Constantine Republican.

VOLUME I. CONSTANTINE, ST. JOSEPH CO. MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 26, 1836. NUMBER 17.

CONSTANTINE REPUBLICAN,

PUBLISHED BY

MUNGER & COWDERY,

Every Wednesday Morning, at the stand formerly occupied by Maj. I. J. Ullman, corner of Canaris and Water streets.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance, two dollars and fifty cents within the year, or three dollars at the expiration of the year.

Advertising at the usual rates.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE, EMBRACING APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, Peaches, Cherries, Grapes and Currants. I have 170 kinds of cultivated apples &c. of choice kinds. The most of my collections are from the Albany and Long-Island Nurseries. I have cultivated trees from 1 to 5 years old, and several thousand seeding trees from 3 to 8 years old. Any person who wishes to get a very choice selection of fruit will do well to call and examine, as I think I can furnish them with as good kinds as can be had in the country. Nearly all my cultivated trees are at my Nursery at Pine Lake, five and a half miles east of White Pigeon, on the Chicago road; also, a large quantity of seeding trees at the nursery at White Pigeon, embracing all sizes; which I will sell cheap if applied for this fall, before I remove them to my Nursery at Pine Lake.

If any person has doubts as to fruit trees doing well in this country let them come and see my Orchard, which is not outdone in any country of the same age. I have from five to six hundred fruit trees, in my orchard, the most of which have been set two years last spring, and were three years old when set; nearly all of these were cultivated at the nursery at White Pigeon. These trees have grown as vigorous and as fine as any I ever saw in any country, and it is so acknowledged by all who have seen them. I had fruit on some of these trees this year, viz: apples, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes and currants, and they produced as fine fruit as the same kinds do in the state of New-York.

The apples which were so famously extolled in the Constantine Republican of the 31 of August last, from the New-Lowell Orchard, were from trees selected from the White Pigeon Nursery. I shall have grape and currant cuttings this fall; also a few pounds of Ruta Baga seed.

Prices:—Apple seedlings 8 cents; apple grafts 18 cents; pears 25 to 38 cents; plums 18 to 25 cents; cherries 25 cents; peaches 6 to 13 cents; grapes 25 cents, from 1 to 2 years old; currants from 50 to 75 cents a dozen.

The fall is allowed to be the best time to set trees. JOHN JONES.

White Pigeon, 19th Sept. 1836. 3m13

NEW BOOKS BY CANAL, at STEELE'S Bookstore:

Holland's life of Van Buren, Maltebrun's Geography, Parley's do, Church Psalmody, Butterman's Greek Grammar, Watts and select Hymns, Porter's Analysis, Donnegan's Lexington, 2d book of History, Testaments, Greek Testaments, Playfair's Euclid, Adams' Arithmetic, Quarto Bibles, Comic Sketch Book, Allan's life of Scott, Potts Arithmetic. Together with a large lot of Miscellaneous Books, for sale wholesale and retail, at New-York prices.

O. G. STEELE, 214 Main st.

Buffalo, June 20, 1836. 1y1

☞ Farmers Look at This. ☜

PATENT FANNING MILLS.—P. E. GROVER would inform the citizens of St. Joseph and adjoining counties, that he is now making at his shop, in Constantine, the best article of *FANNING MILLS* ever offered for sale in the Western country, of an improved patent, and warranted to do a first rate business. Persons wishing to purchase the above article are invited to call and examine them as he will have them constantly on hand.

P. E. GROVER.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf

FALL & WINTER ARRANGEMENTS OF STAGES, between Michigan City and White Pigeon via Laporte, Carlisle, Plainfield, South-Bend, Mishawaka, Elkhart, and Mottville. Three times a week; leaving Michigan City and White Pigeon every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings, and Mishawaka each way every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mornings, through by day-light.

This line of conveyance has good enclosed carriages, so that the traveller will not be exposed to the inclement weather; having also, careful and experienced drivers and good teams. The Stage will arrive at White Pigeon in season to take the eastern stage for Detroit, and going west, arrives at South-Bend in time to take the southern Stage for Logansport.

The disinterested traveller will only not find a shorter route but a better road than by Niles, and passing through a beautiful country.

For seats apply to Samuel Pratt, White Pigeon; H. Sanger and D. Degroff, Elkhart; L. M. Alverson, Bristol; Samuel Fay and J. J. Kellogg, Mishawaka; Gephart's Hotel and at Eagle Tavern, South-Bend; George W. Earl, Plainfield; G. W. Gibson and Mr. Bently, Laporte; Inmon's Hotel, Michigan City.

J. J. KELLOGG, Proprietor.

October 5, 1836. 3m14.

CABINET MAKING.—CHRISTIAN KUCH would respectfully inform the citizens of Constantine and its vicinity, that he still continues the CABINET MAKING business, in all its various branches. He would be happy to attend to all orders in his line, and begs leave to assure the public that his work shall be turned out in a manner inferior to none in Michigan, in point of elegance of style and durability.

BUREAUS, SECRETARIES,
SIDEBOARDS, SOFAS,
COUCHES, BOOK CASES,
WARDROBE, PIER, CENTRE, CARD and TOILET TABLES,
LADIES' WORK TABLES and STANDS,
MUSIC STOOLS, etc. etc.

made to order on short notice, and out of as good materials as can be found in Michigan. His shop is on Canaris street, two doors from the corner of Water and Canaris streets.

Constantine, June 29, 1836.

JUST RECEIVED, at the Detroit Bookstore, the following works: Allen Prescott, Wintern in the West, Outre-Mer, Bashful Irishman, the Yemassies, the Cavaliers of Virginia, Coleridge's Table Talk, Life of Samuel Drew, Mothers' Hints, &c. &c. June, 1836.

MEAT MARKETS at Constantine and White Pigeon. We shall keep constantly on hand and for sale at each of the above named places, Fresh and salted meat of the best quality.

SANDBORN, LADD, & Co.

We will also pay the highest cash price for good beef cattle. 2tf

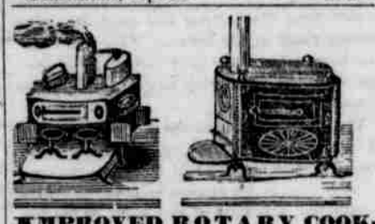
A FARM FOR SALE, lying within one and a quarter miles of Constantine, on the Youngs Prairie road, leading from Constantine to Young's Prairie. One hundred and twenty acres of the first rate plow land; thirty-five acres fenced, and improvements, a good log house and good water—also, forty acres of the first rate mowing meadow, and forty acres of heavy timber, whitewood, butternut and ash—also unimproved lands in the same neighborhood—also lands in what is called the Bare settlement, which I will sell cheap if applied for soon. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber living on said farm.

ELIAS TRUE.

Constantine, August 17, 1836. tf7

A CHEAP FARM for sale, lying within three miles of Constantine, on the main road running from White Pigeon to Prairie Rond containing two hundred acres, bounded on the west by the St. Joseph river, on the east by the main road; rising of forty acres fenced and tilled, plenty of good timber and water, a comfortable house. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises, or of Wm. S Loomis at Niles. WM. W. LOOMIS.

Constantine, Sept. 21 12 tf

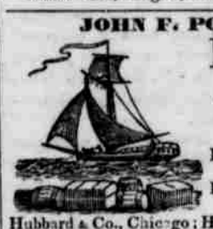


IMPROVED ROTARY COOKING STOVES. On or about the 1st Sept. next, the subscriber will receive and offer for sale in this village, THIRTY "Improved ROTARY Cooking Stoves." That the Rotary Stove is better for purposes of cooking than any other yet invented, there is no doubt. The top revolves on rollers horizontally, by which means the flame strikes every pot, kettle and pan used on it, directly. By a new and peculiar construction, the oven is so made as to bake meat, bread, cake and pies, with uncommon uniformity; a result of no small consequence to all who eat of such articles. With the above excellencies, is combined a rare economy in fuel.

ALLEN GOODRIDGE.

Constantine, Aug. 2, 1836. y5

JOHN F. PORTER,



FORWARDING and COMMISSION MERCHANT, St. Joseph, Berrien co., Michigan.

REFER TO—

Pratt, Taylor & Co., Buffalo;
Browster, Smart & Co. Detroit;
Hubbard & Co., Chicago; H. McCollum, N. York;
Trest & Hughes, Albany. 5tf

STORAGE, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION business, by

JOB J. BEESON,
Niles, Michigan.

July 20, 1836. 3tf

ISAAC O. ADAMS, Storage, Fowarding, and Commission Merchant,
New-Buffalo, Michigan.

New-Buffalo, July 27. 4tf

JUSTICE'S BLANKS.—MUNGER & COWDERY have just printed an assortment of BLANKS, for Michigan and Indiana.

BLANK WARRANTS,
" SUMMONS',
" CAPIAS',
" VENIRIES,
" SUBPŒNAS,
" EXECUTIONS, &c. &c.

and a new and splendid form of BLANK DEEDS, printed on script type, for Indiana and Michigan. Call and examine. Aug. 31, 1836.

ATTACHMENT.

John Bower, vs. Edward Beatty, } NOTICE is hereby given; that John Bower has sued out an attachment against the goods and chattels, moneys and effects of Edward Beatty, an absent debtor, and that the same will be tried before C. Yates, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for St. Joseph County, at his office in White Pigeon, on Thursday, the 22d day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN BOWER.

White Pigeon, Sept. 22, 1836. 4w14.

ATTACHMENT.

Thomas Greenaway, vs Edward Beatty. } NOTICE is hereby given, that Thomas Greenaway has sued out an attachment against the goods and chattels, moneys and effects of Edward Beatty, an absent debtor, and that the same will be tried before C. Yates, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for St. Joseph County, at his office in White Pigeon, on Thursday, the 22d day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THOMAS GREENAWAY.

White Pigeon, Sept. 22, 1836. 4w14.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Two or three apprentices to the Tailoring business. Boys about 15 or 16 years of age would be preferred. None but those of steady habits need apply. G. W. SCHNABEL.

Water Street, Constantine.

September 14, 1836. 11tf

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—Just received at the Detroit bookstore, and for sale by

L. L. MORSE, 83 Jeff. Av.

Detroit, June 30, 1836. 1y7

NOTICE.—All persons are forbid cutting any wood from our land, or drawing any away that is already cut, without calling at the store and letting their wants be known, when they will be accommodated on reasonable terms.

W. T. HOUSE & CO.

Constantine, Aug. 17, 1836.

NEW RELIGIOUS WORKS—Received this week at the Michigan Bookstore, and Stationers' Hall.

Gathered Fragments, by Rev. John Clark, author of Walk about Zion. Pastor's Testimony, &c. The Mourner's Book.

SNOW & FISK.

Detroit, August 31, 1836.

DOCTORS SUMNER & BALDY, *Physicians & Surgeons,* CONSTANTINE,

Have concluded a partnership in the business of their profession.

Office on Water St. opposite the American Hotel.

THY HOME AND MINE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Is this thy home? The wild woods wave
Their branches in the mountain breeze—
And nature to thy mansion gave
A treasure in these noble trees.
Here flows a river, bright and pure,
Along the silver winding way,
While on its white and pebbled shore
A fairy group of children play.
Here calm and clear is Heaven's blue dome;
This is thy lofty highland home!

This is thy home—at evening's hour,
A social band assembled here,
With converse sweet and music's power,
To chase each gloomy thought of care.
Affection's gentlest language speaks,
In every eye thine eye is beheld—
Here revel Love on Beauty's cheeks
And bids her braid her locks of gold.
In search of bliss you need not roam—
But this is not—is not my home.

My home is where the waters roll,
Deep, wide and blue to Ocean's caves—
How deeply soothing to the soul
The murmur of the dashing waves!
Oft has their music charmed mine ear
At twilight's soft and dewy hour—
When one I fondly love was near
To share with me its watching power,
And watch the billows crowned with foam,
Break on thy walls, my lowland home!

My home! how soon that single word
Can cause regretful tears to flow!
It thrills on feelings' finest chord—
Still does it make my bosom glow.
Oh what a fountain of delight
Does that one little sound unseal!
'Tis the voice of nature bids me come
To the shrine of Love—my own sweet home!

Wealth may be ours, and Fame may spread
With trumpet-voice our names afar—
In honor's cause we may have bled
And braved the crimson tide of war—
But Wealth, and Fame, and Glory's crown
Are bubbles which breath may burst,
As quick as breath has blown;
They cannot slake the burning thurst
For happiness—for this we roam,
And this is only found at home!

From the Illinois Temperance Herald.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

By the author of "Life on the Lake," "Legends of a Log Cabin," &c.

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.—The Drunkard's Grave! it is indeed an ever open sepulchre! The path to it is crowded ever by the young and old; the rich and the poor; the learned and the ignorant—all—all hastening as "the bird hasteth to the fowler's snare, knowing not that it is for his life." To this point a thousand paths tend—here they all terminate,—in this dishonored, this unhallowed resting place—scorned by many, and accursed of God—the Drunkard's Grave. Of how many hundreds—of how many thousands of our race has truth been compelled to say, "he was laid in the Drunkard's Grave." He was laid in the Drunkard's Grave—do you ask who? who met that awful doom? Listen—read—a fragment of the recorded horrors of that prison house is before you.

George Stevens was the son of a rich merchant in one of our Eastern cities.—His father died young, leaving a widow and this one son, her sole remaining earthly care. The death of her husband was blessed of God to Mrs. Stevens, and from a gay fashionable woman, she became a sincere and devoted Christian. It will readily be believed, that as such, she could not be wilfully neglectful of her maternal duties, could not forget that her boy had a soul to be saved or lost. She did not. Mrs. Stevens was a conscientious, though a very fond mother; and often was her son, in the first freshness of his youth, taken by her to the closet of prayer and commended with sincere earnestness to the Widow's God; the Orphan's Father. For a while it seemed that her prayers were answered. Her son grew up, a fine promising boy, affectionate in temper, though ardent and impassioned in his feelings, gay and cheerful, fond of company, and eminently fitted to appear well in the most refined and polished circles. At the age of fifteen, his mother was persuaded to send him to a Northern College. As he was almost a man in appearance, she did not commit him to the particular guardianship of any person at the College. This was her first error; the second was more fatal. Mrs. Stevens was rich, and with all a mother's confidence in the character of her son, he was supplied with money in sums far beyond his actual wants.

At first, the sums went to make elegant and costly additions to the young scholar's library; and the mother's heart was gladdened by warm and affectionate thanks for her liberality, and glowing accounts of the pleasure each new addition to his literary stores afforded her son. This did not last long. Those of his class mates who were more advanced in dissipation, soon discovered that Stevens had always money to spare, and was ever ready to spend it with careless liberality. This is a recommendation which at College secures invitations to every convivial party; and Stevens in the unsuspecting simplicity of his heart, was as much *surprised*, as pleased to find the number of those who called themselves his friends rapidly increasing. Gradually, more and more of his time was devoted to them; excursions, supper parties, and a round of so called pleasures, occupied a portion of every day. Here for the first time, George Stevens felt the exhilarating effects of WINE; here he made that fatal discovery, that when the mind was jaded, and the body exhausted, *Wine* would afford a temporary relief; Wine would enable him to join the riding or walking party, and take his part with all his accustomed brilliancy in conversation. This conviction once impressed on the mind, the way to ruin is short and easy. George Stevens trod it with giant strides.

But where, meantime, was his widowed mother? where was that Christian mother? She was far distant, and knew nothing of what was passing at College. She only heard from her son, and his letters were affectionate as ever; and though his thanks for her remittances were no longer accompanied by accounts of books or literary curiosities purchased, yet the mother did not doubt that all was well. But do you ask were were the officers of College? Alas, they were too much exgrossed with the *literary* education of their pupils, to devote much thought to their *moral* culture. George Stevens recited his lessons well, for his talents were of a high order, and he lacked not literary pride, and his conduct was not notoriously bad; further than this they cared not to know.

A year passed by; the long vacation arrived; Mrs. Stevens counted the hours, almost the minutes that must elapse before her beloved son was clasped in her arms.—He came; a fine looking, well dressed youth, and the mother's heart was full of happiness. She saw in him the image of her long lost, but well remembered husband, and all, and more than all, that that husband had been, she doubted not the *son* would be.

A few days passed without the mother's having a suspicion, (a mother's heart is no home for suspicion) of her son. She observed that George partook liberally of the wine, with which her table was provided; she even saw, and that without a thought of evil, that the *brandy bottle*—(these were not the days of temperance, and even Christian tables were polluted by ardent spirit)—was never refused by him; yet she feared not evil. His father, (and George was so like his father) his father had loved his glass of wine, his father always took his brandy and water with dinner, and yet his father was what was then called a temperate man.

A week or two had passed, and George was invited to a convivial party by a college friend. He went, charging his mother not to sit up for him; but he knew not a mother's heart, he knew not the delight that mother felt, in gazing even for a moment, on her son; in adding her fervent "God bless you," to the usual fond "Good night." Mrs. Stevens sat up; midnight came, yet George came not; one, two, three o'clock, and yet he is not here.—Four o'clock; a carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Stevens hastened forward to welcome her son; the servant opened the door; a loud coarse voice cries out "Here is your master, put him to bed." A wretched drunkard reels and staggers forward, scarce kept from falling by the arm of the servant; he approached the parlor door, where, frozen with horror, sickened with disgust, his mother stood; the light from the lamp streamed around her figure; he recognized her. The shock sobered him. "Oh! mother," said he; the mother spoke not; she only groaned heavily and fell senseless on the floor.

The next morning George Stevens descended with an aching head and fevered lips to a late breakfast; shame was on his brow, and the consciousness of degradation at his heart. His mother met him with kind, calm sorrow. After having spent a silent half hour at the table, where neither could eat a particle, George arose and was leaving the room; his mother read in the dogged sullenness of his look a determination to drown thought, care, and shame, in the maddening bowl. The idea impelled her to act; she sprang forward; she caught him in her arms; "My son! my son! do not desert me!" The heart of the son was touched, he wept, and they parted not till the mother had commended her son and his newly made resolutions of amendment to God in prayer.

George Stevens returned to college, but not to dissipation. His gay companions were astonished to find that he was no longer to be of their party. Persuasion was tried in vain—then they had recourse to ridicule; and George Stevens was compelled to endure "the trial of fierce and cruel mockings." For a while he resisted this also. But at last, to prove as he said, that he was not the *bigot*—the slave they called him, he resolved to attend a supper party at his friend Jones'. Jones was such a good fellow—a VERY TEMPERATE drinker; and with A TEMPERATE drinker there could be no danger. He went, and was brought home at midnight in a state of helpless, senseless drunkeness. The chain now broken, the old habit returned like the strong man armed; debauch fallowed debauch, till the measure of his excesses going beyond the college standard of decency, he was expelled for gross intoxication. This sentence revealed to the still deceived mother the full extent of her misery. She wrote her son a long and affectionate letter, entreating his immediate return to her. He came—but oh! how changed; debased, hardened, brutalized—in short, a *drunkard*. In vain his mother reasoned, remonstrated, implored—he could deride her arguments, and scoff at her prayers. His only care, his only thought was DRINK! DRINK!! DRINK!!!

His fine natural constitution bore up for a time against the poisonous influence of rum; at length, after a more than usually protracted debauch, fever came; delirium followed, and, after three days of madness, death closed the scene.

The widow's hope, the dead father's image, the child of so many prayers—so many tears,—was laid in the DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generations:

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the burgh of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. Whilst we were thus occupied, a gentleman came on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the streets.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the hammer, struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure: 'This work seems to be very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labours, and comfort your old age?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the Honorable company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivalling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray what has become of the third?' 'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man and resumed his discourse.—'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, that is he, he is the gentleman who speaks with you.' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who, like one beside himself, attempting to speak, and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying 'Where is he then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witnesses of this tender meeting with your family; we request the favor of you and yours to dinner in the inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, replied that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The affectionate William was in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to-day I feel in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India company. I was then little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficience and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quit the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted a third to a Scottish gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipts, and his heirs will account to me for it.'

After dinner, the captain gave his father 200*l.* to supply his most pressing wants, and at the same time secured to him, as well as to his mother, an annuity of 80*l.*, reversible to his two brothers. Besides, he presented 500*l.* as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and after distributing 50*l.* among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. By this generous sensibility, too he showed indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

(From a book called "My Note-Book," by M'Gregor.)

At the commencement of the wars of the French Revolution their father, Moses Rothschild (*Anglice* Redchild) was a small banker or money lender, living in an obscure part of Frankfort. He had established a character for strict probity, and would no doubt have amassed a large fortune, and have enriched his family, although events had never so eminently served him.

His eldest son, Nathan Meyer, whom he sent to England, commenced business in Manchester, partly as a small manufacturer but chiefly as a broker or commission agent, in the way of purchasing the fabrics of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and shipping them for Frankfort, to supply the German market. This was a thriving business enough, until the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees crushed it and the trade of Frankfort at the same time.

Another son, Solomon, was sent to Paris, where he commenced business as a money dealer and negotiant. The third son remained at home with his father.

When the French armies crossed the Rhine, most of the German princes were driven from their territories, among others the sovereign of Hesse Cassel, who carried his jewels and money hastily to Frankfort, in order, if possible, to deposit them where they would be most likely to escape the French.

The reputable character of the humble Jew, Moses Rothschild, induced the Prince to call upon him for the purpose of depositing with him his treasure, in value some millions of thalars. Rothschild at once refused accepting so dangerous a responsibility, for the French troops were advancing fast to the city. The Prince who would not even take a receipt for them, at last urged Moses to take charge of the money and jewels; and the French army was actually entering Frankfort at the moment that Rothschild succeeded in burying the Prince's treasure in a corner of his little garden.

His own property, which in goods and money, was worth about 40,000 thalars, he did not hide, well knowing that if he did so, a strict search would be made, and that not only his own, but the Prince's hoard, would be discovered and plundered. The Republicans, who like the Philistines of old, fell upon Rothschild, left him not one thaler's value of his own money or property. In truth he was like all the other Jews and citizens, reduced to utter poverty, but the Prince's treasure was safe, and some time after the French army marched out from Frankfort, Rothschild commenced business cautiously by means of the Prince's money, until the year 1802 when the latter returned to Frankfort, on his way to Cassel.

He had heard and read in the Gazettes, that the French had despoiled Rothschild of every thing he possessed, and consequently, he considered his own must have inevitably gone. He however called, without any hope, on the honest Jew, and when he asked Moses "if the robbers had took all?" great was his joy when the latter replied "not of one kreutzer, I have all the jewels, which I secured untouched in a strong chest, and the money I have also with four per cent., besides for your highness, from the day that you put your confidence in the Jew, Moses Rothschild." He then related the whole story, and several anecdotes about the ingenuity of the *sans-culottes*.—"As I was left without a kreutzer of my own," continued he, "and had so much good money of your highness's idle, and doing no profit, and as I could get high interest for it from the merchants, I began to use it by little and little. I have been successful; and it is only just you should have it all back with 4 per cent. interest." "No," said the Prince, "I will neither receive the interest which your honesty offers, nor yet take my money out of your hands. The interest is not sufficient to replace what you lost to save mine; and further, my money shall be at your service for 20 years to come, at no more than 2 per cent. interest." At the congress of Vienna, the Prince of Hesse Cassel held up the high character of Moses Rothschild so earnestly to the potentates and ministers there assembled, as to obtain from them promises of giving power of negociating loans to the family; and the loan of 200,000,000f. contracted by France to pay the Allied Powers, was accordingly entrusted to the son at Paris, the present Baron Solomon Rothschild. Thus began their loans and negotiations on a large scale; added to which, their increasing connexions and resources having enabled them to have more expeditious intelligence than all other capitalists they have profited by their contracts to an unprecedented extent.

Mr. Rothschild, of London, for instance, had information of Napoleon's escape from Elba 25 hours before the British Ministry. Their first loan of 200,000,000f. contracted at Paris, was agreed for at 67 per cent., and a short time after sold at 93, making a difference of 52,000,000f. on the whole amount, between the contract and the sale prices.

The manners of the Rothschilds are blunt and by no means polished, nor have they much that is persuasive in speech. I allude to Baron Rothschild at Paris, and Baron Andreas Rothschild, who resides in much more than German princely style at Frankfort. I find much said against the latter (Baron Andreas) in this town, but I