

numerous and often venturesome undertakings. The order of his day's work, was regulated; from six in the morning to half-past seven, he had the newspapers read to him in bed; then he dressed himself, breakfast, received the Secretaries, discharged his business correspondence, then proceeded to his private letter writing, and after half-past nine received dealers in art and curiosities; at eleven he went to his office to prepare his exchange agents; lunched at one with his sons; at three took a drive in his carriage; and then finished his private correspondence and signed the business letters of the firm. At five a whist party at the Jockey Club, always awaited him; and at seven he was back again to dinner. In the evening he generally went to the theatre, and was seldom in bed before midnight. Begging letters, which followed wherever he went, which worried him not a little, and were often piled up in large heaps in his study, contributed not a little to darken his otherwise friendly and benevolent countenance, and he often had to hear how he, the Cræsus, had given like a miser; this annoyed and soured him, and towards both high and low he was often sarly and rough. Thus it once happened, that a gentleman with a high sounding name, was shown into his study while he was writing. "Will you be kind enough to take a chair?" said Rothschild, without looking up from his writing. The gentleman felt himself slighted and repeated his name. "Well then take two chairs," replied Rothschild, and went on with his writing.

In the memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, there is a curious letter to his daughter, describing his meeting Nathan Meyer Rothschild.

"Devonshire Street, Feb. 14, 1834.

We yesterday dined at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. "There was not," he

said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there who had the market to himself; he was quite the great man, and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me patterns. I will go to England, I said. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dying, and the manufactured goods. So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my twenty thousand pounds into sixty thousand pounds. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns and for all the rest of them. Another advantage I had. I was an off-handed man, I made a bargain at once. When I settled in London, the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds worth of gold to sell; I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and sent it through France; and it was the best business I ever did."

Another maxim on which he seemed to place great reliance, was never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men who had not shoes to their feet; I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves, and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me. By aid of these maxims, he has acquired three million