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CHRISTIAN BANKER.

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 FIVE. } Editors. "The Love of Money is the root of all Evil." Terms, { Published Weekly.
 JOHN M. HOLMES, } 50cts. a Year, in Advance.

God's Heroes.

Well sang the Bard of Scotland, "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the gold's the gold for a' that." Yes, a man is a man and a hero too, if he have a heart, yearning for sacrifice and a will unshaken by circumstances, whose ambition is to know the truth, and whose life is to act it out. Yes, these are God's heroes. And though their shoulders may be bowed and their foreheads furrowed by the hand of toil, though theirs may be a rough hand and the clouted shoes of Gibbon and garments old as the fashions of Shem, and Ham, and Japheth—the man's a man for a' that. All honor to thee, thou heroic one! Unseen toiler in God's great temple. Thine actions are going up to God as a more acceptable sacrifice than organ chantings. And thy tear of sympathy and accents of encouragement speak voiceless and yet glorious like the anthems of the stars. Did I say unseen?—but not unfeeling. Thine energy is the energy of attraction, of electricity—which mortal cannot see; but which mountains and planets feel. Every reformer must be a sacrificer. Every sacrificer is a hero. And there have been heroes in all ages. When the Cholera came over our land like the voiceless foot-falls of the destroying angel—when sympathy fled from the contagion, when help could not be bought with gold, when even affection had deserted her shrine, then did God's heroes, called on earth "sisters of charity," outwatch the stars by the bedside of infection and despair, like the blessed angels that strengthened the Savior in his agony. Yes, there have been unseen heroes in many a hospital, prison and humble home whose names are unchronicled except by God, who have shown a heroism greater by far than that of the Roman Senators, when they calmly sat in their curule chairs of state, and waited for the death stroke of the Gauls. And such heroes there have been from the days of the first martyrs down to the martyrs of Alton and Erromanga. Moses was a hero and chose to suffer affliction with the people of God. Noah was a hero, and stood up in opposition to the ridicule of all the world. Abraham was a hero, and went forth not knowing whither he should go. David was a hero, and was ready to be a door-keeper for God. Daniel was a hero, and the Lions stood in awe!

John was a hero, with his sackcloth garments in his desert home, and at last he cheerfully laid down his life for the greatest hero of all. None but heroes are driven to the manger for a birth-place, by the Herods of Earth. Athanasius was one of God's heroes, and Paul and Polycarp, and the martyrs of Vienne; and so was Luther, Wickliffe, Wesley, Bunyan, Clarkson and Howard. And on the Records of Earth there are no nobler names than Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth Fry and Hannah Dix—heroes all—names that vibrate on our tongues more sweetly than Milton's

catalogue of flowers—vibrate like the whispers of affection o'er a death-bed. And our heart swells with gratitude and hope, as we think of Beecher, Mussey, Garrison, Whittier and Gerrit Smith—earnest sacrificers—real reformers—and we would not think so far as to forget the heroic names of James H. Collins, Philo Carpenter, Allan Pinkerton and Daniel Kent, nearer but none the less enchanting. Contrast these names with your Judases, Van Burens, Arnolds and John Thompsons, with your Burch's and your Burr's, and then clap your hands for joy, that all men are not liars—but that God sends us heroes still.

The Garden City.

There is much in a name. Yes we loved Chicago before it had a garden. We have loved her long and loved her well. Here we expanded from boyhood to manhood. Here we have tasted many a cup of joy with which no stranger intermeddled. But there are other objects of love which attach us strongly to the home of our youth. There are men and women whose names are associated with the early history of this city, who constitute a circle of peculiar interest in our recollection. We like to think of those who struggled through the times that tried men's souls, and who though greatly embarrassed, scorned to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law.

Such were Gurd on S. Hubbard, Archibald Clybourn and John H. Kinzie. We think of those Water Street Merchants, Dole & Pruyn, Harmon & Loomis, the Kimballs & Porter, Dr. Kimberly, Gilbert Knapp, Jones & King, E. B. Williams and "Uncle Peter Cohen." We love to think of Col. Beaubien and his reservation, which was wrung from him much as the monopolists of to-day would like to prejudice us by the exercise of the money power.

We remember the effort to galvanize the Military spirit into the people, and how it was crushed by electing vagabonds for officers. We remember the garrison, the soldiers and the officers, who used to mingle day and night with the people of the town—for Chicago was a town then. We remember the great and good natured Dr. Maxwell. We remember Wolf Point and the Indians, Bob Kinzie, Bill Forsythe, Solomon Juenean and Gross Point. We remember the first, second and third Tremont House; and we remember Ira Couch, the builder and keeper of the first and the last. We know of no man who has done more for Chicago than Ira Couch. Lots of men who were not of the first-born of Chicago, will stand by and let Couch improve, build palaces and enhance their property, while they lie still like the dog in the manger, and will neither sell at fair prices, nor improve themselves. His Tremont is a princely palace, and ranks as high as any House in the country. But what of that? Why talk of Houses, when the mind of Couch

cannot only conceive of something far ahead of that, but will soon demonstrate his power by building the finest structure in the Nation.

Couch is one of the master spirits of the West. What he is in the way of public building and improvement, John Wentworth is to the Press. I well remember John in his start here—and though he was started by the use of Bank Notes—still he had a basis of industry and unconquerable will. John is by far the most independent editor of this country. He does business on the Cash principle, and is a perfect hero in his way. Success to the Chicago Democrat and Long John. What Wentworth is among the printers, R. K. Swift is among the bankers,—straight-forward, prompt, energetic, honest—he has attained a position which many might envy. He has systematized his exchange business so as to reach the whole civilized globe in the Swiftest manner. He is none of your puffed up and Lippish dandies who swell because they have attained a *po-ziah-on*.—He is the same R. K. Swift now, that he was years ago, when he had no position. These are the men we like—men that are men—men who don't live a few years, and die the balance of their lives. They are men of profession—men who keep along with the times.

When we landed in Chicago, near twenty years ago, there was no Harbor—no vessel had ever been borne upon the bosom of its river. A Steamer then was a novelty. Now we have a Fleet of Schooners, Brigs, Ships, Propellers and Steamboats. Then we imported all we eat, drank, or wore. Now we export largely more than we buy. The rate of exchange was against us largely, then—now it is nearly down to par—and would be at a discount, if the people knew their rights, as they shall in the columns of the Christian Banker. The good time was 25 to 50 per cent. for money; now there is no greater certainty than the reduction to 6 per cent. or less.

Stock Security.

Of all the dodges with which we are acquainted, the stock system grows the climax. As the late Mr. O'Connell used to say—"It out-bangs Bannagher." The stocks are deposited, it is said, for security. And now J. Y. Scammon and his clique are trying to get a *mandamus* to compel the Auditor to give up the stocks, that they may present them for a share of the spoils taxed out of the people of this State. No doubt the bonds are perfectly safe, safe as Soddom and Gomorrah at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

Wisconsin Money.

Wisconsin and Bank of America, are offered freely at two per cent. discount, and considerable panic exists in the market, owing to Smith's refusal to give anything in exchange but the meanest kind of shinplasters.

Bank of Chicago.

This Bank is organized under the General Banking Law of Illinois. The only business of the bank is to issue certificates of deposit, designed for circulation. The whole issue made is small, and it will soon be transcended by an issue of our individual firm. Branches will be established in every principal town in the nation. A currency uniform in value all over the country will be secured, which shall be at par in New York and New Orleans, and all intermediate points. We shall do this by the might that slumbers in the hearts and nerves of the arms of tens of thousands of heroic reformers, scattered through the land.

The certificates of the Bank of Chicago are used as currency by our firm, and loaned out on good security, the borrower exchanging $\frac{1}{4}$ of the amount he takes for other current money, and giving his note for $\frac{3}{4}$, at the same time agreeing to redeem every tenth as fast as it may be returned to the bank.

Suppose he takes	\$,000
He leaves other money	250
He leaves his note	750

And as often as one-tenth or \$100 comes in, he takes it up and gives other in its place. Thus every borrower becomes his own banker. It will be seen that in addition to the securities received by other banks, we require an actual deposit of other money to $\frac{1}{4}$ the amount, and the active exertions of the borrower to keep up the circulation till he pays his note. By reducing the rate of interest to 6 per cent., and arranging for a still lower rate, we enlist the sympathies as well as the activities of every man who borrows the money.—He is, in fact, completely identified with the bank.

No run or panic can gain any credence when active knowing friends are located at every point. No run or panic can ever affect us, for there never accumulates in the bank more than one-tenth of the circulation.

Thus our friends will see that we have common sense as our charter, and humanity as our basis and the people's sympathy and benefit for our end, with greater security than any stock bank in the country. Therefore with all boldness we say—let Legislators quibble—let Grand Juries indict—let Pharisees laugh at our religious opinions, and sneer at our banks as a compound of blasphemy and humbug. But we tell them that they will have little reason to laugh when the land is awaking, when the people are rising, when the crash is falling, when their banks are breaking, and they themselves with their Hunker creeds and antediluvian charters, are swept away into the refuges of lies.

We learn that the celebrated "Fusileer's Bank" has deposited ten thousand yards of Lawyers red tape, taken at ninety-eight cents a yard, and ninety-nine cents on the dollar. This is deposited with Sheriff Bradley for safe keeping, being duly marked and measured by Two-penny Bigelow, Esq. As the purchase has left them without a cent for business, they intend to issue a *mandamus* on Bradley, that they may share the taxes with the prisoners.

The Fools not all Dead.

The people of Chicago, the wisest and biggest of them, bankers and brokers, merchants and all, go to Hartford, Connecticut, to get pictures which will circulate more freely than anything engraved in the west. And not only do they bring this here, but even boast that they have good *Eastern* money.

Laughter holds both his sides and says, "well, what if it is Eastern—does its goodness depend upon the point of the compass?" Hartford people are not as big fools as some of the Chicagoes. What is the result? Read it all ye who have not lost all brains. Hartford gets up pictures at less than one-fourth per cent. on the dollar, and loans them to Tucker, and Taylor, and Gurnee, and Scammon, and Burch, and Pronson, and a hundred others, at from three to six per cent., realizing out of these men's activities, enough to make Hartford quite a city, while the very elements are slumbering here waiting for creation. And so Chicago men have built up Hartford, wharves, and stores, and bridges, and churches, and colleges, and princely mansions. Chicago labor has built up Hartford credit, and paid for the transportation of both commodities both ways.

We are ready to loan Chicago credit to any man or set of men, who give good security, and satisfactory evidence of character, and who wish to use the money for the legitimate purposes of commerce, at as low a rate as they can get Hartford credit. And we will not go to Penn Yan, nor Little Falls, nor Milwaukee, nor Mt. Clemens, nor Guilford, nor Texas, nor Popocatepetle, nor the District of Columbia. We will give you Chicago credit, and we pledge ourselves to reduce rates as fast as the field widens, so shaping our course as to aid all the moral, social, and physical improvements of the age—beginning at Chicago, although some well versed in legal lore inform us that it is "contrary to the peace and dignity of the people of Illinois." Recollect that we stand here as the people's agent. And a week or two ago, when the bob-tails were trying to run us—it was not us but some of the best men in the country whom they were running. Every dollar as fast as presented at our counter is redeemed by some one of the people. And so the monopolists will find out perhaps before long. Meanwhile their efforts have reminded us of one of the exploits of Lemuel Gulliver, and another of Mrs. Partington.

Friends of Freedom.

We appeal to you who want to see a fair field fight between high and low interests—between joint stock monopolists and the people's rights—between individual freedom and the aristocratic few—between theory and practice—between right and wrong—between liberty and slavery—between specie in the vaults, and bankrupt slaveholders bonds in the Auditor's office.

In short, you who want this battle fought, and are willing to supply the ammunition, just send us the bills of all these City Banks, which promise to pay specie, and claim to be legal, and we will test their capacity to stand the fire and compel them to sue for peace, reduce the rate of Exchange, lower the rate of interest, and be honest men, or quit the field forever.

Run on the Banks.

Gentlemen, especially Bankers, who live in glass houses, should never throw stones.

The regular "bob-tails" of this city have been running up and down in the streets begging for Gold! Gold! Gold! and offering to pay the retail price. The falsehoods which they told about us, in order to keep up the rate of interest which we have reduced to six per cent. and which they know must be stopped, or they will have to come down to the same level, are re-acting upon themselves. The people are rushing in upon them, and there is nothing surer than their downfall.—They have no basis. They borrowed the money to pay the premium, and then gave the registered bills to pay for the stock. These bills have been put afloat in New York and elsewhere, in hopes that the ignorance of the people might galvanize them into credit, and thus keep them circulating until dooms-day, the time when the basis upon which John Thompson founded them, should become due. These bankers have invested their funds in Bankrupt State Bonds, payable 30 years after date, and have nothing left to pay their bills when returned upon them. They gave the bills for the bonds, and now think to make the bills current, as the humbug is, that such a basis is worth anything. As well talk of a man lifting himself up by the seat of his pantaloons, as of a bank being secure, based upon stocks purchased with the bills issued upon these very bonds.—Mind is up a stump—humbug is exhausted—knavery is below par or grand pa, in looking for any further business. Tom-foolery can go no deeper. The sulphurous father of wrong stories himself can find no parallel, except in the knavery of John Thompson, with this pretended security for banking. No wonder the people want to realize the specie on them. No wonder a death struggle ensues, and that the Banker is ready to "impale the wretch" who will expose their fraud. Wisdom and common honesty demand that we speak out boldly and plainly upon these matters. We tell the people, don't keep one dollar of these stock secured notes; realize as fast as possible, the crash is coming! Many old shipplaster establishments have got up one of these concerns of similar name, with a view of palming off large amounts of their other trash upon an unsuspecting community.

Smith has got one with a circulation of 10 or 20,000, called the Bank of America. On the credit of this contemptible humbug he is forcing into circulation millions of his Bank of America at Washington, which is a regular cheat. It has not even an office at Washington, and has been protested for non-payment already. We say to the people beware! Stand firm under! The Wisconsin Marine & Fire Insurance Co. is in the most precarious condition, and, like the other, must go down—and if the people do not get out of the way, they will perish with the Philistines.

Look Out! Look Out!!

There is a Banking establishment situated on the corner of one of our principal streets, which is paying out the Illinois River Bank, Richmond Exchange Bank, Mineral Bank of Maryland and Macon County Bank.

John Thompson

We cut the following Reporter for a few words to print:

"A word to the rency."

"The Notes of Indiana being so and Government them at 10 or 11 as any paper mo that I, John Thompson, The Notes of the preparing to go in one of which I ex on the average, b our New York I did not buy of n of Wisconsin can per mile, and tak may be sure I ar do) thus makin bonds and mor which, confound cont.)

Your free ban well as 10 or 12 in addition to th siles the other f you to favor you rency aside for without any em and sending in a (Don't ask the l too hard. You like a gentle sh Remember the and the Bank o ber Lut's wife) cy which rests d individuals, is to say the most, n sets of a rotten pry up a few d

Take our ad point of all. It and the subscri book and autog vice. Oh! my any desire to members of so only such man steals his own from our own praved as to d descend to enric ing yourself as No. 2, Wall banks as help how many tax couraging ban take my bonds take my hom country, (me t and are adver try." (Term cover.)

John Thompson and the Dear People.

We cut the following paragraph from Thompson's Reporter for December; in which we intersperse a few words which Mr. Thompson forgot to print:

"A word to the people of the West, on Currency."

"The Notes of the Free Banks of Illinois and Indiana being secured wholly by good (?) State and Government Stocks, (which I have sold them at 10 or 11 per cent. premium,) are as safe as any paper money in the world. (Everything that J. John Thompson, of Wall St. do, is safe.) The Notes of the Wisconsin Free Banks which are preparing to go into operation, (and out of every one of which I expect to make \$5,000,) will be on the average, better secured than the issues of our New York Banks (who, I am sorry to say, did not buy of me.) One-half of the securities of Wisconsin can be in R. R. bonds, at \$8,000 per mile, and taken at 80 cts. on the dollar, (you may be sure I am interested in this from my candor) thus making them a better basis than the bonds and mortgages taken in this State, (on which, confound the luck, I did not make 2½ per cent.)

Your free banks are taxed for your benefit (as well as 10 or 12 per cent for mine.) This fact, in addition to the safety of your currency, (besides the other fact I mentioned) should induce you to favor your free banks by laying their currency aside for future use, (you can get along without any currency for the present, you know,) and sending in all other notes for redemption—(Don't ask the bob-tails for gold—that would be too hard. Poor fellows, I have fleeced them like a gentle shepherd; don't flay them alive.)—Remember the fate of the State Bank of Illinois, and the Bank of the United States, (also remember Lot's wife!) and don't forget that all currency which rests on the life or assets of private individuals, is to say the least precarious, (and, to say the most, not half as safe as the life and assets of a rotten, barren Slave State, which will pay up a few days after the Millennium.

Take our advice. (This is the most important point of all. It will be found in the Reporter, and the subscription is only \$2 00 a year—coin book and autograph thrown in.) (Take our advice. Oh! my dear Western friend, if you have any desire to keep honest and be respectable members of society, *take our advice*.) and hold only such money as will be good if the banker steals his own assets, dies, or fails, (for judging from our own experience, bankers may get so depraved as to steal their own property, and even descend to such a depth of infamy as "to rob one pocket to enrich the other.") Be wise in keeping yourself safe, (that is take care of No. 1, and No. 2, Wall St.) Be wise in favoring such banks as help to pay your taxes. (Don't mind how many taxes they make,) and be wise in encouraging banks in your vicinity. (For you do take my bonds when you do take the men that take my bonds.) They help your town and country, (me too,) they make you better known, and are advertisers for your section of the country." (Terms \$2 00 per month. See outside cover.)

(And now, in conclusion, dearly beloved—be moral—keep honest! for I am just as sure that honesty is the best policy, as I am that I have several hundred thousand dollars of Virginia stock, which, by the way, I will sell for ¼ per cent. less than the board of brokers. Oh! be honest be wise! I shall give you full details on these subjects, in the Reporter, under the heading of "New C unterfeits," and take our advice, swallow down all my paragraphs for gospel, and all my bob-tails for currency—take it all down, for, as a friend of mine remarked in the Chicago Democrat, "take me all in all, you ne'er will look upon my like again.")

**The Galena & Chicago Railroad
"Thrown Out."**

Yes, folks say that this Railroad has thrown out bills of various banks. Just as though a Railroad could throw out a bill. We tell the people that rails nor roads are to blame in this matter.—J. Y. Scammon and William H. Brown, are the power behind the rails, and when the people learn to discriminate between a rail and a man, or between a bank and a man, we will tell them how to bring these gentry to terms. Just the same farce is enacted here in this city, daily, and has been for weeks, and yet there are men whom Burch and Scammon have got so completely under their thumb and heel, that they dare not withdraw their deposits, and place them where they won't be kept trotting back and forth like so many French Dancing Masters, or Dumping Machines on a Railroad, whenever they have a bill that has been loaned at six per cent, instead of twelve.

The certificates of the Bank of Chicago are the representatives of cheap interest. We put exchange down to ¾ per cent. three weeks before any other banker, and we now draw for one-half, for money at par in this city. Then these latter day Saints, come poking along after us, and reduce the rate of exchange to ¾, but pretend to make no difference between specie, Eastern bills, and the various shinplasters, which a set of scamps are setting afloat under the protecting Egis of a stock security name; the stock for which was paid for in the very bills of the bank which claims the stock as a basis. Great foundation this, to be sure! Yet this Railroad will take Wisconsin and Bank of America, and the issue of such other banks, as like the Bank of America, are already broke, or rapidly following in its wake. Money which comes out at one place, and is payable at another, simply for the purpose of whipping the Devil round stamps or stocks, is bound to be put down. All indirection is fraud; and the fraudulent shall be burned up with the fire which they themselves have kindled.

Now we say to the people along the line of this Road or any other, which refuses bills, the issuers of which are men of intelligence and honesty, and especially when doing business in Chicago, and the redeeming their bills in gold and silver we say that you can reach these Railroad rascals in many ways. One is, to pick up all the Marine Bank and Burch's Bank you can, and send it to us, that we may demand the coin.

If they won't let you ride on their Rails and pay their exorbitant prices in solvent bank bills,

simply because Seth Paine has set his name on them, and still farther, because he goes for the people against the monopolists; just pick up all their bills and send them in for Gold. Of this, they have only a small proportion: and it worries them to pay gold a good deal more than it does you to be thus villainously troubled by Burch and Scammon, and then have them palm it off on the rails.

Wisconsin Money Down!!!

We stop the press to announce that we sent two \$1 bills of Wisconsin to Smith's counter, for redemption, and he finally made a raise of that amount in "The Farmers' Joint Stock" Canada concern. This is the best we have been able to do with him for some time past, and have been obliged to protest his paper *here*, as others have the Bank of America at Washington—where he does not even keep an office.

Every thing looks like George was going to CANADA or Scotland, and we again warn the holders of both the Bank of America and Wisconsin, to realize, as quick as possible.

There will be a large commencement made by drawing his coin at Milwaukee, in a few days, and then follows the general rush, we to the poor victims who come in at the eleventh hour!!!

Smith never had any home in this country.—He left Chicago some time ago. He is said to be laying around New York somewhere, but everything indicates his intention to leave the country. He is trying to mix in lots of the Bank of America, to help the appearance of his enormous Wisconsin circulation, which floods every part of the country. He recently paid one engraver \$2,500 for new engravings. Look out! Look out!!

Sheldon's North American Reporter.

The title to this journal is a good one—and Sheldon is a very clever fellow in his way. But we do not consider it truthful or valuable in matters of money. We were in hopes that it was to be something which the country seemed to demand—but are much disappointed. So far from being an able and fearless expounder of financial principles, its contents are of the wishy washy common place things which are written and printed by machinery, in the commonest newspapers of the day.

He quotes various kinds of money at a certain rate, making specie a standard, and then pays off in all sorts of shinplasters, which need shaving over again, as much as those for which they were given. Every week some unmeaning and pointless articles come out about regular banks and shinplasters, and at the same scores of those Washington shinplasters known to be worthless, are quoted as good, so that the people may be deceived, and the country flooded with worthless trash,—not worth the powder that would blow it up. Will our friends please define the term shinplaster—and tell us what a regular is. We consider the Reporter in the main, a humbug.

Biographical sketches of Rothschilds, Martin Van Buren and Col. E. D. Taylor, are ready for publication in our next. We shall print off a few thousand extra copies for them and their friends.

The Public Reception.

The sale of the Banker has been unparalleled. We were obliged to increase our edition to meet the demand.

We are neither Pharisees nor Ishmaelites; we only aim to tell the truth.

In battles the soldiers do all the fighting, and the General gets all the glory. In Banking, the clerks, tellers and book keepers are the real heroes, and for them and such as them we write.—Wait a little longer brothers. Do your duty.—Only for a little while shall such men as Farwell and Noble be tools for Willard, himself the tool of Smith. But a little longer and such men as Tinkham and Davidson, will not be blown round at the breath of Scammon's nostrils. We have known Tinkham ever since he was a boy in the hardware store of David Hatch, and he knows more of Banking than Scammon does of all things put together. Tinkham will make friends.—Scammon never had one. Tinkham makes money because the people like him. Scammon makes money and the people curse him. There are men in Burch's office, who have a far greater knowledge of business than he—to say nothing of moral honesty. These names would constitute a phalanx of business men who might as well work directly through the people, as to do all the work and let these ignoramuses enjoy all the benefits. How much better for themselves. How much better for the people!

The Merchants & Mechanics Bank.

This Bank is owned and controlled by an honest and correct set of men as are in any Bank of Issue in our city. They were the first Bankers in the State to dare issue certificates in legal form, untainted by the deposit of bankrupt stocks.—They broke the ice which ignorance had congealed around the minds of the people, and looked those scoffers from John Thompson down, out of countenance. Only one step remains for them to take, in order to insure public confidence, and that is to get up those bonds, cancel those bills, and sell the bonds before they go down on their hands. Bronson was pushed out of the Macomb County Bank because he was too honest for their use, and they shoved him out as the same clique did me from the Illinois River Bank, and now in the coming crash they think to sustain Macomb by paying out Illinois River, and if need be, to bring the Michigan City Branch to their aid, and thus by the variety of their dishes, they think to avoid a hasty plate of soup.

Beware at Waukegan.

The Macomb County clique have employed D. O. Dickinson to do the dirty work of prejudicing the public mind against the Bank of Chicago; the secret being that they wish to establish a Bank at Waukegan themselves, and feel disappointed that our firm has established a branch at that place.—A letter from Waukegan says that Illinois River Bills are as plenty as hail stones.

A desperate game is playing by these gamblers upon public credulity. We say to our friends, stand on order! The Macomb County has no basis, and never did have. The men who manage it are possessed of neither honesty or respect for humanity.

Illinois River Bank.

Col. E. D. Taylor having become uneasy because he heard that R. K. Swift said he was interested in the Bank of Chicago, requested me to tell Swift that he was mistaken; and that he, the Col., had no interest in it. Therefore I take this opportunity to state publicly, not only for his, but for my own relief, that Col. Taylor has no connexion directly or indirectly, with the Bank of Chicago; and that I have sold out, or rather was gouged out of my right to the one-half of the Illinois River Bank; said gouging performed by said Taylor, as a reward for years of toil and service rendered him.

I wish also to state that I am neither morally nor legally hindered for the Bills of the Illinois River Bank; and my friends who see my name attached to the old bills, may know how to act in view of the coming crash, which is most surely to attend all this class of Banks. I say to them—don't depend on me, for I will not hold myself responsible for their payment.

SETH PAINE.

Individuality.

The great distinction of our day is the opposition that battles with incorporated wrongs—opposition to Monopoly. Banking ought to rest on private credit just as much as selling dry goods. And let not that credit be given until the man has shown himself, by his integrity and capacity, worthy of credit. The following is an instance in point:—A private banker resting on the people's faith, and this in a land of monopoly, under the overshadowing influence of the Bank of England.

In a borough town of importance in one of the Northern counties of England, dwelt a respectable dry goods merchant, possessing a good connexion with the farmers frequenting the market of the town. Although the name of Robin Hood had lost its terrors, those of the celebrated robbers, Turpin and Nevison, filled all men's mind with fear, and with good reason; for they and their fraternity exercised their calling with such energy and success, that it was always a matter of doubt with travelers, whether or not they should arrive in safety at the next inn, or their destination, whatever that might be. With the farmers above alluded to, there were more than ordinary grounds of alarm. The town almost adjoining the far-famed exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men, was admirably situated for a levy, by their less romantic successors of extemporaneous taxes. To avoid as much as possible, the losses thus arising, farmers having full confidence in the honesty of the merchant with whom they dealt, made him the depository of their ready cash. Ready cash of his friends, was, to our merchant, as valuable as capital of his own, and buying for ready money was profitable. Still money remained idle in his hands; and, by degrees, he extended accommodation to his neighbors. Our dry goods merchant now became famous for his extraordinary command of money, and his correspondence extended to distant countries.

The next step was now taken by our adventurous shop-keeper; he allowed a small interest to his friends, the depositors. The new business flourished to such an extent that it swallowed up

the old one, and our dry goods seller became a banker, proper, and no longer a merchant. And thus was founded the firm of Smith, Payne & Smith, one of the greatest banking houses in England, and from whom was obtained the memorable Thornton loan. Now why this merchant needed legislation after his banking sign was up, more than he did before is a mystery to us.

They Hang Their Heads.

The Bob-tails are like whipt Spaniels. Not only has John Thompson bobbed them five to ten thousand dollars each—but what little they have left, hangs between their legs, when we present their bills for coin, and they whine and beg, ask us to wait from Saturday till Monday, to enable them to borrow a few hundreds, and thus prevent the notary from protesting and thus destroying what little confidence the people have left in them.

We pity men who have undertaken business which they do not understand, and although they cry us bad, although they joined in the hue and cry of "Crucify the Nazarene," "put down the people's friend," we can yet look down from the cross on which they have nailed us, and say, "brothers, you have done yourselves harm."—You had intended us wrong, but it has re-acted on yourselves. Our prayer is for your forgiveness, on the ground of ignorance—you knew not what you did.

We trust you have learned a lesson which will last during the short financial career before you.

When you get ready to open shop and resume specie payments, we shall treat you as equals—meantime we say, that if you ever resume and put your rate of interest down to six, we shall be ready to drop down to four per cent. We calculate to lead in every good work. We warn you beforehand, that we shall do the business cheap.

Next Week.

Subscribers from abroad will bear with us, when we tell them that our time has been mostly taken up this week in a practical fight with every Bank in this city. Having flayed the rascals until they are sore enough, we shall, next week, be less local in our articles for the Banker.

We hope our friends will send in their subscriptions, and disseminate the truth. The subscription is put down to the cost of paper and press work.

PAINE, BROTHERS & CO.,

Christian Bankers and Dealers in Exchange.

ALL kinds of business relating to Money or Exchange, will be done with promptness, fidelity, and a Christian principle.

48 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Branch is established at Waukegan, and C. M. H. Wey is appointed Manager.

Branches will be located in every part of the U. S. Men of capacity, who are willing to do business on Christian principles, and wish to engage in this business, will be chosen as Agents or Partners in each town or city. Friends who sympathize with the idea of making business a matter of religion, will please let us know the names of suitable men or women in their locality and we will open correspondence on the subject.

Our aim is to band together the reformers of this country in a business phalanx—a brotherhood of mercy—and we are about to erect a Pyramid of Charity, which shall be a basis of circulation, that will pass freely in every part of the world.