

smuggled trade during Napoleon's blockade of the Continent. He knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before it reached the British Government, and we should fear to surmise what each minute in each of those hours was in his hands worth. But James has, in addition to the sagacity of the one and industry and craft of the other, that which they did not possess—great genius, a most courtly bearing and polished cultivation of mind, which make his relations with the Royal Houses of Europe wear more the character of a diplomatist, while those of his brothers Anselm and Nathan never rose above the Jew.

The sumptuous palace in which Solomon died was of course known to all Americans who have ever visited Paris; to many, perhaps, was also known the humble house on the Ghetto of Frankfurt in which he was born. But a few years ago and the windows of this house on the Ghetto were always seen once within the annual circle on one particular night to wear a glitter of light, which, as it was cast from the old Jewish lamps, threw a strange, ghastly glimmer on the dingy, decayed and dust-eaten dwellings around. This night was the eve of the Jewish New Year's day, when were gathered, no matter with what travel, the five sons of Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples around a withered, but shrewd-looking Hebrew woman. This was the mother of the moneyed Gracchi, who still clung to the old Ghetto house from which the family had started. The house yet stands, but its stair on the New Year's Night is silent. The windows throw their glitter no more. The mother is dead; three of the sons have departed; and the two that are left—of Paris and Naples—have no talisman now to attract them to the old home-stead.

Salomon, originally of Vienna, but more recently of Paris, who has just died, and Charles of Naples were always considered the most insignificant of the brothers. He of Vienna was a fat, pompous old man, proud of his living in fellowship with bankrupt Austrian nobles, and drunken Transylvanian Boyers; and Charles of Naples delights in playing the servile beau with the penniless princesses and countesses who abound at the enlightened Court of King Bomba. In rosier days of youth he affected a tender passion for the Sontag, and the loiterers made much merriment in watching him follow her with amorous eagerness as she passed through the streets of Frankfurt, bowing, and smiling, and chatting, while his red, rubicund face beamed with fat and fatuity. He married when yet young a Miss Hertz, a girl of singular beauty; and as he might have wedded a large fortune, the old father, who was alive at the time, cursed him and cast him from him, and refused to his last hour to take him to his heart or house. During the residence of Charles at Naples, it is well known to all the habitués of that Court that the beauty of his young wife inspired King Bomba with an intense admiration, and in the absence of the excitement of a new miracle he passed so many hours in love-toying at the feet of the lovely Jewess as to force her husband to fly to discretion, and for a time take up his bags and walk.

Baroness Lionel Rothschild, wife of the member for London, is the offspring of this union of Baron Charles and Miss Hertz, and possesses all the fascinating gifts of her mother, fortunately without any of the foolish attributes of her father. She is a woman of singular beauty of both mind and person.

With the deaths of Anselm and Nathan, genius had but one representative in the house of Rothschild. The other surviving brothers of Vienna and Naples as we have shown, were in every respect inferior men, and the younger branches of the family are either degenerated by intermarriage with cousins, and the absence of that invigoration which new blood pours into the veins, or are like Lionel of London, who is a mere cloth Jew, with two ideas—"to make monish" and to be a lord. A baronetcy was offered him by Lord John Russell—possibly to compensate him for bearing the expenses of their joint election—but his vaulting ambition would brook no lower title than a lord. But that financial genius which Anselm, Nathan and James inherited from their sire will be looked for in vain among the younger representatives of the house in London. This was clearly evidenced during the Irish famine and the commercial crisis and French revolution which succeeded. Although the great bulk of corn bills passed through their hands, and they knew well the heavy liabilities contracted by many of the importers, they were so wholly unprepared when the crash came and house after house stopped payment, that to breast the storm they were compelled to dispose of their English securities, thus producing the immense fall in Consols in 1847, and shaking confidence, which by greater sagacity might have been preserved. This was well known in London, and in fact the little credit which Barons Lionel and Meyer, and Sir Anthony possessed for comprehensive foresight, was entirely forfeited. Barons James of Paris, and Anselm, were in fact the directing and protecting powers of the various operations of the houses, and now that one is gone and the other must soon follow, it is a serious question whether if in the train of the present war the thrones of Europe should be shaken, and securities fall, the Rothschilds, a large portion of whose influence is dependent upon the firmness of their thrones, would be able to retain their own golden crowns, when that genius has departed which controlled the fortunes of the house.

Baron James, who had long seen the dangers of the position of their house with reference to Austrian, Italian, and other Continental securities, used all his influence and power with the other members, to lead them away from financial, and induce them to devote themselves exclusively to mercantile operations.

With this view, they established agencies at all the leading points of the globe, to invite consignments and solicit orders. It was the jealousy

created by this new policy, more than any other impelling motive, which induced the Barings to take the Russian Loan, and thus establish a supremacy over the Rothschilds in finance, as they had interfered with them in those of commerce.

The Rothschilds have, however, always exhibited an aversion to touching anything Russian. The old Frankfurt Rothschild, on his death-bed, called his children round him, and with parting voice warned them equally against Russia and Republicanism. He distrusted both. In England and Prussia he chiefly placed his faith. As Baron Lionel exclaimed in his maiden speech at the Guildhall of London,—"We go for *Constitutional Government*."

The great commercial crisis of 1847 was favorable to the policy of Baron James. After the Irvings, the Gowers, the Reids, and many other merchant princes of London had failed, many West India planters and East India merchants, who used to draw on their houses, transferred their business to the Rothschilds.

However, their relations with courts, especially on the Continent, were too intimate to be loosened so soon, and merchant like ambition cannot be satisfied without qualities which Jews rarely possess.

To control great shipping operations and great merchant undertakings, great qualities of heart must be blended with great qualities of head, in order to compromise and conciliate all conflicting interests and clashing individualities, which must be mastered and subdued to ensure a great success. But the Asiatic nature of the Jews is too absolute in its leanings ever to succeed where compromising interests and conciliating individuals is to be achieved, and it is too intense and concentrated to take delight in pursuits which require a diffusion of qualities and a many-sided watchfulness. Hence the race ever prefer to do one thing which they themselves can personally control, and do that with all their heart and soul and might. They excel, therefore, in money-changing, which requires, not like the merchant's business, knowledge of and patience with many things and persons, but simply a thorough knowledge of one thing—money itself. In the intensity with which they devote themselves to this one thing, they cannot be surpassed by any other race of men, except perhaps Yankees. It was the money-changing genius of the original Meyer Rothschild which laid the foundation of his wealth. His connection with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel did the rest. This Landgrave was that charming Hessian who made so much money by selling his troops to England to aid her against our armies, and out of that money was principally built that large capital which he entrusted to the keeping of Rothschild when he fled before Napoleon's army.

To compensate the Jew for the risk which he had run in accepting this treasurership, he lent the money to him free of interest; and how cleverly Meyer used it, the house of Rothschild tells. His abilities and honesty, indeed, made Meyer the pet Jew of most of the German Princes. His ability chiefly consisted in a singular cunning of speculation and art of changing and re-changing, by which he gradually elevated his house from what was deemed in Europe the low, contemptible trade of money-changer, to the more exalted station of a banker. The business was, however, in reality the same, though the rose may have smelt sweeter under another name. Besides being dealers in money, the Rothschilds became dealers in bills; and by unheard-of magnitude of operation, they were enabled to place their hand upon the world's pulse, and regulate its monetary beat.

The Rothschilds are, however, unquestionably the greatest curse to European liberty.—They propped up all the little despots of Germany, helped on Austria in her infamous career, and the downfall of the House would be hailed with delight by all the European people.

The present Sir Robert Peel but expressed the popular feeling in his savage assault upon the family, though it was said in the House of Commons, at the time, to have been instigated by some usurious reminiscences. Like most Jews, they have no feeling for anything but money, for any person but their own kindred; and to have suggested to old Meyer Rothschild, that in becoming the pet Jew of the Hessian Prince who had made his money out of American blood, he would stain his name, would set the whole tribe in laughter, and make gay the very stones upon the Ghetto.

Baron James opened the establishment in Paris in 1815, which Salomon subsequently joined. The details of its monotonous money life offer few materials of interest. James was the best of the tribe, a man of wisdom and good sense, and, for a Jew, of rather liberal charity, having founded a school for poor children of his persuasion, and contributed to many charitable institutions. Salomon's charities were ostentatious.

In England, the three present representatives of the house—Barons Lionel and Meyer and Sir Anthony Rothschild—live in that sumptuous solitude and domestic magnificence with which the Jews so deeply delight to surround themselves, like some few of the Christian Israelites in our own palatial avenue. With the exception of Sir Anthony, who is a senile sensualist and gourmand, they extend but little hospitality, and wrap themselves up in a selfish indulgence. When, however, they do receive, it is with an Oriental gorgeousness, and the maitres de cuisine of both Sir Anthony and Baron Lionel are among the most cunning chefs in Europe. The residence of the one in Grosvenor Place and of the other in Piccadilly, next Apsley House, the town palace of the Duke of Wellington, are furnished with an affluence of splendor, and their ordinary daily life is surrounded, like that of all the wealthy Jews, with every appliance of luxury. Indeed, one of the banquets given by Baron Rothschild, at his country villa, equalled anything ever told in story of the luscious Oriental feasts. It was in summer, and the banquet was served in the

beautiful conservatory. Music floated around, and art lent its lovely light everywhere. The sevens on which dessert was served, contained each a different picture of rare artistic excellence, which might have been dreamt by Veronese or Claude Lorraine.

The only amusement in which the Rothschilds indulge is hunting. Old Anthony is gonty, and chuckles at Lionel and Meyer "for galloping round the fields after a fox." But the two brothers have a box at Montmore, about forty miles from London, on the North-Western Rail, where they keep a splendid stud and a pack of buck hounds, and the swells of the city and stock exchange may be seen on morns of cloudy sky and southerly wind, with scarlet tops and cigar, flying in their Hansons to the North Western Station, to have a day with the Baron's hounds. Hunting has become quite a passion in London with the youth of the Exchange. It is considered "slow" not to be out at least once a week, and for the convenience of those who cannot afford to keep a nag, a slashing-shop has been opened, which is well supplied with Buckingham mud, with which counterfeit hunters are splashed, and then loll into the city club, with a "such a run, old fellow, as we had;" one of these gents sat for Punch's pleasant portraits of Mr. Briggs. Meyer Rothschild can just about keep his place with the hounds, but Lionel would be pounced by a three-foot fence.

Neither do the family confine their passion for horse-flesh to the hunting-field. They embarked upon the turf, and for one or two years they spared no expense to carry away its "blue ribbon," by winning a Derby. It is possible they would have succeeded in the race of '53, had not "Orestes," who carried the fortunes of the house, been unfairly dealt with the night before the running, and had a foul grain or two playfully introduced into his corn. This false play sickened the Rothschilds of the turf, and, we believe, they have not now any horses in training.

The efforts made in the past few years to crown the Temple of Universal Freedom by the emancipation of the Jews, and to wipe away the last persecuting blot from the statute book of England, induced them to enter also on that political arena, against which the old father especially warned them. "I wish, my children," he was wont to say, "to be one thing, and be the best of that. Let my son be the best brewer or best baker—and to be so, he must be a brewer or baker and no more." But the Rothschilds do not possess that element which Danton says is the first, second and third secret of success, daring, "audace, toujours audace." Nor have they even liberality. Many men of very small means subscribed more than the Rothschilds to the liberal fund at the last election, though the freedom of their race was in the scale. The emancipation of the Jews appears just as distant as the day on which London emphatically called out in its favor by returning, as its representative, the leading Israelite. But the torpid state of the question is mainly due to the apathy of the Jews themselves, and the absence of noble impulse. Baron Rothschild appears to be quite satisfied with his position under the gallery as "M. P. unattached," and for the rest, they care little for those rights which are dear to freemen, as long as they are allowed "to dishout von little bill" at eighty or a hundred per cent. The wife of Lionel, whom we have before described, is the ablest politician of the family, takes eager interest in all party questions, and speaks with enthusiastic rapture of the glories of her race. Nor have we ever seen such bright, beautiful children as the little Hebrews she has presented to her lord.

To see the Rothschilds, however, in their glory one must visit the Exchanges. This applies only to the Frankfurt, Paris and London houses. In Vienna and Naples the Exchanges are only frequented by the very lowest class of "wild animals." But to see the old Baron Anselm or Baron James go to "Change, amid men who on every side doffed hat and bowed with cringing smile, would have convinced the veriest optimist that honor to mammon had not yet departed from the earth.

Baron James always looked the gentleman, and even in the greatest excitement on the Bourse, when he stood surrounded by hundreds of faiseurs and brokers, a courtly smile ever slavered over his ominously smooth face. Baron Anselm with his noble head of white hair looked very imposing from a distance, but he was so illiterate and so coarse as to make it a service of disgust to approach him.

The London Rothschilds have their station behind the statue of the Queen, near the entrance which leads to Exchange-place. Thither Lionel and Sir Anthony are to be seen twice a week, on Thursdays and Fridays, at about 2½ p.m., when bill-exchange is taking place, languidly approaching, supported generally by some pet broker, and leaning towards the column at the right hand from the entrance. The gentlemen who lean on the adjoining columns are Mr. Heath, of the firm of Heath, Furze & Co., Mr. Bates, of Barings, and Mr. Doot. To see the conflict among the bill and stock brokers as to who shall first catch Lionel's eye or ear is intensely amusing. While at the Stock Exchange the thrice-honored bull or bear who has been seen in converse with the Baron, is looked up to with veneration, and probably makes a sixteenth per cent. out of the lucky incident.

After having stood in this position for about an hour, Baron Lionel wends his way home in the same languid attitude, leaning on the arm of Sir Anthony or his uncle, Mr. Cohen, who is the principal bill-broker of the house. As they turn from the Exchange into Bucklersbury, many are the winks and signs of the passers-by who recognize the brood and some of their poor co-religionists, who watch their exit to solicit alms, gather about them a circle of eager fellow beggars, when in some dirty night den in Houndsditch, Moses relates with inexpressible pride that the Baron gave him sixpence. The office of the firm in New Court is inclosed in a large yard,

which wears much the appearance of a garden. About fifteen clerks are in the main office, to which several private rooms are attached, one of them being devoted to Consular affairs, the Baron being the Austrian Consul. Here, at about eleven, the Stock Exchange men, a class half snob and half Jew, make their appearance, and with gossip and swagger, and flattery and fawning, and shaving, the business of the day runs on until about four, when the Leviathans may be seen driving to their sumptuous homes, either in their own equipage, or occasionally, to affect simplicity, in a Hansom cab.

Baron James's idea of extending the shipping and commission business of the house led him to send his son to this country, and he passed some time in New Orleans without accomplishing anything. Mr. Belmont, who was their clerk here, gave little satisfaction, and Mr. Hanau, who was their clerk at New Orleans, has been dismissed. Indeed, the Rothschilds, by confining themselves to proteges and poor relations for agents, are subjecting themselves to great difficulties. Mr. Belmont is a native of Schonberg, which he translated into French for purposes of elegance, having, as is the custom with many Jews, adopted the name of the village where he was born. Schonberg is in the vicinity of Alzey, a little country town between Mayence and Kaiserlautern, and the Ribbi of Alzey was an uncle of Mr. Schonberg, or Belmont, as he here called himself. The fact of the young man being taken into Rothschild's office arose from the distant relationship—the same motive which sent Hanau to New Orleans. But in this selecting young men according to accident of birth instead of merit, the saddest mistakes are daily taking place. The incapacity of their special agents over the world is becoming a matter of notoriety to all who are brought in contact with them, but perhaps the strongest mark of this feeling was exhibited when Mr. Davidson, their agent, was returned to them under protest by the late Czar Nicholas. The reason alleged was that he was a Jew, but Baron Hieglitz himself, who with the Hopes of Amsterdam transacted all Russian loans, being a Jew, the fact can only be accounted for by the repulsive individuality of the man and the aversion in which the Rothschilds are held in St. Petersburg.

The greediness of the family in business matters, as well as the niggardly remuneration they give their employees, is beyond belief. Baron Lionel once on 'change spent a whole hour to induce a Trieste corn exporter to consign to them a cargo of grain. The commission would be perhaps \$400, the shaving and pilfering \$200, but it is not so much the legitimate commission which fascinates them as the little mysterious advantages resulting from concocting exchanges and manipulating rentage. What they playfully call "ganneffen."

Old Baron Anselm, of Frankfurt, who, like many other wealthy Jews, was in the habit of eating on Friday evening some richly-seasoned fish, generally a brown carp sweetened with sugar and voluptuously swimming in a luscious sauce, opening in consequence the Sabbath with an indigestion which was confounded with compunction, used often to complain on change that he had not made money enough to pay for his fish. The meanness of the Rothschilds to those with whom they transact business, as well as to those whom they employ, leads us to think that, though there may have been at the funeral of Baron Salomon much sable pomp and melancholy splendor, there will be left few to strew flowers upon his grave.

CHINESE REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.—A Chinese missionary recently writes home the following singular account:—

"One morning after having said mass I felt symptoms of cholera. I had a difficulty of breathing amounting almost to suffocation. A cold so intense took possession of my arms and legs that I could not feel a hot iron applied to them. Just then a Chinese Christian came in to see me, and as soon as he looked at me he said, 'Father, you have the cholera.' To be certain, however, he looked under my tongue, and observing the peculiar blackness of the veins there, he remarked that unless I applied a remedy speedily, I would not live until night.

I told him to do what he could for me. He took an ordinary pin, and began pricking me under the tongue until he drew out from ten to twenty jet-black drops of blood. Then, after rubbing my arms gently, he tied a string very tight about each one of my fingers, and pricked each one on the outside at the root of the nails, until he brought a drop or two of the same kind of blood from each. Then, to see whether the operation had been successful or not, he pricked me with the same in the arm, very near the vein that is usually opened in blood-letting, and seeing no blood issue, he pronounced it satisfactory.

I still felt, however, a fearful oppression of the lungs. To relieve this, he ran the pin obliquely into the pit of my stomach about two-thirds of its length. (This operation the Chinese call opening the mouth of the heart.) Not a drop of blood came out here, but in a moment I felt myself entirely relieved, my blood began its circulation, my natural warmth returned, and after an hour of slight fever I went about my avocations. This is the ordinary Chinese remedy. I have known it to be applied to five of our fathers in cholera, and it failed only once."

A curious effect of sunshine has been observed at Santiago. The observatory is built on a hill of porphyritic rock, and for a long time the telescope was found to change its position, being generally higher than it ought to have been. At last, by careful examination, it was ascertained that the heat of the sun expanded the rock, and produced a periodic elevation of the mass and all that was on it.