

vation he addressed the assembly. He spoke for his veterans. He spoke for the poor citizens. He said that he approved the law to the last letter of it. "Will you then," asked Caesar, "support the law if it be illegally opposed?" "Since," replied Pompey, "you counsel, and you, my fellow-citizens, ask aid of me, a poor individual without office and without authority, who nevertheless has done some service to the State, I say that I will bear the shield if others draw the sword." Applause rang out from a hundred thousand throats.—FROUDE'S *CÆSAR*, ch. 13.

178. AMBITION vs. Affection. *Napoleon I.* [Josephine knew that many were urging upon him the necessity of a divorce that he might have an heir, and thus secure the future of the State.] One day when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet Josephine entered softly by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him, with a burst of tenderness, "I entreat you, my love, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, are you mad?" . . . She knew the intensity of her husband's love. She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition.—ANNOT'S *NAPOLEON I.*, vol. 1, ch. 24.

179. AMBITION, Awakened. *Sir I. Newton.* It is a question with English teachers whether schoolboys ought or ought not to be permitted to settle their quarrels by a fair fight with fists. In the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and others, fighting is tacitly allowed; but in the smaller schools, especially those under the charge of dissenters, it is forbidden. . . . The greatness of Sir Isaac Newton dates from a fight which he had with one of his schoolfellows when he was thirteen years of age. At that time, according to his own confession, he was very idle at school, and stood last in the lowest class but one. One morning, as he was going to school, the boy who was first in the same class kicked him in the stomach with so much violence as to cause him severe pain during the day. When the school was dismissed, he challenged the boy to fight him. The challenge being accepted, a ring was formed in the churchyard, the usual place of combat, and the fight begun. Newton, a weakly boy from his birth, was inferior to his antagonist in size and strength; but, smarting under a sense of the indignity he had received, he fought with so much spirit and resolution as to compel his adversary to cry, Enough. The schoolmaster's son, who had been clapping one of them on the back and winking at the other, to urge on the contest, and who acted as a kind of umpire, informed the victor that it was necessary to crown his triumph by rubbing the other boy's nose against the wall. Little Newton seized him by the ears, thrust his face against the rough side of the church, and walked home exulting in his victory. The next morning, however, he had again the mortification of seeing his enemy at the head of the class, while he occupied his usual place at the foot. He began to reflect. Could he regard himself in the light of a victor while his foe lorded it over him in the schoolroom?

The applauding shouts of his schoolfellows had been grateful to his ears, but his enemy enjoyed the approval of the teacher. The laurels of the playground seemed to fade in comparison with the nobler triumphs of the mind. The result of his reflections was, that he determined to conquer his adversary again by getting to the head of his class.—*CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOG.*, p. 244.

180. AMBITION, Cruelty of. *Irene.* Constantine, surnamed Copronymus, . . . dying left this prince [his son Leo], then nine years old, to the government of his mother Irene, who ruled the empire [of the East] rather as a sovereign than as a regent. She was an able woman, and foresaw the danger to the empire from the ambition and power of Charlemagne. To avert any hostile purposes, till she should be in a condition to oppose them with effect, she brought about a negotiation for the marriage of her son with the daughter of Charlemagne; but it was far from her intention that this match should ever be accomplished. Irene, on the contrary, was too fond of power herself to consent to anything that might deprive her of the reins of government. She kept the young Constantine in the most absolute dependence and submission; and when at last he endeavored to assume that dignity which belonged to him, she, on pretence of treasonable designs, threw him into prison, deprived him of his eyes, and put him to death.—*TYTLER'S HIST.*, Book 6, ch. 3.

181. AMBITION in the Church. *Schisms.* Ambition is a weed of quick and early vegetation in the vineyard of Christ. Under the first Christian princes the chair of St. Peter was disputed by the votes, the venality, the violence, of a popular election; the sanctuaries of Rome were polluted with blood; and from the third to the twelfth century the church was distracted by the mischief of frequent schisms.—*GIBBON'S ROME*, ch. 69.

182. AMBITION cursed. *Gen. Fraser.* A.D. 1777. [Gen. Fraser, one of Gen. Burgoyne's major-generals, fell at the battle of Saratoga.] He questioned the surgeon eagerly as to his wound, and when he found that he must go from wife and children, that fame and promotion and life were gliding from before his eyes, he cried out in his agony: "Damned ambition!"—*BANCROFT'S U. S.*, vol. 9, ch. 24.

183. AMBITION, Delusive. *Roman Emperor Maximus.* The imprudent Maximus . . . gratified his resentment and ambition; he saw the bleeding corpse of Valentinian at his feet; and he heard himself saluted Emperor by the unanimous voice of the Senate and people. But the day of his inauguration was the last day of his happiness. He was imprisoned (such is the lively expression of Sidonius) in the palace; and after passing a sleepless night, he sighed that he had attained the summit of his wishes, and aspired only to descend from the dangerous elevation. Oppressed by the weight of the diadem, he communicated his anxious thoughts to his friend and questor Fulgentius; and when he looked back with unavailing regret on the secure pleasures of his former life, the emperor exclaimed, "O fortunate Damocles, thy reign began and ended with the same dinner;" a well-known allusion. . . . The reign of Maximus continued about three months. His hours, of