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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INKLIN;
OR THE MAN OF LEISURE: A MAN OF
MISCHIEF.

Mrs. Sheridan, a happy wife and mother, having concluded the bustle of a housekeeper's morning, ascended to her bed room with the agreeable consciousness of a neat parlor and pantry, and commenced the important business of cutting out a piece of linen. The smooth surface of a well made bed was appropriated to this somewhat intricate process, on which, humble as it seems, the happiness of one's husband greatly depends. There is scarcely a more forlorn or pitiable object in the universe, than a man, who putting on a new shirt perceives some radical defect, with the awful consciousness that nine, fifteen or twenty more are cut upon the same pattern. It so happened that Mr. Sheridan had detected a fault, almost with complacency, the inefficient decay of a set of shirts that had kept his neck as in a vice for a year and a half, and with many injunctions to his wife to be merciful, had purchased a piece of new linen.

Mrs. Sheridan began her work with a light heart, and humming a low tune, placed the various pieces on the different parts of the bed in the most systematic manner. It is delightful to create; and the humble evolution of the needle and scissors have healed many a wounded heart; but to work for those we love, gives an added charm to this seemingly humble employment. Mrs. Sheridan went tripping lightly round the bed to the growing tumult of gossamers, wristbands, &c., looking back to her life of placid duty, where even the clouds that had sometimes shaded the sun, were but the light of love and hope.

She had not advanced far in the progress of her work, when a ring at the door bell was heard, and a visitor announced. She smoothed down the bangles of her pretty morning cap, and with a sorrowful parting glance at the bed descended to the parlor. The visitor was Mr. Inklin, a broken merchant, who had contrived to save just enough for his support without energy to strike into new plans, though it was his intention to enter upon some occupation at a future day. Mr. Inklin had no gift in conversation; his voice was an anodyne, and his sleepy eyes seemed wandering to the ends of the earth. Nothing is so chilling in conversation as an unanswering eye. Besides this unkind look, he kept up, respectfully a grating kind of affirmative which destroyed the hope that a difference of opinion might stimulate his ideas. He treaded well, and made great use of his watch key. Most men of leisure do.

The Man of Leisure sat down composedly, remarking that the day was fine.

Mrs. Sheridan assented, and tried to recollect if she had stuck a pin as a guide where she had drawn the last thread in the linen.

Mr. Inklin enlarged upon the weather. "It had been warm," he asserted, "perhaps warmer than it was that time twelve months. Warm weather agreed with him. He thought it might last a few days longer, it was apt to be June."

Mrs. Sheridan looked towards him as he spoke, but it was silently to observe that his shirt collar was in repair, and that Mr. Sheridan's.

"You have a quiet time," said the man of leisure, "with the children all at school."

"Yes, Sir, very quiet," said Mrs. Sheridan, falling into a reverie, as she thought how well it was adapted to cutting out shirts.

Mr. Inklin went through the commonplace matter of morning visitors, with many a resing place between, until he remarked that "the wind was rising." Mrs. Sheridan had observed it too, with a feeling of dismay at the prospect of the commingling of all her shirt elements.

The Man of Leisure stayed an hour, (he liked a morning visit one hour long,) and then exclaiming as the head of his watch turned the expected point, "bless my soul, past twelve o'clock," made his bow and departed.

Mrs. Sheridan went to her chamber. The wind was whirling neck, sleeve and flap gossamers in unceremonious heaps; and collars, wristbands and facings were dancing in eddies

on the floor. In her agitation she lost the important boundary pin, and an error occurred in her calculations. The shirts were made, but for eight months her husband never took one from his drawer but with a nervous shudder, or a suppressed execration.

The Man of Leisure in a Counting House.—The Man of Leisure next visited the counting room of C— & Co., and socially senting himself on a barrel, hoped he should not prevent the head clerk, who was his acquaintance, from writing.

"Not at all," said the polite clerk, putting his pen behind his ear with a constrained air.

"Pray don't stop on my account," said Mr. Inklin, with a patronizing smile.

The clerk returned to his accounts and letters, while the Man of Leisure described with somewhat more animation than usual, some herring he had eaten for breakfast. The clerk made an error in a figure, which cost Messrs. B— & Co. one week to rectify, and one of the correspondents of the firm was shortly after surprised with the announcement by letter, that an hundred bales of *pickled herring* would shortly be forwarded to order.

The Man of Leisure and his minister.—It was Saturday night, and the Rev. Dr. Ingram sat in his study with his sheets before him, commentators and lexicons around him, and a well mended pen in hand, when the Man of Leisure was announced. He entered slowly and almost diffidently, so that the compression of the Dr.'s brow produced by the interruption gave way to an open smile of encouragement. I have mentioned that Mr. Inklin was returning to his study, but that he threw an inopportune over the heads of his associates—there were long pauses in that long hour, and the good words of the clergyman fell on barren ground. At length Mr. Inklin arose, saying, "I fear I have broken the thread of your argument, Sir." And broken it was. Dr. Ingram retouched the nib of his pen; listlessly turned the pages of Clark, Rosenmuller, Grootius, &c., rubbed his forehead, took two or three turns across the room, and threw himself on a seat in despair. The impetus was gone, the argument was scattered away; he stole off to bed, and dreamed that a thirty-two-pounder was resting on his chest, with the Man of Leisure surrounding it.

The Man of Leisure and a Pretty Girl.—The Man of Leisure called on Monday on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty, blushing girl of seventeen. Emma was clean staring. "Talk about the trials of men! What have they to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clean-starching; alas, how seldom clean!" Emma was going on in the full tide of success, including in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye, as she drew out the edge of a *fiche*, or clapped it with her small hands, as if they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then the doorbell sounded, and the Man of Leisure walked into the sitting room, where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, &c., had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an atheistic air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her starched fingers, and saying "take a seat, Sir," sus, coded her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the irons were overheated. Emma was not inapt, and the deal pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma, rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor; her clapping was feeble as the applause to an unpopular orator, she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed, and by the time the Man of Leisure had sitted out his hour, a grey hue had settled over her muslins, and indelible smutched disfigured Harry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and

met Harry Bertram. It was no influence of coquetry, but Emma rallied her powers and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry, a modest youth, thrown some what into the shade by the veteran visitor, who outstayed him. Harry, who was not a Man of Leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had "dropt in" before him and was twirling his watch-key with his cold wandering eyes and everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for what? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work-box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and bade good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man, but he was pre-possessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat looking privileged because he was a Man of Leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed-room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped the tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night cap in to a hard knot, and broke the string in a jet.

"Harry Bertram is a fool," said she, "to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him," and sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The Man of Leisure just called in twice a week for three months. Report was busy, Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheeks faded, her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Mr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little blue-touched, but then there was "time enough." One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The Man of Leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried a way, and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started, and rushing to her own apartment, the china rang in the chest as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and sailed again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed, a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her when it was right for her to love and hope. The Man of Leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

The Man of Leisure and the Pale Boy.—"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, Sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the Man of Leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin. "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer, "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my poor mother," murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the Hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, three meals!—and it won't take me three

minutes to run home and share it with you.

The morning came and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the Man of Leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul here to brush my coat!"

The child came at last his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of Leisure, but the place in Mr. C—'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The Man of Leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

The Man of Leisure on a Death Bed.—Mr. Inklin was taken ill.—He said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. An anxious friend brought a clergyman to him. He spoke tenderly, but serious to the sufferer, of eternal truths.

"Call to-morrow," said the man of Leisure, "and we will talk about these matters."

That night the Man of Leisure died.

C. G.

History of the Rothschilds.

Among the men of the times, few exercise a greater influence than the members of the extensive co-partnership known as the house of Rothschild, the impregnation of that money power which governs the world. For nearly half a century since its influence has been continually increasing, and to them, more than any monarch or Minister of State, Europe is indebted for the preservation of peace between the great powers. In order to give even an outline of the immense and successful operations which have placed a German Jew, his sons and grand sons, at the head of the moneyed interests of the world, it would be necessary to embrace the history of the European finance since the year 1812; and this our space does not permit. A brief sketch of the rise and progress of the house, must, therefore, be sufficient.—His father, Meyer Anselm Rothschild, born at Frankfurt, on the Main, some time about the year 1740, was a money changer and exchange broker, a man of fair character and very circumstances. When in the first commencement of the French Revolution, (1792) Gen. Custine, at the head of the Republican army, took Frankfurt, the Senate, in order to save the town from pillage, agreed to pay a ransom, within a very limited period. But the money could not be forthcoming. Public credit in Germany was still in its infancy, and among the wealthy capitalists of Frankfurt, not one could be induced to assist the Senate. In this strait Meyer A. Rothschild offered his services to obtain a loan for the required amount from the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, by whom he had frequently been employed in money-changing transactions. The offer was accepted, and the loan obtained. Thus a money lending connection between the landgrave and A. M. Rothschild began, and in the course of the war, other German Princes having occasion for loans, A. M. Rothschild's agency was often offered and accepted, so that the house of Rothschild acquired a certain standing.

The landgrave William IX. (subsequently an elector, William I.) was one of those German despots who, during the American revolution, had sold their troops to England; and who, by means of similar traffic during the wars of the French revolution, accumulated immense sums of money, but whose rickety decay upon them the hatred of Napoleon; after the battle of Jena (Oct. 1806), Napoleon decreed the furniture of their States by the sovereigns of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel, and a French army was put in march to enforce the decree. Too feeble to resist, the landgrave prepared for flight. But in the vanities of his palace he had twelve millions of florins (about five millions of dollars) in silver. To save this great and bulky amount of money from the hands of the French, was a matter of extreme difficulty, as it could not be carried away, and the landgrave had so little confidence in his subjects that he could not bring himself to confide his cash in their keeping, especially as the French would inflict severe punishment on him or them, who might undertake the trust. In his utmost need the landgrave be thought himself of A. M. Rothschild, sent for him to Cassel, and entrusted him to take charge of the money; and by way of compensation

for the danger to which Mr. Rothschild exposed himself, the landgrave offered him the free use of the entire sum without interest. On these terms Mr. Rothschild undertook the trust, and by the assistance of some friends, Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was so carefully stowed away, that when the French, after a hurried march, arrived at that city they found the old landgrave gone and his treasure vanished. At the time this large sum of money was placed in A. M. Rothschild's hands, he had five sons, of whom three, Anselm, Nathan, and Solomon, had arrived at man's estate. These he associated with himself, keeping Anselm at Frankfurt, while Nathan was established first at Manchester, and subsequently in London; and Solomon as travelling agent for A. M. Rothschild and Sons, visited the various courts and princes in Germany who needed loans.

Old Mr. Rothschild himself, as well as his sons, especially the second, Nathan of London, appear to have possessed enterprise, prudence and industry, of the highest order, so that the large sum of ready money at their disposal increased and multiplied with astonishing rapidity. In 1813, when, by the treaty of Austerlitz, England agreed to pay Russia, Austria and Prussia twelve millions sterling, (sixty millions of dollars) subsidies, the Rothschilds, on the recommendation of the old landgrave, were appointed agents for the payment of the money in Germany; an operation by which they gained several millions of dollars.

After the victory of Leipzig, October, 1813, in their pursuit of Napoleon, the allied sovereigns suddenly found themselves on the banks of the Rhine. The Emperor of Austria, with a brilliant court and staff, took up his quarters at Frankfurt. But the treasury of Austria, notwithstanding the large sums received from England, was empty; what resources there might have been at Vienna, were not available at Frankfurt. A loan became necessary; but the oft-repeated bankruptcies of Austria had destroyed her credit, so that Prince Metternich, after having in vain applied to the Bettinians and other Christian merchant princes of Frankfurt, was at length reluctantly driven to address himself to Rothschild, and the pride of Hapsburg's Cesar stopped to solicit success of a Jew. The graceful manner in which the request was granted called forth the Emperor's gratitude. His son Nathan was appointed Austrian consul general in Great Britain; and the whole weight of Austria, and of Metternich's influence, were put in requisition to extend and secure the financial operation of the house of Rothschild. The fall of Napoleon enabled the old landgrave to return to Cassel, and he gave the Rothschilds notice that he should withdraw the money he had confided to them; but before the notice expired, Napoleon's return from the Isle of Elba so greatly alarmed the landgrave, that he urged the Rothschilds to keep the money at the low rate of two per cent per annum, which they did till his death, in 1828, when his son and successor was forced to receive it back, as the Rothschilds refused any longer to keep it.

In 1815, James de Rothschild, the fourth son of M. A. Rothschild, opened a banking house in Paris. In 1820, Charles, the youngest, established himself at Naples, and in 1821, Solomon, the third son, took up his residence at Vienna; so that at the death of M. A. Rothschild, 1821, he saw his five sons placed at the head of five immense establishments, at Frankfurt, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, and united in co-partnership, which was universally allowed to be the most wealthy and extensive the world has ever seen. No operation in which he or his sons embarked has miscarried; and this uninterrupted success was, in a great measure, owing to their foresight and enterprise. Rothschild in London knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before the British Government, and the value of this knowledge was no less than a million of dollars gained in one forenoon. No had loan was ever taken in land by the Rothschilds; no good loan ever fell in to their hands. Their invariable success at length gained for them such a degree of public confidence, that any financial enterprise upon which they frowned, was sure to fail. And so conscious were they of their confidence, that in 1830, Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt, was heard to declare:—"The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace." In 1840, on the occasion of the troubles between the Porte and Mehmet Ali, the Rothschilds were again chiefly instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe.

Nathan, the son of M. A. Rothschild, died in 1833; the four other brothers are yet alive. In addition to their five principal establishments, they

have agencies of their own in several of the large trading towns, both of the old and new world. As dealers in money and bills, they may be said to have no rivals, and as the magnitude of their operations enable them to regulate the course of exchange throughout the world, their profits are great, while their risks are comparatively small. Indeed the only heavy loss they have as yet experienced, was through the February revolutions of 1848, when, it is said, owing to the sudden depreciation of all funded and railroad property throughout Europe, their losses from March till December of that year reached the enormous sum of eight millions sterling, (forty millions of dollars).

But great as their losses were, they did not affect the credit of the Rothschilds, and did not appear in any degree to have impaired their means. The members of the firm are numerous, as the third generation has been received into co-partnership; and, as the cousins mostly intermarry, their immense wealth will, for a length of time, remain in comparatively few hands. In politics the Rothschilds of London and Paris profess to be liberals; while those of Frankfurt, Vienna, and Naples, are conservatives. It is, however, evident that the interests of the Rothschilds must render them alike hostile to absolute monarchy, and to popular movements. Constitutional monarchy, with its representative chambers, is the most congenial to loan contractors, and to support which their occult influence is doubtless exerted.—*The Men of the Times.*

Exhaustion of Talk.

How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage, from Count Gouffier's account of his imprisonment:—"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of my cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face.—One day (it must have been a year or two after my companions left me) the dungeon door was opened, and a voice, whence proceeding I knew not, uttered these words:—'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had flung this great agony upon me I was left alone with it again."

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH.—The awful details of Voltaire's death are too well known to need repetition. It will be sufficient in this place merely to add the following authentic anecdote. "Some years ago, an individual, well known and highly respected in the religious world, narrated in my hearing the following incident. In early life, while with a college companion, he was making a tour on the continent, at Paris his friend was seized with an alarming illness. A physician of great celebrity was speedily summoned, who stated that the case was a critical one, and that much would depend upon a minute attention to his directions. As there was no one at hand upon whom they could place much reliance, he was requested to recommend some confidential and experienced nurse. He mentioned one, but added, 'You may think yourself happy indeed should you be able to secure her services, but she is so much in request amongst the higher circles here that there is little chance of finding her disengaged!' The narrator at once ordered his carriage, and went to her residence, and, much to his satisfaction, found her at home. He briefly stated his errand, and requested her immediate attendance. 'But, before, I consent to accompany you permit me, Sir,' she said, 'to ask you a single question. Is your friend a Christian? Yes,' he replied, 'indeed he is a Christian in the best and highest sense of the term; a man who lives in the fear of God. But I should like to know the reason

of your inquiry? 'Sir,' she answered, 'I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another *Infidel die!*'—*Ford's Damascus.*

To Manage a Rearing Horse.

In preference to the dangerous experiment of pulling a rearing horse backward, I recommend the adoption of the following method: Whenever you perceive the horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him; the instant he is about to rise slacken one hand and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish him to proceed, apply the spur sharply, and he will not fail to go forward; if the situation be convenient press him into a gallop, and apply the spur and whip two or two three times but not over severely. The horse, will, perhaps, not be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, &c. as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the first occasion—in fact, you will perceive him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to his trick a third time. But in going into other hands and having another rider, he will be very likely to have recourse to rearing.—*The Sportsman.*

EXCESS IN EXAGGERATION.—The late Bishop Hedding used to tell an incident in his episcopal career, strikingly illustrating the despotic power of long indulging too great an excess in exaggeration. He was not said to be guilty of positive falsehood, but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue that truth had all the semblance, and frequently did all the mischief of a lie. The young man was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the Chair. He stood up in the presence of his brethren; and the Bishop, with great kindness, pointed out the evil resulting from the habit. After hearing him through, the accused, bathed in tears, requested permission to say a few words. He commenced by a candid acknowledgement of his fault, and thanked the Bishop for his admonition.—Turning to his brethren in the ministry, he assured them of his determination to conquer his besetting propensity. "I regret it," said he, "as much as any of you. I have struggled against it, I have wept over it; yes, brethren, by night and by day, I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me to shed barrels of tears."

EXPENSIVE BOARDING.—In an article relating to the Metropolitan Hotel, New-York, the "Inchieside" says:—"In the matter of prices, few pay less than \$25 per week; and one foreign emissary, who has taken rooms for the season, is paying at the rate of \$50 per day, besides a very liberal extra expenditure for the very choicest of antique wines. One gentleman pays \$50 per week. The bills of others amount to \$200, \$250, and \$300 per week.

It is also stated, that "more people are turned away than are received"—and that "rooms are taken by letter and by telegraph, for weeks in advance."

SCOLDING.—"I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of the boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy. One of the boarders has recovered, mesmerized the landlady, on pay day, endeavored to settle for the whole company by paying for one, but it didn't work.