin*, you know, when there is one in the hay-mow!

Send \$10 for a whole ticket,—“Brilliant Chance”—of drawing $42\frac{1}{2}$ cents on a dollar; or, for the \$10, you have a brilliant *chance* of receiving \$4 25!

Get rich, wouldn't you? *tremenjus* rich!

Please bear in mind that your "brilliant chances," spoken of thus far, have been in "regular" legalized lotteries, conducted upon fair principles; and now we beg leave to call your attention to the fact, that the "legalized" lotteries are nearly, if not all, *defunct*.

Those "*Monthly Benefactors*," blazoned with "MAMMOTH PRIZES,"—circulars, promising "immense fortunes,"—"private and confidential" letters, advising you to secure the "high prize," are all sent you by those prison-deserving scoundrels, the managers of "bogus lottery concerns." If your chances are so slim in regular lotteries, as they existed years ago, pray inform us what the chances are now, in the modern concerns *that never draw at all*.

Last spring a grand descent was made upon the lottery swindlers generally; and "in the course of his lottery investigations in New York, Sergeant Berney discovered the important fact that several of the bogus concerns that do an immense amount of business professedly in this city, in reality have their headquarters in other parts of the country: Twelve of these establishments have been broken up, root and branch, by the exertions of Mayor Tiemann, Sergeant Berney, and their assistant officers; but these gentlemen were aware of the existence of three more heavy swindling lotteries in our vicinity, but for a long time have been unable to discover their exact whereabouts. These establishments published each a monthly paper: the '*Benefactor*,' which was devoted to publishing the lotteries of E. Cooper, No. 85 Wall street; the '*American Monthly Ledger*,' purporting to be published by J. H. Hall & Co. to advance their lottery business at No. 92 Wall street; and the

'Golden Era,' which advocated the superior claims on the public of the lotteries of Charles W. Morton & Co., No. 102 Wall street. The 'Benefactor' purported to be printed in Jersey City. 30,000 of each of these periodicals have been printed monthly, and mailed to every portion of the United States and Canada. The plan of addressing the letters is the one usually adopted—that of obtaining names from directories and post-office lists, and such like documents.

"The plan of doing business is described in very few words. These lotteries are *never drawn at all*. Circulars were issued, flattering inducements held out; greenhorns bit, sent their money to pay for tickets, and received their tickets or certificates by return of mail. So far all seemed fair. But when the announced day of drawing came round, all these ticketholders were duly informed that they had drawn blanks, and were solicited to try their luck again. *No prizes were ever drawn*, therefore the entire receipts of the concern were net profit, save a small margin for advertising, postage, office-rent, &c. For six years have these swindling concerns carried on this business, and in that short time the proprietors have accumulated fortunes estimated at half a million of dollars, all interested being now independently rich."

[*Half a million dollars! and your money there! Would it not be a pleasant mental exercise for you to calculate how many more rascals you will help make "independently rich!"*]

* * * * *

"That some notion may be formed of the extent to which this bogus-lottery business is carried on, and the im-

mense value of the good work of breaking them up, we state the following interesting facts: Since the beginning of the raid on the lottery establishments, many thousands of letters addressed to them have of course accumulated in this city. Of these the Mayor has opened 3,000. Where there was money inclosed, which was the case nine times out of ten, it was remailed to the sender, accompanied by the subjoined communication from Mayor Tiemann:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, April, 1858.

SIR: Inclosed you will find the sum you remitted to _____, who have been arrested in this city.

Be on your guard against gift enterprises, lotteries, and other bogus schemes, as they are designed only to defraud the unwary.

DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor.

These letters contained about \$8,000."

The lottery swindling business was quite thoroughly demolished last Spring (1858), but probably there are many concerns of the same stamp now in active operation, in different sections of the country. "Swan & Co." were among the "smashed;" but they are still boldly advertising, being strong in faith that *the fools are not all dead yet*.

We trust the reader is sufficiently "posted" in regard to those schemes of the most unmitigated swindling character, called "lotteries," to keep clear of the thing henceforth.

If after all that has been written to show you the crack-brained folly of so doing, you still persist in "trying your luck" in any thing that bears a semblance to a lottery, then the quicker you pay over your cash to the rascals, the better, for you are not capable of taking care of money.

III.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

- THIS "institution," proper, the lottery in a modified form, we shall notice but briefly, as it is now quite well understood, and is, moreover, becoming rapidly extinct; being confined now, almost exclusively, we think, to the book department.

We will say nothing of the "bogus" gift concerns, by which thousands in the country have been victimized; but will illustrate the general procedure of the *genuine*, by supposing Grab, Catchem & Co., go into the "gift" business. They buy up a lot of books—many of them of old dates—open store—make a "stunning" display of "flash" jewelry, which, it is unnecessary to state, is of the cheapest description—advertise freely—scatter catalogues of "our books," over the country, and the money pours in.

Simon Green in the country—the "country" is the great bank out of which to draw money all these multifarious "schemes" and "enterprises" are concocted,—Simon Green in the country, reads catalogue; "valuable gift with every book;" thinks he'll send; knows nothing about books, but selects one with "taking" title, and does send. Due time, book arrives; isn't what he supposed it to be from sounding name. Never mind, he "drew a gift."

(Observe, O reader! the *first* customer in a place invariably "draws a gift,"—reasons apparent.) Well, Simon Green—the *first customer* in Porkville—"draws a prize"—

a silver watch, patent-lever, full-jeweled—so the bills say—value \$28 (cost just \$9 by the case). A silver watch for \$1, besides the book! Simon Green gets excited, and does exactly what Grab, Catchem & Co. knew he would do, when they purposely sent him the “patent-lever watch”—exhibits his prize to all Porkville and the adjacent country! The result again is exactly what G., C. & Co., knew it would be. Porkville gets excited,—talks of “gifts,”—dreams of “gifts,”—make up a club, and Simon Green forwards cash, and in due time, the books arrive per express—with gifts, which consist, this time, of a sprinkling of plated breast-pins, for the ladies, “value \$3 each,” cost \$2 per dozen,—and 10-cent-gold studs, and 5-cent pen-knives, for the gentlemen.

This is “gift enterprise” in the country. In town, “step into Sockdollager’s of a pleasant evening,” says *Tricks and Traps*, “and you will find it crowded with quite respectable people, clergymen included, and books and jewelry will very likely be moving off rapidly. The head of the firm, from his elevated desk, calls out in a loud voice the ‘gift’ and its value, as each purchaser pays over his money. ‘Heavy gold watch, \$50’—this Mr. Brown carries away with a set of Shakspeare; ‘splendid gold bracelet, \$20,’ is done up for Mrs. Smith, as her husband lays down two dollars for Scott’s Poems; ‘diamond ring, \$35,’ accompanies Mr. Jones’ purchase of a Family Bible. Now, we cannot say whether any of these purchasers belong to the Funk family or not; but Brightgreen may easily learn, if he will watch faces and operations at Sockdollager’s for a few successive evenings!”

The jewelry these “gift men” deal in, is generally of the kind which you can buy a “peck for a shilling, and have a bushel thrown in!”

The "prizes" of the bogus gift concerns, already broken up in this city, were "gifts," so the newspapers said, of the cheapest brass and galvanized jewelry, and was utterly worthless.

And you, beloved reader, whom we are trying to show it is not all gold that glitters, have been biting at these "utterly worthless" baits, at a dollar a bite! For you know well enough, it is not the books, but the "golden baits" you bite after!

Now, if you really want books, why not buy of your own honest bookseller, rather than send to distant city "gift establishments," the proprietors of which have, very probably, been before the mayor, to answer to the charge of being engaged in an illegal business.

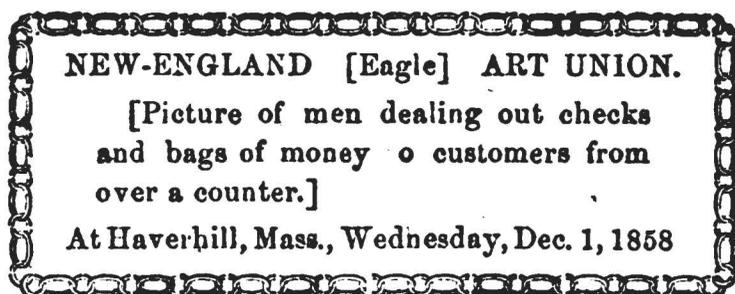
If you *will* send your dollars to the various Grab, Catchem & Co.'s, before doing so, read carefully, several times, Mayor Tiemann's caution:—

Be on your guard against gift enterprises, lotteries, and other bogus schemes, as they are designed only to defraud the unwary.

Notwithstanding the thorough exposure and breaking up, a few months since, of the whole tribe of lottery speculating scoundrels, it is evident, from the fact that new swindling concerns on the "gift" principle are springing up, that the gullible ones are either becoming forgetful, or learned no lesson from the exposures already made.

At the present time of writing, there is located at Haverhill, Massachusetts, a "bogus lottery" firm, styled by the rascal or rascals composing it, "Morton, Brothers, & Co."

The following is a description of their tickets, which have been scattered throughout all the Western States:



Of this concern, the Tribune remarks that, "It is only necessary to say that there is no such establishment as the 'New-England Art Union,' doing business in this way, and the whole affair is a trick, an imposture, a swindle. There are no such men in this business as 'Morton Brothers & Co.,' but the persons assuming that style and name are tricksters, impostors, swindlers. Every dollar sent to their address is a dollar worse than thrown away; for it is not only lost to the credulous dupe, but it goes to enrich some knave who lives by stealing the money of honest or sillier men."

For the edification of those whose money went to enrich the scamps mentioned below, and for the benefit of all who patronize "chance institutions" generally, we give the Tribune's account of the breaking up, not long since, of seventeen "sham lottery firms:"

"In the process of exposing and breaking up the bogus lotteries all over the country," says the reporter of the Tribune, "a wide-spread systematic scheme of swindling on the one hand, and credulity on the other, is exhibited, which is as little creditable to our intelligence as to our morality. From various letters which he had received, Mayor Tiemann felt warranted in taking steps to discover the haunts of these villains who are making a prey of the whole community. As a first step he sent officer Berney to Boston on a voyage

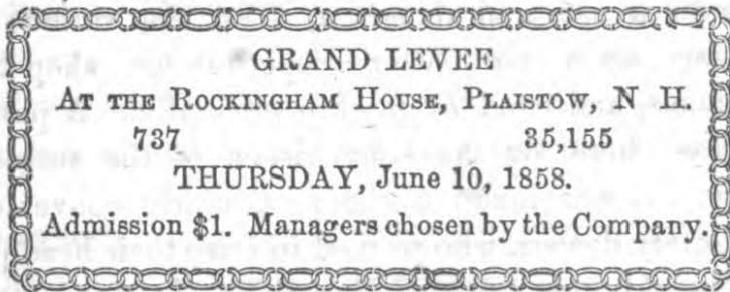
of discovery of the 'lottery country.' There Sergt. Berney heard of the locality of several of the concerns, all of which in due time he completely broke up. A notion of how pernicious they have become may be conceived from the fact that within a month four of them had sent out sixty mail-bags of circulars. The first that Sergt. Berney attacked was at Plaistow, N. H.; and a sketch of the way in which the establishment which had its head-quarters at that place, did business, is a good sample of the rest. They first issue a circular, of which this is, as near as we can give it, a *fac-simile*:



"Then followed a list of eight cash prizes, to the number of 11,372, varying in amount from \$200 to \$10,000, and amounting to \$100,000.

"Then followed a long argument setting forth the beneficence of lotteries and gift enterprises, and an assurance that the 'drawing' would be conducted in the fairest possible manner, by a Committee of Managers appointed by the ticket-holders, and a promise of secrecy as to the names and

address of those who sent for tickets. These tickets were \$1 each, and each ticket-holder was entitled to an admission to the 'Grand Levee,' and to one chance in the lottery. The tickets are printed in blue ink, and consist of the following letters and figures arranged around a picture of a convivial party :



"The circular and ten of the tickets were sent to each person they solicited to undertake the sale thereof. The agent was to sell nine of the tickets, keeping the other one as his commission, and remitting the money to 'Plummer & Co.' It is almost needless to say that there was no 'grand levee,' and no distribution of prizes or 'drawing,' but the whole affair was an unmitigated swindle.

"At Plaistow, Sergeant Berney called to see William Shute, the landlord of the Rockingham House, at which place the 'Grand Levee' was appointed to be held. This Shute is the inventor of this kind of swindling, and has made a fortune at the business. This is not the first time that a similar 'Grand Levee' has been appointed to come off at his house. On one occasion a large crowd attended, to be present at the drawing, when Shute professed utter ignorance of the matter, and coolly informed the crowd that they had been swindled. But many of them were compelled to stay over night with him, and he thus was enabled to make another profit out of them, by furnishing supper,

lodging, and breakfast. The fact that none of these tickets are circulated near Plaistow, accounts for the ignorance of the inhabitants of that town of what was going on.

“From Plaistow the officer went to Atkinson depot, a place on the Boston and Maine Railroad, a town of a single house, in which the inhabitants, who were a man and his wife, with a son and daughter, filled the various duties devolving upon postmaster, depot-master, shop-keepers, shoemakers, and good citizenship generally. A post-office is located here for the convenience of the surrounding country, and was found to be particularly convenient for some lottery dealers, who seemed to have their headquarters in the neighboring town of Haverhill. Letters were found here for the following-named bogus firms: Joel Miller & Son, 108 letters; Harrison, Rogers & Co., 60; Kent, Marshall, Harman & Co., 46; E. R. Spalding, Moulton & Co., 29; C. R. Bowen & Brothers, 24; A. L. Howe, Wilson & Co., 85; Hargrove, Pearson & Co., 45; B. F. Harper & Brothers, 54; in all, 451. These had accumulated in a single day. The postmaster said that sometimes a single firm would get as many as 600 in one day.

“At the time of the breaking up of the Connecticut lotteries these letters were not called for for a fortnight. The number received there, in answer to circulars, was so great that the Post-Office, from being worth about \$30 a year, has within the last twelve months yielded about \$2,000. Those which Sergt. Birney found he sent to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington, as he did with all that he found in the various places that he visited. These were North Salem, N. H., to look for the firm of ‘Morgan, Wilber & Co.’; Newton, N. H., where letters were received addressed to ‘Foster, French & Co.’ and taken from the office by Shute

of Plaistow, who was arrested; Nashua, Manchester, Portsmouth, Chester, and a number of other towns where these lotteries had been located, but which had been recently transplanted to Boston. The chief of police of that city was notified of the existence in his beat of the bogus firms of 'C. H. Parker & Co.,' 'G. W. Moore & Co.,' 'Wm. M. Ayer & Co.,' and 'H. B. Carter & Co.;' and when the representatives of these firms next applied for their letters, they were invited to a private conference with the Postmaster Capin, but they unanimously declined the honor, and all escaped. The letters are sent to the Dead-Letter Office with the rest.

"At South Kingston, the sergeant found that the concern of 'Hargrave, Burton & Co.' was being carried on in the post-office building, and it was necessary to pass through the post-office to get to the rooms occupied by the swindlers. The parties who carry on this bogus establishment are A. E. Birbeck, the son of the postmaster, and G. F. Caldon. Five hundred letters were found here, and were also sent on to Washington.

"There are a number of other concerns of the same sort, located in Michigan and others of the Western States, all of which will be attended to in time.

"This peculiar phase of the Lottery business, the 'Banquet' or 'Festival' feature, is new; and we give the reading of several others of the tickets, that our readers who have been victimized, may see by what a transparent swindle they have been gulled, and those who have not, may learn to beware of everything of a similar nature.

"Here is one which simply promises a 'Distribution of Gifts,' without any oysters and champagne into the bargain.

duancements offered at the festival, baits are held out to whoever will become an agent. Here, for instance, are samples :

PRIVATE CIRCULAR TO AGENTS.

DEAR SIR,—Wishing for agents in your place to sell tickets for our "Levee," we take the liberty of sending you a package. Should you be unable to attend to it, you will oblige us by passing them into the hands of some person that can and will sell them, or return them to us immediately. We give one ticket for selling four ; two for eight ; three for twelve, &c. ; or twenty per cent. commission.

PREMIUMS TO AGENTS.

In addition to the above allowances, we will pay premiums as follows: To the Agent selling the largest number of Tickets, a Gold Watch worth \$100 ; the second, a Gold Watch worth \$75 ; and the third, a Gold Watch worth \$50 ; and to any Agent selling twenty-five Tickets and upward, a Gold Ring, or other article of Jewelry. Thus the Agent selling twenty-five Tickets, will receive a Gold Ring worth \$2 50 ; for the sale of fifty Tickets, a Gold Ring, or any other article of Jewelry worth \$5, and so on in the same proportion. Agents, in making their returns, should name the article they want, and it will be sent in acknowledging the receipt of their money.

"Several of these operations have been carried on by the same parties, and it is estimated by the authorities that \$3,000,000 of their tickets are now in the pockets of deluded and simple people, who have paid for a quarter part of them at the rate of a dollar each. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that this exposure will put an end even to this particular form of rascality ; but, certainly, so long as people are such fools as to be deluded by such means, we have no doubt they will continue to get cheated, either in this or some other equally absurd manner."

IV.

THE PATENT MEDICINE HUMBUG, RETIRED PHYSICIANS, ETC.

THE people of this Yankee-land have acquired a world-wide reputation of being unapproachably "'cute" and "sharp;" and they, no doubt, have earned the reputation; yet, it is notorious there is no people over whose eyes it is so easy to "pull the wool,"—so easy to dupe and humbug, as this same 'cute Yankee people.

A mustachioed graduate of a Paris barber-shop,—the retailer of "fine 'hale," in "'Hold 'Hingland,"—readily transform themselves, in America, to a Count and a Nobleman, and,—we say it with a small blush,—are the "lions of the day." Our 'cute brethren take as naturally to mermaids, woolly horses, and humbugs generally, as ducks to a mill-pond. Were this not the case, Yankeedom would not be what it now is,—the Paradise of Quacks. Those of our readers who are wedded to their favorite "pills" and "syrups," may not agree with us when we say, that of all the pure, unalloyed impositions that Yankeedom cherishes, none is more wide-spread and prominent than the *Patent Medicine Humbug*.

It is a specious way "respectable" speculators adopt to swindle the public.—The last sentence too severe? By

no means. Dr. Blower, for instance, invents a "wonderful discovery,"—never-failing cure of consumption; fills the papers with his sham certificates and lying advertisements; the afflicted public—always catching at straws—buy his worthless stuff at \$1 per bottle (cost seven cents, all told),—and are, you will agree with us, inhumanly duped. Isn't the thing as complete a swindle as any modern patent-safe game?

Worse, a dozen times worse: for in the one case, money only is lost, and a practical life-lesson is gained; while in the other, money is lost, and precious *health* is trifled with. That person who supposes he can "doctor" with impunity, will find to his cost that he is most sadly mistaken. Yes, Sir; those pills, sarsaparillas, syrups, bitters, elixirs, tinctures, and balsams, with which you are fast ruining the delicate mechanism of your wonderfully constructed frame, will tell sadly on your health at no far-distant day.

"But," says Grandma' Brown, "store medicines *do* cure, for I know lots of cases. There's Deacon Smith had an awful dyspepsia, and Dr. Rhubarb's pills cured him in three weeks." Very likely. You know, Grandma', what a powerful influence the mind exerts over the body; and you probably recollect the story of the healthy, hearty fellow, who became seriously sick in consequence of being told several times daily, by three different physicians, that he *was* sick; and how quickly he was "cured," when the trick was explained to him. And you also remember the case of the condemned murderer, who was blindfolded, and told by surgeons that he was to be executed by bleeding to death from a lancet-cut in the arm; and how the surgeons merely poured water down the prisoner's arm; and how the poor fellow, supposing he was bleeding profusely, grew fainter

and fainter, and actually *died*, though there was not a scratch upon his arm!

Now, Deacon Smith was "cured" on the same principle. He swallowed Dr. Rhubarb's pills in the firm belief that he was to be cured by them, and he was; though the pills were composed of nothing under the sun but powdered aloes and magnesia, worked into pills with Castile soap!

These 'cute quacks know how necessary it is to make the vic—excuse me,—patient,—believe their stuff is a "certain cure;" and to create this belief, they have to tell all those horrid fibs you read in their newspaper advertisements.

Faith, on the part of the patient, accomplishes all that is accomplished by quack nostrums; but isn't it rather expensive and humiliating to buy faith at a dollar a bottle!

There is old Glutton;—eats on an average enough for two men; natural consequence is, "gets sick" very often;—has the headache;—is stupid as a donkey;—feels "all gone" in the stomach (which, by the way, ought to be full, as there was put into it this morning a plate of toast, two cups of strong coffee, large potato, a beef-steak, cold beans, besides all "the fixins.") Old Glutton thinks he must "do something," and instead of correcting his gormandizing habits,—taking a little wholesome exercise, with an occasional bath,—he downs with Dr. Purgem's nauseous stuff, which is most wonderful stuff, discovered by the original Dr. Purgem! (a retired shoemaker.) "Beware of counterfeits!" "Five boxes for \$1." Isn't old Glutton "knowing?"

There, too, is Lucy Maria;—wears paper shoes;—insufficient clothing;—exposes herself imprudently;—has a cough, and all that sort of thing; and Lucy Maria, instead

of dressing warmly, and exercising and breathing off in the pure open air her approaching consumption (the fashionable name for DEATH), she sits in her heated room, and guzzles Dr. Lyer's Life-Boat Syrup, after having been duped several times by "retired physicians."

The person who wrote the following must have been using Professor Poke's Pills, otherwise he could not have spoken so disrespectfully of our disinterested benefactors.—the patent-nostrum men. Hear the fellow :

COMMON SENSE VERSUS NOSTRUMS.—And then what are the remedies usually resorted to? Common sense would suggest that, as there cannot be an effect without a cause, all that is necessary would be to ascertain the cause and remove it: place the body in the best hygienic condition and trust to nature for the result. But "No," answers Dr. behind-the-age, "such a course would be extremely dangerous (to his pocket); it would be necessary to take every four hours, two of my purely —vegetable—mineral—pills," compounded from rare substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the great desert of Saharah, on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic ocean on two ships. Besides other "remedies," equally respectable and infallible, as Dr. Gumption's Gullible Gulps, only "one dollar per bottle," (first cost eight cents including the bottle and label), warranted to gull all the gullible gulls who are unfortunately ignorant and credulous enough to buy and swallow the poisonous stuff. Also Professor Poke's Powerful Patent Pressure Pills, Powders, and Potions, Balms and Ready-Resolvents (readily resolve dollars from the patient's pocket into that of the villainous quack compounder's).

Your "astonishing cure," reader, by Prof. Poke's Potion, will be much more rapid and effectual by considering,—1st, that Patent-Medicines are composed of the cheapest, most common drugs, "preserved" in the poorest liquor, and

sweetened, if at all, by molasses which housekeepers would use only to catch flies. (We are not speaking at random, but from positive knowledge.) And 2d, the "virtue" of Patent-Medicine slops lies entirely in those alluring "convincing" advertisements, "puffs" and "notices;" which puffs and notices are almost invariably written by the nostrum men themselves, who procure their insertion into the papers by paying from 25 cts. to \$1 per line.

A box of pills that sells for 25 cts., costs from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cts. per box. \$1-per-bottle stuff, costs from 6 to 9 cts.

Quacks with some talent and large cash capital, become immensely rich at the business in a few years. They "retire," and "grow fat" the remainder of their days, chuckling over the gullibility of the whole Yankee family.

"Doesticks," knowing that he could win both a name and a *fortune* in this honest business,—

INVENTS A PATENT MEDICINE.—Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it myself. I have gone into the Patent Medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor. The hand which hereafter writes upon the record of Fame the names of Ayer, Sands, Townsend, Moffat, Morrison, and Brandreth must also inscribe, side by side with these distinguished appellations, the no less brilliant cognomen of the undying Doesticks. Emulous of the deathless notoriety which has been acquired by the medicinal worthies just mentioned, *I* also resolved to achieve a name and fortune in the same reputable and honest manner! Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of *Doesticks' Patent Self-Acting-Four-Horse-Power Balsam*, designed to cure all diseases of mind, body, or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the bare-foot, decency to

blackgards, and common sense to the Know-Nothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychologically, physiologically, and geologically; and it is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which itself Heaven shall be but a side-show.

Orders for my Balsam, *accompanied by the money*, will be immediately attended to; otherwise, not—for my partner and I have resolved to sell for cash only, feeling, as did Dr. Young, who appropriately and feelingly remarks—

“We take no notes on Time.”

Triumphantly yours,

Dr. Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P.B., M.D.
701 Narrow st., New York.

Dr. Doesticks having sent us a \$5 bill and a gross of his wonderful Balsam, we conscientiously and *disinterestedly* recommend it to the public, as worthy of its immense success!

To show that “no family should be without it,” we will inform the reader that it was only last Saturday that our youngest boy, a three-year old, fell into a seventy-foot well, and accidentally broke his skull, both arms, left leg, snapped his back-bone, demolished both lungs, cradicated his digestive apparatus, besides injuring himself generally. He laid in the bottom of the well, in a very dilapidated condition, an hour and seventy-nine minutes, before discovered. We immediately applied Doesticks' Four-Horse-Power Balsam to the curb-stone, and in three fourths of a jiffy, our three-year old was playing hop-sotch in the back yard safe and sound, besides having a new jacket and a fine crop of “luxuriant whiskers,” for which latter our little son will probab y never find words to express his gratitude to

the renowned Doctor. "Always keep this invaluable Balsam on hand, in case of accidents." "Caution! Beware of counterfeits!" &c., &c.

To show still further what wonders science can work upon the human frame, when brought into requisition by a skillful hand, we present the following, in favor of Dr. Kunklehausen's Concentrated, Compound, Sugar-Coated Death Pills :—

WOLF'S DEN, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, *Aug. 26th.*

I, JOHN LUBBERLIE, was supposed to be in the last stages of Consumption in the year '48, suffering at the same time under a severe attack of Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Gravel, Dropsy, and the Cholera Morbus. Simultaneously, also, I took the Yellow Fever and Small-Pox; the latter, assuming the chronic form of Scrofula, completely destroyed my Lungs, Liver, Spinal Marrow, Nervous System, and the entire contents of my cranium. I got so low, that I did not know my brother-in-law, when he came to borrow some money. For three months I swallowed nothing but twenty packages of Dr. Kunklehausen's Pills, which effected an immediate cure in two weeks. I have since become so corpulent that I am obliged to carry my protuberant stomach in a wheelbarrow.

Sworn and subscribed to, &c.

P. S. My uncle, Bacchus Pettinger, was so long afflicted with the Gout (contracted by living too long on Bear's Meat and Alligator's Eggs), that life became a burden to him. He took only four boxes of said Pills, and life was a burden to him no longer.

Another great medical discovery!—Mrs. Credulous issues the following certificate through the Belknap Gazette; and, though it appears to be an advertisement, we insert it

without fee or reward, for the benefit of her numerous relatives throughout the country:—

I, Cordelia Credulous, have been for years suffering from universal debility, spine in the back, tapeworms, rheumatism, and a long standing rebellious complaint, making me desput costic betimes, and besides these I have not felt well myself; so it was not long before I was brought very low, and my most impudent friend did not know me, and the regular faculties did not expect me to live from one end to another. After years of suffering and sorrow, Aunt Dorothy Tripenose recommended, as the last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pictorial Accelerated Compound Extract of Gill-over-the-ground and the Syrup of Ignorance and Huckleberries, and to be sartin it had the proprietor on it, for none other was genuine. I have taken five bottles, and am a new cretur, and I expect by the time I have taken six bottles more, I shall get the spine out of my back entirely. I now cheerfully recommend this medicine to all, sick or well.

CORDELIA CREDULOUS.

The editor of the Water-Cure Journal, reading the above certificate, becomes excited, and calls out:

Where is *Old* Doctor Jacob Townsend? Where is Doctor Brandreth? Have they accidentally swallowed some of their own medicated compound sarsapar-swindlum? and have they gone where all bad folks go?

For the encouragement of quacks generally, we clip an item from one of our city papers:

The gorgeous and costly mansion of Dr. S. P. Townsend, recently completed, the splendid pile of buildings recently erected in this city by Dr. Brandreth, and the superb stores and elegant dwellings not long since constructed by Dr. Moffat, evince a shrewdness on the part of some of our "en-

terprising fellow citizens," and a gullibility on the part of "the many," neither very creditable to "moral honesty" nor "popular intelligence." Probably the majority of those whose dollars have been contributed toward furnishing the Sarsaparilla man with the \$200,000 house, and the pills and bitters men with equally expensive structures, will not thank us for intimating to them that, all and singular, the *virtues* there is or ever has been in the "most extraordinary" sarsaparilla at a dollar a bottle, can be found in the cheapest kind of sweetened liquor, which could be profitably afforded at thirty cents a gallon; and that all the *virtues* of all the pills and bitters of all the Brandreths and Moffats in creation, could be had in aloes, jalap, and alcohol, so mixed and mingled as to be at least as cheap as the sweetened liquor above mentioned. However, so long as the people have a will to be humbugged, humbuggery will be in the field to oblige them. It is a fit subject for a moment's philosophical reflection, that a large proportion of the most "magnificent palaces" which adorn our streets, have been built on the profits of rum, tobacco, and quack nostrums.

In drawing this chapter to a close, as novel-writers say, we would remark, what you may have learned from sad experience, that it is hard to be *sick*; hard, indeed, to drag out even but a few days or weeks of our short existence, in disease and suffering. But, in our endeavors to find relief, it is harder to become the dupe of quacks and the receptacle of their filthy nostrums. Medicines cannot be entirely dispensed with, but we can employ the safest and most approved, which are, in our opinion, the *Homœopathic remedies*. They are harmless, effectual, and, withal, exceedingly "pleasant to take."

We would advise the intelligent reader to become his own physician.

A case of homœopathic remedies for all common diseases, with Dr. Pulte's Domestic Physician, a book of several hundred pages, will cost about \$5, will last for years, saving you the majority of those "doctor bills," besides the money that now goes for the advertised stuff.

We do not wish to be understood as advertising *Homœopathy*; yet, for reasons that are good, we approve strongly of this method of treatment. It possesses at least one advantage over all others, that cannot be gainsayed:—*It does not fill the system with filthy, villainous drugs.**

Of those philanthropic individuals who so persistingly advertise their yearning desire to "benefit" the suffering by sending "free" the "prescriptions used" to effect certain and miraculous cures of "Consumption," "Nervous Debility," "Dropsy," "Dyspepsia and Fits," "Fever and Ague," &c., &c., you can safely mark them all down in the list of *unmitigated humbugs*, who are planning hard to pocket your dollars.

"We have before us," says the Tribune, "the following correspondence in reference to that mythical personage advertised as 'Old Dr. James, a retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out.'"

CAMILLUS, ONONDAGA CO., N. Y., *April 23, 1858.*

I noticed in the Tribune of the 22d inst., an advertisement purporting to be from Old Dr. James, of Jersey City.

* To accommodate those living remote from cities, our publishers, we are at liberty to state, will make purchases of Homœopathic remedies, without commission, for those who request them so to do.

As the whole matter is an imposition, I hope you will expose it. The following is the mode of operating: You inclose him one shilling, and he will send the recipe; but after you have got the recipe, you will discover one article in it that cannot be had; in that case you have to send to him for the medicine ready prepared, at \$2 per bottle. Some of my customers, having read his advertisement, requested me to send for some of his medicines. I sent, and at the same time wrote to Mr. Mayor Wescott to find out about the concern. He sent me an answer, a copy of which I inclose for publication, hoping you will expose the concern at as early a day as possible.

A. HARMON.

Mayor's Office, Jersey City, March 15, 1858.

A. HARMON, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your favor, and in reply would say that there is no such person as Old Dr. James residing in our city, but an old man is employed to personate him. The whole matter is well understood here to be an imposition.

Respectfully yours,

SAML. WESCOTT, *Mayor.*

The scamp who advertised himself as "Old Dr. James" was a young "blood," by name of "Dr. J. Henry Warner." His two dollars a bottle stuff has been analyzed, and found to be composed of cheap, common drugs, and *entirely worthless*. But thousands bought his nostrum, and "Old Dr. James," alias "J. Henry Warner" made money. He "flashed" down Broadway while in the "height of his success," but the police troubled him, and the "Old Doctor" is now quite effectually "retired."

In every case, *without exception*, it is the design of those who advertise to send "free" the "prescription used," to sell their nasty pills and worthless slop, "ready prepared."

Don't become the dupes of this class of quacks. Remember "Old Dr. James," and keep your money.

V.

TOILET ARTICLES



Put into a bottle $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of castor oil, 1 pint of alcohol, and shake thoroughly; add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tincture cantharides, color with a cent's worth of alkanet-root, and you have a compound for the hair, which you will find, upon trial, to be *far superior* to the specifics sold at the stores, under the sounding names of "Kathairon,"—"Tricopherous,"—"Waphene," &c. A gallon of preparation by the above recipe will cost $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents, or about 3 cents for a common 25-ct. bottle. It is an excellent thing, causing the hair to grow luxuriously, and giving it a most beautiful appearance.

A preparation is advertised, and sold very extensively, "for restoring gray hair to its original color." A woman advertises it as "NOT A DYE," and her price is \$1 50 per bottle.

The usual price is \$1. You can make it for 5 cents a bottle. Thus:—Dissolve in a quart of water (*rose water* is preferable) $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lac. sulphur, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of sugar of lead. Shake thoroughly before using. Wet the hair with the mixture every other night.

It *will*, positively, change gray hair to a dark brown, and preserve the hair from turning gray.

Do not use the common dyes for the hair. They are composed usually of nitrate and oxide of silver, causti

alkalies, lime, litharge, and arsenic, and *invariably rot the hair.*

Lola Montez says, in her "Arts of Beauty," that you may, "as a general thing, set down all the patent nostrums puffed in newspapers as useless, if they are not positively hurtful. Even if we were sure that they were scientifically compounded, we may be certain that they are made of the poorest and cheapest qualities of materials. But since we know that they are almost invariably mixed by quacks and impostors, it seems strange that any lady will trust so great and indispensable a charm as that of her hair to the mercies of irresponsible ignorance and avarice."

[*Query*:—If Lola Montez is so out-spoken in her denunciation of the quacks who compound our toilet articles, in what language would she find terms to express her condemnation of the "quacks and impostors" who prepare the advertised nostrums for our stomachs?]

You pay the druggist \$1 per bottle for those dangerous dyes. Make your own, which are harmless, at an expense of a few cents:—

Gallic acid,	10 gra.
Acetic acid,	1 oz.
Tincture of sesqui-chloride of iron,	1 oz.

Dissolve the Gallic acid in the tincture, and add the acetic acid. Before using, wash the hair thoroughly with soap and water. If *black* is the color desired, apply the preparation while the hair is moist. If *brown*, do not apply till the hair is perfectly dry.

"The way to apply the compound is to dip the points of a fine-tooth comb into it until the interstices are filled with the fluid, then gently draw the comb through the hair, commencing at the roots, till the dye has perceptibly

taken effect. When the hair is entirely dry, oil and brush it as usual."

Nice, common soap is melted, perfumed, retained in a liquid state by water, bottled and sold as a "BALM" of the most wonderful properties. It will not only render your complexion of such astonishing whiteness, clearness, and brilliancy, that the angels will quite languish with envy; but it will transform your porcupine locks into raven curls, make mirrors of your teeth, give you a breath so perfumed that it will attract honey bees; and, should you be of the stern gender, will cause your beard to become as pliant and tender as a boiled cabbage-leaf! These invaluable "Balms" will do all we have enumerated, and much more, besides extracting lard, grease, and beeswax from your coat-tail quicker than you can say "sold!"

At an expense of a sixpence, you can make a better cosmetic for the complexion than can generally be obtained at the druggists.

"Take a small piece of the gum benzoin, and boil it in spirits of wine till it becomes a rich tincture. Fifteen drops of this poured into a glass of water, will produce a mixture that will look like milk, and emits a most agreeable perfume.

"This delightful wash," says Lola Montez, "seems to have the effect of calling the purple stream of the blood to the external fibres of the face, and gives to the cheeks a beautiful rosy color. If left on the face to dry, it will render the skin clear and brilliant. It is also an excellent remedy for spots, freckles, pimples, and eruptions, if they have not been of long standing."

Toilet preparations are sold at twelve to fifteen times above the actual cost; and the author of "The Arts of

Beauty" advises every lady, in particular, to "become *her own manufacturer*—not only as a matter of *economy*, but of *safety*."

LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHE FORCED TO grow in six weeks, by my Onguent, which will not stain or injure the skin. \$1 a bottle. Sent to any part of the country. R. G. GEESEAM. No. &c.

The above was inserted for an indefinite length of time in many of the daily and weekly papers, and was, no doubt, a source of most tantalizing temptation to youths in their teens to invest a dollar in that powerful Onguent. We hope you did not, though. Had you, R. G. Geeseam and clerks would have shaken with horse-laughs for a week, at your expense.



Appearance of the "Luxuriant Whiskers and Moustache" of our office-boy after he had used that Onguent seven weeks, at an expense of \$3. He thinks prospects are encouraging!

“ Why do babies cry after the moon? Why does all the world want what it can't get? Why have boys of sixteen, or thereabout, such an inordinate desire for beards? And why, when the gift would be most acceptable, does the hard-handed dame insult them with a sprinkling of peach-fuz instead? And why, when years have matured the hirsute harvest, does the desire for it disappear, and the man become involved in expenditure of time and money to get rid of that appendage which, as a youth, he would have gloried in?”

These are profound philosophical questions, which we submit, with due deference, to the sages of the Institute for Philosophical Inquiry. In the meantime we will proceed to render ourselves famous among the adolescent portion of our masculine readers, by indicating reliable means for “hurrying up” Dame Nature in the production of “hirsute appendages.”

Then know, O infatuated youth! that, to accelerate the growth of that modest fuz, you must lather and shave your innocent physiognomy at least three times per week, and apply to the same physiognomy every night the following preparation:—

Cologne,	.	.	2 oz.
Liquid Hartshorn,	.	.	1 drachm.
Tincture Cantharides,	.	.	2 “
Oil Rosemary,	.	.	12 drops.
“ Nutmeg,	.	.	12 “
“ Lavender,	.	.	12 “

By the use of this mixture we can not warrant “luxu-

rious whiskers" in six weeks, but in ten cents' worth of it you get more "forcing" power than in a gross of the advertised stuff.*

* The preparation by the above recipe is really a most valuable one. It prevents baldness in *every* case, and we are assured that it cures confirmed baldness in a great majority of cases. The recipe, never before published, is alone worth fifty times the price of this book, to those who may require the use of such a preparation.

VI.

THE LOVE-POWDER BUSINESS.

Who wants to be married !

THE ART OF LOVE-MAKING :

The most extraordinary Book of the Nineteenth Century !

THE BLISS OF MARRIAGE.

THE WAY TO THE ALTAR.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY ; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER

One volume of 160 pages. 32mo. Price \$1. 500,000 copies already issued. Thirteenth edition ready. Printed on the finest paper, and illustrated in the first style of art (!)

CONTENTS :

It teaches how to make ladies or gentlemen win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire. And the plan is so simple, yet so captivating, that all may be married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position ; and it can be arranged with such ease and delicacy that detection is impossible.

It teaches how to make love.

It teaches every eye to form a beauty of its own.

It teaches you the kind of wife to select to render home happy.

It gives advice to the lover who has been once truly accepted, and is rejected afterward through the interference of friends.

It gives a remedy for unrequited love.

It gives you instructions for beautifying the person.

How to have a handsome face and hands.

How to remove tan and freckles.

A lecture on Love, or a Private Advice to Married Ladies and Gentlemen.

Bills of any specie-paying Bank in the United States or Canadas received at par. Gold-dust can be sent from California.

All that is necessary for you to do is to write a letter in as few wdrds as possible, inclosing ONE DOLLAR, and write the name, with the Post-office, County, and State, and direct to PROFESSOR RONDOUT, Publisher and Author, No. —, N. Y. 1000 Agents wanted.

Never was there admitted into the columns of any paper a more dishonest advertisement than the above, which was paraded so many months in a large number of respectable journals. The whole thing was an *unmitigated humbug*. The book advertised contained about one half as much reading matter as the *Christian Almanac*, —was a rehash of common-place sayings, written in a coarse, vulgar style,—cost, perhaps, five cents, and sold for \$1.

The “ART OF LOVE-MAKING,” the “WAY TO THE ALTAR,” “HOW TO WIN A LOVER,” &c., &c., was to buy and use the “Professor’s” *Love Powders!*

The book, “illustrated in the highest style of art,” (two or three cheap wood-cuts) was a regular “catch,” and designed simply as a medium for advertising the “Professor’s” wonderful stuff,—lotions, powders, secrets, &c.

There was no such man as “Professor Rondout.” The scamp who advertised himself as such, was a man by name of Weston; but for reasons best known to himself, he was

not to be seen by ordinary mortals. The police found him, however, and he was arrested at one time for dealing in obscene publications. Charming Professor!

It is unpleasant to estimate the number that were completely "sold" by the above tempting advertisement; but if it had the effect of opening the eyes of its victims to a view of one species of humbuggery, it was not without its good results. But *beware of all similar advertisements.*

There is no "powder," "pills," or secret method in existence, by which one person is caused to love another; and do not, for a moment, allow yourself to become so far demented as to think there is.

It is almost impossible to believe that any young man or woman, possessing even a small portion of the usual allowance of brains, can be so shallow as to think seriously of purchasing pills and powders, and expect from their use to "win the devoted love of the opposite sex!"

Yet, such persons do exist; and were an enterprising Yankee permitted to advertise "Love Pills" as openly and extensively as he is cathartic pills, in one year he would amass a fortune. As it is, the "love-powder men" do quite an extensive business,—advertising their stuff by means of cheap, trashy books, that are sold by catch-penny advertisements, of which Professor Rondout's is a fair sample.

In answer to your query, what *are* real love powders, know that they are simply preparations of Spanish flies (*cantharides*), and are designed to excite the base, animal passions.

"Spanish flies" is a dangerous drug, producing headache, delirium, inflammation, convulsions, and death.

RECIPT.

Spanish flies	2 parts.
Phosphorus	1 "
Musk	1 "
Cloves	1 "

Mix, and you have genuine modern love powders, which can be taken with about as much safety as spoonfuls of tobacco oil!

The following ridiculous recipes for love powders are copied from a quack book "got up" by a Dr. Hankinson, of whom more anon:—

RECIPE.

The hair of a young virgin, calcined	3 oz.
The down of a youth's chin (Ibid)	4 oz.
The eyes of toads	1 oz.
Human marrow	1 qr.
The sting of Queen Bees	1 sc.
Camphor	5 oz.
Pure gold	1 qr.
Mix.	

ANOTHER.—(FRENCH LOVE POWDERS).

℞ Otto Roses	10 qr.
Loadstone (pul.)	3 oz.
Certain parts of fish	1 oz.
Stinging nettle	2 oz.

These powders are represented as possessing most wonderful properties—a single grain producing astonishing results!

"Dr. Hankinson" is a young man located in this city, whose real name is "Doctor" Samuel Henderson. For years past he has been swindling the ever-to-be-easily-duped

portion of the public, by means of his various humbug stuff. He advertises himself as "Dr. Bland," "Dr. Han-kinson," "Dr. Hawkinson & Co.," &c. A year ago he was arrested, under the name of "Dr. Bland," but was released on promising to abandon his swindling business. He continued, however, in "full blast," and was again arrested a few weeks since, on complaint of persons in the country who had permitted themselves to be victimized by his vile advertisements. His obscene advertising circulars,—half a cart-load, or more,—were taken to the Mayor's office to be destroyed.

This model "Dr." has, however, again succeeded in getting clear (not at all strange in a city that hangs friendless boys, but permits old blood-thirsty murderers to go unwhipped), and is again under headway.

He advertises his trash by means of a dirty sheet called the *New York Journal*, which he sends to all parts of the country.

One of his extraordinary articles, which he desires to send to any address, post-paid, *on receipt of one dollar*, is the "Matrimonial and Sympathetic Card," which, he says, "is an entirely new thing, and of wonderful and almost miraculous virtue." It will "surely accomplish for you any result you may need, expect, or want." "But," says the Doctor, "the most wonderful thing about them is, that the moment you *look* upon or *touch* one of them, you are filled with the most intensely pleasurable and happy sensations it is possible to conceive."

These wonderful cards are simply two pieces of copper and zinc, soldered together. *They produce no sensation whatever, except a disagreeable smell.*

The Doctor loves money, and for \$3 he will send his "Magic Ring."

"It cures all pains, no matter what the cause may be. It will procure for any young lady the love of any gentleman she desires. All she has to do is to send him one of these rings, or put it on his finger, she is sure to gain his love, which will last forever. If she does not desire to let him know who sent the ring, omit the name and send the ring in a well-sealed letter; only say to him that it came from a sincere friend, in such a place, and he will single you out from a multitude of ladies in the place, and you will be married to him in less than six weeks. All a gentleman has to do is to follow the same directions, and the result will be the same. Some may think this is all humbug, but they are mistaken, for I have hundreds who write me saying, 'The ring has operated just as you said it would, and are very grateful for the chance of trying so wonderful a discovery. Bashful young ladies or gentlemen, who appear to disadvantage in company, are made bold and easy in their manner, particularly young ladies seem to know just how to appear winning and attractive to the gentlemen. It seems as if the ring supplies the system with galvanic influence, which gives them, with a little tact, complete power over young men to win their affections, which, when obtained by this process, it is lasting and as firm as the rocks. Those who use this ring will find no trouble in getting a wife or a husband, or of retaining the human sympathies or affections."

The Doctor is anxious to have the greenhorns buy his "Secret Clue to Courtship, Love and Marriage." They shall have it for 50 cents, but post-masters and editors,

being "good friends" to him, shall have a copy gratis. It is a nonsensical affair, made up principally of his quack advertisements, of which we counted over *thirty*. The great "Doctor" informs us in this book, that he will cure any disease for "Three dollars in a well-sealed letter." Will send the Royal Preventive for \$3; a hair-dye recipe for \$3; an "Eye Balm" for \$2; something to give you a "sweet breath," for \$2; something to make "bashful folks" courageous, for \$2 (wonder if the "something" isn't a little Irish whisky); An "onguent," to make the whiskers grow, for \$2 ("price is riz"); and ladies can have some pills for *only* \$5 per box.

The Doctor is "down on" love powders! Don't believe in them; thinks they are all a "*delusion*,"—a "revolting humbug;" says that "such stuff might have done well a century or two since," but won't go now; kindly advises us all to keep "aloof from the love-powder folly,"—*and to buy his "compound,"* made from flowers, which is so "wonderful" that he, Dr. Henderson, *alias* Bland, *alias* Hankinson, *alias* Hawkinson, is "sometimes" astonished by it. He says that by its use, a person is thrown into such a state that it is extremely difficult to say "no;" and that "it has been known to induce a promise of marriage where all other means had failed." [!]

He is "not anxious to dispose of it," but thinks it a duty to "accommodate his friends and readers;" and therefore "will send a phial of this rare preparation to any address, on receipt of *five dollars*." "A drop will suffice for one occasion,"—"to be dropped upon the apparel of yourself, and of those of whose good wishes you feel anxious to be possessed."

A portion of the great "Secret Clue" is devoted to giving "plans by which thousands of the old and young, of both sexes, can find employment, and gain riches."

The "plans" are, to buy his recipes and peddle the same.

1. Recipe for making Artificial Honey; price \$2.
2. ("A sure fortune.") Recipe for making Fire-proof Paint; price *ten dollars*.
3. Recipe for making India Ink; price \$5.
4. Learn of him how to become, in a week's time, a skillful engraver on steel and copper; this knowledge for \$5.

Dr. Hankinson is certain you will become wealthy by paying him \$22 for the above recipes, which are to be found in nearly all "Household Recipe Books." He says he wants to have people name him "as a benefactor;" his ambition is to "have a rich man say, as he travels in his own carriage, 'Five years ago I was poor; now I am wealthy, thanks to Dr. Hankinson;'"—wealthy in five years by peddling recipes!

One of his "valuable recipes" is, "To know if a newborn child shall live." Here it is: "Write the proper names of the father and the mother, and of the day the child was born. Count the letters in these words, and to the amount add twenty-five, and then divide the whole by seven. If the remainder be even, the child will die; but if it be uneven, the child shall live."

For \$5, the Great Doctor will also send "means" to "enlarge the human breast to any required shape and form." For \$3, a substance by the use of which any person can become *invisible*, and while in this state can do any thing he may choose, and nobody the wiser!

For \$6, you can have a Rod and Ball, which, the Doctor says, will "surely and certainly" discover hidden treasures, mines, minerals, detect robbers, and recover stolen property! * * *

Many of the "Love-Powder Men" have become very wealthy, selling their worthless trash; and "Dr. Hankinson" will probably "retire rich," unless the Mayor concludes to put an effectual stop to his swindling operations.

"One of the most prominent of these men," says the Tribune, "is a Dr. E. Andrews, who lives in a four-story brick house in State Street, in Albany, N. Y., who keeps his carriage, and cuts a huge dash. He does not carry on the disgraceful part of his business in Albany, but at Ireland's Corners, a little place about five miles from that city. His specialty in swindling is the sale of an instrument which he calls the 'Vibratory Preventive,' for which he charges \$2,—and which is good for nothing, of course. The following letter, written by a Virginia postmaster to a Dr. Jean Jacques, who deals in Love Powders, will show one man's experience of Dr. Andrews: "

RITCHIE C H Va Nov 28

Dr Jean Jaques Dr Sir

in looking over the weekly Samaritan I see an act of the Magnetic Sympathetic powders I have seen acts of this kind time & again if they be facts they truly are Miraculous ones I always had an axiety to prove them as such to my satisfaction but there is so many Rascals in the world I dont know who to trust Some time ago I sent two dolla's in gold Somebody called himself D E Andrews Irelands Corners Albany Co N Y perhaps You may know Him if You do You know a perfect Scoundrel he promised to send me Something that would perform all that you say your

powders will do and 10 times more he spoke of these powders and they might do thus and so but said he one thing I do know that my little nervo Vibratory preventive will cause enemies to be friends make five dollars look like ten cause a witness to give evidence just as you wish cause men to talk or prevent from talking look at a woman she would be bound to love you and 20 more things perhaps Yet not necessary to relate let it suffice me to say he sent two little pieces of tin with teeth like a saw tied together with a bit of copper wire for 2\$ & altho he said if it did not perform all these mighty things and I was dissatisfied with its performance he would refund the money by return mail I sent him the tin to fool Somebody else with he can make & 2 more with it he kept the money tho and sent me a verry insolent letter and Wilfully Lied denying and contradicting the verry sircular he sent which I have and can produce at any time Now Doctor if you are not afraid to trust me for one dollar send me one package of powers and if it acts well Ill send Your money double amount as soon as I can give it a trial Ill not be like Andrews was with me if you cant trust me I dont see Why I can trust you for I have got out of that notion pretty much

ISRAL STEVENS

P M Ritchie C H Va

Dr. Jacques would not send the powders till the \$2 had been received ; so Postmaster Stevens sent the money, and in return received a two-ounce package of *wheat flour*. He believes now that doctors are all humbugs.

A great many little books are published professing to teach the "certain way" of winning lovers *ad libitum* ; but they are generally mere catch-pennies—made up of stale proverbs—silly, commonplace advice, and are vehicles for advertising the "authors'" nostrum "beautifiers," &c. As the object of these pages is to preserve you from gull-traps, we

advise you not to send a penny for one of these "secret of love" publications, unless it is issued by a *well-known, respectable firm.*

There is more common sense in the following remarks on "making love," than you will find in a dozen of the generality of publications on "love and matrimony."

We copy, for the benefit of our youthful readers, from a fresh, sensible little book titled "COURTSHIP MADE EASY."

"*True love* arises from a principle of sympathy—from a oneness of feeling—from a similarity in some points of character, although other points may be very dissimilar—from showing that you possess something which the other admires. Acting upon this, you may *induce* in another love for you, and *cement* the affections upon you." Here, then, is

HOW TO BEGIN A COURTSHIP.

It may seem to be almost superfluous to give rules for commencing a courtship, because when two loving hearts are fully assured of affection they will necessarily yearn towards each other; and with such a state of affairs all matters of ceremony cease. But as there are many young people naturally diffident when in the presence of the opposite sex, it may be well to discuss the most approved modes of forming an intimacy with a view to courtship and marriage. Young men are supposed to be the only persons needing advice under such circumstances, for it would be indelicate and contrary to custom for a girl to show much anxiety for the society of a gentleman with whom she had no previous acquaintance, or even for one whose acquaintance with her was but casual. The ladies, too, are generally too jealous of the privileges of their sex to think of making first advances in love matters. Thence, our instructions must be principally to gentlemen.

We will suppose, then, several cases in which a prospective lover would need advice and assistance:

COURTSHIP OF A YOUNG GIRL WITH WHOM YOU ARE NOT PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED.

A marriageable young man, matrimonially inclined, desires to connect himself with a certain family, whose daughter he has perhaps seen, but to whom he is comparatively a stranger. He should first consider the advice heretofore given relative to position. If that tallies, he is then at liberty to commence legitimate proceedings. First, he requires an introduction; and it would be a great deal pleasanter for both parties if this could be brought about without even a hint or a suspicion of his ultimate wishes. It may tax his ingenuity not a little to plan an introduction under such circumstances, but where there is a will there is generally a way. If the girl has brothers or near male relatives, it is certainly not a difficult task to throw yourself in their society, and thus, by management, get into the house. If you do not succeed this way, find out who are the female friends of the family, and contrive by indirect means to be introduced through one of them. If both plans fail, see if you cannot concoct some business relations with the father; or with the mother if she be a widow. As a last resort, request an introduction by some mutual friend. Do not be too anxious, or in too great a hurry. Let all your movements be deliberate. The introduction once accomplished, it will be your object to call upon the lady, or at the house, as often as you can do so without betraying your motives. At each call, you will study her tastes and habits as well as you can. Most girls betray their weaker points by common conversation. If you find the young lady to be reserved and diffident, make your calls as short as possible, for this peculiarity will only wear away by degrees. It need not discourage you that she does not talk fluently at first. Such girls will make up lost time when they become better acquainted. Having "taken an observation" of her likes and dislikes, try if you cannot perform some act or bring about some event that will please her. There are a thousand ways to work upon the feelings

of a girl without giving her presents, though the latter are all-potent in their proper place. Study carefully the ways and means to please her. Do all this before you hint that you wish to pay her your addresses, and be careful that she does not suspect that such is your object. By these means, carried out carefully, and with deliberation, you will win the esteem of any young lady of sense and discretion; and if you are not in too great a hurry to disclose your motive, you may be almost sure of success. After your acquaintance with the young lady has ripened to the proper point, it will scarcely be necessary to give you advice as to how you shall broach the subject of matrimony. Yet some men will break down there, when they have conducted the rest of the proceedings admirably. To such we would say, resort to letter-writing—though this, as a general rule, is not the thing. If, however, you decide on it, you should candidly confess to the lady your weakness, and beg her forgiveness for your presumption. A still better way would be to leave town on urgent business, and beg leave to correspond with her during your absence. By this means you may legitimately speak your mind, and demand an answer by word of mouth on your return, if she fails to give it to you by letter. To those who are too awkward with their pens to describe their feelings accurately, we shall give more specific directions under the head of “Love Letters,” in other pages of this work. We would here caution every young man against “taking a miff” at the refusal of a girl to agree to marry him. It is no proof that she intends to slight him, or that she looks upon him with contempt. Many of the best wives that ever married husbands have at first rejected them. If you are refused, be not too pertinacious. Ask her forgiveness for presuming to offer yourself—in short, “be humble,” as Mrs. Heap said to her son Uriah. These lovers who get angry because they are at first rejected, do not deserve a wife at all. It is time enough for them to show their temper after the ceremony is performed.

COURTSHIP WHERE THE PARTIES ARE ACQUAINTED.

In this case the parties already know each other favorably, yet the young man desires advice as to the proper mode of making his first advances. We will suppose the girl to be a sensible, intelligent, matter-of-fact young lady, not in any hurry to get married. She therefore meets her would-be lover on all occasions as she would a casual acquaintance. He imagines himself in love with her, and this thought perhaps makes him a good deal more shy and reserved than he would be under other circumstances. She does not give him the opportunity to unburden his mind—that is, in her conversation she studiously avoids all subjects that would tend to such a result. How must he proceed? You should first follow the advice heretofore given as to studying her habits, predilections, &c. Try if you cannot perform some act or bring about some event that is pleasing to her. Watch carefully for opportunities to serve her. If she be fond of reading, procure for her the newest books. If she is particular and tasty about her dress, look for some of the latest fashions in the Magazines that you are sure she has not seen, and present her a copy. But do not let her know that you purchased it to show her the fashions. Point out some other attraction—some article or story. She will not then suspect that you have observed her partiality to dress. We mention this incident as a rule in all your proceedings. Should you wish to present her some choice fruit, do not let her suspect that it was any trouble or expense to you to get it. On the contrary, try to make it appear that it was not, but that it came to you quite casually. Do not tell any falsehood to create this impression, for to say nothing of the vulgarity of such a proceeding, you might say something that would afterwards be exposed as untrue; and if she is a sensible girl this would disgust her. Small appropriate presents, and little acts of courtesy may be tendered from time to time, but not too fast or in too great profusion. And above all never glorify yourself

for anything you may do, or may have done. Both by your actions and your words, let her understand that all these kindnesses are but the result of your natural inclination, and generosity of character, and not intended particularly to compliment her. To thus pave the way for a successful courtship, a young man must study carefully the part he has to act. His aim, in all these preliminary proceedings, must be to do that which is necessary, and at the same time prevent a suspicion of what he is driving at. No jewelry or articles of dress should be given as presents in this stage of proceedings, as she would immediately suspect your object. Those must be reserved until you are an accepted lover. After thus preparing the girl to approve of you as a lover, the next proceeding should be to ascertain whether her parents or friends would object. You should do this by the aid of some friend whom you could make your confidante. He might easily find out how the land lay without putting any direct questions; for there would be no harm in his hinting that "John seemed to have a partiality for Lucy," and he wondered whether there was anything in it, &c. If the feelings of the family could not be got at in this manner, a more direct course should be pursued. Whenever you are persuaded that the family of the girl are agreeable to the arrangement, you can then begin your regular courtship. Some couples, after the preliminary steps before described, would run naturally into a courtship without knowing when it really commenced; but if the girl is shy, it may be necessary to have the matter perfectly understood. On one of your visits you will say to her: "I heard something to-day which I am afraid will make you feel bad for the moment, even if it does not cause you unhappiness." "What is that?" she naturally inquires. You reply, "Mr. Brown says that people talk about us—that it is rumored I am very thick about here—am paying you serious attentions—that it will be a match, and all that sort of thing. I told him I was afraid I was not so lucky as that." If the girl is pleased with the announcement you will know it by her answer. If she does not answer at all,

you can continue your speech by saying: "I did not contradict the report, and I hope you will not be angry when I say that I wish it was true." If she still remains silent, or if she speaks kindly to you, you should follow up your advantage by a frank declaration of your passion—not in hacknied novel-reading phrases, but in matter-of-fact form, to wit: "Lucy, you must excuse me for telling you that I find your society more and more agreeable every time we meet—indeed I think I should be unhappy to be deprived of it; and if I am allowed to continue my visits, may I not consider them those of an accepted lover?" On her answer, or on her silence (which is the same thing) depends your fate. If you are thus accepted, the whole business is through with, unless a future quarrel should part you. It is true you are not "engaged" in so many words, but that naturally follows. There is no formality required in "popping the question." That subsides into the naming of the happy day when you shall be united.

VII.

MODERN ASTROLOGY. &c.

THE writer in the *American Cyclopædia*, who informs us that Astrology "has now lost all credit in civilized nations," and that "it is still practiced by certain votaries in *Western Asia*," probably has never given the advertising columns of certain city newspapers a very close examination.

In this city alone, the nineteen filthy old hags, who assure us in such choice English, of their ability to "cause speedy marriages," "tell correctly love," give "surprising numbers," &c., are consulted daily by over two hundred people, of whom the larger portion are, of course, ignorant and simple-minded.

Here are specimens of the advertisements employed by these "gifted critters" to induce people to visit their dens.

ASTROLOGY.—MADAME LANE CAN BE CONSULTED about love, marriage, and absent friends. She tells all the events of life, luck in lotteries, &c., at — Elizabeth street, near Grand street. Ladies 25 cents. Gentlemen 50 cents. She causes speedy marriages—charge extra.

MADAME WIDGER.—GIFTED SPANISH LADY—TELLS correctly love, marriages, friends, business, sickness, prescribes medicines for all diseases, how to gain property lost or stolen, also lucky numbers. — — — street, cor. of Eighth avenue

THE ONLY RELIABLE AND CORRECT ASTROLOGIST IN this or any other city is Madame CLIFTON. She warrants correct information to all who visit her, on lawsuits, losses, deaths, marriages, absent friends, and, in fact, all business matters. She also gives numbers in lotteries that are truly surprising. She is the only female astrologist now in this country. All who wish to know themselves, call and see this gifted lady. Residence ———.

As many of our country friends may be uninformed as to the real character of these "astrological" advertisers, we shall do them a service by presenting some interesting facts in regard to these "modern wonders."

As our purpose will be served as well, we quote from "Tricks and Traps," No. 3.

"People who know anything about the subject, will not be surprised to hear, that most of these humbug sorceresses are now, or have been in more attractive days, *women of the town*, and that some of their present dens are vile assignation-houses, in which female visitants will be secretly seen and overheard, and, perhaps, traced home, by the rankest debauchees. Nor will they be surprised to hear, that these chaste sybils are guilty of infant-murder; or, like the mock intelligence-office men, have an understood partnership with the keepers of houses of ill fame. Indeed, the greater part of these female fortune-tellers are but doing their allotted part of the work of wholesale seduction, which we have asserted has become so thoroughly systematized in this city.

"In this branch of the vile business, the fortune-teller is the only party whose operations may be known to the public; the other workers—the masculine go-betweens, who lead the victims over the space intervening between her house and those of deeper shame—are kept very carefully out of sight.

“There is a straight path between the fortune-teller’s den and the brothel, which has been traveled every year by hundreds of betrayed girls, who but for the superstitious snares of the one, would have never known the horrible realities of the other.

“To see how the fortune-teller performs her part, let us suppose a case.

“A young, credulous girl, whose mind has been poisoned by the class of fictions above referred to (yellow-covered novels and “blood and thunder” stories in flash weeklies), is induced to visit a modern witch, for the purpose of having her “fortune told.” The woman is very shrewd, and perceives, in a moment, the kind of customer she has to deal with. Understanding her business well, she is perfectly aware that love and marriage—courtship, lovers, and wedded bliss—are the subjects which are most agreeable, and lays her course accordingly.

“She begins by complimenting such beautiful eyes, such elegant hair, such a charming form, and graceful manners, are altogether too fine for a servant, or working-girl. She must surely be intended for a higher station in life, and she will certainly attain it. She will rise in the world, by marriage, and will one day be one of the finest ladies in the land. Her husband will be the handsomest man she has ever seen, and her children will be the most beautiful in the world. Fortune-tellers always foretell many children to their female customers; for the instincts of maternity, the yearning desire for offspring, is one of the strongest feelings of human nature.

“Much more of this sort is said; and if the witch finds her talk eagerly listened to, she knows exactly how to pro-

ceed. She appoints days for other visits; for she desires to get as many half-dollars out of her dupe as she can. Meantime, the girl has been thinking of what she has heard, has pictured to herself a brilliant future—a rich husband—every luxury and enjoyment—and, upon the whole, has built so many castles in the air, that her brain is half bewildered. Even though she may not believe a tittle of what is said to her, feminine curiosity will generally lead her to make a second visit; and when the fortune-teller sees her come upon a like errand, a second time, she sets down her prey as tolerably sure, and lays her plans accordingly.

“She goes on to state to the girl, in her usual rigmarole style, that she will, in a few weeks, meet with a lover; and perhaps she may receive a present of jewelry; and by that she will know that this ‘handsome young man’ has seen and been ‘smitten’ by her many charms.

“When the half-believing girl has gone, the scheming sorceress calls to her aid her confederat  in the game—the party who is to personate the ‘handsome young man.’ This is usually a spruce-looking fellow, who makes this his regular business; or it may be some rich debauchee, who is seeking another victim, who will come and lie in wait, either behind the curtain or in the next room, where, through some well-contrived crevice, he can hear and see all that is going on. One or the other of these men it is that is to assist the witch in fulfilling her prophecies; who is, at the proper time, to be in the way, to personate the ‘young beau,’ or ‘rich Southerner,’ and to induce her to visit a house of assignation, or in some way accomplish her ruin. A few days after her visit to the witch, the girl actually does, perhaps, receive a present, as the witch predicted;

this not only pleases her vanity and love of admiration, but disposes her to put confidence in the powers of the fortune-teller to read coming events. Straightway the deluded girl goes again to the witch, to tell how things have followed out, as she foretold, and to seek further light upon the subject. It is now the cue of the prophetess to describe the young man. This she does in glowing terms; never failing to endow him with a large fortune; and the poor girl goes away with her head more turned than ever.

“Some of these ‘fortune-tellers’ advertise that they can ‘show the likeness of the future husband,’ which is done in a mysterious way, by having the person look in a dark sort of box, where the dim outline of a human face is just visible, and which may look as much like one man as another; but which is never distinct enough to leave any decided impression on the mind, unless the fortune-teller has some particular object in view.

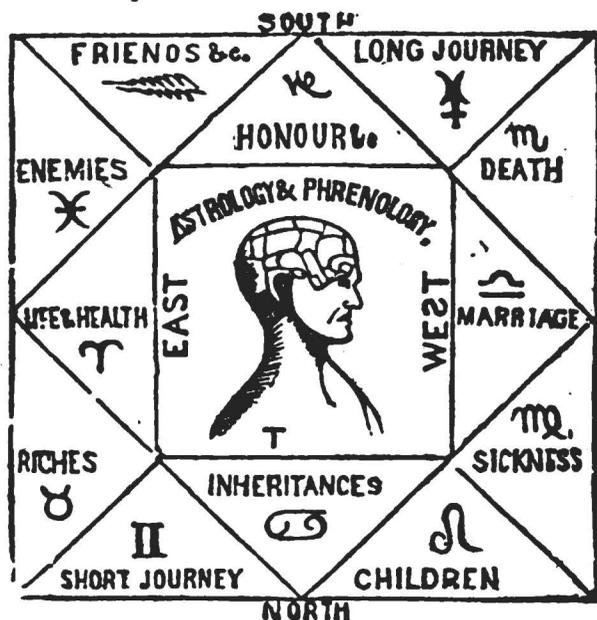
“Enraptured with a description of the person, or sight of the picture, of her supposed fond lover, the deluded girl is now all anxiety to see him in person. The witch accordingly gives her some magical powder (price one dollar, or more), which she is to put under her pillow every night for seven nights, or wear next her heart for nine days, or some other nonsense of that kind, at the end of which time she is told to take the ferry-boat to Hoboken, or some such place, at about such an hour in the afternoon, and somewhere on her route she will have a sight of the gentleman she is now almost crazed to see. The result is plain—an acquaintance commences, and the girl is ruined.

“We have thus been particular to give, step by step, the details of the mode of management pursued in these cases.

There are, of course, many varieties, dictated by the circumstances of each case; but the general features and the *result* is the same.

This is witchcraft in the city, and you readily perceive how wise you will be in sending money for "revelations."

Unfortunately, the rural districts are not always free from the pestilential presence of these modern "she-prophets." An "enterprising wonder" will not unfrequently make a tour of the country. She takes rooms at the most respectable hotels, issues her circulars, and in a short time finds herself surrounded by love-sick maidens, disappointed lovers, "hard up" individuals in search of a "fortin," and the credulous generally. Her ridiculous balderdash stuff is listened to with a seriousness that is most amusing to contemplate!



Fac-simile of cut used by a "female witch" who is at the present time practicing her "art" (of gulling the greenies) somewhere in the Western States.

Beware of her, and all professional fortune-tellers.

No town is so small that does not contain simpletons, enough to make a "sorceress'" visit quite remunerative—to herself.

The cabalistic art is not monopolized, however, entirely by petticoated prophets. Lazy things calling themselves men, follow this commendable business.

Who does not remember "Prof. Roback," "the seventh son of a seventh son," who sent you those "Astrological Almanacks," and who is a swindling humbug of the most barefaced character; as are all of his class. (We believe the "Seventh Son" has now gone into the patent-medicine business, which is about on a par with Astrology.)

Since Clairvoyance and Spiritualism came into vogue, fortune-telling has assumed a new phase. A cursory examination of the advertisements in the Spiritual papers, convinces you of this fact.

SPIRITUALISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE are made the sheltering cloaks for all manner of fortune-telling jugglery.

To "spirit-mediums" *proper*, those who confine themselves to their legitimate power of producing the wonderful phenomena known as "spiritualism," these remarks will be understood as having no reference. But they do refer most emphatically to that class of "mediums" and clairvoyants who profess the enviable ability of not only bringing us into communication with friends long since departed, but of giving us accurate knowledge of our future condition and prospects in the seventh sphere—describing our business affairs in this mundane territory much better than we are able to do ourselves; giving us our past history; defining our physical ills, and furnishing never-failing physic for the same; discovering our lost treasures; and, in short, giving

us an immense amount of varied and miscellaneous information generally. "Sittings, \$1 per hour."

Consider the cool impudence of those who advertise to furnish us the above and much more valuable information merely from an inspection of a lock of our hair or a sample of our penmanship! "No attention will be paid to letters not containing the usual remittance." Of course not; just what the quack doctors say.

The Great Father, for reasons kind and beneficent, has sealed the FUTURE from mortal eyes, with seals which nothing but the crushing footsteps of TIME can break! Tomorrow we shall know what none but ALMIGHTY GOD knows to-day. Then how worthy the penitentiary are those too numerous Humbugs, of both sexes, who rob the unthinking, under the pretext of "disclosing their future."

VIII.

ADVERTISING, SWINDLING QUACKS.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.



It is safe to affirm that there is more diabolical, bare-faced imposition, practiced upon a certain class of patients, by the species of modern vampires known as "private medical quacks;" more heartless, systematic villainy, we say, than in any other department of rascality, whatever.

All cities, and the larger villages, contain a number of those tolerated miscreants known as "confidential physicians;" and but few newspapers there are, that do not parade their lying advertisements.

"These State-prison-educated healers of private diseases," says a Boston editor, "expend more than \$15,000 a year in this city for advertising, paying usually for the space they occupy four or five times the rates charged to respectable advertisers. If this is not an over-estimate, and we believe it is not, it must be easy to see that their victims count by thousands, and carry about their living corpses

where they are very little suspected. Burying alive, in coffins and four-foot graves, is nothing to what these graceless quacks are allowed to do. Year after year the guardians of our civic welfare allow these pestiferous gallows-birds to spread before the young and unsuspecting their monstrous lies, baiting the most horrible traps to which frail humanity is liable. Were these impostors driven into obscurity with their hellish deceptions, thousands of delinquents, would by the medical and moral advice of our regular physicians, be brought back to the paths of rectitude, purity, and health. But as long as our most common papers are filled with these deceptions, put forth by the most reckless, mercenary, and murderous villains that are unhung, the doom of the erring, as a general fact, is sealed. They are buried alive. They pollute the air for a few years, with death in their vitals and hell in their nerves, and are then decently interred.

We put it to respectable medical men, who know the truth of these facts, and every day witness this concealed destruction, whether they ought not to bring the weight of their professional character to make this murder *extra mural*? Are they too modest or too timid to incur the imputation of interested motives? For our part, we see not of what use it is to have well-educated physicians, if they cannot bring us some remedy against so foul a conspiracy as that of the diabolical knaves who allure the young through the brothels into their dens, under the fictitious names of Drs. Dix, Dow, Harrington, Carswell, &c., &c. They owe it to themselves and their profession to clear the city of these scoundrels."

Well were it for the public did no city but Boston

harbor these "unhung villains." New York, Albany, Philadelphia, &c. shelter the scoundrels; and their advertisements reach districts more remote, we fear, than this little book will ever reach.

No reader of a country newspaper, but what has had his eye attracted by advertisements similar to the following:—

✂ A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY. ✂
STARTLING DISCLOSURES!



DR. (THIEF'S) great work for the married or those contemplating marriage—200 pages full of

P L A T E S,

Price twenty-five cents—sent to all parts under seal by mail, POST-PAID. 50,000 copies sold the past year. The single married, and the married happy. A Lecture on LOVE, or how to choose a partner: a complete work on midwifery. It contains hundreds of secrets* never before published—warranted to be worth three times the amount asked for it, 25 cents in specie or postage stamps, enclosed, will secure a copy by return mail. Address, &c.

We were unable to learn the real name of the quack who advertises as above; but he signs himself "Dr. J. Teller."

His book is made up of the usual amount of sham certificates and nostrum advertisements.

* The hundreds of secrets never before published, and which are worth "three times the amount asked for it," are advertisements of—Galvanic Belts, price \$7; Pills, 50 cents per box. "Invigorating Cordial," price \$2.50 per bottle; "Blood Syrup," \$1 per bottle; Hair-Wash, \$1 per bottle; "Preventatives," "Invigorators," &c., &c., *ad infinitum*.

He says that *T. P.* Barnum recommends one of his concoctions, the miraculous liniment "to make bosoms grow to any size," (price *three dollars*,) and for puffs of this liniment he refers everybody, not to *P. T.* Barnum, the great showman, but to *T. P.* Barnum, of the New York Museum and Crystal Palace!

To say that "*J. Teller*" is a humbug and a rascal, would be superfluous.

☞ A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY ☞
TO YOUNG MEN.



A few rational and disinterested remarks, in pamphlet form, of 32 pages, on

&c.

&c.

&c.

☞ Every Father should present a copy to his Son.
(Of course!)

☞ *The cause, the effect, and the remedy.* ☞ In plain language, by a *Physician of Eminence.*

(Who can he be?)

☞ Any person enclosing two three cent postage stamps will receive a copy by mail, under seal. (*Perhaps.*)

Address all letters to *Drawer—Post Office, Albany, N. Y.*

(Oh, this "physician of eminence" is a *sneak*, isn't he? Dare not give even a fictitious name.)

☞ Also the celebrated Female Pills, made from the extract of *Cotton Root*, a remedy used for years among the female slaves South, in form of decoction or tea; now for the first time introduced into general use. Price one *Dollar*, sent under seal by mail. Address as above.

A lady or any other person who will send one *Dollar*, or a tenth of that amount, to any anonymous advertiser, much less a quack, deserves to be swindled.

PRIVATE MEDICAL TREATISE
ON THE
PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

PRICE ONLY 25 CTS.

Sent free of postage to all parts of the United States, by addressing DR. LA CROIX, *Albany, N. Y.*



PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.
—A new and revised edition of 250 pages and 130 plates. Price 25 cents a copy. A popular and comprehensive treatise on the duties and casualties of single and married life—happy and fruitful alliances, mode of securing them—infelicitous and infertile ones—their obviation and removal—nervous debility, its causes and cure, by a process at once so simple, safe and effectual. &c., &c., &c.

Price 25 cents per copy, or five copys for \$1, mailed free of postage to any part of the United States, by addressing Dr. La Croix, (post paid,) Albany, New York, enclosing 25 cents in money or U. S. postage stamps. &c., &c., &c.

Every newspaper reader in the Northern States must be familiar with the above advertisement. It has been published for years. "Dr. Lackrow" is the real name of the advertiser, and he has accumulated a large fortune selling his numerous humbug instruments and decoctions, to the innocents.

He uses the following names: "Dr. La Croix," "Dr. Henslow," "Dr. Hurndon," and "Dr. Lackrow." His letters were sent to the Dead-Letter Office for a time; but he is now again "raking in" from the greenhorns generally.

"Dr. Lisperard," Albany, was a man by name of Herick. The authorities interfered with his swindling operations also; and he concluded to retire from "active life."

with his ill-gotten gains; so he disposed of his honorable business to the "J. Teller," who says that *T. P. Barnum* puffs his nostrum to make bosoms grow!

These various "private quack" advertisers have more false names than the Hydra had heads, and their sole business is to swindle unmercifully those who are so unlucky as to consult them.

We have neither space nor disposition to describe the various ways these scheming rascals adopt to entrap the unwary; but those who have been so unfortunate as to pass through their hands know full well the tender mercies of these unrelenting "blood suckers."

Just *beware of them*. They not only swindle you of those \$25 fees, but they fill every fibre of your body with consuming poison. Beware of them; in whatever city they may be, *beware of them*,—these advertising, swindling quacks. Their medicines, "entirely vegetable," are composed of such dangerous drugs as *mercury, copaiva, camphor, phosphorus, spirits turpentine, tincture of iron, corrosive sublimate, &c., &c.*

These "unhung villains," we repeat, almost invariably advertise and skulk under *fictitious names*; having sense enough, for a wonder, to be ashamed of their disreputable business, and to entertain a wholesome fear of the police.

As you care for health and money, shun them.

And in particular, at this time, would we warn you of the Albany quacks.

The police, you remember, made a descent upon them last summer, and "showed up" some of the slimy rascals. But, young man! the police did not exterminate them.

New-York and New-England country papers stare with

their lying, catchpenny advertisements; and the silly, trashy books advertised consist of home-made certificates of "wonderful cures," and puffs of every description of quack stuff,—“Elixirs,” “Miraculous pills,” “Great Discoveries,” “Secrets,” “Galvanies,” &c., &c. If you have seen one of these “Startling Disclosure” books, you know the contents of all, for the reading matter is nearly always the same; and the cheap wood-cuts of the one are the cheap wood-cuts of the others. So keep your quarters, and know that it is a positive disgrace to be in correspondence with an Albany, or other, quack.

If you need medical advice, go, like a man, to a physician well known in the community as skillful, perfectly honorable, and uses but *one name*.

But, if you value *health*, if you value *reputation*, if you value *money*, keep as clear from the advertising, swindling quacks as you would from inmates of pest houses, and gangs of desperate robbers!

Sergeant Berney, of the New-York police, broke up the swindling business of the individuals named below; and letters that came to their address were forwarded to the Dead Letter Office. It is probable that the scamps are still plucking the verdants, under other assumed names.

A man by name of Dr. H. Warner personated the following “Doctors:”—“Dr. H. Monell & Co.,” New York; “Dr. Wallace Mortuor,” New York; “Dr. Tracy de Lorme” (the “Great Curer of Consumption”), New York; “Lebnur & Dayton,” New York.

A man by name of Duval was “Dr. Bovici,” Albany; “Dr. Brevot,” Albany; “Dr. Rees,” Albany; “Dr. Mozart,” Albany; and “Dr. Tawiski,” Albany.

Dr. Lackrow is "Dr. La Croix," Albany; "Dr. Her-slow," Albany, and "Dr. Hurndon," Albany.

Dr. Herrick was "Dr. Lispenard," Albany.

Dr. J. Henry Warren* is "Old Dr. James, Retired Physician," Jersey City.

— Weston is "Professor Rondout," the "How to Win a Lover" man.

"Mary E. Dewitt," Boston, the dear creature who had recovered from a distressing nervous debility, and wanted to sell the stuff "what did the cure," was nobody but a lazy lout of a man!

Dr. Sam'l Henderson is "Dr. Bland," New York; "Dr. Hankinson," New York; and "Dr. Hawkinson & Co.," New York.

Of the following names, some are real, others not. At all events, the swindlers that made use of them were abated by Sergeant Berney.

Dr. Mellville, New York; Dr. Spencer, New York; Dr. Rusk, New York; Dr. Duval, New York; Dr. Bryant, New York; Dr. Burnett, New York; Dr. S. Rusk, New York; Dr. E. Andrews, Albany, New York; Dr. M. Mozart, Castleton, New York; Dr. M. Reyno, Troy, New York; Dr. La Salle, New York; Henry G. Burkley, New

* Wonder if Dr. O. Phelps Brown, Jersey City, who was "confined to his bed" so many years by that cruel dyspepsia, and who is advertising that he was "eventually cured" by a prescription of a "mere child,"—very knowing child,—is not the *Simon Pure* humbug, "Old Dr. James?"

The reader may safely decide that he is.—And therefore do not trouble this twenty-three year old impostor for his worthless concoctions.

York; H. C. Garold, New York; Henry G. Smith, New York; James D. Pentley, New York; Henry S. Lane, New York; and many others. All of whom would have been made wealthy by the verdant ones in due time, had not the authorities interfered.

[It does seem as if some persons were born for the express purpose of being the dupes of every shallow-pated cheat who possesses gumption enough to get up a circular advertising his worthless trash.

The more ridiculous the humbug, the more readily it seems to take among this class of addle-heads. Who, but a regular born dunce, would think of buying powders, "magic rings," &c., and think of "winning lovers" by their use! To spend time cautioning this class of the public, which supports the quack doctors and the other quack swindlers, would be so much time foolishly spent.

If they will give the preceding pages several careful perusals, however, and *keep clear of the various humbugs therein specified*, we will warrant them more money in pocket at the end of the year, and a better opinion of themselves, than they have heretofore possessed.]

IX.

PETTY SWINDLING ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE desire to "make money" without work, is an inherent principle of Brother Jonathan's constitution. In those good old times when women turned the spinning wheel and knew their own babies, and men felled trees and broke flax, our Brother took to labor quite naturally. He *earned* his "plunder," or he didn't have it. But in these days of marvelous hoops and Patent Baby Consolers; of Shanghai coats and Patent Mowing Machines, the young ladies won't work, and the young men had rather not!

"Light genteel employment" only, is desired, and none at all if "money" can be made without.

As there are always persons simple enough to believe there are "fortunes for \$1," there are also scamps enough to foster such a belief by those advertisements you see in the papers, numerous specimens of which we present in this section.

Almost invariably, these immense fortunes are to be acquired by peddling receipts, impression paper, or some quack nostrum.

MONEY! MONEY!! MONEY!!!

WHY BE WITHOUT MONEY? WHEN IT IS JUST AS easy for any one to be around with a pocket full as not, if they only think so. I have got a new article, from which from five to twenty dollars a day can be made, either by male or female. It is a highly respectable business, and an article which is wanted in every family in the United States. Enclose me two dollars by mail, at my risk, and I will forward by return mail a Circular, with full instructions in the art. The business is very easy. Try it, if you are out of employment, and you will never regret it; for it will be better for you to pay the above sum, and insure a good business, than to pay twenty-five cents for a spurious advertisement. This is no humbug. *Try it! TRY IT! TRY IT!* Address your letters to — —, New York.

The above was published in quite a number of New-England papers. It is ridiculously flimsy, and evidently the production of some "hard-up" ignoramus. The ver-dants who can be "sold" by such an advertisement, would make "money! money!! money!!!" by exhibiting themselves at "ten cents a show!"

Here is one more "taking," and by which innocents were "did" of their dollars quite extensively, as is evinced by the fact that the notice was continued in the *Weekly Tribune* for months at an expense of over \$11 per week:

\$150 PER MONTH.—A SMALL FORTUNE FOR \$1.—A chance to make money by all persons, in or out of business; no capital needed, and but little expense incurred. It requires no travelling, no peddling, but gives you the comforts of a home, with a chance to make from \$150 to \$200 per month. This is no recipe of any kind, or book agency; it is something entirely new, and worthy of all persons desiring a permanent and genteel employment. The **WHOLE RIGHT and KNOWLEDGE** will be sent to any person on the receipt of \$1, postpaid, addressed to
 — SHIPLEY, — Ross Co., Ohio.

Why does not — Shipley, Esq., put the \$150 per month into his own pocket? How can he afford to part with so valuable a right and knowledge for the mere trifle of one dollar? The very face of the thing shows it to be a down-right swindle.

COME ONE! COME ALL! AND GET AN ORDER ON THE "BANK OF RICHES," payable at sight. Sent to all who inclose six cents or two stamps to Box No. —, Middletown, N. Y.

This bait is shabbily bare. Don't believe it "took." Box No. — must have gone into bankruptcy, notwithstanding its "Bank of Riches."

WANTED—500 MEN TO ACT AS AGENTS IN A BUSINESS, light, pleasant, and honorable, at a salary of \$100 per month. For full particulars in regard to the business, inclose postage stamp, and address H. B. CARTER, Havervill, Mass.

\$100 per month can hardly be called "good pay" for peddling bogus lottery tickets; but even the \$100 was never to go into your pocket. As we have already related, the swindling lottery concerns of H. B. Carter, and those other rascals in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, who advertised so extensively, under fictitious names, for agents at "\$100 to \$500 per month," were put to an inglorious and unprofitable end.

[Review sections II. and III. before having to do with lotteries hereafter.]

50,000 AGENTS WANTED—IN ALL PARTS OF THE States and Canadas. Great inducements are now offered to all who would like to make from \$3 to \$10 per day. The business is light and easy. For particulars inclose a three cent stamp, and address Dr. HANKINSON, Box —, Post Office, New York.

If the reader has read section VI., he already understands how 50,000 of us can make from \$3 to \$10 per day.

1,000 YOUNG MEN OF SMALL MEANS CAN MAKE over 100 *per cent*, at home or abroad. Profits CERTAIN. No "chance." Business NEW, easy, useful, honorable. Apply (inclosing a stamp) to Box No. —, Detroit, Mich.

“Box No. —” (how modest some business men are!) wants you to buy of him the right to make or sell his most miserable black ink. “Box No. —” also sends you a long list of “valuable discoveries,” by engaging in the sale of which you will become immensely rich! We give a few of them :

CHEMICAL COMPOUND.

No. 9.—The celebrated CHEMICAL COMPOUND. This preparation will remove every vestige of oil, paint, pitch, stain, grease, &c., from all kinds of cloth, without injuring it in the least. It is also a most excellent article for varnishing furniture, removing all stains, discolorations, &c. As this is the only Liquid Compound of the kind, the one who sells it is free from all competition, and it sells readily everywhere. Every druggist and grocer should have this recipe. Ingredients are found in every drug store, and what costs \$3, will, when bottled, retail at \$20. This recipe we also sell for \$1.

R.—“1 oz. Salts Tartar; 1 oz. Liquid Ammonia; 1 oz. Alcohol. Mix.”

GOLD AND SILVER COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.

No. 5.—Patent GOLD AND SILVER COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR. This is a Liquid Preparation, and a drop upon a suspected coin will enable you to determine whether it is genuine or not. Every business man should send for this Recipe. It is made in less than five minutes; put up in drachm vials (extremely small), and sold for 25 cts. per vial. Instructions how to make it for \$1.

R.—“1 oz. best Nitrate of Silver dissolved in 1 qt. of rain water.

CHEMICAL SOAP.

No. 20.—To make Hard Soap and Soft Soap extremely cheap and good, with only 15 minutes boiling. This is no soft soap humbug! It is “Leslie’s NEW SUPERIOR WASHING SOAP;” and if it is not cheap and excellent, and just what we represent it, saving labor greatly, we will refund the money you pay for it. Every family should have this Recipe. Price \$1.

Every family may have it.

R.—“5 lbs. Bar Soap, or 7 lbs. good Soft; 4 lbs. Sal Soda; 2 oz. Borax, and 1 oz. Hartshorn. Dissolve all in 22 qts. rain water, and boil fifteen minutes.”

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.

No. 8.—To PRESERVE BUTTER SWEET AND GOOD for any length of time. Every farmer in the United States should have this valuable discovery. Price \$1.

This "discovery" must have proved fatal to its author. Here it is:—

B.—"Work the buttermilk all out; salt well with rock salt; pack in air-tight jars; keep in cool place." [!]

HOW TO MAKE WHISKERS GROW.

No. 10.—To make WHISKERS, HAIR, AND MUSTACHES grow luxuriantly, and be rich, soft, and glossy. Whiskers, black and heavy, can be made to grow in six weeks by using this preparation. \$1 per bottle is charged by dealers, at an enormous profit. Recipe, \$1.

Armies of smooth-faced youths aspiring to hair, and this great "Discovery" at only one dollar!

B.—"½ pint Alcohol; ¼ gill Castor-oil; mix, and perfume to suit."

For more "valuable discoveries," we refer the reader to "ENQUIRE WITHIN," or any other good recipe book. You can copy them as well as he behind "Box No. — Detroit," and the other petty recipe speculators.

\$800.—WANTED—AN AGENT IN EVERY COUNTY in the Union, for an article commanding large sales. Salary first year, \$800 and a small commission. On receipt of 25 cents to defray expenses, a sample of article and full particulars sent. Address "DR. SHEPPARD," — — — New York.

The counties in the Union number over nineteen hundred, and \$800 per year to an agent in each, would amount to something like \$1,520,000! which snug little sum the advertiser declared his anxiety to disburse, besides "commission!" And twenty-five cents from one agent in a county would have amounted to \$475, which the "Dr." was exceedingly desirous to pocket; but didn't, as some

hard-hearted person whom he swindled, reported the enterprising Dr., and the police spoilt his business.

A FEW GENTLEMEN WANTED—TO MAKE \$6 A DAY by a small investment. Those desiring to know that such an opportunity is a fact, and who wish employment, will be fully informed by calling on (A. CATCHPENNY, Esq.,) New York, or by addressing a letter containing 12½ cents in money or stamps.

What a liberal Catchpenny! *Only* 12½ cents in “money or stamps,” for informing a “few gentlemen” that they can make two thousand dollars per year by peddling patent rat-traps!

SOURCE OF IMMENSE PROFITS.—SPECIMEN MAILED free, for 10 cents. Address, &c., Troy, N. Y.

Short and to the point. ‘IMMENSE PROFITS’ *free* for ten cents!

\$500 TO \$1,000 A YEAR, SURE.—10,400 COPIES SOLD in 16 months. Address (with two stamps), &c.

Six cents from all the greenies would very probably amount to “\$500 to \$1,000 per year, *sure.*” Clear as a brick!

WANTED—AT NO. — BROADWAY, SCHOOL TEACHERS, Clerks, Salesmen, Men on Steamboats and Railroads, Porters, Barkeepers, Boys to learn Trades, &c. Applicants at a distance, inclosing \$1, free of postage, stating particulars, will be suited. THOS. STINNK, Agent.

Here we have a genuine swindling advertisement, and of the kind paraded only by keepers of city filching shops known as “Employment Offices.” For particulars in regard to the *modus operandi* of these precious rascals, the “Employment men,” we refer you to No. 2 of “Tricks and Traps.” Our object is merely to warn you of the scamps and their specious advertisements.

Send "\$1, free of postage," to any of the Thos. Stinnk tribe, and it would be lost to you as irretrievably as if sunk in mid-ocean, and you would no more be "suited" to a teacher's, clerk's, salesman's, or other berth, than you would to a seat in the President's Cabinet. Now, will you *remember*, young man, that these advertisements requesting you to send money, and "be suited," are *swindling* advertisements, and the advertisers are *scoundrels*, who will pluck you to the utmost extent your verdancy will permit them.

Another thing:—Don't come to the city in *search* of a situation. Hundreds, yes thousands, of the unemployed of almost every known calling, are always here waiting for a "chance." Don't come and add to the number. If a situation has not already been secured for you, and you have no friends here, *stay away*, and be spared all the expense and disappointment of a bootless journey here.

If you *do* come, however, shun the "Employment Offices" as you would dens of hungry wolves.

In regard to the whole class of sharpers who advertise to send the "secret of wealth," or to furnish you employment at such liberal wages, merely for the consideration of a dollar or a few postage stamps, we hope you have learned by this time, that they are merely lazy scamps who really work hard for a very poor living, and hardly dare sleep for fear of the constable.

We present just one more specimen of their advertisements:—

\$2,000 A YEAR AND NO RISK.—I AM NOW MAKING over this amount, in the prosecution of a business, full instructions in which, with a sample, I propose to send to any lady or gentleman on receipt of one dollar. Any one who can read, can do as well as I am doing, as it is new, respectable, and *takes* wherever introduced.

MRS. ———, New Madrid, Mo.

Why will you not exercise a little common sense before being gulled by such advertisements? Mrs. ———, fortunate woman! has an income of over *two thousand* dollars per year by her business, yet she offers it to anybody and everybody, with *samples*, for just one little solitary dollar! Don't you perceive what a ridiculous lie "Mrs. ———" publishes to tempt the numbsculls to send her those dollars her delicate digits are itching for?

Now, do not prove yourself the simplest of the simple simpletons by permitting yourself to be duped by this class of impostors hereafter. Observe the following particulars, and you will be comparatively safe:—

I. Do not, *on any consideration*, send more than a 3-cent stamp, to any party whatever, till you know what you are sending for. Persons engaged in a respectable and honest business, will have no objection to its being known.

II. Be extremely cautious about sending money to parties who request you to be careful and direct to a *certain P. O. box*. You may rest assured that such persons are always on the look-out for the police.

III. *Never* send money to *initials*, "Dr. H. C.," &c., or to parties advertising under fictitious names. And—

IV. Be exceedingly cautious and wary generally, about sending money "in advance" to parties at a distance, of whom you know nothing. Remember that at least every other man has a slight, if not a large, touch of the rogue in his composition; and, not to be over-reached, you must exercise well your judgment, or, in other words, be exceedingly "sharp."

X.

THE SUBSCRIPTION DODGE.

THERE is a mode of swindling very successful and not at all uncommon, known as the "subscription dodge."

A scamp who is anxious, like the "retired physician," to "make a raise," provides himself with specimen numbers of popular periodicals and proceeds to business. In order to obtain subscriptions readily, he will offer a publication at much lower than the publisher's advertised rates, or he will let you have a monthly,—“Godey,” for example, at the regular price of \$3 per year, and a two-dollar weekly paper, say the TRIBUNE, for seventy-five cents! (Sarah Ann coaxes papa to take “Godey” for her, as he can have his “weekly” so cheap!) Again, you are offered a \$3 magazine at the wholesale price, \$2, and you are to have several back numbers “thrown in.”

There are various many ways “sharpers” adopt to induce unsuspecting persons to pay them subscription money, which they pocket of course, and decamp to other parts, having promised that your paper or magazine shall be forwarded immediately. You wait days and weeks; *it don't come*. “Blow up” the publisher, and he coolly informs you that you have been “sold.”

For an illustration, we present one of the many letters publishers of periodicals receive from persons in the country, complaining of having been swindled:—

NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.

L. A. GODEY :

Dear Sir :—On the 30th July I subscribed for your magazine, commencing with the July number. The agent was taking subscriptions for three months at twenty-five cents for that time ; but, as I am a milliner, he wished me to subscribe for a year, and become agent, and I accepted the appointment.

A large number of people in this vicinity subscribed for the magazine for three months ; and its non-arrival has produced some anxiety. We thought it possible there might be some mistake about it. The man calling himself your agent signed his name J. S. Wadsworth. If I have been imposed upon, you will oblige me by answering this immediately.

Yours respectfully, R.

Of the above Mr. Godey remarks :

Here is another specimen of how people are taken in by their attempts to get things cheap. Just think of it! twenty-five cents for three months' subscription! They ought to have known that the man was an impostor. We charge three dollars, and the so-called agent only charged one dollar, a-year.

Now because you have been imposed upon by dishonest rogues, you should not denounce as rascals *all* canvassers who may call upon you. By such a course you would do great injustice and injury to a large number of most worthy and honest persons, who are incapacitated, perhaps by ill-health, from pursuing a more laborious occupation.

If you doubt the honesty of the stranger soliciting your subscription, a safe rule to follow is, *request an examination of his* CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY from the publishers of the periodical he is canvassing. If he cannot procure one, take the chances of being swindled.

XI.

**WHO WANTS A FARM
FOR FIVE DOLLARS?**

READ THE FOLLOWING:

\$500,000 - - - - - **\$500,000**

**A M E R I C A N
H O M E S T E A D L A N D C O M P A N Y .
C A P I T A L S T O C K ,
O N E H U N D R E D T H O U S A N D A C R E S ,
I N T H E S T A T E O F W I S C O N S I N .**

The American Homestead Land Company, having, &c. (*here follows a long description of the lands,—the advertisement closing thus :*)

The Company respectfully refer to the following gentlemen for any information relative to the quality and value of the Lands.

Alexander W. Randall, <i>Governor of State of Wisconsin.</i>	
Ex-Governor Dodge,	Ex-Governor Farwell,
“ “ Doty,	“ “ Barstow,
“ “ Talmadge,	“ “ Bashford,
“ “ Dewey.	

TRUSTEES.

Ex-Governor BARSTOW, Janesville, Wisconsin.

ALEXANDER SPAULDING, Esq., Jauncey Court, W St., New York

THOMAS J. NEARY, Secretary

Washington, D. C., March, 1858.

SHARES, FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Of this "chance" to get a farm the **TRIBUNE** speaks thus :

WHO WANTS A FARM FOR FIVE DOLLARS?—This is the pertinent interrogative heading of a circular, many thousands of which have been distributed through the country by a person giving his name as Thomas J. Neary. This man professes to be the Secretary of the "American Homestead Land Company," a bogus swindling concern. The circular states that this company will distribute 100,000 acres of valuable farming lands in Wisconsin, in a sort of lottery, to those persons who will send them \$5 each. The subscriber is also to receive a copy of **THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE**, or some other journal, for one year. The shareholders are to receive by the distribution certain tracts of land as prizes, varying in extent from 40 to 5,000 acres.

It is hardly necessary to say that the whole affair is an unmitigated humbug; and that all the names appended as references to the circular are used without the knowledge of the owners—that all who send their \$5 to the "American Homestead Land Company," at Washington, D. C., are victimized, and that the man calling himself Thomas J. Neary is a scoundrel and a swindler. This thing has been going on for three years, and by means of it the public have been robbed of thousands of dollars. There is an agency for this precious humbug in Appleton's Building, if anybody wants to invest.

It seems that "Thomas G. Neary" is a young man only twenty years of age, and has been made a tool of by some designing rascals.

By the card he has published, it appears that "all the names appended as references" to the advertisement, were *not* used without the knowledge of the owners. And as to the "trustees," Ex-Governor Barstow of Wisconsin, and Alexander Spaulding, Esq. of Wall Street, New York, hav-

ing connection with the Company, Mr. Neary declares that *he knows it to be so.*

At all events, the thing is a complete swindle; and will the editors of those papers in which the advertisement is still published, inform their readers in regard to its character?

The amount of swindling carried on in Western land speculation is immense; and if you "invest," do so only with the greatest caution, and not till you are satisfied that the "speculator" possesses a trifle of what is called *honesty.*

Had the thousands who were victimized by the "American Homestead Land Co." instituted searching inquiries concerning that bogus concern, *before* sending their five dollars, they would probably have had no occasion, as they now have, for indulging in the decidedly unpleasant reflection of having been "taken in and done for."

"Experience *does* teach a mighty hard school, but some folks *won't* learn in any other." (So says our office boy, who invested \$3 in that "Onguent" which was to *force* him "luxuriant whiskers in six weeks," but didn't; and our office boy was sadly disappointed, and thinks now that experience is costly, and that nostrum advertisers are humbugs.)

XII.

HOW TO FAIL AND MAKE MONEY, ETC.

THE evils of our present "long winded" credit system are too self-evident to need any elucidation. No business man, or business woman for that matter, but can testify most fully to the vexatious annoyances, the severe losses, and manifold troubles generally, that are attendant upon this "trust-out" system,—one of the greater evils of which is the facilities it furnishes dishonest business men for obtaining large quantities of goods, and giving them ample time to "fail up" and realize handsome sums by the speculation.

There are men in almost every community who have been very "unfortunate" in business,—“failed up, couldn't pay, really couldn't;” but somehow these men after their sad failing operations, always appear stronger, in purse, than before!

This mode of swindling—failing purposely, "to make money,"—has become so common of late years, that it is believed by many, that *all* who fail, no matter what may be the cause of their ruin, do so designedly, and for the purpose above mentioned. The injustice of this conclusion will be evident, when it is considered how many, who have

worked with all the energy of despair to avert their impending fate, have been hopelessly ruined through the plottings of rivals, the diabolical machinations of greedy enemies, and the untimely desertion of pretended friends.

Yes, business men "fail," and will continue to do so as long as the present credit system exists,—some because they cannot avoid it,—others, unprincipled and reckless, because they can "make money" by so doing.

Of the old methods of "failing"—"selling off" and pocketing the proceeds, "reducing stock" till a large portion is in pocket in form of cash, then letting the creditors "step in;" "assigning over" to a *particular friend*, &c., &c.—all are familiar. But all may not be with the "latest and improved" plan of swindling creditors; and we will therefore present a letter describing the new process of failing scientifically and *profitably*. It was received by a firm in this city from a gentleman in the country.

Merchants who propose becoming bankrupt, and are undecided as to the most feasible method of retiring *with money in pocket*, will no doubt read with satisfaction the following

L E T T E R .

SIR:—

You needn't think you have a monopoly of roguery in your grand city, though I am willing to concede your pre-eminence. Nor do I think you have much reason to boast over the interior, in the superior ingenuity of the forms of it.

It is true you have forgery and false pretences, thimble-rigging and the safe game, embezzlement and mock auctions; but these are old forms of knavery, and evince little progress in invention. Besides these common frauds, we have the honor, I think, of having introduced a new mode of villany into mercantile dealings; and the merchants of your city are its victims.

A shopkeeper here—by courtesy called merchant—contrives to get goods, on credit, of various persons in your city. Pay-days come round altogether too soon and too often; but he has wit enough to comprehend that it would be a relief to him if his creditors would give off one-half or three-fourths of their claims upon him. And straightway he sets himself to work to cheat them by a false composition. The *modus operandi* is this: he prepares a schedule of the names of his creditors, with the amounts due them, and subjoins an agreement to be signed by them, releasing their debts on being secured, say twenty-five cents on the dollar. It happens, conveniently, that he has two or three creditors about home. To secure their co-operation, he puts down their debts at an amount four times greater than they are, so that the twenty-five cents on the dollar should pay them in full. Their signatures are obtained—I had almost said of course—as they are to lose nothing; and with this document, and perhaps an advisory letter from one of these honest friends, he presents himself before his New York creditors and offers them twenty-five per cent. The latter see that the home creditors, who are presumed to know the merit and circumstances of the debtor, have consented to receive twenty-five per cent. and to discharge the residue; and they therefore infer that the debtor cannot pay more, and, thus misled, they, too, sign the agreement. In due time the twenty-five per cent. is paid, and the debtor, placed in easy circumstances by the composition, enlarges his business, and flourishes more than ever.

Now, is not this a neat form of scoundrelism? And is it much exceeded by your mock auctioneers and your safe games?

To obtain a discharge under what is called the two-third act, both debtor and creditor must swear to the amount of indebtedness. If New York merchants would escape being victimized, they should require, as preliminary to any negotiation for composition, a like verification of indebtedness.

Other than New-York merchants have been victimized by the above "neat form of scoundrelism."

Our little book was designed more particularly, we have said, for the rural districts; for it is to swindle the unsuspecting people thereof, that a majority of the multifarious humbug schemes extant were concocted.

The patent-nostrum men have their head-quarters in the cities. They advertise in city newspapers, and piously hope and trust that city credulous ones will buy their wonderful compounds (generally no worse than Croton- and poor Brandy,—“a certain cure,” however).—yet, it is from the multitudes of the broad country that these conscientious men design, and expect, to reap their immense gains; it is the shelves of country stores that they load with their quack stuff.

It is into the quiet country that the bogus lottery swindlers send their printed lies, and it is poor, innocent creatures everywhere, that make these lottery men so “immensely rich.”

It is for very simple-minded youth in the country that the “Professors Roundouts,” “Dr. Andrews,” “Dr. Bryans,” “Dr. La Croixs,” “Dr. Hankinsons,” &c., get up those silly love books; and none but *very* green ones in the country send money for the useless trash of these sham Professors and sham Doctors.

It is the unwary inhabitants of the rural districts that are duped by the sharpers who advertise to send, one year, for the trifle of two dollars, their great weekly Love and Murder Story Paper, besides a present of a gold pencil and pen, with a gift “worth from 50 cents to \$500.”

The “enterprising proprietors” of this “great moral paper,” having “raked in” several thousand dollars from their country subscribers, suddenly “burst up” or sell out,

thereby teaching the inhabitants of the rural districts aforesaid, what they are slow to learn, that it is *unsafe* to advance more than fifty cents subscription money to the proprietors of these new "sensation" murder-story "weeklies."

It is country people that support the bogus Gift Enterprises.

It is incautious country merchants that are "taken in and done for" by the "Bartlett and Oliphatts" coffee swindlers, &c.

It is in the country that the infamous swindling quacks advertise themselves and their catch-penny pamphlets most extensively.

In short, it is for the money of those in the country that swindlers of every degree set their "gull traps" and throw out their baits. These are the facts of the case, however unpleasant they may be, and it is for our country friends to decide whether or not they will, in future, exercise more caution, and prevent, in a great measure, being swindled.

A CONCLUDING WORD.

It is not particularly pleasant or edifying to sit down and estimate the amount of rascality that may possibly exist; neither is it profitable, pecuniarily, to be oblivious of the rascality that *does* exist, "among us and about us," in every department of business and in every form, from the plan to filch us of a postage-stamp, to the deliberate organizer of "shin-plaster" Banks.

It is a fierce, selfish battle, this "battle of life." Some

are fighting it for a bare livelihood, some for wealth, some for distinction and honor; and all are fighting it for themselves.

In all projects, all enterprises, all undertakings, the aim is, in some manner, to benefit self, to advance personal interests.

There may be pure disinterestedness, there probably is; but in business affairs, none whatever.

And all is not fairness, uprightness, and honesty — (You know it? Well, we hope you do, but not from bitter experience!)

In "manly-art" parlance, many "*fight foul*;" are tricky knavish, dishonest, generally, and do not square their rule of action by the old injunction of "Do unto others," &c. Therefore, a proper distrust of our fellow-men is absolutely necessary for anything like success in life. Remember that "*the credulous and confiding are ever the dupes of knaves and impostors.*"

Whether you are in the crowded city, or in the peaceful country, *be cautious, be wary*, and ever on your guard against sharpers and cheats of every description.

Do not, for a moment, think that all are dishonest; but remember distinctly, that rascals "*still live*;" and while you are careful that you are not one yourself, keep your organ of credulity well pressed down, be "*slow to belief*," and bid defiance to the whole fraternity of HUMBUGS.

GOLD PENS AND CIGARS.

We have received many inquiries from correspondents in the country concerning the responsibility of Angle & Co., 102 Canal Street, (Old No.)”

This “firm” offers a “fine gold pencil with pen attached, or gold locket, for \$5 and a *premium* worth from \$2 to \$200.” The “dodger” who assumes the title of “Angle & Co.” desires you to send no money till you know to what premium you are entitled. So you send along your name with those of your friends, and receive a printed answer something as follows :

“MR. SMITH: Your letter came duly to hand, and we proceed to select your PREMIUM. You are entitled to a silver watch worth \$20 in addition to one of our gold pencils and pens worth \$5. The articles will be forwarded to you, free of postage, *on receipt of the money*,” etc.

Mr. Brown learns that he is entitled to a “gold chair worth \$15 in addition to one of our gold lockets worth \$5,” and so on through the list.

We have searched in vain for the establishment of “Angle & Co.” It is probably “nowhere.”—102 Canal Street, *old number*, is an artful “blind” that would puzzle the very prince of detectives. Those who send money to Angle & Co. will exchange gold for brass in good earnest.

\$600 PER YEAR FOR SELLING MEDICATED CIGARS.—Some body in North-William Street, in this city, is anxious to hire a host of agents at \$600 per annum to sell his “medicated cigars.” The “catch” is, that he or rather *they* require you to send them \$3 or \$4 *for samples!* Cigars are sometimes made from cabbage-leaves! The enterprising firm in North-William Street (a not over respectable locality) dislike exceedingly being found at their “office,” so they post a card on the door thereof, informing whom it may concern that, owing to a press of business at the manufactory, the office is closed; and, moreover, they forget to mention where the manufactory is to be found.

Beware of medicated cabbage-leaves!

HO! FOR GOLD AND SILVER! HOW TO MAKE IT EASY and cheap. Send a 8 cent stamp, and get full particulars how to obtain wealth. Address **S. HANKINSON, Chemist, No. &c.** Agents wanted.

The above advertisement is being extensively paraded in the country papers by the notorious quack swindler Samuel Henderson, better known as "Dr. Bland," "Dr. Hankinson," and "Dr. Hawkinson & Co." He is a short, bloated, red-whiskered specimen of humanity, and manages to secure a fair income by selling to the bright ones such stuff as "Lotions to make Bosoms Grow." Price, \$5. "To make the whiskers grow quickly." Price, \$2. &c., &c. He just now yearns to sell his wonderful recipe for making artificial gold and artificial silver; price \$10, *cash, in advance.* We present the recipe for the "benefit" of our readers:

ARTIFICIAL GOLD.

16 parts pure platina.
7 " copper.
1 " zinc.

"Put into a covered crucible, with powdered charcoal, and melt together till the whole forms one mass, and are thoroughly incorporated together. This makes gold of extraordinary beauty and value. It is not possible by any tests that chemists know of to distinguish it from the pure, virgin gold."

IMITATION OF PURE SILVER.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of copper, 1 oz. of bismuth, 2 oz. saltpetre, 2 oz. common salt, 1 oz. arsenic, 1 oz. potash, 2 oz. brass, and 3 oz. pure silver. Melt all together in a crucible.

"The imitation is so perfect in its resemblance to pure, virgin silver, that no chemist can tell it from the genuine article." But those who go into the *counterfeiting business* discover to their dismay that the *Detective Police* can "tell it from the genuine article."

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.

Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East-Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full direction for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names with stamp for return postage. Address O. P. BROWN & CO., No. &c.

"O. Phelps Brown" is the simon pure humbug who advertised himself so extensively as the "Retired Physician whose Sands of Life have nearly run out."

The following is the recipe offered in the above advertisement:

Tincture Indian hemp,	8 ounces.
Extract of Calabria Liquorice,	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound.
Salts of Tartar,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Warm water,	1 gallon.

Dose: one table-spoonful three times a day.

But O. P. Brown, Esq., retired physician, begs of you not to prepare the wonderful slop by the above recipe, but to send to him for it *ready prepared*, price \$2 per bottle, *you to pay all express charges.*

This Brown is the biggest little, heartless swindler in New-York City.

POPULAR BOOKS

Sent free of Postage at the Price annexed.

1. Chesterfield's Art of Letter-Writing Simplified,	\$0 12½
2. Courtship Made Easy,	12½
3. Gamblers' Tricks with Cards Exposed. By Green,	25
4. Everlasting Fortune-Teller and Dream Book,	25
5. How to Woo and How to Win,	12½
6. Bridal Etiquette,	12½
7. How to Behave; or, the Spirit of Etiquette,	12½
8. How to Dress with Taste,	12½
9. Mind your Stops; or, Punctuation Made Plain,	12½
10. Hard Words Made Easy,	12½
11. Dictionary of 3000 Abbreviations,	12½
12. Blunders in Behavior Corrected,	12½
13. 500 French Phrases,	12½
14. How to Detect Adulterations in our Daily Food,	12½
15. The Young Housekeeper's Book,	12½
16. How to be Healthy,	12½
17. How to Cut and Contrive Children's Clothes at a Small Cost,	12½
18. How to Talk and Debate,	12½
19. Children, and How to Manage Them,	12½
20. Ladies' Guide to Beauty,	25
21. Ladies' Guide to Crochet. Cloth, gilt,	75
22. The American Home Cook Book,	25
23. Inquire Within for Anything you Want to Know,	1 00
24. Live and Learn; or, 1000 Mistakes Corrected,	50
25. The Magician's Own Book, containing over 1000 Tricks, Illustrated with over 500 Engravings,	1 00
26. Every Woman her own Lawyer; a Guide in all Matters of Law of Essential Interest to Women,	1 00
27. The Book of 1000 Tales and Wonderful Things,	1 00
28. The Reason Why. By the Author of "Inquire Within."	1 00
29. The Family Aquarium,	50
30. The Great Wizard of the North's Hand-Book of Natural Magic. By Professor J. H. Anderson,	25
31. Kirk's Exposition of Odd-Fellowship; including the Secret Signs, Pass-words, and Charges of the Five Degrees,	15
32. Morgan's Freemasonry Exposed and Explained; showing Manners of Conferring the different Degrees, as practiced in all Lodges,	25
33. The Art of Beauty; or, Secrets of the Toilet. By Lola Montez,	50

Any Book published will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the regular retail price. Send orders to

S. F. FRENCH & CO., Publishers,

121 Nassau Street, N. Y.





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