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and there is still room for a good deal to be done in this direction, and in many quarters.

The purpose of this paper has been less to recommend particular measures of Church Reform than to contribute a few hints towards the general discussion, and to make mention of particulars which ought not, in the opinion of the writer, to be forgotten. He has not much hope at present from legislation. But the present respite ought to be turned to account by all "*bonâ fide* Churchmen" in their own sphere. Every one of us may do much to invigorate our Church machinery, and to make good shortcomings in his own parish and neighbourhood. And when this manner of Church Reform—which has already made much progress—shall have had its perfect work, we shall be in a position to ask with irresistible effect what help may be found indispensable from Parliamentary enactments.

T. E. Espin.

## Art. V.—MONEY-GETTING; OR, THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT-PRINCE.

THE Americans are a money-getting, but they are also a money-giving, people. The resources of the United States offer a wider scope for commercial enterprise and industrial activity than the Old Country presents. A man has a better market for brains in America than in Great Britain. He has greater facilities for exertion. The pressure arising from social exclusiveness does not affect a man to the same extent there as in England. Men will put their hand to anything that comes uppermost in a new country. There is little or no loss of caste by engaging in any kind of hard work. Nothing is considered menial that tends to make and keep a man honest. It is not, therefore, very wonderful that men should succeed in making money in a country where the dignity of labour is so thoroughly respected.

> Shame and contempt from no condition rise;
> Act well your part: 'tis there true honour lies.

It is not because the native American is a man of shrewder ways and sharper intellect than the Englishman that he becomes rich. Emigrants from the Old Country get on just as well and are equally successful as the Americans. Vanderbilt was an American by birth, and A. P. Stewart was an Irishman. The former began life with sixteen millions of pounds sterling, which he increased to forty millions before his death. Stewart began

with nothing, or next to nothing, and amassed upwards of twenty millions sterling after fifty-three years' experience. He told me himself in October, 1873, when I was his guest, that he paid income tax for the previous year on a million and a quarter sterling. This colossal fortune was all made in what is technically termed "dry goods," such as silks, satins, velvets, cotton prints, and all sorts of hosiery, linen, etc., etc. His motto was "ten per cent., and no lies." The idea with which he began business was steadily kept up all through his eventful life. The principle of buying cheap and selling as dearly as possible seemed to him unbusinesslike and unfair. His notion was that a man should be content with ten per cent. profit, and make no mystery about the original cost of any article in his store. "I could guarantee," was his remark one evening to me, "certain success to any trader of ordinary ability, but with more than ordinary perseverance, if he were willing to carry on business on these terms. The plan so prevalent both in Europe and in America, to get the highest possible percentage for the least possible outlay, works badly in many ways; and it certainly does not tend as much to the merchant's advantage, as a smaller return upon the best materials that can be had in the market. You turn over more goods in a given time, and in the long-run you acquire more money."

It must, however, be admitted that the times have undergone a very considerable change since Stewart opened his first humble and unpretending shop in Canal Street on the 6th of August, 1823. I have heard it said that he could not succeed now as he did then. Perhaps not; but this at least must be said, that it is not so much the complexion of the times as the character of the man, that ensures success. In the world of commerce, as in the world of nature, the survival of the fittest is a well-established law. Stewart would have made his mark in any occupation, no matter where or when he lived. He had all the good qualities both of the Irishman and of the Scotchman, having had the good fortune to be born and educated in the Scotch-North of Ireland. That province has furnished many, very many, eminent and successful men, who have done the world's work and their own with credit and renown. They are a hard-headed, painstaking, and thrifty people.

Few men in Stewart's line of business ever began their career so utterly ignorant of the technicalities of business. He had no practical experience of the value of the goods he undertook to dispose of. Hence he was forced to employ a salesman whose knowledge, as an expert, enabled him to sell the very slender stock of merchandise in which his employer had invested "the patrimony," as Stewart facetiously called the sum of three hundred pounds to which he became entitled at his father's

death, in the same year that he opened his store in New York. At the end of one month the salesman, one of the old type who wanted to make the highest possible profit from the buyer, was so irritated and disgusted at seeing such first-rate materials "given away," as he said, "for such paltry profit," that he retired from a position in which he felt confident that he could do no justice either to his employer or to himself. He did not leave without delivering a prediction that "before six months Mr. Stewart would be bankrupt." By degrees Stewart began to obtain an insight into the details of business for himself, and he worked his way steadily until he attained a degree of eminence in the commercial world which has never perhaps been exceeded, or even equalled, by his competitors. He soon removed from the obscurity of a side street into the commanding position of Broadway, where he erected his first grand store on a scale of architectural beauty seldom in those days seen in any house of business. In a few years his unparalleled and unlooked-for success compelled him to pull down this edifice, much to his regret, and build a larger one, which, if not presenting lines of beauty to the eye, had the advantage of solidity and space. It was constructed of white marble, and was the largest of its kind then known in America. This was his retail house of business, but higher up in the same street he erected another building of somewhat similar dimensions. There he carried on extensive dealings in the wholesale department. In these two houses he employed no fewer than two thousand five hundred hands, all kept going by the calm and calculating foresight of the one-man-power which exercised such a domineering mastery over the entire dry-goods market. He then set his ever-active brain to work in order to build a private dwelling for himself on a scale of such dimensions and magnificence as has never yet been seen in the busy capital of the United States. An idea may be had of the expense and magnitude of this building from the fact that the first contract for the erection of the exterior only, amounted to eleven millions of dollars—that is, something over two millions and a half of English sovereigns. His ambition was to leave behind him monuments of architecture in his adopted country, such as might serve to point out to posterity the lesson of his self-denying labours, and his consistent life, as illustrating the truth and value of the old saying that "honesty is the best policy." Single-handed he began and carried on his enormous business. He had no limited or unlimited liability company. The one head contrived all the plans, ordered all the goods, anticipated all the wants of the public, whether due to actual necessity or to the caprice of fashion; and his hand alone set the price on all his stock-in-trade, from the least valuable piece of cotton-stuff to the most expensive materials

in his stores. His memory was astonishing. Stories are current as to the manner in which he often called forth from its hiding-place some article which had been forgotten by the shop-assistants, but which Mr. Stewart had indelibly fixed in the great storehouse of his capacious mind. From a piece of tape to the costliest camel-hair shawl, Stewart knew exactly the price of everything; and what is more remarkable still, he was aware of the very spot where each article was to be found. In appearance he did not look more than fifty-eight years of age, although in reality he was in his seventieth year. This was in 1873. He dressed with faultless simplicity. If the apparel oft proclaims the man, never was the co-operative harmony of mind and body more thoroughly consistent. His manner of life was frugality itself. He lived as simply as possible. From eight in the morning, when he generally left home, till almost the same hour in the evening, he spent the whole day in the city. Sunday was his only quiet day, and to him it was a perfect day of rest. He was very undemonstrative in his manner, but at all times he impressed one with a sense of that quiet energy which characterized his whole life. His keen but kindly glance showed the hidden power which kept the machine of business in perpetual motion. He was never in a hurry or agitated, even at the busiest hour of the day, or when, as in 1873, a sudden and serious panic paralyzed all commercial enterprise in America. He possessed powers of perception of a very high order, which enabled him with rare success to select the right men for his varied and extensive work.

Such was Alexander Turner Stewart, who began life with almost nothing, and ended, at the age of seventy-two, one of the most successful, if not the most successful money-getting merchant in the world. But he was also a money-giving man. If he was princely in his acquired fortune, he was also princely in his way of spending it. The tongue of evil report has done its best and its worst in the way of detraction, and a censorious world has only been too ready to believe what the detractors uttered. Through evil report and good report Stewart kept on the even tenor of his way, alike unmoved by the censure, or elated by the applause of the multitude. When the fearful famine in 1846 had decimated the Irish people, it was with no niggard respectability that he contributed to the funds for the relief of his famine-stricken compatriots. While others were subscribing their hundreds, he chartered the largest ship that could be found —filled it with provisions and every comfort that could possibly be required for the starving, and subsequently fever-smitten population. And, in order that the vessel should not return with useless ballast to New York, he made arrangements whereby three hundred married couples should be taken back

to the United States, the only condition being that they should be able to read and to write.

On their passage out, and after their arrival in America, they were amply provided for wholly at his own expense, from first to last, including outfit, journey, and subsequent settlement in some remunerative labour. And more recently, when the big fire in Chicago had rendered more than a hundred thousand persons homeless in a single night, he ordered the largest possible train of railway carriages to be filled with cooked provisions, and everything that the burnt-out citizens could require in their time of distress, and despatched it with all speed to the ruined city. I happened to be in Chicago all the time, so that I speak from personal observation.

Yet there are not wanting people who say that he was "mean" and "hard." No doubt those who are jealous at the prosperity and success of their fellows, and particularly of their rivals, will always find scope for their "envious tongues" to suggest or invent shallow or injurious imputations. But Stewart was neither "hard" nor "mean." He was strict in business relations, for, as he once said, "I must choose between weak benevolence and losses, or strict habits of business and fair results." Public men cannot afford to enter into private feeling, and examine into each case that comes before them in the ordinary way of trade. Every public man has two characters, the official and the personal.

As an individual Stewart was the soul of honour, integrity, and fair dealing. During the protracted period of fifty-three years of incessant application to business, and with an ever-widening horizon of mercantile transactions in all parts of the world, not a single act of his has ever been challenged as calculated to throw discredit upon him as a man, or to tarnish him with dishonour as a merchant. He was just, and he feared not what the world might think or say, so long as they could prove nothing against him. "Uprightness hath boldness" is an old motto, and never did it receive a more fitting illustration than in the public and private life of one who by self-reliance and by self-respect conferred dignity upon honest labour, and adorned the position and character of an American merchant-prince. The indignity which no one could cast upon him in life was reserved for some miscreant to do to his clay-cold relics after death. Fate, with its grim irony, delights to surprise mankind. If it cannot always succeed in reversing the order of things in the course of human existence this side the grave, it occasionally gratifies its grudge either by engulfing in oblivion the great men of the earth, or by allowing the strife of tongues to tear their character to pieces. But in poor Stewart's case a more eccentric course was adopted. His lifeless body was stolen from what

one might have reasonably supposed would have been its last resting-place. The sacrilegious thief hoped that by such infamy he might have obtained a good round sum of money for the restoration of the mortal remains—a hope which, it is satisfactory to think, has never been realized.[1] Owing to the cupidity and perverted ingenuity of this wretched pilferer of the dead, Mr. Stewart, the millionnaire, who for more than half a century, by many a toilsome step, and after unflagging energy and perseverance, had emerged out of obscurity into a position of fame, opulence, and honour, was at last denied a quiet grave, the common privilege of the poorest beggar. Such is the penalty of great wealth.

But if great riches have their penalties, they have their privileges also. The over-wealthy are free from the misery of the man upon whom the pressure of contracted means acts like some ghastly nightmare. There is no conceivable condition, amid the manifold varieties of human employment, more depressing than that which arises from pinching poverty. The successful man of the world enjoys that delightful feeling of perfect freedom as regards money-matters, which imparts an air of independence utterly unknown to him who is always breathing an atmosphere of impecuniosity. There are, no doubt, poor men who, in spite of the *res angusta domi*, are very happy and contented. The genial current of their souls is not frozen by the chilling influences of penury. They enjoy life, notwithstanding the daily, almost hourly, struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Yet, for all that, it must be admitted that there is a wonderfully soothing effect produced upon our nervous system and its collateral agencies by the conscious security against debt and dejection, which the felt presence of poverty so frequently engenders. It is all well enough to sound the praises of the humble poor, and to enumerate with solemnity the moral advantages to be gained in the school of adversity. No sensible man would encourage poverty for its own sake. If it be the will of God that a man's position in life renders it next to impossible for him to make money on a large scale, and that, in consequence, he has to struggle on, year by year, counting every penny, and seeing that it is spent to the best advantage, the

[1] It has been stated in a daily paper, after this article was in print, that the body has been recovered, but no one knows the price paid for it. On very good authority I have been told that Mrs. Stewart was advised not to offer any reward, for it would only lead to the repetition of the foul crime. So far as I know, the body has not been recovered. At this moment, in order to guard the body of Mr. Vanderbilt against a similar indignity, guards have been told off by day and by night to watch the grave, lest some other human ghoul should violate the sacredness of the tomb.

wise man will accept the situation, and realize in his own history that gentle submission to the inevitable is no mean feature of philosophy. The well-known words of Robert Burns state the case fairly well when he writes concerning money and its uses. He did not wish to be the possessor of wealth merely that he might secretly gloat over piles of gold. He valued money not so much for its own sake, as for what it could confer upon him by its legitimate employment:

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege,
Of being independent."

Next to immortality, Heaven's best gift to man is independence. It is not meant by this to limit the term merely to the possession of more money than a man wants for his ordinary requirements in that position of life in which Providence may have placed him. That would be a very narrow definition of the term. As money enables a man to do what he pleases, and to live where he likes, and to go here and there, or anywhere without let or hindrance, or any *vincula mercenaria,* mercenary servitude to the public, it necessarily raises a man's mind above the petty scramble for position to which the needy and the poverty-stricken are perpetually exposed. Plenty of money is a very great convenience. In spite of all the solemn denunciation of wealth by morbid mystics, money has a value quite distinct from its importance as the recognised medium of commercial currency. The advantages which arise to the individual by his acquisition of money as the result of "scorning delights, and living laborious days," are of a very high order. The Bible tells us that "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Our blessed Lord never uttered a single word against the lawful possession and use of money. His remarks were directed against the abuse of it. It was when "the cursed thirst of gold," as the Pagan poet says, perverted the mind and hardened the heart, that our Lord condemned the possession of superabounding wealth. The teaching of the Bible is very clear upon this point. "Riches and honour" are again and again spoken of as God's special gifts. We read that the good king Hezekiah "had exceeding riches." It was only when men "trusted" in them—made their gold their god; became over-zealous in their pursuit of it; lived for it; neglected their relative duties in social and domestic life on account of it; in a word, set up "the almighty Dollar," or "the golden Sovereign," as a sort of Fetish worship that the censure came. The words of Holy Writ are loud and clear in the ringing tones of warning which they address to persons tainted by such a form of idolatry. The thoughts become gradually con-

centrated upon the one all-absorbing passion, a habit of action is set up, and after a time the avenue to the soul is choked by the dust of human selfishness or vanity, and then, no doubt, "the love of money becomes the root of all evil." Like every other good thing—for unquestionably wealth is a good thing—riches may be abused; like the ordinary supplies of food and drink for the purposes of bodily health, they may prove to be a curse and not a blessing. Money may be perverted from its legitimate use, and, as the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes tells us, "There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt."

There is a shallow notion—and, it is to be feared, somewhat popular in this country—that all that is required in order to make money is to emigrate to America, and that once there a fortune is sure to be realized somehow or other. That is a very great mistake. There is no doubt whatever as to the greater facilities for success in the United States than in England. Many openings present themselves to a hardworking and enterprising man; but there are plenty of native-born Americans at this moment who cannot obtain remunerative employment. There are hundreds of persons in New York whose daily effort is the devising of plans to enable them to economize against starvation. This does not arise from any fault of theirs, but simply from the over-supply of a certain class of young men in the various branches of trade and commerce in the large cities. It must not be forgotten that it is not every young man who can become an American merchant-prince, like Stewart. He was a man of remarkable gifts by natural endowment, and these were greatly improved and stirred up by more than ordinary perseverance and industry. To be a successful merchant, either in London or in New York, a man must possess qualifications of a special order. I do not refer to men whose fathers managed to reach the top of the ladder by their personal exertions, and bequeathed an ample fortune to their sons, who began life where their fathers ended. I allude only to those men of business who have been the architects of their own fortunes, like Moore, or Morrison, and many other London merchants, past and present, who entered on their path of life without money, friends, or patrons, and who after years of persistent labour have risen, step by step, from comparative humble positions until they reached the honourable and commanding influence which has ever been, and I trust will never cease to be, exercised by English merchants, both at home and abroad. No man comes to the front in the commercial world by mere chance. He must have brains and the resolute will by which he determines to work them to the best advantage. Insufficiently endowed and unambitious men soon go to the wall, being pushed

aside by their more vigorous competitors in the race of life. We seldom, if ever, see the men who have failed. As only the successful ones survive, we have none else from whom we can gather facts to enable us to form a just conclusion as to the process whereby they have become rich. It must, however, be admitted, whatever be the reason, that larger fortunes have been made in America than in the Old Country. Mr. Stewart once told me that in his early struggles, having heard that Mr. Morrison had realized a fortune of about three millions sterling, his ambition was so much aroused that he determined, if it were possible, to become his equal in wealth. The extraordinary spurt which he put on certainly enabled him to come up with his *beau idéal* of a millionnaire, and by the habit of action which such a strain upon body and mind demanded, he in the end left Mr. Morrison far, very far, behind.

It would be absurd, however, to deny that there is considerable danger in thus striving after riches for their own sake. The man with one idea incessantly present to his mind runs the risk of being so wholly occupied in the pursuit of his darling project, that he may at length become the victim of his own delusion. To become not merely a rich man, but the richest of rich men, may assume such a domineering mastery over him, that he has no power of resisting the pressure which drives him onward towards the goal of his ambition. In this state of mind there is imminent peril lest the higher claims of human effort may be lost sight of, and in the struggle for ascendency in the world of wealth, a man may become indifferent or feebly conscious of any other world beyond. The Anglo-Saxon race everywhere, and perhaps specially in America, is on its trial as to the effect of prosperity upon the moral nature of man. The question is, will prosperity promote the well-being of the individual? Or will it blunt the moral impressions so as to render the mind insensible to the higher claims of the more substantial wealth, which "neither rust nor moth doth corrupt." That is a very important question, and on the testimony of some of the most thoughtful Americans the verdict does not seem too favourable to the millionnaires. Judging from the accounts which have appeared in the public press in the United States on the occasion of the sudden death of Mr. Vanderbilt, the ownership of enormous wealth does not seem to confer upon its possessor a sufficient measure for the capacity of its enjoyment in the best and truest sense of the word. In many millionnaires, both in the Old and in the New World, there appears sometimes a state of unrest—an anxiety of mind amounting almost to depression of spirits in prosecuting their plans for personal aggrandisement. To men whose incomes may be counted by hundreds, and who can make ends meet only by judicious management, it must

seem to be a paradox how anyone who can command millions by the stroke of his pen could possibly suffer from lowness of spirits in the pursuit of further gain. It certainly does present a strange enigma, which can only be accounted for by that retributive reaction which almost always waits upon the abnormal development of human nature along the line of covetousness. One fact at least appears to be a fixed one, as regards the weariness of mind and the worry from which very rich men occasionally suffer. They seem to lose sight of the common-sense view of human existence, as stated by Him Who alone was entitled to pronounce so positively upon the point. If it be true that "a man's life consisteth not in the *abundance* of the things that he possesseth," it is to be feared that some very rich men have but faintly realized the importance of those words. To be very rich, and at the same time to be the victim of mental uneasiness as to how to become richer, is one of those problems belonging to the perverted ingenuity of man that defies solution. That such is the case it is impossible to deny, because it is in evidence on the authority of rich men themselves. It almost tends to reconcile poor men to the humble fare of "the dry crust," and "the dinner of herbs," without carefulness, when they see that over-success in life does not always enable the man who has succeeded to live free from carking care, and in co-operative harmony with himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God.

G. W. WELDON.

## ART. VI.—ADMINISTRATIVE REFORMS.

*"Then said the guide, Look to your feet, for we shall presently be among the snares."*—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

IF "threatened men live long," as the proverb tells us they do, it is because they take more care of themselves than men whose lives are not in danger. The Church of England received a very startling warning just before the recent elections; and though the result of those elections may be to give her a respite, it does not encourage the idea that the eventual danger is less than before. It is generally felt that if, like a threatened man, she would live long, she must, like him, take due precautions, and live circumspectly. This is the meaning of the sudden kindling of a zeal for Church Reform. Zeal in a good cause is good; but never was there more imperative need that it should be largely tempered with discretion, for never were the ecclesiastical projectors more numerous. Amateur constitution-monger-