DAILY APPEAL.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY MORNING,--JANUARY 18, 1857.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE—VICE PRESIDENT ELECT.

In a Republic like ours, where merit alone marks the man in the estimation of his country men, it is not necessary to produce high family lineage to recommend him to public station. The Constitution has wisely provided for the employment of the best talent and the highest qualities, in conducting the affairs of the Government, by leaving the people free to choose their rulers and agents from all conditions and stations of life.

Accordingly, the obscure youth,

"Alike to fortune and to fame unknown,"

who possesses energy, talent and ambition is at the threshold of his career placed on a platform of perfect equality with the proudest, and wealthiest scions in the land, and may rightfully aspire, by a meritorious course of conduct, to achieve the highest honors connected with the Government.

But it was evidently designed by the founders of our beneficent system of Government, that merit, *and merit alone*, should constitute the basis of success in all pursuits, public and private, which pertain to our institutions.

It was not designed that the merits of the father should entitle the son to his distinctions and rewards, unless the latter conformed himself to the high standard of character achieved by the former. Accordingly Mr. JEFFERSON, the first Democratic President of the United States, adopted the rule to apply this test to all who sought office under his Administration, "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" It was not enough to ask whether his father, or his grandfather possessed these qualifications, because it was not the father or grandfather who was to discharge the duties of the office. But does the applicant himself conform to this standard? This test was a practical carrying out of the whole spirit of our institutions, whose object is to secure the best and most capable men as agents of the people to administer their Government. The father may be a true man—the son a recreant. Nobility nor virtue is not a family monopoly; and vice obtrudes itself into the worthiest and most distinguished family circles.

Yet, it cannot be doubted by the scrutinizing observer of men's character and history, that families of marked characters and signal virtues, sometimes preserve for many generations an eminent position of worth among men. So there are families which continue to link their names with odium and execration. The Bourbons in France are examples of the latter. Their profligacy and licentiousness were the source of all the woes entailed upon the French people by the "Reign of Terror."

We deduce from this, that even in a Republic, where heraldry is held in contempt, a uniform family lineage, of shining qualities and substantial merit, has its advantages. When the people witness an unbroken series of meritorious, useful and honorable successors, they unhesitatingly give their confidence and affection to the inheritors of the family virtues, provided they are worthy of their sires. We have entered into this course of remark from a consideration of the long line of eminent and worthy ancestors whom history awards to JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, the Vice President elect of the United States.

Maj. BRECKINRIDGE stands upon his own merits and services, as every citizen of our Republic is compelled to do. His virtues, his lofty bearing, his eloquence, his winning manners, have won for him his present high and honorable position. But it will not be uninteresting to refer more particularly to the history of his family, as an evidence that the same characteristics are often transmitted from sire to son, and that a long lineage of pure and exalted qualities is attainable in the history of men. Who is there that would not be proud to transmit virtue and merit to his sons and to his remotest generations, if he could be encouraged to believe that it is an attainable desideratum? An example of such excellence and eminence prove its attainability, and encourages us to trust that the youths of our country will exert themselves to preserve unsullied their own reputation and that of their children to the latest generation.

The sketch we propose shall appear hereafter.

☞ Four Texas editors are among the recruits enlisted for WALKER recently.

☞ Bishop PAYNE was lately robbed of several hundred dollars on board a steamboat at New Orleans.

☞ Rev. J. M. SHARPE has been unanimously elected President of Tennessee Female College, at Franklin, Tenn.

☞ HENRY MOORE was killed in Darlington district, S. C., on Christmas night, by a woman named MARTHA KENNEDY.

☞ W. H. BAILEY, Esq., of Orange, has been elected by the General Assembly, Attorney General of North Carolina to fill a vacancy.

☞ The New York *Herald* asserts that during the past year its highest daily circulation was 79,680 copies and its lowest 56,000, and that the gross receipts of the papers during the year were $531,945 34.

☞ The following advertisement appears in a late London newspaper: "Children taut to danse, if agreeable at 6d per week, by J. WILLIAMS, who buys and sells old irons and coales—shoes cleened and mended."

CAMPHINE ACCIDENTS.—E. MERIAM, the Brooklyn philosopher, has kept account of the accidents occurring from the use of camphine and burning fluid, and gives the following as the result of his personal observation, from October 1, 1855, to October 1, 1856: Killed, 57; injured, 103, sixteen of whom are not expected to recover; and the amount of property destroyed, in such cases where the amount was mentioned, was $104,095.

A CANADIAN IN LUCK—ROMANTIC.—A Toronto paper tells of a young man who was formerly a clerk in a banking-house in that city, and who so pleased a gentleman from one of the Southern States by a single business interview, that the latter offered to increase his salary three-fold if he would accompany him to the South and act as clerk in a banking-house there. The offer was accepted after a consultation with his friends. The young man had been at the South but a short time when he made an offer, in his turn, to the banker's daughter. His proposal was accepted and sealed by the performance of his marriage ceremony. The clerk was then made a partner in the banking establishment, and received on his wedding day, among other presents, what the Canadian paper thinks was a singular gift—one hundred and fifty negroes.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We clip the following from the Natchez *Courier*, of the 16th inst.:

Mr. J. R. Hunt, late a salesman at the auction store of S. Schatz, on Commerce street, died suddenly on Tuesday evening last. He was previously in good health, but had had a difficulty with some man from Arkansas, in which affray he received injuries in the face, and possibly about his body. Whether sufficient to have caused his death, it is beyond our knowledge. He was but a short time a resident of Natchez, and one of the first in his line of business.

REVOLT OF THE BACHELORS.—On Sunday evening, December 21st, the Rev. Mr. Partridge, pastor of the Universalist Society in Essex, preached a sermon on the subject of matrimony. Three of the single gentlemen took the discourse so much at heart that they left the church in the midst of the service.—*Salem Gazette.*

ARKANSAS INTELLIGENCH.

We copy the following from the Little Rock *True Democrat*, of the 13th inst.:

We have had the heaviest and most lasting snow, during the last week, that we ever remember to have seen in Arkansas. The river, though yet in good boating order, is slowly falling. The ice is running this morning pretty considerably.

The weather is turning warm—the sun is beginning to be felt, and we may expect in a very few days to see the ground clear of snow, and the river again swelling.

LAND AGENTS.—On Thursday evening last the following Land Agents, all Democrats were elected by joint vote of the General Assembly:

For the Batesville office, Robt. A. Johnson.
For the Clarksville office, Wm. Adams.
For the Eldorado Office, R. F. Richardson.
For the Fayetteville office, A. R. Witt.
For the Helena office, John C. O. Smith.
For the Little Rock office, D. W. Carroll.
For the Washington office, Jas. M. Killigre.

The Batesville *Balance* gives the annexed account of a shocking tragedy which occurred near Batesville on the night of the 1st inst. It says:

The facts connected with it, we learned from the report of the Coroner's jury which held an inquest over the bodies of the unfortunate victims.

The circumstances indicated that a man by the name of Dean, under the influence of some brutal passion, had assaulted his wife with the intention of killing her, and she resisted and fled, but the poor fiend followed her some sixty yards from the house stabbed her several times, and finally cut her throat, and she was found lying dead having apparently fallen on her face while in the act of running. Dean himself was found lying dead in his house, with his knife and razor lying bloodied beside him. Remorse for killing his wife instigated him no doubt, to take his own life. This unfortunate couple had been married but a few months. Dean was reputed to be a sober steady man, and his wife a very kind inoffensive woman. No one knew of any difficulty between them, and it is impossible to conceive what could have led the man to the commission of so foul a deed, unless it was a knowledge or suspicion of his wife's infidelity. For all that we know, he may have been a hapless Othello.

STRAYED.—An exchange contains the following notice:

Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper, some time during the week, a ten cent piece. Who it belongs to, or where it came from, is a mystery to us, and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away; we have been without money so long, that its use is entirely forgotten. Upon one side is a beautiful young lady with a handkerchief to her eyes, weeping to think that she has no mate, and a night cap on a pole as a signal of distress."

THE APPROACHING INAUGURATION.—The *Democratic Review* says:

"The inauguration of James Buchanan promises to be the most magnificent instalment of a Chief Magistrate of the United States that has ever taken place. The military and civic associations of the large cities are making preparations to visit Washington on the occasion. Among the rest, we notice the 7th regiment; National Guard, of the 1st division New York State militia of the city of New York; the Burgess Corps of Albany; the Keystone Club of Philadelphia; and the Young Men's Democratic Union Club of New York, who will be accompanied by Dodworth's full band."

☞ The Trenton *Standard*, of the 11th inst., says:

A telegraph dispatch was received in this place yesterday, stating that Mr. Wilson, recently shot through the neck by Mr. Allen, at Hickman, Ky., died from the wound. For several days hope of his recovery was entertained; but on yesterday the arterial tube sloughed off by suppuration, and he bled to death in a few minutes.

☞ The Prairie *News* says:

"We learn that on Tuesday of last week, a negro belonging to Col. M. H. Mobley was shot by Col. M.'s overseer, Mr. Gallaghan, while resisting chastisement. After he was wounded he wrested Mr. G.'s pistol from him, and beat him with it over the head. He was finally secured. He had been in the State but a few weeks."

Decay of Presbyterianism.

The following has appeared in a number of papers:

DECAY OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.—The *Presbyterian* says: "There is one fact to which we desire to call the attention of all our readers who love our Church, and pray for its enlargement—*between one-fourth and one-fifth of all our churches are vacant.*"

The foregoing first attracted our notice in the columns of the New York *Independent*. The perversion was so much in keeping with the general character of that paper, that we did not think it worth while to publish a correction. We find, however, that the paragraph has been seized upon with avidity by every sheet whose hostility to the Old-school Presbyterian Church leads them to give currency to whatever appears to its disadvantage. They have, no doubt, published the above in the hope it was true.

"Thy wish, Harry, is father to the thought."

To our own readers we need hardly say, that by the unworthy artifice of putting a deceptive heading to a paragraph garbled from our columns, an entirely different meaning is given to our words from what they were designed to convey; and we are made to state an untruth. Our churches are not "decaying." On the contrary, they are multiplying so that the increase of our ministry does not keep pace with them; and the very object of our statement, so grossly perverted, was to excite our Presbyterian people to earnest prayer and effort for large reinforcements of the ministry, that these vacant churches might be supplied.

For the information of any who might have been misled, we will give a few figures. For the sake of convenience, we take an interval of ten years as that in which to examine into this "Decay of Presbyterian churches."

The following are the comparative statistics for 1845 and 1856:

	1846.	1856
Churches organized,	45	85
Whole number of churches,	2,297	3,146
Additions on examination,	7,792	12,312
Total of communicants,	174,714	235,755

From which it appears that there were forty more churches organized, and four thousand five hundred and thirty more communicants added in the ecclesiastical year ending May, 1856 than in 1846; and that the net increase of churches in the same time has been eight hundred and forty-nine, and the net increase of communicants, exclusive of deaths, &c., fifty-nine thousand and forty-one. The average gross increase of communicants during the ten years has been nearly ten thousand per annum. Our church has by no means reached that rate of progress which we trust she is to attain. But she has abundant reason to bless God for having favored her with such accessions of numbers and strength as these figures indicate. —*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.—The life of a railroad engineer is graphically depicted in the following extract, which we copy from the Schenectady *Star*:

"But the engineer, he who guides the train by guiding the iron horse, and almost holds the lives of the passengers in his hands—his is a life of mingled danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you may find him; he is the "Pathfinder"—he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it the speed ahead with the velocity of the wind at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of the train. Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise and the earth trembles under your feet. The light comes nearer; you can compare it to nothing but the devil himself, with its terrible whistle; the sparks, you imagine, come from Belzebub's nostrils; the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you, you back away and shudder; you look up, and, almost on the devil's back, rides the engineer; perhaps the "machine" shrieks, and you imagine the engineer is applying spur to the devil's sides.

"A daring fellow, that engineer; you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he does, day after day, night after night. Moonlight evenings he sweeps over the country—through cities and villages—through fairy scenes in forest and clearings; he looks through the square holes at his side, and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same; perhaps the tracks are undermined, or overflown with water; perhaps a roundels have placed obstruction in the way, or trees been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him, at least, but he stops not. Right on, is the word with him, and on he goes, regardless of danger, weather, and everything save the well-doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the cushioned seats of the cars and get warm from the fire that is kindled for your benefit."

MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

From the Nashville Home Circle.]

The appearance of an authoress in our midst, naturally makes us desirous to know something about her history. We have, consequently, made inquiry; but the result has not been satisfactory. All we have been able to learn is what follows: Mrs. French, formerly Miss L. Virginia Smith, is a native of Accomack county, Virginia. At an early age she was sent to Washington, Pennsylvania, to be educated, under the care of her grandparents. With them she remained till she completed the course of her study prescribed at the female seminary at that place, and subsequently removed to Memphis, where she and her sister engaged in school-teaching. The two were orphans, and in a land of strangers, but, amiable and accomplished, they soon won the confidence of those around them, and ever since have had troops of friends. Miss Smith soon commenced contributing occasional pieces to the Memphis press, under the signature of "*L'Inconnue.*" When this name had attained some notoriety, she was persuaded by her friends to contribute several articles to one of the monthly magazines of Philadelphia. To this she finally consented, intending, "if her contributions to the Philadelphia monthly had been well received, to adopt the congenial pursuits of literature as the business of her life. In this, however, she was, for a time, disappointed. The pieces were published, but did not attract the attention they deserved. Saddened and discomfited at what she regarded as a virtual rejection of her offerings, she was about to turn away in despair from the seductive paths of poesy, when an excellent friend, who had been, since her residence in the West, her protector and adviser, urged her to try Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*. . . . . her patron and friend. The columns of the '*Journal*' teemed with well-deserved tributes to the flashes of genius with which she now and then gemmed the 'Poets' Corner.' Her contributions were at once invoked . . . three of the leading periodicals at the North—and from that good hour her literary fortune was made."

The appearance of "The Lost Louisiana" was the precursor of an event which no woman forgets. That poem was published in one of the New Orleans dailies. The newsboys were hawking the morning papers about the streets, and one of them eyed a stranger at leisure, in front of the St. Charles. With that penetration for which these boys are remarkable, he divined the taste of his customer, and commended the poem by name. The title alone was enough to attract the stranger's attention, for, at midnight, on the 14th of December, 1844, he had lost all his worldly possessions by a collision between that boat and the *Belle of Clarksville*. The *Louisiana*, heavily loaded with cotton, and bound for New Orleans, struck the *Belle of Clarksville* just forward of the wheelhouse. The hull of the latter boat went down, and with it all the deck passengers. The cabin, broken into two parts, floated down the river. The *Louisiana* immediately rounded to, for the relief of the demolished boat. One portion of the cabin was soon made fast to the river bank; but the other, hurried on by the rapidity of the stream, grounded on a sand-bar about six miles below. The stranger of whom we speak was on this portion of the wreck, and when taken off had neither hat, vest, nor gloves. The poem entitled "The Lost Louisiana" was written to commemorate a subsequent disaster—one generally admitted to be the most awful that has ever occurred on the Western waters. The boat, however, was the same that had broken the fortune of the stranger to whom the newsboy now offered the poem. It was therefore readily bought and much admired. "*L'Inconnue*," the signature under which the poem was written, made the stranger curious to know the writer; he accordingly cut out the poem, and put it in his pocket-book. Not long afterwards he was a passenger on a steamer bound up the Mississippi and during a few hours' delay at Memphis, went into a book-store for something to read during the remainder of the voyage. While, a young lady casually passed, to whom his attention was directed by a remark from one of the inmates. He stepped to the door, and seeing her engaged in conversation with two others accidentally met on the street, he sallied forth, passed the group, and proceeded to the Gayoso House. Here he waited till the fair one passed by; and then following at a respectful distance, saw her ascend a flight of steps and disappear. Something—he knew not what—convinced him he had seen *L'Inconnue*. The boat continued her voyage, but the stranger, with the poem of "The Lost Louisiana" in his pocket, was not a passenger. An introduction soon followed; the lady proved to be *L'Inconnue*, and the stranger afterwards became her husband.

After her marriage she removed to McMinnville, where she now resides. In her present position, we imagine that Mrs. French is surrounded with much that is congenial to the tastes and habits of a poetess. Her residence, situated on a graceful eminence to the right of the main thoroughfare leading to the village, is surrounded by a grove of stately oaks, through which may be had at a glimpse of the house and the tastefully cultivated grounds surrounding it. On the east, the waters of the Barren Fork approach almost within a stone's throw; while beyond, at a distance of three or four miles, runs the main chain of the Cumberland mountains. Taste, comfort, and picturesque scenery, conspire to make her residence what she calls it, a "Forest Home." Here our authoress is leading a retired, studious, and, we doubt not, happy life.

Spurgeon's Appearance in the Pulpit.

The London correspondent of the *Banner and Advocate* thus describes MR. SPURGEON:

I have ere now given you a brief sketch of Mr. Spurgeon, the popular preacher of London at this hour. He is not popular with the refined classes; nor is he aught but a violent contrast, both in person and manner, to the gentle, elegant yet earest Baptist, Noel. Spurgeon is not yet twenty-four years old. He began like William Jay, to preach when almost a boy. He has not been at a college. His father is a Baptist minister, and he has a younger brother rusticating in the Baptist College, at Stepney, who, they say, will be superior to himself. Mr. Spurgeon is of the middle-size—thick-set in figure, with a deep, capacious chest, and a throat and tongue, and lip, all formed for vehement oratory. His hair is black, over a tolerably wide forehead; his eyes dark and deeply set. His manner in the pulpit is *energy* from the first to the last—physical energy, impelled by a vehement purpose, and a determination to arouse from the beginning. He reads the psalm abruptly; he prays with startling rapidity, and, you would say, sometimes with irreverence. And yet there is a *power* in it, and a fervor and fulness, too, which *commands* breathless interest. Egotism does come up; and yet you say, he is very young, and he could not speak or pray thus as an experienced Christian, and with petitions for every class, without some Divine teaching. Then comes an exposition of the chapter. What a torrent of words! What striking remarks, quaint and pithy! And how well he knows his Bible! It is not a lecture. The English will not stand that. But it is a rapid running commentary, which, in my mind, when well done, is the perfection of an expository reading *before*, and as *preparatory* to the sermon.

Next comes the sermon itself—say that delivered in my own church. The text is: "There they crucified him." 1. The Place; 2. The Victim; 3. The Executioners; 4. The Punishment. How natural the division! What vivid clearness of illustration and force of application on each head! Some oddities appear. A story, half humorous, bearing on religion, is told, and the people smile—almost laugh! Many are shocked, but hear him out, and say, is not the effect of the whole *good—extraordinary?* Listen, too, to his language. How thoroughly English, vernacular! scarce a Latinized or Greek borrowed term. Is it any wonder with this, and the rich, full old doctrine of the Puritan age—election defended, asserted, sovereign grace vindicated and glorified—Christ set forth as crucified and slain, pictures, anecdotes—that, in spite of extravagance and much of *self*, the common people hear him gladly?

Look at him as he prepares to describe the crucifixion! Hear him lower his voice and say, "If you have any tears to shed prepare to shed them now!" Ah! you say, that is from Shakspeare, and you are *shocked*. So was I; but then I said, "Half, three-fourths of this crowd don't know it, and it is all natural to them!" That does not quite satisfy me or justify him. He goes on. How thrilling the painting of the *agony*, the physical *agony* of the crucified victim! But see how he turns round on the backslider, almost an *apostate*. "You crucify him afresh," he cries, in a voice of thunder and with flashing eyes! Then, placing one hand, closed as on a thick nail, against the back of the pulpit, and with the other, imitating the action of a man with a hammer, driving home the spike through the hands or feet, he charges home on the backslider his awful guilt, and thrills the whole assembly. It would be mere acting with ordinary preachers, with him it is natural, or almost entirely so. He does take liberties with his audience; he does deal too much in stimulants; but anything better than these *mirlids* of London allowed to perish unwarned, and anything better than that miserable negation of truth, which our younger preachers are setting forth as a new and better gospel, Spurgeon preaches the doctrine of grace with great courage and fulness; and, like Paul, like Whitfield, like Berridge and Romaine, he *freely* invites *all* to our Saviour. And fruits have appeared, although tares mingle with the wheat.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

WOMAN.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

Not thine! not thine! is the glittering crest,
And the glance of the snow-white plume—
Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,
Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom;—
Nor is *thy* place 'mid thy country's host,
Where the war steed champs the rein—
Where the waving plumes are like sea foam tost,
And the turf wears a gory stain.

Not these! not these! are thy glorious dower!
But a holier gift is *thine*,
When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
And the red blood flowed like wine,
To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—
To raise the drooping head—
To cool the parched lip's fevered glow—
And to smooth down the lowly bed!

Not thine! not thine! is the towering height,
Where Ambition makes his throne—
The timid dare winds not hence flight,
Where the eagle soars alone;—
But in the hall, and in the bower,
And by the humblest hearth,
Man feels the charm, and owns the power,
That binds him still to earth.

Yes, *there* are thine!—and who can say,
His is a brighter doom,
Who wins Fame's glory wreath of bay,
Round an aching brow to bloom?
Oh! to watch death's livid hues depart—
To soothe every pang of wo—
And to whisper hope, to the fainting heart—
Is the proudest meed below!

RELIGION.

When youth is o'er, and sage reflection brings
Its train of reasonings o'er the pensive mind;
When beauty sheds its brilliant tints no more,
And worldly pleasures lose their power to bind;
When the gay dance, the festive halls of mirth—
No longer lure us, nor desires raise;
O! then how sweet, in solitude, to kneel,
And lay our souls to God, in prayer and praise.
His creatures we, the children of his care,
To whom he wills salvation, endless life,
Joy, never failing he sends down to bless,
Where sorrow cannot come, nor cares nor strife;
Hail! spirit pure, Religion welcome here;
Thou dove of heaven, oh! nestle in my breast,
Till in the mansions of celestial love,
I rise in glory and eternal rest.

THE MONEY KINGS.

A CONDENSED SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE ROTHSCHILDS, FROM THEIR RISE TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The season was September, 1793. The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel saw the French revolutionary bands approaching his dominions, and waving at his very frontiers. Hastily he packed up his jewels and valuables, together with between two and three millions of thalers, and took the way to the ancient city of Frankfort, hoping to find means of placing his wealth and the jewels of his house in security.

Arrived at the city which had, for centuries, sent forth the rulers of the "holy Roman Empire," the fugitive Landgrave knocked at the door of an humble Jewish banker, Meyer Rothschild, richer in children than in thalers, but withal a distinguished and experienced archeologist and numismatologist.

The sovereign, who himself was an expert in these sciences, paid much respect to the knowledge of the Jew banker, and had actually, a few years before, bestowed upon him the distinction of the title of "Medailleur to his Court."

"Meyer," he began, as he handed him his well-filled case, "I know you to be honest and conscientious. Here is all I possess; take it, and return it to me when this tempest shall have blown over, and when better times dawn upon us."

"Such vast confidence does me great honor," replied the Hebrew, "but your highness must not forget that the Republican army is almost before our doors."

"We are in the hands of Providence," replied the Landgrave. "I ask for no receipt."

The Prince re-entered his vehicle and hurried off, without listening to the renewed protestations of the man of business.

What Meyer Rothschild had anticipated, duly came to pass. Before a week was ever, Frankfort was in possession of the French troops, and the banker, who had been denounced as an anti-revolutionist, and an ally of the tyrants, found his domicil sacked, and his cash-box plundered in the name of liberty and the people.

No sooner, however, had the victors left Frankfort, than Meyer Rothschild re-opened his banking-house, finding at first credit among the Jews, and ultimately with all the business world, and soon was reputed richer than ever. In 1802 he was once more considered as one of the most reliable bankers in Germany.

About this time there came a short period of rest for the crowned heads of Germany. The princes of the Rhenish Confederacy rested under the high and forced protection of Napoleon. Raised by the will of the great commander to the dignity of an Elector of the German Empire, the Landgrave of Hesse received permission to return to his dominions. On his way he passed through Frankfort. The journals had before informed him of the plundering of Rothschild's house, and he naturally believed his own wealth long since a prey to the Jacobins. Still he determined to visit his numismastic friend, if only to assure him of the continuance of his confidence.

"Good morrow, Meyer," said the Elector, with a frank and hearty shake of hands. "At last we have peace, old friend, but it costs us dear enough. Before you stands a ruined man, as poor as Job."

"What! you poor, your Highness?"

"Certainly, for have not those confounded *sans culottes* stolen my wealth along with yours? If I do not now too much inconvenience you, I should like to borrow a small advance upon the indemnity which I shall receive in Hesse-Cassel."

"An advance is not needed for your Highness, for all that you confided to my care is safe and untouched."

"What!" exclaimed the Prince, "and were you not plundered, then?"

"The French have taken everything! had, and I was very careful not to excite them by resistance; otherwise they would have searched more thoroughly and might have found your diamonds and money where they were hidden in my cellar."

"How! Is it possible?"

"Yes, my prince was a stratagem. They never found what I had hidden. For the last nine years, in order to indemnify myself for the moneys I had lost, I have taken the liberty of using some of yours. All my enterprises have proved successful, and without embarrassing myself in the least, I can now return you the entire sum with five per cent. interest."

The Prince was deeply moved.

"Meyer," he said, "you are the most honorable Jew I have ever heard of. Keep my money, and continue to operate with it. From to-day two years I want a return of it, and only two per cent. interest."

And thus Rothschild became a millionaire.

Old Meyer died in 1812. Before he died he had his five sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James called to his bed-side. They received his blessing, and swore to him to be true to the law of Moses, never to separate from each other, and never to undertake a great enterprise without having first obtained the counsel and advice of their mother.

"Observe well these points, and you will soon be the richest among the rich, and the world will belong to you."

One old Hebrew proved a prophet. A financial Pentarchy was founded at his grave, and soon erected its thrones in the five principal cities of Europe: Frankfort, Vienna, Naples, London and Paris.

The deposit of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel continued to produce rich harvests to the heirs of Meyer Rothschild.

In 1814, at the Vienna Congress, the Elector related to the assembled sovereigns the story of Frankfort invasion, and of the integrity of the old Jew. At once the house of Frankfort obtained the custom of the "Holy Alliance." It was commissioned with all the important loans which at that time were negotiated by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the Kings of England, Prussia, Denmark, Naples and Sardinia. In every one of these great financial operations each of the five Rothschild's had a share.

James, the youngest of the family, received the loan of two hundred millions, which France needed, to make friends, of its enemies.

Disposing over enormous capitals, the five brothers created active and energetic corresponding agencies in every part of Europe. They received information of the slightest stock fluctuations in all the different and most remote places. They negotiated with the most perfect security; and their operations remained wrapped in the most impenetrable secrecy, and were secured by certain success in speculation of the money market. Three of old Meyer's sons seem particularly to have inherited his genius. These are Nathan, Solomon and James.

Nathan deserves special mention. Scarcely of age in 1798, he located himself at Manchester, with a capital of 500,000 francs, which he had borrowed from the paternal coffers. In four yehrs he had tripled his capital, removed his banking house to London, where the extent of his business soon assumed perfectly gigantic proportions.

Nathan served his government as intermediator with the continental powers, who at that time were fighting against France, and he alone continued to extend credit to the cabinet of St. James.

He was at Brussels in 1815, during the battle of Waterloo, and immediately after it hastened to London, where he arrived twenty-four hours in advance of the official news of the victory. During these hours he went on 'Change, bought everything that was offered, and thus gained at one stroke of business thirty millions.

The invasion of 1815 quadrupled his fortune, and despite of the most gigantic banking undertakings, he never neglected even the smallest matter of business.

He died in 1836.

Physically, Nathan Rothschild had repulsive features. His deportment was that of the evident parvenu. To him is ascribed the first plan of re-uniting the children of Israel, by the banks of Jordan; he designed to buy from the Turks that country which was promised to his race. They would then, from pure gratitude, have made him King of Palestine; but whether they would have exchanged their European wealth and business for the land of the Bible, still remains an open question. Our lamented friend, the late Major Noah, was a zealous and earnest co-laborer of Rothschild, in that cause.

Nathan married the sister of Isaac Cohen, who had a dowry of fifteen million francs.

James, the head of the Paris house, went from Paris, to establish himself there, at the very moment when the sceptre fell from the hands of Napoleon. He was the principal banker in the loans of the Restoration. He and his brother Nathan received the billion of war expenses, and the two billions of indemnity paid to the allied powers. That enormous stream of money flowed through their coffers, and how much of it remained there has never been ascertained.

After the downfall of the old dynasty, Baron James offered his gold-filled hand to the monarchy of the July revolution, and the hand was gratefully grasped. The Baron and his wife now obtained the often before refused *entree* at Court, and the Princes often appeared in Rothchild's saloons.

Thus, under Louis Phillippe's rule, the influence of the Rothschilds daily and visibly increased. In fact *adio* reigned supreme, and even art and talent contended for the honor, and often in vain, to obtain the entry in the hotel in the *rue Lafitte*, for Baron James was often very particular in the choice of his guests.

Only towards literati he was amiable, especially toward H. Heine, the piquant and spirited humorist, who often had the fun even at the expense of his host. Thus at the close of a brilliant banquet, several of *Lachrimæ Christi* had been consumed, Rothschild said to the poet:

"What a peculiar name for wine. What can be the origin of it?"

"The etyomology is perfectly simple," replied Heine, "Christ weeps at the fact that Jews should drink such excellent wine."

"Deuce take your smartness," exclaimed Rothschild, amid the convulsive laughter that followed.

Ordinarily the two conversed in the German Jewish dialect; but Heine would never permit Rothschild to assume towards him the condescending nabob style he always exhibited towards others. If they had a dispute, the poet threatened the man of money to publish their conversation in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The Baron immediately turned pale with apprehension, and at once took the most humble steps towards a conciliation.

It is well known that since 1852 the peculiar financier has become Consul General of Austria.

The secret history of the first half of Louis Phillipe's reign has yet to be written, but only one who is thoroughly acquainted with the life and business of Baron Rothschild will be able to write it correctly. At the time of the coalition in 1839, for instance, the millionaire financier alone created rain or sunshine at his will, The Tuilleries and the hotel in the *rue Lafitte* stood in the most intimate connection, and the Duke de Montpensier was one of the regular dancing partners of M'lle Charlotte Rothschild.

The banker Baron obtained the royal concession for the Northern Railroad, and the demon of stock-jobbing awakened by him soon spread over the entire nation, to the injury of small speculators and the exclusive enriching of the big financiers, who, it is said, divided half a billion among themselves.

However, there are many traits and instances of patriarchal benevolence to be told of the Prince of the Bank. When the short harvest of 1846 seemed to threaten a universal famine in 1847, Baron Rothschild attempted to avert the impending evil by buying upon his own account immense quantities of breadstuffs in Europe and America. At the hall in Paris, grain and flour was then sold below the market prices, and the profits of this immense speculation were to be applied to furnishing bread for all the needy and hungry.

A special baker sold bread to the poor at a very great reduction from the price charged by the regular bakers. But the people in this instance would not believe the benevolent intentions of the donor, railed against imaginary usury in grain, believed the most absurd and ridiculous reports, among others, that Rothschild had bought spoiled flour and had made it palatable by an admixture of sweet almond. Of course they never thought that such an admixture would have made the bread three times as expensive.

Those same sweet almonds of Baron Rothschild's contributed a good share to the February revolution.

Ever ready for adding fuel to the flames; ever ready to excite the masses, and delighting in stirring up mischief, the *National* said of the Baron Rothschild, that he had mixed his flour with the sweat of the people, which, of course, would have produced very objectionable bread. At the same time a number of pamphlets against Rothschild, made their appearance, and whilst the people thus rewarded his charitable efforts, their benefactor in reality lost heavy sums, as he could not dispose of the provisions he had procured

The revolution of 1848 filled the house of Rothschild with terror. The Baron heard that the rabble were burning down his country houses and castle. With his natural shrewdness, he perceived that his flight would be the signal for an unalterable confiscation of all his numerous possessions, and he had the courage to remain.

Numerous anecdotes are in circulation illustrative of his presence of mind and firmness during the trying days of '48. We will not, however, repeat them all here. One, especially, has been often told in the papers. It relates to a call upon him by a rough party of Red Republicans, demanding an equal distribution of his property. He admitted their estimate of his wealth was correct, computed the population of France, among whom his money was to be equally distributed, and paid his revolutionary assailants two francs each, as their proper share in an equal distribution.

In 1830, Rothschild had given 15,000 francs; this was a great deal, for no one had threatened him. In 1850, he signed 50,000 francs for the wounded and unemployed laborers. At the same time his son Alphonse, who had just come of age, at once wrote to the Provisional Government, petitioning for his right of citizenship.

It is said that just at the moment when James, almost overcome with terror, was hesitating between the safety of his person and his millions, Marc Caussidiere made his appearance before him and said:

"Citizen Rothschild, no weakness! I pledge myself for you!"

The banker dreamt all night of that man's red scarf, the pistols in his belt, and the great cavalry sword that dragged at his side. But when he saw on the next morning, that measures had been taken, not only to protect his hotel, but also all his possessions in the neighborhood of the city against any attack, he discovered that the words of the Prefect of Police were more than idle wind. In less than a a year after this, Caussidiere, banished, and without any means, came to London. There he received a letter from Paris, as follows:

"*Sir*: Permit me to place at your disposal the sum of thirty thousand francs. This little capital may enable you, upon the hard soil of exile, to enter into some kind of business. You may return the sum in ten or twenty years, or whenever you like. This is a small recognition of the valuable service you have rendered to the country. Ever yours,

"ROTHSCHILD."

At first Rothschild was very inimical to the Government of the second of December. He would most probably have been sent to Mazas for this, but his position as Austrian Consul General protected him.

He had often been bitterly reproached for never claiming anything for the benefit of his poor co-religionists.

"At least," it was said to him, "give them the profit of one single speculation in change."

He approved of the idea. A manœuvre of "bulls," which he organized one fine morning, followed up immediately by a manœuvre of "bears," left a net profit of 850,000 francs, which he at once devoted to the erection of a Jewish Asylum in the rue Picpus.

By his total absence of courtesy and manners, the sovereign banker has created more ill-feelings than the loud ring of his millions has ever created envy. He takes a great pleasure in humiliating men of talent. A short time ago, bravery, on such an occasion, the importinance of the man of money was properly and spiritedly reproved.

Cremieux, who had never seen his moneyed co-religionist, met him one day in the synagogue, and having occasion to speak to him upon matters concerning the congregation, introduced himself without ceremony, and commenced to speak upon his business.

"And are you really M. Cremieux?" asked Rothschild, measuring him with his looks from head to foot.

"Yes, Baron, I have already done myself the honor of mentioning my name."

"Certainly; but I thought M. Cremieux, the famous advocate, should be bigger than you are."

At these silly, as well as impertinent words, Cremieux bit his lips, but proceeded to say what he had to say upon business, and Rothschild grew clear and distinct answers.

"But are you really Baron Rothschild?" said Cremieux, interrupting him.

"What! do you chance to doubt it?"

"Certainly. I thought the great Baron Rothschild should be a better bred man."

With this anecdote we will close the sketch of this family, and especially of this man, who, despite of the envy of the aristocracy of birth and of genius, and simply by his shrewdness and the might of his millions, now for forty years past has controlled the destinies of our century more than any other power.

Selected for the Appeal.]

A Short Patent Sermon, on the Payment of Debts,

BY DOW, JR.

MY HEARERS: There are many seeming trifles in this world which you are too apt to overlook on account of their apparent unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their characters into inextricable degradation. Among these ostensible trifles, that of neglecting to pay one's honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. It takes off all the silken furre from the fine threads of feeling—creates a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart—and skins off all the cream that may chance to rise upon the milk of generosity. One debt begets another. I have always observed that he who owes a man a dollar is also apt to owe him a grudge; and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter than in the former. My friends, to be over head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as ever any one ought to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep of nights without being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia.

My dear friends: The debt that sits heaviest on the consciences of a mortal—if he has any—is the debt due the printer. It presses harder upon one's bosom than the nightmare—galls the soul-frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment—squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potatoe. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single cent can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other. He will be apt to go down to the grave ere time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery blossoms of age; and the green leaves of hope will fall before the first bud of enjoyment has expanded. It is true, the mushrooms of peace may spring up during the short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither beneath the scorching rays of remorse. The printer has poured into the treasures of your minds some of the most valuable gifts that anything short of God can bestow. With the keys of music, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of the human understanding—dispelled the darkness of ignorance,