

of the value of it. But we may as well open our eyes to the fact that in preparing men for the work of life, especially for that work depending on manual skill, it is a hindrance and a failure. It is mere smatter, veneering, and cram."

The writer of the article says that the old system of apprenticeship has grown almost entirely into disuse. The boys are at school, and cannot be apprenticed to a trade. Hence most mechanical work is done by foreigners. The lad who has made a successful beginning of the cultivation of his intellect does not like the idea of getting a living by the skilful use of his hands in the common employment of life. He has no taste for bodily labor. He gets some light employment, or tries to live upon his wits.*

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

So said Longfellow. The village smithy stands there no longer. When General Armstrong, of the colored college of Hampton, went to the North in search of blacksmiths, he found no Americans to engage. Every blacksmith was an Irishman. And in the next generation of Irishmen every boy will be so well educated that he will not put his hands

* "If it is asked why there is not a universal effort made for the restoration of the apprentice system, we reply that there is a very ugly lion in the way. A piano-maker complained that he could not get men enough to do his work, the reason being that his men belonged to a Society that had taken upon itself to regulate the number of apprentices that he could be permitted to instruct in the business. They had limited the number to *one*, who was utterly insufficient to supply the demand, and the master was powerless. There was no other way open to him but to import his workmen, already instructed, from abroad. In brief, there is a conspiracy among Society men all over the country to keep American boys out of the useful trades, and industrial education is thus under the ban of an outrageous system, which ought to be put down by the strong hand of the law. It is thus seen that, while the common school naturally turns the great multitudes of its attendants away from manual employments, those who still feel inclined to enter upon them have no freedom to do so, because a great army of Society men stand firmly in the way, overruling employers and employed alike"
—*Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine* for March, 1880.

to any bodily labor. A New York clergyman possessing a large family (to correct this spreading influence) recently declared from his pulpit that he intended that every lad of his family should learn some mechanical employment, by which, on an emergency, he might get a living. Rich and poor should alike be taught to work, skilfully if possible; for it is quite as likely that the rich will become poor as that some of the poor will become rich; and that is a poor education which fails to prepare a man to take care of himself and his dependants throughout life.

We have lately been complaining of the badness of trade, but has not much of it happened through our own misdoing? In the arithmetic of the counting-house two and two do not always make four. How many tricks are resorted to—in which honesty forms no part—for making money faster than others! Instead of working patiently and well for a modest living, many desire to get rich all at once. The spirit of the age is not that of a trader, but of a gambler. The pace is too fast to allow of any one stopping to inquire as to those who have fallen out by the way. They press on; the race for wealth is for the swift. Their faith is in money. It needs no prophet to point out the connection of our distress with the sin of commercial gambling and fraud, and of social extravagance and vanity, of widespread desolation and misery.

"My son," said a father, "ye're gawn out into t'ward; ye may be wranged; but if it comes to that, chet rather than be cheted." Another said, "Make money, honestly, if you can; but if not, make it." A third said, "Honesty is better than dishonesty; I've tried both." Of course we quote these phrases as being at utter variance with truth and honesty. But it is to be doubted whether higher principles of conduct prevail in many of the commercial classes of life. A young man begins business. He goes on slowly yet safely. His gains may be small, but they are justly come by. "A faithful man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent; he hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty may come upon him."

In large commercial towns, young men are amazed at the

splendor of the leaders of trade. They are supposed to be enormously rich. Every door opens to them. They command the highest places in society. They give balls, parties, and dinners. Their houses are full of pictures by the greatest artists. Their cellars are full of wine of the choicest vintage. Their conversation is not great; it is mostly about wine, horses, or prices. They seem to sail upon the golden sea of a great accumulated fortune.

Young business men are often carried away by such examples. If they have not firmness and courage, they are apt to follow in their footsteps. The first speculation may be a gain. The gain may be followed by another, and they are carried off their feet by the lust for wealth. They become dishonest and unscrupulous. Their bills are all over the discount market. To keep up their credit they spend more money upon pictures, and even upon charities. Formerly greedy and unjust men seized the goods of others by violence; to-day they obtain them by fraudulent bankruptcies. Formerly every attempt was open; to-day everything is secret, until at length the last event comes, and everything is exposed. The man fails; the bills are worthless; the pictures are sold; and the recreant flies to avoid the curses of his creditors.

In one bankruptcy case over £39,000 were stated in the accounts as expenses for orphanages and charities! "I have the authority of the accountant," said a speaker at a meeting of the creditors, "for stating that for four or five years this firm has been purchasing goods to an enormous extent, and flooding the Eastern markets, when they were hopelessly insolvent, carrying on a reckless, I will say a gambling, trade, for financial purposes, or, in common parlance to 'raise the wind.' The munificent charity of an insolvent estate appears to me ghastly. It reminds me of a remark of our bishop (of Manchester), that there are some men among us who build churches out of part of their ungodly gains to pave their way to heaven."

Who has not heard of the failure of banks originating in gambling and fraud, with the result of lost fortunes and family reverses among all classes of shareholders? Schiller

says, "It is daring to embezzle a million, but it is great beyond measure to steal a crown; the sin seems to lessen as the guilt increases." Yet the embezzlement of millions has not been thought extraordinary of recent years. Money has been taken from bank deposits to buy up railway shares, or to buy land in some remote colony, the speculation for a rise often ending in a ruinous fall. Then "the bank broke," and the downfall came, ending in ruin and desolation to a thousand homes. Men have been driven insane, and women have prayed to be delivered from their lives.

"Pity us, God! there are five of us here,
With threescore years on the youngest head,
Five of us sitting in sorrow and fear—
Well for our widowed one she is dead.
Could they not wait awhile? we will not keep them long;
We could live on so little, too, cheerful and brave,
But to leave the old house, where old memories throng,
For the Poorhouse! oh, rather the peace of the grave!" *

Men already rich, but hasting to be richer, throw themselves into wild speculations with the view of making money more rapidly than before. With what result? Only to land them in hopeless bankruptcy. Many instances are at

* Dr. Walter C. Smith, the author of these lines, appeared at a meeting at Edinburgh, and said that "he had received a large number of letters on the subject of the bank failure, and one class of correspondents asked him how he could be 'a converted man,' seeing that he was making so much ado about filthy lucre. The present calamity unhappily involved a great deal of distress to his fellow-men, and for his own part he had no great sympathy with a religion which had so little sympathy with the sufferings of their brethren. He felt ashamed that such frauds should have been committed among them by men of trust, but he hoped that their dear country would come out of the gloom with its honor unstained, and enter on a career of active industry with an atmosphere purer and healthier than before. He had been asked whether a case of five elderly sisters, about whom many had read, was a real case. It *was* a real case, and he should never forget the time when he first saw those ladies, nine days after the bank broke. During that time a meal had never been cooked in that house, their clothes had never been taken off their backs, and they had never lain in their beds, they were so bewildered and amazed, vaguely hoping that the good God would come and take them away from the evil that was to follow."

hand to prove this. A rich banker of Tipperary—a radical and a demagogue—got himself returned to Parliament, and in course of time, to quiet him, he was made a lord of the treasury. A coronet seemed to gleam before his eyes. But in this he was disappointed. He had launched into Italian, American, and Spanish railways, and lost heavily. Then he began to forge deeds, conveyances, and bills for hundreds of thousands of pounds. His clever but unprincipled schemes failed; his bills were dishonored; his ruin was imminent. Late at night he entered his study, and took from it a phial of prussic acid. He strayed to Hampstead Heath, drank the poison, and died.

What scenes there were in the streets of Thurles and Tipperary after his death was announced! Old men weeping and wailing for the loss of everything; widows kneeling on the ground and asking God if it could be true that they were beggared forever. And yet it was true. The banker and Lord of the Treasury had lost the last shilling of his bank, and plunged from fraud into still deeper fraud to recoup his losses, which only served to spread upon those around him a wilder and more hopeless ruin.

One of the last letters that he wrote was to his cousin. He said, "To what infamy I have come step by step, heaping crime upon crime. I am the cause of ruin, and misery, and disgrace to thousands. Oh, how I feel for those on whom this ruin must fall! I could bear all punishment, but I could not bear to witness their sufferings. It must be better that I should not live. Oh, that I had never quitted Ireland! Oh, that I had resisted the first attempts to launch me into speculation! I might then have remained what I was—honest and truthful. I weep and weep now, but what can that avail?"*

*"The ignoble love of ease and pleasure," said the Bishop of Peterborough; "the degrading worship of wealth; the demoralizing frauds and dishonesties that come of the lust to possess it; the senseless extravagance of luxury that follows too often on its possession; the effrontery of vice that, flushed with pride and fulness of bread, no longer condescends to pay to virtue even the tribute of hypocrisy; the low cynicism that sneers away all those better thoughts and

Nations and states are dishonest as well as individuals. Their condition is to be measured by the state of their three per cents. Spain and Greece and Turkey are dishonored in the commercial world. Spain was killed by her riches. The gold which came pouring into Spain from her vanquished colonies in South America depraved the people, and rendered them indolent and lazy. Nowadays a Spaniard will blush to work; he will not blush to beg. Greece has repudiated her debts for many years. Like Turkey, she has nothing to pay. All the works of industry in those countries are done by foreigners.

Much better things might have been hoped from Pennsylvania and the other American States which repudiated their debts many years ago. These were rich States, and the money borrowed from abroad made them richer, by opening up roads, and constructing canals for the benefit of the people. The Rev. Sydney Smith—who lent his money, "the savings from a life's income made with difficulty and privation"—let the world know of his loss. He addressed

higher aims that are the very breath of a nation's nobler life; and, springing out of these, the strife of interests, the war of classes widening and deepening day by day, as the envious selfishness of poverty rises up in natural reaction against the ostentatious selfishness of wealth; the dull, desperate hate with which those who want and have not come at last to regard the whole framework of society, which seems to them but one huge contrivance for their oppression; the wild dreams of revolutionary change which shall give to all alike, without the pain of labor and self-denial, these enjoyments which are now the privileged possessions of the few, but which the many long for with a bitter and persistent longing—these are some of the seeds of evil, which sown in our own soil and by our own hands, may one day rise up an exceeding great army, more to be dreaded than the invading hosts of any foreign foe. The glare and the glitter of our modern civilization may hide these from our view for a time; we may fail to see how some of the most precious elements of our national greatness are withering in its heated atmosphere, or what evil things are growing to maturity in the darker shadows that it casts; but they are there nevertheless, and if we heed them not and reform them not, the time may come when we may wish that the sharp and sobering discipline of war—nay, even the terrible trials and sorrows of defeat—had visited us in time to save us from the greater horrors bred of our own sins in times of profoundest ease and peace."

a remonstrance to the House of Congress at Washington, which he afterward published. "The Americans," he said, "who boast to have improved the institutions of the Old World have at least equalled its crimes. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe."

The State of Illinois acted nobly, though it was poor. It had borrowed money, like Pennsylvania, for the purpose of carrying out internal improvements. When the inhabitants of rich Pennsylvania set the example of repudiating their debts, many of the poorer States wished to follow in their footsteps. As every householder had a vote, it was easy, if they were dishonest, to repudiate their debts. A convention met at Springfield, the capital of the State, and the repudiation ordinance was offered to the meeting. It was about to be adopted, when it was stopped by an honest man. Stephen A. Douglas (let his honorable name be mentioned!) was lying sick at his hotel, when he desired to be taken to the convention. He was carried on a mattress, for he was too ill to walk. Lying on his back he wrote the following resolution, which he offered as a substitute for the repudiation ordinance:

"Resolved, that Illinois *will be honest*, although she never pays a cent."

The resolution touched the honest sentiment of every member of the convention. It was adopted with enthusiasm. It dealt a death-blow to the system of repudiation. The canal bonds immediately rose. Capital and emigration flowed into the State; and Illinois is now one of the most prosperous States in America. She has more miles of railway than any of the other States. Her broad prairies are one great grain-field, and are dotted about with hundreds of thousands of peaceful, happy homes. This is what honesty does.

The truth is, we have become too selfish. We think of ourselves far more than of others. The more devoted to pleasure the less we think of our fellow-creatures. Selfish people are impervious to the needs of others. They exist

in a sort of mailed armor, and no weapons, either of misery or want, can assail them. Their senses are only open to those who can minister to their gratifications. "There are men," says St. Chrysostom, "who seem to have come into the world only for pleasure, and that they might fatten this perishable body. . . . At sight of their luxurious table the angels retire—God is offended—the demons rejoice—virtuous men are shocked—and even the domestics scorn and laugh. . . . The just men who have gone before left sumptuous feasts to tyrants, and to men enriched by crime, who were the scourges of the world."

We no longer know how to live upon little. A man must have luxury about him. And yet a man's life does not consist in the abundance of things he possesseth; he must live honestly, though poor. Retrenchment of the useless, the want even of the relatively necessary, is the high-road to Christian self-denial, as well as to antique strength of character. That of which our age stands most in need is a man able to gratify every just desire, and yet to be contented with little. "A great heart in a little house," says Lacordaire, "is of all things here below that which has ever touched me most. Happy the man who soweth the good and the true. The harvest will not fail him!"

Here is a fine specimen of honesty and truthfulness on the part of a poor German peasant. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has told the story in his "Etudes de la Nature." He was serving as an engineer under the Count de Saint-Germain during his campaign in Hesse, in 1760. For the first time he became familiar with the horrors of war. Day by day he passed through sacked villages and devastated fields and farm-yards. Men, women, and children were flying from their cottages in tears. Armed men were everywhere destroying the fruits of their labor, regarding it as part of their glory. But in the midst of so many acts of cruelty Saint-Pierre was consoled by a sublime trait of character displayed by a poor man, whose cottage and farm lay in the way of the advancing army.

A captain of dragoons was ordered out with his troop to forage for provisions. They reached a poor cabin and

knocked at the door. An old man with a white beard appeared. "Take me to a field," said the officer, "where I can obtain forage for my troops." "Immediately, sir," replied the old man. He put himself at their head, and ascended the valley. After about half an hour's march a fine field of barley appeared. "This will do admirably," said the officer. "No," said the old man; "wait a little, and all will be right." They went on again, until they reached another field of barley. The troops dismounted, mowed down the grain, and trussing it up in bundles, put them on their horses. "Friend," said the officer, "how is it that you have brought us so far? The first field of barley that we saw was quite as good as this." "That is quite true," said the peasant, "but *it was not mine!*"

CHAPTER IV.

MEN WHO CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

Thou must be brave thyself,
If thou the truth would teach;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

BULWER LYTTON.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

L'honneur vaut mieux que l'argent.—*French Proverb.*

FIRST, there are men who *can* be bought. There are rogues innumerable, who are ready to sell their bodies and souls for money and for drink. Who has not heard of the elections which have been made void through bribery and corruption? This is not the way to enjoy liberty or to keep it. The men who sell themselves are slaves; their buyers are dishonest and unprincipled. Freedom has its humbugs. "I'm standing on the soil of liberty," said an orator. "You ain't," replied a bootmaker in the audience. "You're standing in a pair of boots you never paid me for."