# The Daily VOL. XX, NO. 100.

# AN OLD WALL STREET BOSS.

#### The Rise and Fall of Wm. H. Vanderbilt's Rival.

Harry Hill writes in the New York Sunday Mercury: The recent wipin' out of perhaps the most dashin' and darin' man who ever attempted to rule and has been ruined by "the street," Henry Villard, naturally suggests the thought of how many men before him have had similar experiences. But of all the so-called "kings of the street" who have been "wiped out," perhaps the most rapid in his rise and most tremendous in his fall was John M. Tobin, a man already forgotten by the many, and remembered by the few as only a name. Yet at one time, and within the memory of men still livin', John M. Tobin was as much talked about as Jay Gould to-day. John got his start as a protege of old Commo-dore Vanderbilt, and made the old Commodore's acquaintance in a pecu-liar, off-handed fashion, characteristic of both parties. Vanderbilt at that time was runnin' the Staten Island young chap waiked into the omce and walked into the office and inquired for the Commodore. The young chap was rather flashily dressed, had a dia-mond pin and a gold watch chain, and wore gloves. His manners were free and easy, and he was smokin' a cigar. He didn't look a bit like

#### AN APPLICANT FOR WORK.

yet that was his proud position at that moment. He wanted a job on the ferry, and he told Vanderbilt so. The old Commodore, as is well-known, was a keen judge of human nature, and boasted with truth that he was never mistaken in his man He gave the young chap a searchin' glance, and liked what he saw, for he saw a good deal of stuff in him, besides his loud dress and his swagger "What's your name, sonny?" asked Vanderbilt, in his brusque way; "what do you want, and what can you do?" "My name's John M. Tobin," replied "sonny." "I want work and money, and can do everythin' I am told to do and paid for doin'." If he had quoted a whole book of "elegant extracts," he couldn't have pleased the old Commodore as well as by this comhad any experience in boats?" asked the Commodore. "No," replied Tob-in, "but that will come in time if you give me a trial." "Have you any famiy or friends," asked the Commodore. "No," answered Tobin; "I have nothin' in the world but what I have on my back and in my head." "Well, sonny," said the delighted Commo-dore, who was lookin' then for just such a man as Tobin promised to be, "I will give you a trial," and the two men got down to business at once. Before he aft the office that day,

JOHN M. TOBIN. Was engaged to "run" one of the

cards. He lost the game, and the next mornin' found that his removal from his place on the Vanderbilt roads had been determined on, his appointed successor bein' the man who had always been, to a certain extent, his rival, William H. Vanderbilt. He

made one desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes-tried to see the old Commodore in vain, tried to borrow money from his former friends in vain -and then, in despair, about four o'clock one afternoon, left Wall street forever. He never entered "the street" again; took to drinkin' more heavily than ever; "disappeared" at last, then turned up as a tramp and "revolver," or station-house lodger, go-the rounds of the station-houses, and is now, I believe dead. Such was the career of a man who was once a king of the street, but who was "wiped out." There are more "kings" who are yet to be "wiped out."

### Vigilantes Organized.

We have mentioned beretofore the fact that the stock of Mr. Charles ferry, and was gettin' rich fast. He stended to the ferry business in per-son and "played it for all it was worth" to Vanderbilt. One day, while at the Staten Island end of the line a young chap walked into the office and walked into the office and incuring for Lavrage 202 1884

JANUARY, 22d, 1884. W. E. Carlock and Wife: We, the First Wasco Vigilantes, be ing fully satisfied that you are the parties who poisoned the stock be-longing to Charles Barzee, hereby give you notice to leave the county of Wasco within three days from date-9 A. M., Jan., 22d, 1884, and never be found within the limits of said coun-ty thereafter. If found within said

county after 9 s. M. Jan. 25th, swift and sure will be the justice visited upon you. FIBST WASCO VIGILANTES.

P. S.—There will be a close guard kept over you during these three days.—Dalles Times-Mountaincer.

## Nothing Remarkable About That

Blinks-"I see by the papers that there is a clock in the postoffice in Monmonth, Oregon, which was brought across the plains in 1852, and as been running ever since " Minks—"Nothing remarkable about has be

that." Blinks-"Nothing remarkable!" Minks-"No. I crossed the plains

in 1852." Blinks-"Well, what of that? This clock was taken across the plains in that year and has been running ever

Minks-"Exactly. That clock was probably with our party. We were attacked by the Indians, and I don't wonder it has been running ever since. I feel like running myself every time I think of it.-Philadel-phia Call.





# Astorian.

THE SE SHE WAR

en Island ferryboats. Vanderody on any pretense to ride There are no deadheads on free. There are no dealneads on these boats, and you are to start pre-cisely and always on time. These boats wait for nobody." "All right," answered Tobin, and the interview which decided his career was over. The very next day he commenced his new vocation. The first week of Tobin's career brought an incident. A young man wanted to ride on To-bin's boat free because his name was William H. Vanderbilt and his father owned the ferry. This was a good reason in itself, but it wasn't arranged

his protege, and led to Tobin's rapid gestion of the throat and says, that anvancement in the confidence of the by the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, Commodore. Soon John M Tobin he was curedme known as the Commodore's pet." and expandin' from ferryin' in-to financierin' began to "operate" in the street for Vanderbilt, and then through Vanderbilt's lead, on his own account. In a little while he became known as the most eccentric, darin' and unscrupalous of Wall street operators, and that is sayin' a Iron. Steel, Coal, Anchors, Ghains, great deal. At one time he was much more in the older Vanderbilt's confi-dence than his son William, who had to take a back seat. In fact, in point NAILS AND SPIKES, of sheer pluck and ability, William H. Vanderbilt was nowhere com-pared to John M. Tobin. In less than two months Tobin made, on the Van-derbilt stocks, over two millions of dollars clear profit and clean cash. He had

WONDERFUL NERVE: Nothing staggered him; and in his boldness lay his success. His finan-cial darin' took the breath away from the average financiers, and before they had recovered from the shock of astonishment the "operation" had been carried through. He lacked patience and prudence; these were not in his line; but for audacity and brilliancy he has been equalled only by Jim Fisk. Tobin, in fact, was a good deal like Jim Fisk, and when he had made hise Jim Fisk, and when he had made his money spent it in Fisk's way. He was great on "style" and show. One of his first "splarges" was in a satin-lined coach, one of the finest of its kind in this country. Then he took to givin' wine parties, and took to gamblin'. The drinkin' and gamblin, fatched him He was a more desir'. gamblin'. The drinkin' and gamblin. fatched him. He was a more darin' card player than Ben Wood. It is claimed that he lost more money in a claused that he lost more money in a single night than any other man in America. The elder Vanderbilt re-monstrated with John, but it was of neuse. He was resolved to go his gait. If he had had half the pru-dence and common sense of the slow. gait. If he had had half the pru-dence and common sense of the slow, phlegmatic William H. Vanderbilt, John M. Tobin would have been a man to-day. But prosperity turned his head, and the financial genius be-came a personal fool. At last the end came, that end which with such men as Tobin is only a question of time. He quarreled with the Commodore, and the night after the quarrel risked all he had in the world on a game of

fields of alf bilt gave him his instructions in a Sacramento Union tells a pertinent few words. "Young man," he said cat story: Shortly after the discov-"you are to take the tickets and al. gentleman was unable to meet a mortgage of \$1,500 on his place on Mormon Island. A stranger, stopping at his door, saw several pretty kittens playing in the yard. He said: "Those cats, if you had them on the Comstock, would bring you \$20 apiece." The old man saddled his horse, and for the next fortnight rode from house to house, farm to farm, and village to village, begging and buying cats. He got 500 and sold them on the Comstock, and after he had paid off his mortgage and put in bank \$500 clear, he told his neighreason in itself, but it wasn't arranged for in Tobin's instructions, so he in-sisted on young William's payin' his fare, and young William paid it un-der protest. The story came to old Vanderbilt's ears, tickled him im-mensely, made him more attached to be and be

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