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THE DAILY BEE.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 26.

Subscriptions by the Week.

The carriers of the Bee are authorized to receive subscriptions by the week, at the rate of 25 cents.

THE NORTHERN MAIL came through yesterday with the latest dates.

BARNUM'S HALL.

The New York papers teem with details of the failure of PERSIFER F. BARNUM, and admiringly the prurient curiosity which glutts over minute accounts of the calamities and distresses of ruined speculators. The judicial investigation into the affairs of Mr. Barnum proves his failure to be utter and irretrievable. His property had all dwindled away and disappeared. His lands and houses were either sold, or mortgaged to their full values. His mercantile stock in various companies which he had purchased nearly at par, is, to use his own language, not worth two cents. His plant is about as lean; his entire supply of ready money at the time of the examination was less than twenty-five dollars, while his wardrobe consisted of the needy suit he then wore, and another not much better. In short, the admissions and confessions of BARNUM, extracted from him reluctantly and piece-meal, show that the whilom millionaire had become a hopeless bankrupt.

What a contrast! It is scarcely two years since Barnum published his autobiography. In that amazing record of successful cunning, trickery and imposture, the author seemed to aim throughout at a display of the peculiar qualifications required for the acquisition of wealth; and sought to illustrate in his own person the fortunate results of a systematic and unprincipled course of humbug in playing upon the weakness of human nature. He triumphed in the ingenuity with which he had manufactured a mermaid; passed off a preternaturalized and idiotic negress for the nurse of GEORGE WASHINGTON; persuaded a gullible nation that TOM THUMB was a young man, when he was really scarcely more than an infant; palmed Yankee tricksters on the public as wonderful Italian jugglers; created, by the liberal employment of printers' ink and dollars, a perfect furor for JENNY LIND, and by adroit and artful management, contrived in a few years to amass princely wealth. With a self-complacency almost astounding, Barnum plumed himself upon his mastery of a system of shameful deceit, and appeared to regard his naked and unrelieved confessions of a total absence of moral honesty, with something of the spirit of exultation with which a CLAUDE DUVAL might boast of his exploits upon the highway, or a JACK SHEPPARD of his ability to break through any jail in England. The tendency of the book was bad, and what made it worse was the unconsciousness of the writer that he was exposing his own depravity.

This man is now little better than a pauper. It may be that the leniency of his creditors may save him some meagre fragments from his once colossal fortune, but the lordly owner of a villa and a palace will be humbled to the dust, and forced to invoke the mercy of the law, or the kindness of those who hold their judgments over his possessions, to save him from beggary and absolute want. Is there not retribution in this result? Have not the very vices of which Barnum so often vaunted as the elements of success, led him to his ruin? He speculated, and, like most crafty adventurers seeking gain by tortuous and discreditable means, he overreached himself, and was involved in the destruction he brought down upon others. He was not satisfied with his half a million—the fruits of a thousand happy experiments upon public credulity—but must launch his barque far upon the uncertain sea of speculation. He gambled in stocks, and that proved a game in which he encountered equally dishonest players, with far cooler heads, and infinitely more experience. As a matter of course, he lost. The adept on the stage, was a neophyte on another. The duper became a victim.

One remark made by BARNUM during the examination of his affairs conveys a moral that cannot be too deeply impressed on the business classes. Said he, "As long as I stuck to museums and shows, I made money; but lost only when I dabbled in other enterprises." This is but another form of the old adage, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" There are thousands every year, who, with unshaken integrity of BARNUM, and with as much sagacity, are bankrupted through the operation of incidentally the same causes. The secret of success lie in to stick to your trade. Scores of times have we traced failures to the diversion of capital from the legitimate and regular line of business in which the party had been engaged. He