© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3596_scm11316-0053

THE EASTON STAR
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MD.
THOMAS K. ROBSON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
W. D. SATTERFIELD---Printer.

TERMS—Two DOLLARS, if paid within the year, or $2.50 at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $15.

☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

☞Single papers, five cents.

The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, &C.

VOL. 16—NO. 14. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1857. WHOLE NO. 765

Terms of Advertising

THE STAR has the largest circulation of and papre published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

TERMS—One square, three insertions, $1, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or for 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before marriages and deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths inserted free of charge

Travelling.

RESUMPTION OF WINTER ARRANGEMENT OF THE EASTERN SHORE STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S BOATS.

HUGH JENKINS, Capt. J. Tilghman; CHAMPION, Capt. J. R. Griffith.

On and after THURSDAY the 19th instant, the Company's boats will run as follows:

One of the boats will leave EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for Kent Island, Corsica, Harrison's Landing and Chestertown, returning the same day.

One of the boats will leave EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, at the same hour for Annapolis, West River, St. Michael's and Miles' River Ferry, and return the following day by the same route, leaving Miles' River Ferry at 8 o'clock.

One of the boats will leave EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, at the same hour, for Annapolis, West River, Cambridge Oxford and Easton at 7 o'clock.

All freights by this line must be prepaid

No freight received before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Passage to Annapolis $0.75
" Chester River & West River 1.00
" St. Michael's & M. River Ferry 1.50
" Cambridge, Oxford & Easton 2.00
febôt. G. CHESNUT, Agent.

For the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Delaware.

THE steamer KENT, Captain A. P. Foster, having been put in complete order, will resume her routes on and after the first of March, from her wharf, Light street foot of Barra, to the Choptank and Nanticoke Rivers, making direct connection with the Delaware Rail Road at Seaford, and Dover by stage from Denton; she will run her routes as follows.

Monday, leave Denton for Balt., at 8 a. m.

Tuesday, leave Baltimore for Seaford at 7 a. m.

Wednesday, leave Seaford for Baltimore at 6 a. m.

Wednesday, leave Baltimore for Denton at 12 midnight.

Thursday, leave Denton for Baltimore at 12 noon.

Friday, lay day.

Saturday, leave Baltimore for Denton at 7 a. m.

CHOPTANK LANDINGS.

Cambridge, Thompson's wharf, Hughlett's, Medford's, Easton, (via Dover Bridge) Providence, Kingstown, Gilpin's Point, Keene's Landing, Potter's Landing, Denton.

NANTICOKE LANDINGS.

Light Boat, at Hooper's Straits, Roaring Point, Runaway Point, Vienna, Bacon Quarter, Sharptown, Cannon's Ferry, Seaford.

FARE.

To Choptank, $2. To Nanticoke, $2.50.

☞MEALS EXTRA.☜

☞Travelling conveyances can be had at all times by applying to Thomas Dawson, Seaford, and J. L. McCombs, Denton.

☞For information relative to Freight, see 'Tariff.'

mar3-tf C. K. CANNON.

U. S. MAIL LINE.
Attention Travelers

THE traveling public are respectfully informed that the undersigned is running a line of stages daily (Sunday excepted) from Easton, Md., via Denton, to Canterbury, Del. at which latter Point a proper connection is always made with the cars on the Delaware Rail Road.

The stage leaves Easton at 6 o'clock A. M. and Denton at about 9½ A. M. Through tickets from Easton to Philadelphia $3.50; from Denton, $3.

By this route passengers from any point on the line may leave home in the morning and arrive in Philad'a at 3 oclock, P. M. same day.

apr 16 JESSE SHARPE, Jr.

EMPLOYMENT FOR 1,000 Persons.

WANTED, immediately, agents in every county in the United States to engage in the sale of THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD, or the Great West; its History, its Wealth, its natural advantages, and its future. Comprising a complete Guide to Emigrants, with a full description of the Different Routes Westward. By C. W. Dana, of Chicago, Ill., Author of "Western Scenes," "Life in the West," &c., &c. With statistics and facts from Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Hon. Sam Houston, Col. J. C. Fremont; and other "old settlers." Comprising an outline history of the whole West, from the time the first hunter who ever trod is pathless woods, to the whistle of the last locomotive that has yet sped along its prairies, giving a full description of the Soil, Climate, and farming resources of each State and Territory. Also the Railroads completed, in progress, and progress, and projected, together with the Religious complexion, Educational provisions, and Population, from the statistics of 1855 and 1856. 12 mo., muslin; 400 pages. Retail price $1 25

Address D. Rulison, No. 32 South Third street, Philadelphia, or, if living West, to H. M. Rulison Cincinnati, Ohio.

A sample copy will be mailed (post paid) on receipt of price. Also a full list of my publication, with terms of Agents.

P. S.—Editors of any regular newspaper or monthly periodicals thoughout the United States, giving the above advertisement four or more insertions, including this notice, and sending me copies of the papers, &c., containing the same, shall have a copy mailed to their address postage paid. (nov4—tf

House, Sign & Ornamental Painting.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he continues to carry on the above business in Easton at the old stand of Robinson Stitchberry, corner of Goldsborough and Harrison streets, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of work in his line of business, with neatness and dispatch, and in the most approved manner. GRAINING done in the most fashionable style. He is prepared to take jobs anywhere in Talbot, Queen Annes, and Caroline counties, and execute them with promptness.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

The public's ob't sv't.

ELY H. FURNISS.

Easton, Nov. 14th, 1856.—tf

THOS. N. GOULD. JOHN W. GLANVILLE.

GOULD & GLANVILLE,
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
CABINET FURNITURE AND CHAIRS,
South E. cor. of Sharp and Prat sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Talbot county to their large stock of Cabinet Furniture, all of their own manufacture. Our establishment now being one of the largest in Baltimore, we are prepared to furnish at all times any quantity of Sofas, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Tables, Looking Glasses, Mattrasses, &c., and in fact, every variety of Household Furniture, at low prices. We keep no Yankee machine work, consequently those purchasing from us can rely upon getting a good article. Our endeavors shall be to please all those entrusting their orders to us.

GOULD & GLANVILLE,
S. E. corner of Sharp and Prat sts.
Baltimore, March 10, 1857—1y

FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway New York, has published the following popular Books, at the prices annexed.

HOW TO WRITE

BUSINESS LETTERS,	LOVE LETTERS,
FAMILY LETTERS	NOTES AND CARDS AND
FRIENDLY LETTERS,	NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

With a great amount of useful information about Writing Materials, Penmanship, Spelling, Sentence Making, PUNCTUATION and PROOF READING; and an extensive collection of Genuine Letters of RELATIONSHIP FRIENDSHIP, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS, and the General Affairs of Life, from the pens of the BEST WRITERS, may all be found in our

NEW POCKET MANUEL
OF
COMPOSITION AND LETTER-WRITING.

Now Ready. Price, prepaid by mail, 80 cents. Four copies, will, by return of first mail, for $1. feb10

AN INTERESTING AND VALUABLE BOOK!—An inside view of Turkish Life! THE SULTAN AND HIS PEOPLE. By C. Guaryan, of Constantinople, with illustrations by a native of Turkey.

CONTENTS—Origin of the Turks, their Religious Creeds, the Turkish Government, the Janissaries, Prejudices and Toleration, the Sultan and his Personnel, Public Duties of the Sultan, the Romance of the East, the Harem, Condition of Women, Personal appearance, Domestic Arrangements, Social Intercourse, Polygamy, Marriage and Divorce, Sultan's Harem and Household, Circassian and Nubian Slaves, the Watering Places, Baths and Bazaars; Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Franks; the aristocracy and the people; the future of Turkey.

One neat 12mo volume, with fifty-four illustrations. Price, $1 25.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
No. 119, Nassau st., N. Y.
For sale by Booksellers and Agents every where. [mar17

FRUIT TREES.

PERSONS desiring choice fruit trees from the CUMBERLAND NURSERIES, such as Peach, Apple, Pear, Plum, Apricot, Cherry and Dwarf Pear, to set their gardens or fields the coming spring, will please forward their orders at once to the subscriber, at Benderville, Adams county, Pa., and the trees will be delivered as soon as the frost breaks. I have supplied a great number of persons in Talbot county during the last three years, and, I believe, given entire satisfaction. There is nothing that adds so much to the value of a farm at the present, as a valuable orchard of choice fruit trees, and no branch of farming is so profitable as fruit growing. Send on your orders immediately, and if any particular variety is desired, please name it. DAVID I. COOK.

Benderville, Jan. 20, 1857

GUANO.
Notice to Farmers and Planters.

WE have made arrangements for a full supply of *PERUVIAN GUANO* for the Spring demand, and will be prepared to execute all orders at as low prices as can be had any where. The quality we will GUARANTEE to be A No. 1, fresh, and of direct importation from Peru, and purchasers can rely upon obtaining a genuine article.

Capt. Nicols will receive and execute any orders entrusted to him for us, on the most reasonable terms.

We have on hand a full supply of Mexican, A. A., Columbian and African Guano, De Bain's Phosphates, and all other fertilizers.

P. MALCOM & CO.,
Warehouses Bowley's Wharf,
feb17—3w Baltimore.

A CARD.

DRS. J. R. ANDRE & L. C. COX having associated themselves together in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Talbot county. They can be found at all times (except when on professional duty) at the old stand of Dr. Andre, Chapel, Chapel District Md.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me will confer a favor by coming up and settling their accounts, as I wish to close up my old business. This I must do in justice to myself and from absolute necessity.

dec 9 tmo J. R. ANDRE, M. D.

DENTISTRY.

R. R. HOWELL, Surgeon Dentist, having permanently located at Easton, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Talbot county.

All operations performed upon the natural teeth. Artificial teeth inserted on silver, gold and platina plate in the most approved style. All work warrantad to stand, and give entire satisfaction. Charges moderate.

Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Residence, Easton Hotel. jan 13, 1857—1y

TO FARMERS.

JUST received per Tuesday's steamer, an assortment of heavy Domestic Goods for servants, plain and twilled Osnaburgs, heavy striped do., blue denims, plaid domestics and brown muslins, which I offer at the lowest market prices. JOSEPH RASIN.

mar10

JOB PRINTING.—HORSE BILLS, and all kinds of JOB PRINTING, done at this office at short notice and in the best style feb10

DRESS GOODS—at reduced prices to close out. (feb10) S. H. GROOM.

Poetry.

Written for the Easton Star.

A DREAM OF CLOUD-LAND.

'Twas a lovely spot in a shaded glen,
Far away from the haunts of men,
Where a cottage stood 'neath forest trees tall,
Jasmin and honeysuckle mantled the wall;
And in graceful wreaths o'er the porch they fell
While the bee humm'd low in each fragrant bell;
And a maiden sat at the lowly door,
And the poet's legends pondered o'er.

The sun was passing the gates of the West,
The bee sought its cell, the birdling its nest,
The wind whisper'd thro' the verdant leaves,
And the sparrow chirp'd from the cottage eaves;
While the maiden sat with dreamy eye,
Gazing in rapture on the crimson sky.
She had read in those lays of olden times,
Of Paynim and Christian in Eastern climes,
From her hand had fallen the open tome,
In cloud-land then she 'was building a home.'

As the clouds roll'd up like the ocean's foam,
Forming tower, turret, and gilded dome,
Gay banners stream'd from those burnish'd walls,
And the cavalier trod those airy halls,
And stately dames and maidens fair,
Mingled in grace and beauty there;
While Troubadours sang of the warriors bold
And sweetly the praise of their lady-love told;
Thro' bower and hall the harp strains rang,
And to the lutes low tones the minstrel sang;
Flow'rs in rich beauty were blossoming there,
And the air was filled with their perfumes rare,
And the fountain's jet in the sunlight gleam'd,
Its golden light through the orange groves streamed;
Amid fragrant myrtles was heard the dove,
Plaintively warbling its sad notes of love.

From the clock rang forth a silvery chime,
A sweet, low, musical knell of Time,
The vision then passed, the dream was o'er,
And the dreamer sat at the cottage door.

EASTON, MD. R. A. P.

MUSIC.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hark! Music speaks from out the woods and streams;
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain;
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams;
It stirs the heart; it charms the sting from pain.

Great memory hoards it 'midst her golden themes;
The wise man keeps it with his learned gain;
The minstrel hears it in his listening dreams;
And no one, save the fool, doth deem it vain.

Whatever thing doth bring a joy unstain'd
Unto the soul, if rightly understood,
Is one more ingot to our fortune gain'd,
Is wisdom to the wise, good to the good.

"Sing then, divine one!"—Thus a lover sigh'd
To one who sat beside him fair and young,
Preluding with coquettish conscious pride,
And check'd the half-born music on her tongue.

Sing, maiden,—gentle maiden!
Sing for me, sing to me;
With a heart not overladen,
Nor too full of glee.
Give thy voice its way divine;
Let thine eyes, sweet spirits, shine;
Not too bright but also tender,
Softness stealing half their splendor.
Sing,—but touch a sadder strain,
Till our eyes are hid in rain.
Tell of those whose hopes are wreck'd
Widow poor and unbefriended;
Virgin dreams in ruin ended;
All the pleasure, all the pain,
That hadeth from the world's disdain.

Sing,—an airier, blither measure,
Full and overflown with pleasure;
Sing with smiles and dimpling mouth,
Opening like the sunny south,
When it breathes amongst the roses,
And a thousand sweets discloses.

Sing, fair child of music, sing
Like love—hope—sorrow—anything;
Like a sparkling murmuring river,
Running its blue race forever;
Like the sounds that haunt the sun,
When the god's bright day is done;
Like the voice of dreaming night,
Tender, touching, airy, light;
Not a wind, but just a breeze
Moving in the citron trees;
Like the first sweet murmur creeping
O'er love's lips (when pride is sleeping),
Love's first unforgotten word,
By maiden in the silence heard,
Heard, hoarded, and repeated oft,—
In mimic whisper, low and soft,—
Yet what matter for the strain,
Be it joy or be it pain,
So thy now imprisoned voice
In its matchless strength rejoice;
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on winged song!

THE MONEY KINGS.

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 waiving at his very frontiers. Hastily he packed up his jewels and valuable, 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 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 a 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 Bothschild anticipated, duly came to pass. Before a week was over, Frankfort was in the possession of the French troops, and the banker, who had been denounced as an anti-revolutionist and an ally of the tyrants, found his domicile sacked, and his cash-box plundered in the name of liberty and the people.

No sooner, however, had the victors left Frankfort than Mayer Rothschilds reopened 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 1801 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 princess 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 numismatic 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 the 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 culllotts* 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 every thing I 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 surrender 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 for two years I want no 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 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."

The old Hebrew proved a prophet. A financial Pentarchy was founded at his grave, and soon erected its thrones in the five principle 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 Rothschilds.

In 1814, at the Vienna Congress, the Elector related to the assembled sovereigns the story of the Frankfort invasion, and of the integrity of the old Jew. At once the house at Frankfort obtained the custom of the "Holy Alliance." It was commissioned with all the imperial 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 Rothschilds 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 more particularly to have inherited his genius. These are Nathan, Solomon and James.

Nathan derives especial 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 years 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 to extend credit to the cabinet of St. James.

He was at Brussels in 1815, during the battle of Waterloo, and immdeiately 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 Charge, 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 reuniting 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 colaborer 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 Vienna to Paris, to establish himself there, at the very moment when the sceptre fell from the hands of Napoleon He was the principle 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 gatefully grasped. The Baron and his wife now obtained the often before refused *entree* at Court, and the Princess often appeared in Rothschild's saloons.

Thus, under Louis Phillippe's rule; the influence of the Rothschild daily and visibly increased. In fact *agio* resigned supreme, and even art and talent contended for the honor, and often in vain, to obtain the entre to 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 towards H. Heine, the piquant and spirited humorist who often had his fun even at the expense of his host. Thus at the close of a brilliant banquent, several bottles of *Lachrimæ Christi* had been consumed. Rothschild said to the poet:

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

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

"Duce take your smartness," exclaimed Rothschilds aimid the convulsive laughter that followed.

Ordinary 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 the 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 Phillippe'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 millionarie financier alone created rain or sunshine at his will The Tuileries 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 Northern Railroad, and the demon of stock-jobbing awakened by him soon spread ever the entire nation, to the injury of small speculators and to the exculsive enriching of the big financiers who, it is said, divided half a million 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 1849 seem to threaten a universal famine in 1846, 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 bakery 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 almonds —Of couse, 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 Febuary 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 objection able bread. At the same time a number of phamphlets 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 revolutions of 1848 filled the house of Rothscild with terror. The Baron heard that the rabble was burning down his country houses and castle. With his natural shrewdness, he preceived that his flight would be the signal for an unalterable confiscation of all his oumerous 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 1840 he signed 50,000 francs for the wounded and unemployed laborers. At the same time his son Alphonso, who had just come of age, at once wrote to the Provisonal Government, petitioning for his right of citizenship.

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

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

The banker dreamt all night of that man's 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 of 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 year after this, Caussidiere, banished, and without any means, came to London. Here he received a letter from Paris, as follows:

"Sir:—Permit 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 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 on '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 millions has ever created envy. He takes a great pleasure in humiliating men of talent. A short time ago, however, on such an occasion, the impertinance of the man of money was property 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 Mr. 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 gave 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 their family, and especially of 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.

DEACON JOHNSTON

Is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire-place, it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished every body. A space of decanters, a tumbler and a pitcher were cozily reposing there, as if they had stood there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed:

"Wa'll, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Baines left them things there when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter; "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been friz mighty hard to stay so till this time."

A little further investigation showed that some one in the Deacon's family had a private entrance into the closet, and it was probable the bottles and pitcher were in daily use.

Now this story is no doubt made up by some of the anti-Maine-law people, who are always trying to throw suspicion on the temperance men. We believe it; but the following is said to be a true bill:

Young Watkins, John Watkins, of Virginia, came North to visit his maternal uncle, Col. Joseph Martindale, a very worthy man, in the vicinity of Boston, who was at the head of temperance party there, and never allowed any of the intoxicating fluid to be kept on the premises, or drank by any one in his employ. John was a great favorite with the uncle and all the family, from the parlor to the coach house. His visit had been anticipated with pleasure, and every body was disposed to make the most of him. After breakfast, before the Colonel went into town, as was his daily practice, he asked John into the library and said to him:

"We are all temperance here; but I keep a little old brandy here for my own use—take a drop before you ride."

John took a *thimbleful*, and the Colonel went off. No sooner was he gone, than Mrs. Martindale, seeing John on the piazza, beckoned him to come in, and leading to her *boudoir*, remarked very good-naturedly:

"You see, John, we are all very strict temperance folks. The Col. never drinks, and lets no one else; but I keep a little for my dyspepsia. Would you drink something before you go out?"

So John took a glass of old brandy, and the Colonel's wife joined him in the same. John strolled out to the carriage-house, and thought he would take one of the Colonel's saddle-horses and run over the country a while. As soon as the coachman saw him, he touched his hat and said,

"Begging your pardon, Master John, but may be you would like to taste a drop of liquor this cool morning. The Colonel is so hard on us that we have to kape it all snug; but I have some that cant be bate."

So John drank with the coachman, and gave him a quarter for his politeness; but by this time he was so nearly drunk that he had to postpone his ride till the next day. John said that the worst place for liquor he was ever in was Col. Martindale, and he had to shorten his visit and hasten home to keep out of the way of temptation.

LICKING AN EDITOR.

Dr. Jones of New York, told the subjoined exceedingly laughable story at a recent celebration of a Welsh society, the authenticity of which has been vouched for:

Editors, he said, like other shrewd men, have to live with their eyes and ears open. I have heard related the story of an editor who started a paper in a new village in the West. The town was infested with gamblers, whose presence was annoying to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not take his paper. He replied that he would 'give 'em a smasher' the next day. And sure enough, his next issue did contain the promised 'smasher,' which did not belie its name.

On the following morning the redoubtable editor was seated, scissors in hand, in his sanctum, cutting out news, when in walked a large man, cudgel in his hand, and asked:

'Is the editor in?'

'No, sir,' was the reply, 'he has gone out. Take a seat and read the papers, he will be in in a few moments!'

Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs with his club between them, and commenced reading a newspaper. In the meantime the editor quietly vamosed down stairs, and at the landing below met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who also asked:

'Is the editor in?'

'Yes, sir,' was the prompt response; you will find him up stairs, reading newspapers.'

The latter, on entering the room, finding the 'editor' prepared to meet him with his club, with a furious oath commenced assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until both had rolled down to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their heart's content.

This was 'equal and exact justice' all around, and it is to be lamented that all attacks upon honest and free-speaking editors against great evils, should not result in a similar manner.

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.

"What think will become of you," said Mrs Partington to Ike, as they were going from church.

The question related to the young gentlemen's conduct in church, where he had tipped over the cricket, peeped over the gallary, attracting the attention of a boy in the pew below by dropping a pencil tied to a string upon his head, and had drawn a hideous picture of a dog upon the snow white cover of the best hymn book.

"Where do you expect to go?"

It was a question that the younster had never before had put to him quite so closely, and said he did'nt know, but thought he'd like to go up in Mons. Godard'a baloon.

"I am afraid you'll go down, if you don't mend your ways, rather than go up. You have been acting very bad in meeting," continued she, "and I declare I could hardly keep from boxing your ears right in the midst of the lathargy. You did'nt pay no interest, and I lost all the thread of the sermon through your tricks."

"I did'nt take your thread," said Ike, who thought she alluded to the string by which the pencil was lowered upon the boy; "that was a fish line."

"Oh Isaac," continued she earnestly, "what do you want to act so like the Probable Son for? Why don't you try and be like David and Deuteronomy that we read about, and act in a reprehensible manner?"

The appeal was touching, and Ike was silent, and thinking of the sling that David killed Goliath with, wondered if he could'nt make one.—*Evening Gazette.*