gratuity during his poverty and sickness, Ben sent back the money, with the message, "I suppose he sends me this because I live in an alley: tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Goldsmith also was a man who would not be bought. He had known the depths of poverty. He had wandered over Europe, paying his way with his flute. He had slept in barns and under the open sky. He tried acting, ushering, doctoring. He starved amid them all. Then he tried authorship and became a gentleman. But he never quite escaped from the clutches of poverty. He described himself as "in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score." One day Johnson received a message from Goldsmith, stating that he was in great distress. The Doctor went to see him, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent. The only thing he had to dispose of was a packet of manuscript. Johnson took it up, and found it to be the "Vicar of Wakefield." Having ascertained its merit, Johnson took it to a bookseller and sold it for sixty pounds.*

Poor though he was then, and poor though he was at the end of his life—for he died in debt—Goldsmith could not be bought. He refused to do dirty political work. About £50,000 annually was then expended by Sir Robert Walpole in secret service money. Daily scribblers were suborned to write up the acts of the administration, and to write down those of their opponents. In the time of Lord North "Junius" was in opposition. It was resolved to hire Goldsmith to baffle his terrible sarcasm. Dr. Scott, chaplain to Lord Sandwich, was deputed to negotiate with him. "I found him," says Dr. Scott, "in a miserable suite of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority. I told

* Goethe records what a blessing this book had been to him. When at the age of eighty-one, standing on the brink of the grave, he told a friend that in the decisive moment of mental development the "Vicar of Wakefield" had formed his education, and that he had recently read, with unabated delight, the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection of how much he had been indebted to the author seventy years before.—*Forster.*

how I was empowered to pay for his exertions; and, would you believe it?—he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me;' and so I left him in his garret!"

Thus did poor and noble Goldsmith spurn the wages of unrighteousness! He preferred using his pen to write the famous tale of "Goody Two Shoes" for the amusement of children rather than become the hack pamphleteer of political prostitutes.

Pulteney, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, having in one of his speeches made a Latin quotation, was corrected by Sir Robert Walpole, who offered to wager a guinea on the inaccuracy of the lines. The bet was accepted, the classic was referred to, and Pulteney was found to be right. The minister threw a guinea across the table, and Pulteney, on taking it up, called the House to witness that this was the first guinea of the public money he had ever put into his pocket! The very coin thus lost and won is preserved in the British Museum, as the "The Pulteney Guinea."

When Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was appointed Paymaster to the Forces, he refused to take one farthing beyond the salary which the law had annexed to his office. In times of peace the paymaster was allowed to keep a large sum to his credit, amounting perhaps to several hundred thousand pounds; and he might appropriate the interest upon this sum to his own use. But Chatham refused all this advantage. He also declined the Vails or bribes offered to him by foreign princes in the pay of England, and which amounted to a large sum annually. His character was as honorable and disinterested as were his pecuniary transactions.

William Pitt, the great Commoner, was equally true. He considered money as dirt beneath his feet, compared with the public interest and public esteem. His hands were clean. While the contest between himself and the Opposition under Fox was raging, the Clerkship of the Rolls fell vacant. It was a sinecure place for life, with three thousand

a year. Everybody knew that Pitt was poor, and it was thought that he would appoint himself. Nobody would have blamed him. It was usual to do so at that time. But he gave the appointment to Colonel Barre, a poor blind friend; and thus saved the pension which a previous administration had conferred upon him.

Everybody comprehended Pitt's disinterestedness. He was libelled, maligned, and abused. Though millions were passing through his hands, his bitterest enemies did not dare to accuse him of touching unlawful gain. When the richest people in the land were soliciting him for dukedoms, marquisates and garters, he himself spurned them out of his way. He had almost a supreme contempt for money, and the consideration that money gives. Pitt was the magnanimous man so finely described by Aristotle in the "Ethics," who thought himself worthy of great things, being in truth worthy. Nothing did more to raise his character than his noble poverty.

It is related of Chamillard, the great French advocate, that he pleaded a case unsuccessfully, and all because an important document had not been produced. The judge's decision was reported to Parliament, and was confirmed. There was now no appeal. The suitor called upon Chamillard, and deplored the loss of his fortune. He averred that it had occurred through Chamillard not having referred to an important document, the foundation of his case. Chamillard protested that he had not seen the document. The client insisted that it had been handed to him with the other papers. At length Chamillard opened his bag, searched, and found the document. He found that the case would have been won, had it been produced and read; but there was no appeal. The advocate took his course on the instant. He told the suitor to call upon him next morning. He gathered together all the money that he could find, and on his client calling next day, he handed the whole over to him, although it involved the loss of his fortune. In this way did he maintain his respect for himself. He did his strict duty, though it cost him so much. He not only did this; he called upon the President of the Court, and begged

him not to charge him again in any report to Parliament. For he held himself a *suspect* after this great fault, although he had so nobly repaired it.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Duke of Wellington) was offered a large sum of money by the prime minister of the Court of Hyderabad, for the purpose of ascertaining what advantages had been reserved for his Prince after the battle of Assaye. Sir Arthur looked at him quietly for a few seconds and said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly." "Then so am I," said the English general. He refused the offer, and bowed the minister out. The Rajah of Kittoor afterwards offered him, through his minister, a bribe of 10,000 pagodas for certain advantages. The bribe was indignantly refused, and the General said, "Inform the Rajah that I and all British officers consider such offers as insults, by whomsoever they are made."

His noble relative, the Marquis of Wellesley, in like manner refused a present of £100,000 offered to him by the directors of the East India Company. Nothing could prevail upon him to accept it. "It is not necessary," he said "for me to allude to the independence of my character, and the proper dignity attaching to my office. . . . I think of nothing but our army. I should be much distressed to curtail the share of those brave soldiers." Sir Charles Napier exhibited the same self-denial while in India. "Certainly," he said, "I could have got £30,000 since my coming to Scinde, but my hands do not want washing yet. Our dear father's sword is unstained."

Sir James Outram was generous and unselfish to a degree. While a junior captain in India, he was offered the command of the troops about to be assembled against the insurgents of Mahi Kanta. He declined the honor in favor of a friend very much his senior. He felt it his duty to point out that the appointment of so junior an officer might give umbrage in quarters where unanimity was necessary. The senior officer on the spot was almost the senior captain in the army. He said, "The qualifications of the officer are far superior to mine. I willingly stake my humble reputa-

tion on his conduct. Associated with him, as I presume I shall be, in the duty, while his will be the honor of success, mine will be the blame of defeat, in measures of which I am the proposer." But the commander-in-chief could not accept his suggestion. The offer was renewed and at last accepted.

When the Scinde prize-money was distributed among the officers and soldiers, Outram refused to accept for his own purposes the £3000 to which he was entitled as a major. He refused, he said, to accept a rupee of the booty resulting from the policy which he opposed. He distributed the whole amount in charitable objects. Among the other recipients were Dr. Duff's Indian missionary schools. He also gave £800 to the Hill School Asylum at Kussowlee. Lady Lawrence afterward wrote to him, "Your benefaction is not the less acceptable, because it comes in the form of allegiance to what we believe to be a righteous cause."

Advantage to himself was what Sir James Outram never thought of, and money was literally the dirt under his feet, except when he could make it helpful to others. There never was a man more entirely simple and free from all self consciousness. The more his life is studied in its details, the more it will be found how habitually he made a practice of esteeming others better than himself, of looking less at his own things and more at the things of others. His compassion, indeed, was boundless. It was this compassion, this faculty of seeing with other men's eyes, of thinking with other men's hearts—a faculty, the absence of which in our chief rulers brought us to our sorest straits in India—which made Outram so strenuous an opponent of injustice in all its forms.*

It is related of the great Lord Lawrence, that during the conduct of some important case for a young Indian Rajah, the prince endeavored to place in his hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. "Young man," said Lawrence, "you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your

* See "Life of Outram," by Sir F. J. Goldsmid.

youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you by this experience, never again to commit so gross an offence against an English gentleman."

It is by the valor and honesty of such men that the empire of India has been maintained. They have toiled at their duty, often at the risk of their lives. At the time of the Indian mutiny, many men, until then comparatively unknown, came rapidly to the front—such men as Havelock, Neil, Nicholson, Outram, Clyde, Inglis, Edwardes, and Lawrence. The very name of Lawrence represented power in the North-West Provinces. The standard of duty of both brothers was of the highest. The first, John—Iron John, as he was called—and the second, Henry, inspired a loving and attached spirit to those who were about them. It was declared of the former that his character alone was worth an army. Colonel Edwardes said of both brothers, "They sketched a faith, and begot a school, which are both living things at this day."

At the time at which the Indian mutiny broke out, Sir John was Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. The country which he governed had just been conquered by the English. He governed his new province well and wisely. He trusted the people about him, and made them his friends. And then he did what is perhaps unexampled in history. He sent away the whole of the Punjaub native troops, to assist the English army at Delhi, leaving himself without any force to protect him. The result proved that he was right. The Shiks and Punjaubees proved faithful. Delhi was taken, and India was saved. All this depended on the personal character of John Lawrence. The words which his brother, Sir Henry, desired to be put upon his tomb, modestly describe his life and character, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty!"

Men of science have displayed the same self-sacrifice. When Sir Humphry Davy, after great labor invented his safety-lamp for the purpose of mitigating the danger to colliers working in inflammable gas, he would not take out a patent for it, but made it over to the public. A friend said to him, "You might as well have secured this invention by

a patent, and received your five or ten thousand a year for it." "No, my good friend," said Davy; I never thought of such a thing: my sole object was to serve the cause of humanity. I have enough for all my views and purposes. More wealth might distract my attention from my favorite pursuits. More wealth could not increase either my fame or my happiness. It might, undoubtedly, enable me to put four horses to my carriage; but what would it avail me to have it said that Sir Humphry drives his carriage and four?"

It was the same with his follower Faraday. He worked for science alone. He was as imaginative as he was scientific. Every new fact won by his intelligence resolved itself into a centre of greater mysteries. He was no materialist. His philosophy was at once a protest against scientific dogmatism and religious sectarianism. He was humble in his knowledge, and worked in the spirit of a child—wondering at the revelations of truth which dawned upon him. "That ozone, that oxygen," he said, "which makes up more than half the weight of the world, what a wonderful thing it is; and yet I think we are only at the beginning of a knowledge of its wonders."

Faraday was satisfied to be a comparatively poor man. He did not work for money. Had he done so, he would have made a large fortune. He patented nothing, but made all his discoveries over to the public. He nobly resisted the temptation of money-making—though in his case it was no temptation—but preferred to follow the path of pure science. He was emphatically a finder out of facts; and often they startled him. "These things," he said, "are unaccountable at present; they show us that, with all our knowledge, we know little as yet of that which may afterward become known." The words remind us of one of the last sayings of Isaac Newton.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, when Professor Tyndall presented Dr. Hoffman with the Faraday medal—the highest token of recognition which the Society had it in its power to bestow—he mentioned a touching example of Faraday's kindness. A young student at Edinburgh (in fact, Samuel Brown, afterward M. D.), who was engaged in a bewildering study about matter and atoms, submitted his conjectures to the greatest chemist of the day. Overwhelmed as Faraday then was with work, he answered not with neglect or with cheap flattery. He wrote to the unknown youth as follows: "I have no hesitation in advising you to experiment in support of your views, because, whether you confirm or confute them, good must come out of your experiments. With regard to the views themselves, I can say nothing of them except that they are useful in exciting the mind to inquiry. A very brief consideration of the progress of experimental philosophy will show you that it is a great disturber of preconceived theories. I have thought long and closely on the theories of attraction and of particles and atoms of matter, and the more I think, in association with experiments, the less distinct does my idea of an atom or a particle of matter become."

To turn to another subject—that of money-making. The fortunes of the house of Rothschild were based upon the honesty of their founder—Meyer Amschel or Anselm. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1743. His parents were Jews. What a frightful history might be written of the persecutions, tortures, and martyrdoms of the Jews in the Middle Ages, and even down to our own times.* At Frankfort, as well as in other towns and cities in Germany, the Jews were compelled to resort to their quarters at a certain hour in the evening, under penalty of death. The Judengasse at Frankfort was shut in by gates, which were locked at night. Napoleon blew them down with cannon, one of the best things he ever did; yet the persecutions of the Jews continued.

Young Anselm lost his parents at eleven, and had to fight his way through life alone. After a slight modicum of

* The last persecutors of the Jews of whom we hear are the Roumanians and Bulgarians. Having so far achieved their own liberty, they deny it to the Jews, who are still laden with suffering and sorrow. The Roumanians and Bulgarians scarcely deserve their freedom; they have achieved power, but not justice. Their injustice will return upon them. "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost."

education—for Jews are always kind to each other—the boy had the good fortune to find a place as clerk to a small banker and money-changer at Hanover. He returned to Frankfort in 1772, and established himself as a broker and money-lender. Over his shop he hung the sign of the Red Shield—in German, Rothschild. He collected ancient and rare coins, and among tbe amateurs who frequented his shop was the Landgrave William, afterward Elector of Hesse.

When Napoleon overran Europe, William of Hesse was driven from his states, and left all the money he could gather together in the hands of Anselm, his hof-agent. It amounted to £250,000. How to take care of this money and make it grow in his hands was Anselm's greatest object. Money in those days was very dear; it returned twelve or even twenty per cent on good security. The war went on. Russia was invaded by Napoleon. His army was all but lost in the snow. The battle of Leipsic was fought, and Napoleon and his army were hurled across the Rhine. The Landgrave of Hesse then returned to his states. A few days after, the eldest son of Meyer Anselm presented himself at court, and handed over to the Landgrave the three millions of florins which his father had taken care of. The landgrave was almost beside himself with joy. He looked upon the restored money as a windfall. In his exultation he knighted the young Rothschild at once. "Such honesty," his highness exclaimed, "had never been known in the world." At the Congress of Vienna, where he went shortly after, he could talk of nothing else than the honesty of the Rothschilds. Anselm had a large family. They followed his example, and thus the Rothschilds became the largest money-lenders in the world.*

Of the late Lord Macaulay it may be said that he was a thoroughly incorruptible man. Among the men with whom he was brought up—Wilberforce, Henry Thornton, and Zachary Macaulay—he could hardly fail to become a patriotic and disinterested man. When he was only earning two hundred a year by his pen, the Rev. Sydney Smith, not given to overpraise, said of him, "I believe that Macaulay is incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests."*

* The story is told at length by Frederick Martin, in his "Stories of Banks and Bankers."

Macaulay so arranged his affairs that their management was to him a pastime, instead of being a source of annoyance and anxiety. His economical maxims were the simplest; to treat official and literary gains as capital, and to pay all debts within the twenty-four hours. "I think," he said, "that prompt payment is a moral duty; knowing, as I do, how painful it is to be deferred." "There is nothing," he said, "truer than Poor Richard's saw: 'We are taxed twice as heavily by our pride as by the state.'" He early accustomed himself to a strict appropriation of his income, as the only sure ground on which to build a reputation for public and private integrity, and to maintain a dignified independence.

And yet he possessed but a slight competence. To Lord Lansdowne, who offered him a seat in the Council of India, he wrote as follows: "Every day that I live, I become less and less desirous of great wealth. But every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence, it is not very easy for a public man to be honest; it is almost impossible for him to be thought so. I am so situated that I can subsist only in two ways: by being in office, and by my pen. . . . The thought of becoming a bookseller's hack; of writing to relieve, not the fulness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket; of spurring a jaded fancy to reluctant exertion; of filling sheets with trash, merely that the sheets may be filled; of hearing from publishers and editors what Dryden bore from Thomson, and what, to my knowledge, Mackintosh bore from Lardner,

* Sydney Smith once said that he was never afraid to open his letter-bag. He was uprightly conscientious. He had robbed nobody. If he had lost money, as he did by the Pennsylvania repudiation, the crime did not lie at his door, but at that of his creditors.

is horrible to me. Yet thus it must be if I should quit office. Yet to hold office merely for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still."

The result was that Macaulay obtained and filled an honorable office in India, and returned with a sufficient competence to be enabled to write his famous "History of England."

CHAPTER V.

COURAGE—ENDURANCE.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too. BEN JONSON.

Give me no light, great Heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship;
No powers beyond the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood.
GEORGE ELIOT.

Not alone when life flows still do truth
And power emerge, but also when strange chance
Affects its current; in unused conjecture,
When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,
Excess, or languor—oftenest death's approach—
Peril, deep joy, or woe. ROBERT BROWNING.

COURAGE is the quality which all men delight to honor. It is the energy which rises to all the emergencies of life. It is the perfect will, which no terrors can shake. It will enable one to die, if need be, in the performance of duty.

Who has a word to say in praise of cowardice? Does not the universal conscience condemn it? The coward is mean and unmanly. He has not the courage to stand by his opinions. He is ready to become a slave. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave;" and "the other half," added Dr. Arnold, "goes when he becomes a slave broken loose."

Yet it requires courage to deal with the coward. A foolish young man, who quarrelled with Sir Philip Sydney,