

Great Fortunes.

The richest subject in England in 1685 had estates which little exceeded £20,000 a year. The Duke of Ormond had £23,000 a year; His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, £19,600; and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, left property which would yield a like sum. Macauley, quoting *King's Natural and Political Conclusions*, says the average income of a temporal peer was about £3,000 a year, of a baronet, £900; member of the House of Commons, £800 (*History of England* i. 309.) Sir William Temple observes: "The revenues of a House of Commons have seldom exceeded £400,000 (Memoirs, p. 3).

Passing up to the eighteenth century, it has been said, no doubt with truth, that hardly any Englishman could have produced half a million of money in 1750. We presume Alderman Beckford could have done so, as in 1770 he left his son Fonthill, which had cost £240,000, £100,000 a year, and a million of ready money. How rapidly that fortune was dissipated! The author of *Vathek*, at the age of thirty-six, in 1796, came to reside at Fonthill, and began to build a new house in the Gothic style. The following description of the house, by a visitor, is given in the preface to a recent edition of *Vathek*: "To give you an idea of the place, you must think of York Minster placed on a commanding elevation in the midst of a woodland paradise of many miles in extent. . . . Although at this spot the interior of Fonthill has not the vastness of York Minster, yet I think the whole building stands on more ground. The dazzling effect of the stained glass in the lofty windows, when the sun throws their colors on the crimson carpets, contrasted with the vivid green lawn seen in the distance through the lofty entrance doors, themselves as high as a moderate sized house; the galleries a hundred feet above you; the magnificent mirror at the end of the room reflecting the prospect of the grounds for miles, present a scene I shall never see equalled. Looking right and left, you have a clear view of three hundred and thirty feet, not bare stone walls, but a magnificent apartment, furnished with the most valuable books, cabinets, paintings, mirrors, crimson silk hangings, and a thousand things besides; you walk the whole distance on superb carpets, and at every step your attention is arrested by some beautiful work of art or natural curiosity." In 1822, the whole, in consequence of the depreciation of his West India property, combined with reckless expenditure, was sold to Mr. John Farquhar for £330,000; and its former owner went to Bath, and there built an immense tower, from the summit of which he could see Fonthill, though seventy miles distant.

The rise of the great House of Rothschild belongs to the eighteenth century. Meyer Anselm, a Jew, was born in 1743, and was established as a money-lender, &c., in Frankfurt, in 1772. From his poor shop bearing the sign of the *Red Shield*, he acquired the name Rothschild. He found a good friend in William, Landgrave of Hesse; and when the Landgrave, in 1806, had to flee from Napoleon, he entrusted the banker with about £250,000 to take care of. The careful Jew traded with this; so that, in 1812, when he died, he left about a million sterling to his six sons, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Meyer, Charles, and James. Knowing the truth of the old motto, "Union is strength," he charged his sons that they should conduct their financial operations together. The third son, Nathan, was the cleverest of the family, and had settled in England, coming to Manchester in 1797, and London in 1803. Twelve years after, we see him at Waterloo, watching the battle, and posting to England as soon as he knew the issue, and spreading everywhere the defeat of the English. The clever but unscrupulous speculator thus depressed the funds, and his agents were enabled to buy at a cheap rate; and it is said that he made a million by this transaction. He died in 1836; but the real amount of his wealth never transpired. It has been said: "Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp, nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for millions as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist." (*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange*.)

William Strahan the printer made a large fortune in the latter half of

the eighteenth century. His third son, Andrew, who succeeded him in the business, left more than a million when he died in 1831. Thirty years after, the Duke of Buckingham died, who like his father, squandered a vast fortune at Stowe, and had to sell the contents of the mansion. This sale occupied forty days, and realized £75,562, 4s 6d. (Rumley Forster's *Priced and Annotated Catalogue*.) What a pity such a dispersion seemed! His Grace was, says Sir Bernard Burke, after the present reigning family, the senior representative of the royal Houses of Tudor and Plantagenet.

James Morrison, "the hygeist," who died in 1840, made half a million by the sale of his vegetable pills. According to Mr. Grant (*History of the Newspaper Press*), Holloway, the inventor of the celebrated pills and ointment which bear his name, has amassed a fortune of from one and a half to two millions, and intends following in the steps of Mr. Peabody. Piano-forte making would also seem to be a profitable business, since Mr. Thomas Broadwood, who died in 1862, left £350,000 personalty. William Joseph Denison, the banker, left one of the greatest fortunes of modern times—namely two and a half millions, in 1849. When Coutts the banker, died, in 1821, he left his wife (formerly Harriet Mellon the actress) £600,000, as well as estates to a large amount. One instance out of many will suffice to show the good use his grand-daughter, the present Baroness Burdett Coutts, has made of this wealth: at a cost of £50,000 she endowed the colonial bishoprics of Adelaide and British Columbia. The Earl of Bridgewater, who died in 1823, left property amounting to about £2,000,000 to the then Lord Alfred, on condition that if he should die without having attained the rank of marquis or duke, the property was to go to his brother. But the question was raised when Lord Alfred died without having assumed these dignities, whether his son was not entitled to the property; and the House of Lords decided that the condition was contrary to the principles of the English constitution, and Lord Alfred's son was confirmed in the title. Another will, which was the subject of much litigation, was that of Mr. Peter Thelusson, who died in London in July, 1797. After leaving his wife £100,000, the residue (about £600,000) he committed to the care of trustees, to accumulate during the lives of his sons and their sons, to be divided when they were all dead among their survivors. It was believed that the property would then amount to £18,000,000 or £19,000,000. But legal and other expenses prevented this, and when divided in 1856, little more than the original sum was divided among the three survivors (*Book of Days*, ii. 97). But wealth has gone on accumulating in England to an enormous extent, and the proving of the personality of wills allows us to realize this pretty accurately. Mr. Gladstone was no doubt right when he said at Liverpool College, December 22nd, 1872:

"More wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still among us—than in all preceding ages, from the time, say, of Julius Cæsar; and again at least as much of wealth within the last twenty years as within the preceding fifty."

The *Spectator*, November 16th, 1872, published a list containing an account of the fortunes exceeding a quarter of a million personalty during the last ten years. From this list it appears that during the decade ten persons left more than a million, fifty-three more than half a million, and one hundred and sixty-one more than a quarter of a million sterling. It must be remembered that these fortunes do not include landed investments.

There are a few examples of great fortunes made by misers, who often denied themselves the necessities of life in order that they might leave a large sum behind them. Such a man was James Wood, of Gloucester, who died in 1836, possessed of property sworn under £900,000. A will was found in which he left all his property to Alderman Wood of London, his attorney and two clerks. But a short time after a codicil to the will was sent in anonymously, bequeathing various large sums to different individuals.

It was accompanied with this extraordinary memorandum: "The enclosed is a paper saved out of many burned by parties I could hang. They pretend it is not J. Wood's hand; many will swear to it. They want to swindle me. Let the rest know." The writer was never discovered; and now came litigation, which lasted four years. Sir Herbert Jenner gave his judgment in 1840, rejecting the codicil so mysteriously sent. But—O, the glorious uncertainty of the law!—Lord Lyndhurst, in a higher court, reversed the judgment; and the money was divided according to the terms of the will.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Sleeping Girl.

A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE MOST SINGULAR CASE OF MODERN TIMES.

"The Sleeping Beauty of West Tennessee" is already of no little notoriety abroad, but the many publications made of this strangely affected person are regarded as fictions, and like the stories of romance founded on the affliction of some eccentric individual. As a phenomenal subject, whether pertaining to physical misfortune or an abnormal psychological condition, this sleeping beauty presents a study that perplexes the highest medical skill and mystified the investigations of the most eminent scholars.

MISS SUSAN GODSEY

resides in Obion County, West Tennessee, about twelve miles from the Memphis and Louisville Railway, where her parents have lived for thirty years, moving there from the middle part of this State. It will be twenty-four years next July since this person was first afflicted. When eight years of age she was attacked with chills, and a new physician, who had recently come to the neighborhood, was called in to treat her. He tried several remedies, but failed to restore the child's health—abandoned further treatment of his patient until August 1, 1849. Finding his remedies unavailing, the physician administered a dose of medicine which he afterwards said was composed of ether, morphia, laudanum and strychnia. The girls father followed the physician from the room and asked: "What do you think of our Susie this morning?" To which he replied: "The dose that I have given her will either kill or cure her, and if either of us had taken it we would have been in hell inside of half an hour." The father, trembling with astonished terror, and maddened by the demon work of murderous quackery, assaulted the physician and beat him severely. In half an hour from the time the medicine was administered the girl fell into the abnormal condition which has been the subject of much unsatisfactory study and puzzle to physicians. Her condition is one in which the phenomena are so unusual that there is no case on record approaching it, and her existence has not much of that life which humanity enjoys, for it is composed of one dark, unconscious slumber, interspersed with no visions of fancy, and no dreams of beauty and light, illustrating in its dread gloom what the Roman meant in believing sleep itself so near akin to the *pallida mors*. At sunrise each day she awakes from this dreamless sleep; the time of returning consciousness being the same, even to a second, every morn. The effort she makes seems like one coming from death to life, for the waking is accompanied by a severe contortion of the features, difficulty in breathing, and a frown, indicating great pain. During her waking moments her respiration is regular and natural; and her voice is soft and very pleasant in its tones. Beginning at sun-up, she awakes every hour until 12 o'clock, noon, and remains awake only six minutes. While asleep she breathes but once in six minutes, the respiration being accompanied by a violent shaking of the head, and the inspiration, as it were, being characterized by a rapid succession of humming sounds, like that of a cylinder valve, varying in number from eleven to fifteen, by which she inflates her lungs. When the sounds reach fifteen each successive effort decreases until reduced to the number eleven, when she awakes suddenly, in the above-mentioned manner. During the interval of six minutes between her breathing, not the slightest indication of pulsation can be felt, and the softest down applied to her nose shows no sign of moisture. There is, however, at all times, asleep or awake, a nervous twitching of the body, as if the nerves and organs were uneasy and restless by the cruel clasp of strange fate. During these cataleptic states nothing will arouse her or break the dread enchantment of her unconscious sleep. A week or so ago while in this condition she was thrown violently from a wagon, and the fall did not break her awful slumber, nor was she conscious of the concussion, although severely bruised. Upon awakening at the regular hour, she complained of soreness in the limbs, but does not know the cause or time of its reception. To show her utter insensibility to every physical impression, she was once before the St. Louis college of physicians who used every means, even of a cruel kind, such as pins, fire-heat, as well as the various known chemical expedients, to arouse her from this state of chronic anesthesia. But every remedy failed and she was insensible to every application, afterward when awake complaining very much of soreness. The body retained the rough treatment inflicted by the Esculapians of the experimental science, but the mind knew it not. She was severely injured that she could hardly endure the travel necessary to reach home. She wakes only twelve times for five minutes during every twenty-four hours, which is one hour every day. She wakes first at sun-up, or 6 o'clock in the morning; then every hour until 12 noon. After this she wakes first at 3 o'clock in the evening; second at 6, then at 10, and again at 12 o'clock midnight. From this time she wakes at 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning, thence every hour until 12 o'clock noon, when she has continued to do for twenty-four years. The times of her wakings, as before stated, are regular, even to a second; and every Wednesday morning precisely at 10 o'clock she has a severe spasm, lasting a few minutes, during which she requires several persons to hold her.

Her diet consists of coffee, a little rice, bread and milk, the two last articles of food being eaten at 12 o'clock. Another peculiar feature of her condition is, that she has never had an appetite since her prostration, and her food is always suggested by her mother. Owing to the total denial of exercise, her system requires but little food, which is never relished. Her beauty is of no mean type. She has a peculiarly sweet countenance, clear complexion, penetrated with bluish veins. Her nose has nothing distinctive in its shape or expression. It is well shaped and, in fact, the whole configuration of her face is pleasing. Her eyes are large, and while they do not sparkle with that intense brilliancy which flashes from those of the maniac, have rather the calm, soft beam of resignation and piety which we would expect to find in a Magdalene. But there is a glance of intelligence in those eyes which once seen will not soon be forgotten.

Her hair is of a dark brown color, and she takes great pride in having it combed and nicely arranged. At one time her locks were of glossy, luxuriance, but came out last summer in consequence of fever. Though shut out from the beauties, the joys and pleasures of life, she is not exempt from ordinary diseases to which others are liable. She has had the measles, and a so the whooping-cough. Violent as was the unnatural dilation of the glottis, they were not sufficient to disturb her sleep, during which state the coughing was not so violent as when awake. Her usual weight is ninety-five pounds, though recent neuralgic affections have reduced this fifteen pounds. Her age is thirty-four, but her face looks like that of a maiden of sixteen. During her state of insensibility she lies on her right side, and no effort can change this position. If turned by physical violence to the left, her muscles immediately rebound like coiled springs to the other. Instantly upon awakening, she turns on her left side as if to rest. In consequence of retaining the same position so long, her left arm is paralyzed up to the elbow, and is destitute of sensibility, though above this the limb is sensitive. All of her functions are as regular in their operations as those of a well person. Awakening, she instinctively catches her right wrist with her left hand as she turns on her back, and rests the right hand on her breast. Since her affliction her finger-nails and toe-nails have never grown, and are the same as if petrified in her early girlhood. This peculiarity is all the more strange when it is remembered that her hair has grown as luxuriantly and regularly as a healthy person's, and known that she has grown since the fatal period of her life, being now five feet in length. Length, we say, not height, as she has never been able to stand since the fatal August.

Her hands are of pearly whiteness, the right one being clasped because of the paralytic stroke, though it can be opened after severe rubbing, the friction, as it were, causing a restoration of circulation. Her hands are small and well shaped, the fingers tapering so finely that they seem suited for the wielding of Phidian grace itself. Despite the fearful ordeal to which she is subject, her mind seems vigorous, active, and perhaps precocious during the few brief moments of her waking state. Owing to the early date of her misfortune, she was debarred the advantages of a good education, and is unable to read and write. This girl is singularly good natured, rarely shows any irritability. Her wants are easily supplied, as they are but few, and in this respect she "wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Every feature in her disease is anomalous in character, and its given condition is so strangely distinct, every act, thought, desire, sentiment, emotion, sensation and operation are regulated by natural laws, to the requirements of which they conform with astonishing exactness. She is, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomenon ever witnessed, and before the mysterious nature of her afflictions the highest of human science pauses with wonder, doubt and confusion. Sleeping—ever sleeping—her very life's avenues blocked with silent insensibility and the wrecked loveliness of joy and light, her existence comes nearest, in its strange helplessness, realizing the grandly pathetic lines of the poet's mournful scoldings of philosophy in his mockery of man's estate:

Born to die, and reasoning but to err; Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all; Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled— The glory, jest and riddle of the world. —*Memphis Appeal*.

EASTERN NOTES.

The Republicans of Ohio denounced the back-pay brigade in fitting terms, and elected for President of their Convention a man who had voted against the steal and returned his share of the swag. That's the way to do it. It will be easier for an elephant to dance a hornpipe on the point of a needle than for a back-pay Congressman to be elected to any office in Ohio or elsewhere a year hence.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

John H. Willis, a grocer of Bridgeport, Connecticut, recently married Rev. Olympia Brown, the Universalist preacher of that city, the petticoated pastor performing the service herself.

George Francis Train was too shrewd for the New York lawyers after all. He can get into scrapes more successfully and get out of them more gorgeously than any other man of his time.

The Boston *Transcript* remarks that "the grow's feet about General Sherman's eyes keep pace with the white hairs in the sandy stubble of his incognitible beard. But the eye of the soldier never flashed clearer."

A lady in Huntington, Mass., attended church in the morning and died in the afternoon. If it had been the theatre instead of the church the pastor would have taken the matter as a text, but now he doesn't exactly think that her death implies anything.

A Duluth editor publishes statistics to prove that within nine years that embryo city will need fifty elevators, 1,000 steamers, and tens of thousands of railroad cars. He sees it all "in his mind's eye," and is so confident all this will come to pass he will sell a half interest in his printing office for a new milch cow.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Street cars are not considered respectable in Vienna.

According to the *Court Journal* Patti's success in Vienna has been without precedent in the theatrical annals of that city.

The celebrated monkey show, so long located in Berlin, has gone to Vienna to edify the throng of tourists.

Minister Schenck's daughters are to preside at stalls at the forthcoming "grand charity fair" to be held in London.

Mary E. Braddon is reported to have made ten times as much by her sensational novels as Mrs. Browning realized by her poetical works.

The literary staff of the London *Times* embraces three hundred persons, the chief editor receiving a salary as large as the President of the United States. John Walter is proprietor.

Professor Seelye says the ornaments of the Hindoo women are estimated to be worth \$500,000,000. Children that wear nothing else wear ornaments, and all the girls and women wear nose rings.

Some people continue to call the European House Sparrow, the "English Sparrow." It is not so. The bird is common to all Europe and is known there only by the name of House Sparrow.

Prussia has three hundred and sixty-one schools of agriculture, mining, architecture, navigation, commerce, and other technical studies, and two hundred and sixty-five industrial schools.

In the last number of the *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, Dr. Robert Hartmann, in his paper on the remains found in the lake dwellings of Switzerland, calls attention to the curious fact that the domestic cat is absent from the ancient fauna of Europe.

Suicides are becoming so common in Paris that some of the papers have announced their intention of not noticing "ordinary cases." *Figaro* announces five suicides or attempts at self destruction in one day.

The London Crystal Palace Company have communicated to the Shah of Persia their desire to offer him a *fete de reception* of the same character as those which they have on former occasions had the honor to give to the Sultan, the Khedive, the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages.

The *Court Journal* understands that Dr. Livingstone's discoverer, Mr. Henry Stanley, who has returned to England, has done so in connection with the *New York Herald*, and that he is not unlikely to arrange for an English branch of that journal being established in London, if not in Liverpool too.

Twenty thousand Birmingham women have informed the English House of Commons of their belief in the right of a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, and they ought to know. The House of Commons, however, has for years and years thought with them and passed the required relief over and over, but the "Lords," where the bishops rule, think differently.

Two women were executed in Naples by the axe. The deed was done by a masked executioner, who severed each head at a single blow. The crime of these women was "baby farming," and it was proved that they had starved and deliberately murdered by other methods a large number of infants entrusted to their care. The awful mode of punishment was chosen as a mark of the abhorrence which their crimes had excited.

In Paris, the men employed for watering the avenue of the Champs Elysees, by means of hand hose in connection with the main pipes, have been in the habit of "laying on the douche" on all carriage dogs. Following the vehicles, these unfortunates receive suddenly a downfall, and taking fright, sought refuge in the carriages, thus destroying valuable toilettes. The practical joke has been discontinued, and the Municipal Council has had to make good no less than ten damaged costumes.

John Bright on Republicanism.

Mr. Bright writes to the secretary of a Republican meeting held in Birmingham as follows:

"BALLATER, N. B., May 8, 1873.

"Dear Sir—I thank you for the invitation to your proposed conference, although I cannot be present at it. You ask for a word of encouragement, which I can hardly give. To possess 'the best system of civil government' is a thing worth striving for, but it may be a wise policy to endeavor to perfect the 'civil government' we have rather than to look for great changes which necessarily involve enormous risks. It is easier to uproot a monarchy than to give a healthy growth to that which is put in its place; and I suspect the price we shall have to pay for the change would be more than the change would be worth. Our forefathers suffered from nearly a century of unsettled government in consequence of the overthrow of the monarchy, brought on by the folly and crimes of the monarch. France has endured many calamities and much humiliation for nearly 100 years past, springing from the destruction of the ancient government, and the apparent impossibility of finding a stable government to succeed it. Spain is now in the same difficulty, and we watch the experiment with interest and anxiety. For forty years past in this country we have seen the course of improvement in our laws and administrations equal, perhaps superior, to anything which has been witnessed in any other nation. This gives me hope and faith that we can establish a civil government so good as to attract to its support the respect and love of all the intelligent among our people, and this without bringing upon us the troubles which I believe are inseparable from the uprooting of the ancient monarchy. I have no sympathy with the object which gives its name to your club. I prefer to try to do good in the way of political reform by what I regard as a wise and less hazardous, if a less ambitious method; and from what we have seen of the past, I think we may gather hope and faith for the future. 'I am yours, &c.'"

"Mr. C. Cattle. JOHN BRIGHT."