

THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIII.]

FEBRUARY, 1878.

[No 2.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

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*Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.*

CHAPTER III.

IN THE CITY.

"SIR JACOB ESCOMB." The name —by itself? no "and Company," no statement of trade or calling—was on as large a brass plate as you might see anywhere in the City. The plate was not one of those which modestly retire and seek to efface themselves from the sight of man; it did not lurk in the shadow of a dark entrance hall, or hide its presence on a staircase lighted only by windows never cleaned. Not at all. It stood well displayed facing the street, just below the level of the average human eye, so that those who ran might read, and those who read might wonder.

"SIR JACOB ESCOMB." Those who ran, those who walked, and those who lounged read the name and sighed with envy. Such as had with them country cousins or persons ignorant of the City would stop them, when they came to the spot, to point out this Plutocratic name. "Sir Jacob Escomb," they would say, in the trembling tone of reverence, "is one of those men who began life with a fourpenny-piece." All men like

Sir Jacob begin life on a certain day with a definite sum which becomes historic. "He was a factory hand, and he is not ashamed of it. Now he is worth, it is said, more than a million. Ah! what a country we live in! And such a good man! Foremost in every philanthropic or charitable attempt. Did you read his speech at the Hammerers' dinner last Thursday? It showed how men of wealth who desire to do good must henceforth hand over to paid workmen the practical details of charity, and exercise for their own part a wise rule over benevolent and charitable efforts by means of cheques and donations. Such men as Sir Jacob cannot be expected to waste their time in personal investigations. As good as a sermon that speech was. A million of money, and all made out of nothing! What a man! And such a good man! Hush! There he is getting out of his carriage. Look at the bundle of papers in his hand. I have heard it computed that when he was constructing the railways for Two Eagle Land, he had as many as five hundred thousand men in his employ at once."

Fortunate Sir Jacob!