SOME NEW BOOKS.

Scotch Theology in 1880.

When the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews" appeared, many clergymen ministering north of the Tweed watched the perturbation of their prelatic neighbors with a sympathy not unmingled with comfortable self-complacency. Their turn has now come. In *Scotch Sermons* (London: Macmillan & Co.) the rationalizing party in the Church of Scotland have demonstrated, among other things, that whatever advantages a Presbyterian establishment may have over an Episcopal establishment, that of being heresy-proof is not of the number.

The name of the editor of these sermons, although it does not appear on the title page, is an open secret. Let it be set down to the credit of the Rev. WILLIAM KNIGHT, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, that he hoists his colors boldly and gives his readers fair warning at the very outstart of what they have to expect. He dedicates his volume to Dean Stanley, the Broad Churchman who shut the doors of Westminster Abbey in the face of the right reverend fathers of the Pan-Anglican Synod and threw them wide open to Max Müller. In his preface Prof. Knight explains that these sermons are given to the public as specimens of a style of teaching which increasingly prevails among the clergy of the Scotch Church. They are, he says, the work of men whose hope for the future lies, "not in alterations of ecclesiastical organization, but in a profounder apprehension of the essential ideas of Christianity, and especially in the growth within the Church of such a method of presenting them as shall show that they are equally adapted to the needs of humanity and in harmony with the results of critical and scientific research." Some of the sermons, it appears, were written, or rewritten, for this book, but the others stand on the page exactly as they were preached from Presbyterian pulpits to Presbyterian parishioners. All the contributing preachers are ministers in good standing of the established church of Scotland, and the names of two or three of them are known to all well-read Presbyterians the world over. Besides Prof. Knight, the list includes the Very Rev. John Caird, D. D., Principal of the University of Glasgow; the Rev. John Cunningham, D. D., of Crieff; the Rev. J. D. Ferguson, B. D., of Strathblane; the Rev. William Mackintosh, D. D., of Buchanan; the Rev. William Leckie M'Farlan of Lenzie; the Rev. Allan Menzies, B. D., of Abernyte; the Rev. James Nicoll of Murroes; the Rev. Thomas Rain, M. A., of Hutton; the Rev. Adam Semple, B. D., of Huntly; the Rev. John Stevenson of Glamis, the Rev. Patrick Stevenson of Inverarity, and the Rev. Robert Herbert Story, D. D., of Roseneath.

Since these preachers are Scotchmen, it is hardly necessary to say that they have put upon their sermons the imprint of their own individuality. Some go further than the others, and are more outspoken; but all go far, and all speak out in a way to be understood. They have in common an impatience, bordering on angry contempt, of ecclesiastical machinery and theological formulas. They have also in common a sincere attachment to the Christian religion, as they understand it, and the tone in which they speak of the Teacher from whom the Christian religion takes its name is invariably a tone of reverence and loving loyalty. Yet many a simple-minded Presbyterian layman, brought up on the Shorter Catechism, a stranger to modern speculation and criticism, believing what his godly father and mother believed before him, will rise from this book of Presbyterian sermons with the cry of Mary Magdalene in his heart, if not on his lips: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

If there is anything that from the days of John Knox to these present days has been the characteristic mark of Presbyterian orthodoxy surely it is the unqualified acceptance of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the inspired word of God, the supreme and perfect rule of faith and conduct. Let us hear what these clergymen of the Church of Scotland have to say about the Bible. "Enlightened Christians of the present day," says the Rev. Mr. McFarlan, "feel that in this manner they are entitled to deal with the Scriptures; they claim the right to judge each of their utterances in the light of their own Christian consciousness, and to deny Divine authority to any of them which fall beneath the ethical standards which, as men illuminated by the spirit of Christ, they have set up for their own guidance. They deny all Divine authority, I may add, to those portions of Scripture which treat of matters which belong more properly to science and history than to religion." The Rev. Mr. Ferguson holds a like language. "We may, indeed, shut our eyes," he says, "to the fact that the progress of history is a revelation of God, and refuse to acknowledge either its right or its power to modify the New Testament revelation. If we worship an infallible book and conceive of revelation as the publication, once for all, of a definite scheme of dogma, we shall naturally cling to the past and forget that there is anything divine in the world of to-day." Miracles, according to the same preacher, belong to the poesy of religion; a man can disbelieve them and still be a very good Christian. The chief interest the Church now has in the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospels is a scientific one, "lying in the direction of the philosophy of religion, in the field of historical speculation."

With the infallible Bible naturally go by the board the doctrines which the Westminster divines—and St. Augustine and Calvin before them—found in it. Speaking for all the religious teachers of his school, the Rev. Mr. M'Farlan, in his sermon on "The Things which Cannot be Shaken," declares that they reject the dogmas of the descent of man from the Adam of the Book of Genesis; the fall of Adam by eating the forbidden fruit; the imputation of Adam's guilt to all his posterity; the consequent death of all men in sin; the redemption in Christ of an election (or body of elect persons) according to grace; the quickening in the elect of a new life; the eternal punishment and perdition of those who remain unregenerate. These dogmas, he says, have ceased to dominate the Christian intellect—to press like an incubus on the minds and spirits of men. To the enlightened modern preacher of the broad school the whole of the Dutch covenant theology, the theology of the Synod of Dort, with its solemn bargainings between God and Adam, and between God the Father and God the Son, appears "a fashion as quaint and artificial as the Dutch landscape gardening which along with it came into vogue in the British Islands." They refuse to think of the Divine Being as the *opifex deus*, or Workman God, described in Genesis, nor do they believe that he made the universe out of nothing. The God whom they preach is not the God of the Hebrew Scriptures. "Grand as is the conception of the Divine Being in the noblest of the ancient books," says the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, "the basis of the conception is, in the last instance, the character of the pious Israelite." The God of the new school is the Eternal Reason, the Everlasting Intelligence, the Infinite Love, the Only True Substance of which this material universe is the phenomenal manifestation. Prof. Knight admits that the existence even of this God, in whom he nevertheless believes, rests in obscurity and ultimate mystery. His language is worth quoting:

> That the theistic explanation of the world is bordered round about with difficulty is admitted by every one who has thought to any purpose on the question. But then all our knowledge—even the most luminous portion of it—recedes at the last into the unknowable; and no conceivable revelation, in this or any other condition of existence, reaching us from any imaginable quarter, could enable us to understand "all mysteries and all knowledge." Under its most ample disclosures we should but stand, as now, on a little sunlit promontory, with the immeasurable ocean before us, and the horizon of our knowledge would still be girdled by a line of mystery. But then the theistic doctrine does not leave us baffled before the enigmas which it recognizes. We are neither intellectually prostrate nor morally helpless before them, because it supplies us with a key which partially unlocks the mystery. It gives us at least a definite, coherent, and rational explanation of things, while it leaves a score of puzzles unexplained.

Having done away with the infallible Bible, these Scotch preachers make short work of the pretensions of the Church. They deny its authority to impose dogmas. They deplore its narrowness, its bigotry, its aversion to new light, and the blindness which makes it see enemies in its best friends and destruction in its only road to safety. Indeed, they are as severe with this stupid, old-fogy Church as they are respectful and even deferential to the modern science which is making war upon it. "Those whose views I have undertaken to expound," says the Rev. Mr. M'Farlan, "welcome accordingly the attacks which are made by the students of science, natural and biblical, upon the dogmatic theology of the past. They believe that, painful though these attacks may be to many devout Christians, they must ultimately be beneficial to the religion of Christ. They will result, they perceive, in the demolition of those doctrines, artificial and unverifiable, which have well-nigh concealed Christ's simple gospel that man has a Father in heaven who is seeking to make him perfect as he is perfect."

Mingling with the rationalism and pantheism of these discourses we find an admixture of pure positivism. In his sermon on Corporate Immortality, which well deserves the place of honor assigned to it by the editor, Principal Caird affirms that the key to the riddle of human life, the explanation of our nature, its boundless hopes, inexhaustible desires, splendid ideals, and dissatisfaction with the best it is able to attain, is this: That "he who lives nobly and wisely, who rises above the narrow life of sense to identify himself with that which is universal and infinite, is sharer in a life of humanity that is never arrested and shall never die." It is no mere figure of speech, he says, when we speak of a personality which comprehends within it the life of nations as well as of individuals. The most we can individually do is little; "but, slight though it be, if the work we do is real and noble work, it is never lost; it is taken up into and becomes a part of that immortal life to which all the good and great of the past, every wise thinker, every true and tender heart, every fair and saintly spirit, have contributed, and which, never hasting, never resting, onward through the ages is advancing to its consummation."

These are not quotations from the writings of Auguste Comte; they are extracts from a sermon by the Very Reverend Principal of the University of Glasgow.

But what is the conclusion of the whole matter? After these emancipated preachers have told their hearers what not to believe, cautioned them against dogmatism, sacerdotalism, ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, and Pharisaism, and exhorted them to welcome with docility and gratitude all the new light and new truth that modern science may offer them, they have not yet told them what they must do to be saved. And this, after all, with Scotch Presbyterians, as with men of other races and religions, is the question in which they are most interested and on which they are most anxious to get the advice of their religious instructors. We know how John Knox answered this question. We know how his worthy spiritual children, the martyrs and confessors of the heroic period of Scotch Presbyterianism, answered it. The answer of the Westminster divines is known and read of all men. Wherever in the Scotland of to-day there remains a preacher who upholds the Standards, there this old plan of salvation is still expounded in the old way. Now, let us hear what these more progressive and broad-minded teachers have to offer in the place of it. Rev. Principal Caird is again the spokesman:

> For the heaven we seek we need not fly away on the wings of imagination to some unknown region of celestial enjoyment where we shall summer high in bliss, heedless of mankind; where, lost in seraphic contemplation, steeped in voluptuous spiritual enjoyment, we shall forget or be unaffected by the good or evil of the world we have left. The materials of our heaven, the elements of that glorious future in which we hope one day to share, are present here, within us and around us, in our very hands and in our mouths. The Divine and Eternal are ever near us. God does not dwell in some far-off point of space; He is not more present anywhere else than on this earth of ours, nor could any local transition or physical transformation bring Him nearer. God is here, above, beneath, around us, and the only change that is needed to bring us to the beatific vision of His presence is the quickening and clarifying of human souls. Purify and ennoble these, let pure light fill the minds and pure love the hearts of men, and heaven would be here; the common air and skies would become resplendent with a divine glory. The eternal world is not a world beyond time and the grave. It embraces time; it is ready to realize itself under all the forms of temporal things. Its light and power are latent everywhere, waiting for human souls to welcome it, ready to break through the transparent veil of earthly things, and to suffuse with its ineffable radiance the common life of man. And so the supreme aim of Christian endeavor is not to look away to an inconceivable heaven beyond the skies, and to spend our life in preparing for it, but it is to realize that latent heaven, those possibilities of spiritual good, that undeveloped kingdom of righteousness and love and truth which human nature and human society contain. Be the change which death brings what it may, he who has spent his life in trying to make this world better can never be unprepared for another.

If, as Prof. Knight affirms, this sort of pulpit teaching "increasingly prevails" among the Scottish clergy, then the Church of Scotland has indeed drifted far from her ancient moorings.

An American's Experience in the Egyptian Army.

We are indebted to WILLIAM McE. DYE, formerly of the United States army and late Colonel of the Egyptian staff, for a valuable record of his operations while in the late Khedive's service, published under the title of *Moslem Egypt and Christian Abyssinia* (Allen & Prout). This is a book which is sure to command a certain number of readers by reason of the novelty and substantial importance of the information imparted, but which may fail of securing a wide audience from the author's omission to subject his work to a rigorous revision. It contains an abundance of interesting material, but there is a deplorable lack of effective arrangement and lucid exposition. There is scarcely any topic relating to Egypt and Abyssinia upon which the author is not qualified to speak with the authority of a student and an expert, but you are obliged to search through some five hundred pages to collect all his remarks touching any given theme—a labor from which the compilation of an index might have saved us. In a word, the general effect of Col. Dye's performance is not that of a digested, consecutive narrative, but of random notes jotted down amid the rush and turmoil of campaigns. Of course such a species of log book bears on every line the stamp of realism and authenticity, but no one would expect to find log books readable. Given a certain amount of literary dexterity, only a little time and pains would have been required to make out of the materials here furnished an unusually attractive book. That Col. Dye was quite competent to such an undertaking on the score of technical ability is plain enough from his preface, which presents a striking contrast to the succeeding pages, as regards clearness and conciseness of statement and correctness of diction.

To cavil, however, about literary form, where a book represents a positive addition to our fund of knowledge, seems, after all, like looking a gift horse in the mouth. We know of no work which throws more light on the curious experiment which aimed to naturalize European civilization in the Nile valley and to transform the *fellaheen* degraded by sixty centuries of slavery into a strong, enlightened, and progressive people. Col. Dye examines in detail the intricate and difficult conditions of the problem which the house of Mohammed Ali has tried to solve, and discusses the scope and purport of those ambitious schemes whose outcome has been financial and political collapse. His point of view seems that of an earnest, impartial observer, who tries to see as much as possible and to divest the record of his impressions from personal bias or preconception. His account, for instance, of the attempt to organize the Egyptian army upon modern principles through the agency of American officers, while it is austerely candid, glozing nothing and suppressing nothing, is yet singularly free from the bitterness that might have been engendered by the circumstances under which the American members of the Khedive's staff were finally discharged. Neither are there traces discoverable of jealousy or pique in his criticism of operations conducted by his fellow officers, or in his review of the expeditions, frequently abortive, by which Ismail strove to extend his dominions to the southward. It is not, however, the parts of this book that deal with the internal affairs of Egypt under the present progressive régime on which we propose to dwell, nor need we touch on the explorations and conquests in the Soudan, as to which information is forthcoming from several other sources. But we would draw attention to certain facts relating to Abyssinia, which the author has gathered at first hand or from the lips of trustworthy eye-witnesses, and which illustrate the political and social condition of that isolated and interesting country.

The history of Abyssinia carries us back well nigh as far as the annals of Egypt and China, and, unlike the record of those countries, it bears no sign of permanent foreign conquest. What is even more remarkable, Abyssinia retained up to a very recent date at least one political institution which constituted a living ligament between the present and an immemorial past. The Menelek dynasty, whether we choose to accept or discard the national legend attributing its foundation to a son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, has unquestionably reigned in the whole or some part of the land for upward of twenty centuries, a retention of power on the part of a particular family only paralleled in the case of the Mikado. The analogy between Abyssinia and Japan might be carried further, for the *Ras* or provincial chiefs have frequently, like the Shoguns, usurped the substance of civil and military authority, while usually shrinking from asserting the title of Hegus, or King of Kings. There is still, it seems, one lineal descendant of the Menelek family in the male line, at present an old, infirm, and childless man, who has been thrust aside by the late King, Theodore, and the present King, John, both of whom, though usurpers, have ventured to assume the imperial style and dignity. The ruler of Shoa, a tributary State considerably south of Tigre, is an offshoot of the historic house through a female line, and bears the historic name of Menelek. There is little doubt that this prince, on the death of King John, who has but one child, will succeed in reëstablishing the ancient dynasty. We shall then witness the strange spectacle of a contemporary monarch who can trace his descent without a break to the ancient kings of Ethiopia, to sovereigns who repulsed Cambyses, who defied the Ptolemies, and who withstood not only the shock of Roman aggression but the tidal wave of Moslem conquest which submerged all northern and much of eastern Africa.

The prolonged reign of the Menelek dynasty, and the fact that their subjects have stubbornly held to the Christian faith, although almost enveloped by Mohammedans, are not the only examples of survival under untoward circumstances afforded by this country. There is, it seems, in the heart of the land, between the old metropolis of Ethiopia, Axum, and the new capital, Gondar, a large community of Jews who have maintained the purity of their blood and their religion for twenty centuries, who have successfully resisted the Christian propaganda, and who, strengthened by large numbers of Hebrews driven out of Egypt after the Moslem occupation of that country, made themselves masters of central Abyssinia, and established a Jewish kingdom which lasted some three hundred years.

The very early development of civilization in Abyssinia was doubtless owing to the fact that it lay in the direct route of the caravans which are believed to have travelled between India and Meroë in prehistoric times, when the Delta was yet a morass. This commerce with Asia is thought to have taken the following road, namely, from Meroë in a southeasterly direction along the river Mareb, through Axum, the old capital of Ethiopia, to the port of Zulla (then Adulis), near the base of the Red Sea, and thence to Arabia Felix. During the flourishing period of Meroë's history this avenue of trade, as Col. Dye points out, must have been under her control, and it was not until Egypt had established a new channel of connection with the East by the isthmus and the ports at the head of the Red Sea that the latter country freed herself from commercial dependence on Ethiopia. The relation of Meroë and Axum to the oldest highway to India explains much that would otherwise be enigmatical in the recently deciphered annals of ancient Egypt. It was only, however, in Ptolemaic times that the bond of common interest and constant intercourse which for ages had united the upper and lower Nile was permanently severed by the creation of the port of Berenice within the boundaries of Egypt proper, which new haven of Red Sea traffic was linked by a caravan route to Coptos on the Nile. It was with the hope of dealing a final blow to the waning power of his Ethiopian rival by utterly destroying the direct trade of the latter with Arabia that Ptolemy Euergetes seized Adulis.

It is very seldom that an officer engaged in active military operations has the inclination, or, we may add, the power, to solve archæological problems by the help of minute physiographical investigations. The suggestions concerning the early relations of Egypt with Ethiopia which Col. Dye has been enabled to offer by a study of the ground are of interest and value, but they occupy, of course, only a secondary place in his account of Abyssinia. He has much that is new to tell us about the present condition of the inhabitants. He also confirms much which had been received with some distrust on the report of travellers whose opportunities of observation were less thoroughly authenticated. The people, it seems, have no science and no literature. They have long had, indeed, the Ethiopic translation of the Bible, but this is used exclusively by the priesthood, and the same thing may be said of the version of the New Testament in the Amharic tongue, which is, we are told, the court language. Rude, fragmentary chronicles in the Geez language are kept by the priests in four or five of the principal churches, but are never seen by the people. The native music is of a very simple kind, the principal instruments being a huge clarionet and a species of timbrel. There is no painting, sculpture, or architecture. When a church is built a foreigner is employed to make the doors and windows. There are no trades in Abyssinia. Each soldier fashions for himself all his weapons, except firearms. Bullets are cut from chloritic schist, which is found everywhere throughout the country. Iron ore, which is also common, is smelted in small kilns, but as the natives are ignorant of the proper use of flux and of the process of tempering, their cimeters are quite soft.

There is now no foreign commerce, properly so called—only a little trade with the Egyptian ports on the Red Sea, from which King John derives a small revenue. Most of the sum derived from duties is bestowed by him upon the Church. Some domestic traffic is carried on at the principal villages of the interior on regular market days, the principal commodities being salt and cotton. The male Abyssinians are essentially hunters and warriors, the tillage of their fields and care of their flocks and herds being left to women and children. Their courage is phenomenal. They do not hesitate, although they may chance to be unprovided with firearms, to attack the lion, rhinoceros, or elephant with the spear alone, and often succeed in killing the beasts. It is a fact, we are assured, that King John, during the recent war, was always accompanied by from two to four lions, which he handled and controlled without difficulty, even when their keeper could not touch them. Every expedient is employed to cultivate valor and endurance in the young men. Col. Dye says that the large scars often seen on the arm of an Abyssinian are produced purposely by burning when the fellow is young in order to test his pluck. Altogether the physical strength and prowess of this race seems to be not unworthy of their descent from those Ethiopians who bade Cambyses put aside his thoughts of conquest until he could bend the mighty bow they sent him.

We learn from our author that the peasantry do not own land in fee, but the extent of their leaseholds is only limited by their ability to pay taxes. One-fifth of the produce goes to the King, one-tenth to the Governor, and perhaps another tenth to lesser chiefs. Besides this tax, the peasant must supply the King, the Governor, and the soldiers with honey, butter, and meat, and build houses and perform many other services for his chief. Burdened as he is, he is conspicuous for hospitality; indeed, his nature is distinguished by many generous and magnanimous traits. He may rather be said to love his friend than to hate his enemy, and though he will seek revenge for injuries, he is not cruel. As regards the impression which he makes upon the stranger, Col. Dye tells us that the native Abyssinian has a brilliant eye, eloquent of spirit and intelligence, an erect, proud carriage, and evinces in all his gestures and by every outward sign his hereditary independence and his passionate devotion to the virile avocations of war and of the chase.

M. W. H.

A Life of William Cullen Bryant.

Mr. A. J. SYMINGTON, who has given us several compact and attractive biographies, has chosen a subject of especial interest to Americans for his latest venture, *The Life of William Cullen Bryant* (Harpers). Neither this nor either of the other works from the same hand gives token of remarkable penetration or independent judgment. The writer's aim is a modest one, namely, to tell a story in a fluent, pleasant way, to make his book a compendium of facts and anecdotes as well as of the comments and opinions uttered by critics of some authority. Perhaps this superficial, unpretentious treatment is well enough adapted to the class of themes which Mr. Symington selects for exposition. After all that may be fairly said in the way of kindly and grateful appreciation, it remains true that the lives of Samuel Lover, Tom Moore, and, we may add, of Mr. Bryant, scarcely invite profound and exhaustive investigation. They were not great poets or great men. They belonged to the category of literary workers whose products, though often charming and sometimes admirable, are nowhere stamped with the seal of superior genius. It follows that their biographies, like the Life of Dr. Johnson, will tend to be valued as time rolls on less for their portrayal of the individual men than for the light they throw on the social conditions of the world in which they moved.

It seems to us that Mr. Bryant's career will always have a large historical interest. His life was so long, and spans so wide an arc of our national development, being, indeed, conterminous with nearly the whole period of social, intellectual, and æsthetic growth from the homely colonial era up to our own day. When he was born Washington was President of the United States, and the first French republic was rocking amid the convulsions which followed the death of Robespierre. When he died, in 1878, the American Commonwealth had mounted in the scale of population from five to fifty millions, and France, after innumerable vicissitudes and tribulations, had returned for the third time to free institutions, and seemed at last to have established them on a broad and lasting basis. The future author of "Thanatopsis" might have seen the flag of Spain waving over St. Augustine, and a French garrison posted at the mouth of the Mississippi, and he lived to see not only the bulk of their American possessions lost to the European powers, but the last shred of Spanish dominion in the New World well nigh wrenched away by the Cuban rebellion. In his early years the shadow of the Holy Roman Empire lingered over central Europe, and in his old age he beheld a new German empire constructed by the hand of Bismarck. At the time of his birth there were slaves in every one of the United States, with the possible exception of Massachusetts. When he died there was not a slave in the whole country. Meanwhile he had witnessed every stage of the long struggle between the institution of slavery and the movement for abolition until it culminated in the most gigantic civil war of which there is any record. Less striking, but scarcely less profound, than these political transformations were the changes which took place in the United States during Mr. Bryant's lifetime in the scope and aims of the higher education, in the refinements of social intercourse, and in the cultivation of æsthetic tastes and capabilities. The extent of the advance would be at once attested by comparing the decorative appointments and works of art which set off a modern drawing room with the raw tints and shabby ornaments of a New England parlor three-quarters of a century ago, or by contrasting the present curriculum of a first-rate American university with the credentials of a graduate from Williams College at the date of Mr. Bryant's brief connection with that institution in 1810-11. Few things are more suggestive than the glimpses afforded by this volume of the standard of excellence and plane of thought characteristic of the most intellectual and elegant American society at that epoch. Some of Mr. Bryant's letters written at the time and still collected disclose with a naïve unconsciousness of deficiencies what was held to constitute adequate information and high culture in the New England of his youth.

The chapters in which the biographer recites Mr. Bryant's experiences at school, at college, and in the early years of his professional career, and generally that part of the book which deals with the social and domestic side of his subject's life, may be heartily commended to the reader. When Mr. Symington, on the other hand, essays criticism, he is much less satisfactory. He pays very little heed to the most approved and obvious standards of comparison, or to nice discrimination and graduation of epithet. He sometimes accepts the judgments of quite incompetent critics, and continually tends to fall into a vein of adulation by which sober-minded persons, who care nothing about national and local vanities, will be irritated and repelled. He gives, for instance, altogether too much space and too high praise to "Thanatopsis," which is undeniably a creditable work, the conditions of time and place being duly weighed. The poem made a deep impression on the contemporary American mind because it compared most favorably with the native prolusions which had preceded it. We have different standards now, and cannot feel the old rapture. Those who are specially enthusiastic over this composition have sometimes described Mr. Bryant as a lesser Wordsworth. This is taking, we incline to think, a liberty with the larger name. For, while "Thanatopsis," which is incomparably the best thing Mr. Bryant wrote, might perhaps have been penned by Wordsworth in a less strenuous hour, much of the latter's work seems not merely beyond the reach but absolutely beyond the ken of the American writer.

Another subject on which Mr. Symington allows himself to speak in terms of too glib and inconsiderate eulogy is the alleged purity of Mr. Bryant's prose style. He might have done better to subject some of his author's pages to rigorous, independent analysis, than to quote at great length the laudatory fustian of certain native critics who at one time tried to reproduce in New York on a reduced scale the society of mutual admiration which formerly flourished in Boston. Some plain truths about Mr. Bryant's prose, regarded as a model of good English, have recently been told by Mr. Fitzedward Hall, although in language, it seems to us, unnecessarily harsh and querulous. The frequency and gravity of the departures from good use pointed out by Mr. Hall in a volume of "Orations and Addresses," published by Mr. Bryant as lately as 1873, are really extraordinary. They are venial enough, no doubt, in one accustomed all his life to employ the American vocabulary, but they must in candor be admitted to disqualify him for the seat of judgment.

Mr. Bryant's translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" was another of the poet's performances which called forth a good deal of loose and extravagant panegyric from native commentators, but on this head we observe that Mr. Symington is more reticent. The truth, of course, is that this version is chiefly noteworthy as a *tour de force* executed by a man 75 years old, in the intervals of an engrossing occupation. The fact that it was studiously modelled on the German translation by Voss sufficiently accounts for its apparent superiority of scholarship over Lord Derby's experiment, which, by the way, was hardly deemed worthy of serious attention on the ground of intrinsic merit. That in almost every instance where Bryant differs to his advantage from other English versifiers of Homer, he is found upon comparison to have simply translated Voss, is a circumstance of which his American critics, with one exception, seem to have been serenely unconscious.

If the reader will trouble himself to seek the motive and point of view of the rhapsodists in prose and verse from whom Mr. Symington has copiously drawn, and who at one time vied with one another in somewhat unduly exalting the achievements of Mr. Bryant, he will suffer no great harm from their curious effusions. Very much, indeed, may be gained by those willing to winnow the wheat from the chaff included in this volume, and to scan the long and in certain ways remarkable career of Mr. Bryant with a cool and sober eye.

Hints for Home Reading.

Under the above title the Putnams have published a manual containing a good deal of information and suggestion as to books and their uses. Like other works whose contents are from various hands, there is a marked difference of interest and quality in the several chapters. In the two papers, for instance, written by the Rev. Joseph Cook, we are unable to discover anything of value, and the same might be said of one or two other contributions. The best thing in the book is an essay by Charles Dudley Warner, entitled "Why Young People Read Trash," and a short disquisition on "The Choice of Books," by Edward Everett Hale, is also worth attention. Neither should we fail to note two thoughtful papers, "What to Read" and "Plans of Reading," by F. B. Perkins. These four chapters may be said to justify the publication of the volume, which is further commended by some really useful suggestions for household libraries, coupled with three price lists containing respectively 500, 1,000, and 2,000 desirable and important books.

Mr. Warner tells us that young people read trash for no other reason than because their parents, or the older persons about them, either have not the habit of reading at all or read trash themselves. He reminds us how often you will find in a house a large number of standard works, representatives of the best literature, while the inmates are constantly exclaiming: "What shall I read?" "What is there to read?" meaning, of course, What new novels are forthcoming? We entirely concur in Mr. Warner's opinion that the extent of the habit of reading is vastly overestimated, even in reading countries. Even in the United States, where nearly everybody takes a daily snatch at the newspaper, comparatively few of the entire population, and not many of even so-called educated persons, read books. This is proved by the limited number of copies which, in publishers' language, are held to constitute a "run." So, too, the actual circulation of our most popular daily newspapers is, after all, inconsiderable when compared with the immense population within the area of possible distribution around New York city. Some curious facts within Mr. Warner's experience throw light on what the state of culture really is in the households even of New England. He was recently told, it seems, by a professor in a leading Eastern college that a freshman who had passed a fair entrance examination came to him and said he had never read a book in his life with the exception of his text books, which proved to be literally true. Another professor in another college, one of the highest in the country, assured Mr. Warner that a sophomore, who stood well in his class, had never read a book outside of those employed in his studies, and actually had no notion of the pleasure or profit to be got from reading. The professor at length induced him to read one of Scott's novels, but the boy found it a tedious and uninteresting occupation. These examples are cited to demonstrate that a taste for literature is far from being the universal thing we think it is, even among college undergraduates.

Mr. Hale tells a pleasant story apropos of the feeling of despair young persons are apt to experience in listening to the talk of a group of well-read people. He knew a young man, he says, who was so impressed by his own ignorance that he went to the college librarian and asked at which end of the library it was customary for the students to begin. This Mr. Hale does not consider altogether a fool's question, and in his paper on the choice of books he tries to give some practical answers to it. Touching the same subject, Mr. Perkins quotes Mr. Emerson's three rules, which are open to the obvious stricture that if everybody followed them no new books would be printed. One of these rules, it will be remembered, was "Never read any book that is not a year old," and another, "Never read any but famed books." Mr. Perkins himself makes a good point when he demonstrates how the definition of a universal scholar has changed since the expansion of knowledge. It is no longer a man who knows everything, but only a man who knows where to look for everything. We observe that in his plans of reading Mr. Perkins bears in mind the fundamental distinction between books for information and books for stimulus. Of course, all new accessions to our mental stores will tend to rouse a vigorous mind into independent activity. Nevertheless, there is a manifest propriety in the broad distinction laid down by De Quincey between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. We should fairly enough say, for instance, that the pure mathematics and works of the imagination belong to the latter category, while history and the physical sciences would be classed in the former. And generally we might aver that whenever a book is read for the style, the primary end is stimulus, whereas whenever it is read for the substantial contents, the principal result is information. We observe that in a somewhat hasty list of epoch-making names compiled by Mr. Perkins, almost precisely one-half would be assigned to the literature of knowledge and one-half to the literature of power. Of course, where we read for information, history must be the foundation of the whole repertory, the data and laws of natural science alone excepted. It is well said by Mr. Perkins that except upon the basis of the widest possible historical knowledge there can be no thorough acquaintance with theology, philosophy, political economy, social conditions, and affairs.

Among specific programmes or courses of reading, the extraordinary scope of that sketched by Milton is well known, and that laid out by Chancellor Kent is probably still more familiar to American youth. A sensible and modest programme is outlined by Mr. Perkins. But it strikes us that nothing could surpass, in the double features of efficiency and simplicity, the plan suggested by John Ruskin, and which we find reproduced in this volume. Ruskin's idea was that the youth associated in what he termed the St. George's Company should correctly learn, among other things, the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, London, to which Jerusalem might be added as the centre of a most important early religious history. Such a scheme would undoubtedly combine, in a comprehensive and varied way, the different elements of interest and instruction in the long and strange experience of men. It would bring the reader into direct acquaintance with the most important developments of human nature, and into intimate communion with the moral and intellectual powers most constant and efficient in the past and the present in moulding the convictions, the hopes, and the daily conduct of mankind. A particular commendation of this course is, that if faithfully pursued it will inevitably lead one to consider the principles of political life and the relations of men in society, and so throw light upon those questions which are daily gaining in interest and gravity.

Our Tenement Houses.

We have made some slight gain in the direction of improving the condition of our tenement-house population. At the meeting of the Sanitary Society on Thursday evening it was reported that under the new law and during the last year 1,047 tenement houses were built, providing for 7,736 families, or 23,000 persons. Only 66 of the houses were to contain more than three families on the same floor. Under the new system much more space is given to each family. But the tenement-house evil has been only touched. It has by no means been remedied. When we find that certain wards in New York, which ten years ago contained more inhabitants to the square acre than the most thickly settled districts in London, in 1880 show a population larger than then by between twenty and thirty thousand, we can realize in part what crowding means.

THE TARTAR NAPOLEON.

The Institutes of Tamerlane, who Conquered Half the World and Talked Philosophy.

From the Penn Monthly.

Timour, Timour Beg, often called Tamerlane, a corruption of Timour lenk or the lame, was born in the village of Sebz, near Samarcand, then the capital of Bokhara, and afterward the imperial city of the Tatar empire, in 1335. He died at Otrar on the Jaxartes in the winter of 1405. His father was the chief of the Toorki tribe of Berlas, and by the mother's side he traced his descent from Zingis Khan. At this period the independent Khanates to the west of the Bolor Tagh, were in a chronic state of civil war. The provinces of Kafiristan, Koondooz, Bokhara, and Khiva were never quiet, and a constant succession of despots oppressed and impoverished their numerous cities. At 12 years of age Timour began his military career. In 1361 he became chief of the Berlas tribe, and expelled the Khan of Cashgar and his Calmucks from Transoxiana. It was during this war that he effected his celebrated escape from the dungeon into which his enemies had thrown him, and swam the broad and turbulent Gihoon to rejoin his friends. In the same campaign, also, he received the wound before Sistan that gave him the sobriquet of the Lame.

When Khorassan was completely subjugated and Timour had provided against the contingency of revolt in his newly acquired dominions by building a pyramid at Sebsewar of two thousand living men, whom he cemented together with mortar and left to die, he began his career of foreign conquest. Persia fell first, and he subdued all the country between the Tigris and Euphrates along the entire course of these rivers. In 1398 he was before Delhi, where, disencumbering his army by the massacre of a hundred thousand captives, he gained a decisive victory and occupied the city. Insurrections in Georgia and Anatolia, together with threatening movements on the part of Bajazet, Sultan of Turkey, recalled him from this war. The Tartar and Turkish frontiers touched each other near Erzeroum and on the Euphrates; the monarchs were jealous of their power, and their insulting letters provoked actual conflict. Syria, then a dependency of Egypt, was rapidly conquered, and Timour, who appears to have had an eccentric architectural taste—erected another pyramid in Bagdad, composed of ninety thousand human heads. On July 20, 1402, Bajazet met him on the plain of Angora, and there lost his liberty and his empire.

Timour had now subdued all Asia, from the Irtish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago, and nothing but the absence of transportation saved Europe from invasion. After two months' triumphant rejoicing and feasting in Samarcand, the great Khan entered upon his last campaign. A revolution in China had resulted in the expulsion of the dynasty of Zingis, and Timour needed no better excuse for declaring war. Despatching an army in advance, he crossed the Jaxartes on the ice with a reserve of 200,000 veterans. But thirty-six years of warfare had not failed to work their consequences, and he died, from some acute disease, after proceeding three hundred miles on his journey. His empire dissolved like frost-work in the sun.

The "Institutes of Timour," first translated into English by Major Davy about 1770, are excerpts, taken, apparently, at random from the sources of a larger work, and combined—probably at the Khan's dictation—into a rambling comment upon the military, political, and religious policy he had pursued. Much discredit has been cast upon the authenticity of these commentaries, although the absence of direct historical evidence of genuineness would seem to preclude positive denial as well as direct proof. The fact that historical journals were kept under the Emperor's direction does not admit of doubt, and it is difficult to see why their most illustrative passages might not have been combined by Timour for many reasons—ambition, patriotism, and the natural desire to recommend a successful policy to his descendants. Its revelation of the means by which power might be attained would seem to prevent general publication, or most of the original copies may have been lost in the wars following the death of Shahroch. In the East Davy states that it is everywhere received as genuine. The style, naïve egotism, candor, and earnestness of the book betray its authorship.

The political maxims are included under the heads of "Reduction of Kingdoms," "Obtainment of Empire," "Defeating Armies," "Making Friends of Foes," "Going Out and Coming In among Friends and Enemies." In order to conduct the affairs of Government properly, Timour said that he was accustomed to use "four assistants," viz.: "Deliberation, Counsel, Vigilance, and Circumspection;" but, besides these, politics required patience and forbearance, and particularly a certain feigned negligence, or pretence of ignorance, respecting many things that a prince must be well aware of.

"The experienced have said, by policy kingdoms may be conquered and numerous hosts may be defeated, which by the swords of united armies cannot be overthrown. By experience it is known to me that counsel and deliberation and skilful measures are only to be found with the wise and sagacious. And though the conclusion of every event is covered by the curtain of fate, yet, according to the holy word of Mohammed, in every enterprise that I undertook I acted from counsel and deliberation. One skilful plan can perform the service of a hundred thousand warriors." Accordingly, "when my councillors were assembled together, I demanded their opinions on the good and on the evil, on the advantages or disadvantages of undertaking or relinquishing the enterprise before us; and, when I had heard their opinions thereon, I myself examined both sides of the opinions. Every plan in which I discovered a twofold hazard I rejected, and chose that in which the peril was single." Then, "after examining the avenue of retreat, I entered on execution." With respect to the character of counsellors, they only "who steadfastly adhere to what they say or do" may be expected to give good advice; for this may be simply an intellectual process, adapted to the emergency, and designed either to deceive or conceal a real opinion; therefore, "turn thine ear to the counsel of the tongue, but treasure the counsel of the heart in thy soul."

Speaking of his war against the Ameers of Jetteh, and recalling the disorders prevailing among the troops, and the uncertain tenure of his authority over their leaders, Timour relates that in order "to make them unanimous, he saw that it was good to show kindness to some, and with some to dissemble; and that he should tempt some with riches, and soothe some with persuasions, promises, and engagements." Moreover, he called the Generals together in private conference, and—in his own words: "I told them that I made them the partners of my fortune, and they united firmly in my designs." With the soldiers he used successfully the same arts that military adventurers have immemorially employed. "I raised their hopes by gifts and presents, drew them over by kind words and by open countenance, extolled tenfold the services they had done, and made them joyful, even until those who were with me, and those who were against me, all joined with me firmly."

But neither upon prudence nor counsel nor favor of heaven did the great Khan altogether rely. The following incident shows how he won (like Baber, the knight errant of Oriental history) his followers' admiration and confidence by personal gallantry. When the Emirs Hoossein and Moosi revolted they threw a strong garrison into the castle of Karshee and covered the position with 8,000 horse. Timour felt the importance of its reduction, but wished, if possible, to avoid a siege. Putting in practice one of his favorite strategic devices, he massed his forces and directed them to march on Khorassan by divisions, and a large part of the army was en route before he moved his own immediate command. At the first night's encampment, however, he selected 243 "brave and resolute, tried and experienced warriors," with whom he returned at the full speed of their horses. The rest is best given in his own words. "The Ameer Jakoob kneeled before me and said, Many of our warriors have remained behind, and until they have arrived delay is necessary. At this time it came into my mind that I could go alone and examine the castle. I took forty warriors with me, and I turned my face toward the castle of Kurshee; and when the blackness of the castle appeared in the night, I commanded my warriors to halt. Then I took with me Mubbushur and Abdallah, who had been born in my house, and when I came to the border of the moat I saw that it was full of water. And I looked about and saw a water pipe, and water ran through that pipe into the castle, and it had been laid across the moat. Then I delivered my horse to Mubbushur and crossed the moat on the pipe and came to the foot of the wall; and I went on to the portal and struck upon the door with my hand, and discovered that the guards were asleep. They had filled up the portal behind the door with clay and with earth. Then I looked around the walls of the castle and saw the place where the ladders could be fixed, and I returned and mounted my horse and went back to my warriors. The troops who had remained behind then came with the ladders, and they were all armed, and they took up the ladders, and I turned my face toward the castle. They crossed the moat on the pipe, and having fixed their ladders they entered on the walls. And when forty resolute men had entered the castle I also placed my foot on the ladder and went in unto them. Then they sounded their trumpets, and by the favor of Almighty God I obtained possession of the castle."

The "Institutes" everywhere show how fully he was convinced that neither discipline nor numbers could outweigh ability in the commander of an inferior force. When he contemplated the overthrow of the empire of the Abassides, his first care was to acquaint himself with the character of the reigning Caliph, and when the ambassador whom he despatched reported his weakness in a common Oriental metaphor, "Sultan Ahmed is a piece of animated flesh, and lo! he has two eyes," Timour attacked at once, the vicegerent of the Prophet fled, and Bagdad—the house of Islam—was conquered.

He had no doubt that the idolatry and political anarchy of India justified the invasion of that country. His Council, however, or at least a majority of them, strongly opposed the reduction of Hindostan. Most Oriental princes in Timour's position would have ordered the refractory members to instant execution, and promoted those whose advice coincided with their ambition. He acted differently. Deliberating on their conduct, he was convinced that a king should not displace officers of his own creation for the expression of honest opinions, and therefore he says: "Since I myself had exalted them, I sought not to pull them down; and I treated them with kindness; and although they had angered me, yet as they were unanimous at last I regarded it not."

Faulty as their ethics are, the Commentaries constantly exhibit an enlightenment that is remarkable in a man of Timour's experiences. "I acted with courtesy both toward my friends and toward my enemies." "By order and discipline I regulated the concerns of my Government, and by discipline and order I so firmly established my authority that the Ameers and Viziers and soldiers and subjects could not aspire beyond their respective degrees, and every one of them was the keeper of his own station." He fed, rewarded, and amused his soldiers, and "in the field of blood they hazarded their lives." "I myself," says Timour, "shared in their labors and hardships," and thus "I obtained possession of the thrones of seven-and-twenty kings. * * * When I clothed myself in the robe of empire I shut my eyes to safety and to the repose that is found in the bed of ease, and from the twelfth year of my age I travelled over countries, and combated difficulties, and formed enterprises, and vanquished armies, and experienced mutinies among my officers and soldiers, and was familiarized with the language of disobedience, and I opposed these things with fortitude. And I hazarded my person in the hour of danger, until in the end I vanquished kingdoms and empires, and established the glory of my name."

"I inquired of learned men into the laws and regulations of ancient princes, from the days of Adam to those of the Prophet, and from those of the Prophet down to this time; and I weighed their institutions, and their actions, and their opinions, one by one, and from their approved manners and their good qualities I selected models. I shunned those actions that tend to the subversion and overthrow of regal authority, and from cruelty and oppression, which are the destroyers of posterity and the bringers of famine and plague, I found it was good to abstain."

In order to prevent his officers of state from falling into these vices, he appointed a kotul, or successor, to every official, who was to succeed to the office in case of misconduct on the part of the occupant. Conscious that such an arrangement invited fraud in the expectants, "on every frontier, in every country, in every city, and in every camp a writer of intelligence was established;" and, to secure truth in the reports, they were required to forward them directly to himself; he ordered that their statements upon the conduct of the civil and military officers, the people, and soldiers, should be composed truthfully and perspicuously. If an imperial secretary failed to communicate any part of what he had discovered, "his fingers should be cut off. If he suppressed the laudable actions of a soldier, he should be deprived of his right hand. If he wrote a false account, from enmity or from malice, he should be put to death." As channels for the transmission of news, he appointed "a thousand swift horsemen, and a thousand swift camel men, and a thousand expeditious footmen," to bring the reports of the secretaries, and at the same time themselves collect accounts of what transpired in "the countries and on the frontiers * * * and of the designs and intentions of the neighboring princes;" so that if circumstances required, the Khan "might provide the remedy before the evil arrived." Thus, he remarks, "I kept my soldiers and my subjects between hope and fear, and the situation of my people was known unto me. I knew the circumstances of the inhabitants of every province."

Timour confirmed by charter the immunities and privileges that States had enjoyed before their conquest, whenever it was possible to do so. Taxation was necessary, but he was well aware that it must not be carried to the extent of "ruining the people or dispersing the army." Collectors might make use of "menaces and threats" in cases of dilatory payment, but never of torture. "The governor whose authority is inferior to the power of the scourge is unworthy to govern."

CELEBRATED BOOK STEALERS.

The Priest who Committed Many Murders Because of his Passion for Books.

From the London Spectator.

Many eminent characters have been biblioklepts. When Innocent X. was still Monsignor Pamphilio he stole a book—so says Tallemant des Réaux—from Du Monstier, the painter. The amusing thing is that Du Monstier himself was a book thief. He used to tell how he prigged a book, of which he had long been in search, from a stall on the Pont Neuf; "but," says Tallemant (whom Janin does not seem to have consulted), "there are many people who don't think it stealing to steal a book, unless you sell it afterward."

But Du Monstier took a less liberal view where his own books were concerned. The Cardinal Barberini came to Paris as Legate, and brought in his suite Monsignor Pamphilio, who afterward became Innocent X. The Cardinal paid a visit to Du Monstier in his studio, where Monsignor Pamphilio spied, on a table, "L'Historie au Concile de Trente"—the good edition, the London one. "What a pity," thought the young ecclesiastic, "that such a man should be, by some accident, the possessor of so valuable a book." With these sentiments Monsignor Pamphilio slipped the work under his soutane. But little Du Monstier observed him, and said furiously to the Cardinal that a holy man should not bring thieves and robbers in his company. With these words, and with others of a violent and libellous character, he recovered the History of the Council of Trent, and kicked out the future Pope. Amelot de la Houssaie traces to this incident the hatred borne by Innocent X. to France.

Another Pope, while only a Cardinal, stole a book from Ménage—so M. Janin reports—but we have not been able to discover Ménage's own account of the larceny. The anecdotist is not so truthful that Cardinals need flush a deeper scarlet, like the roses in Bion's "Lament for Adonis," on account of a scandal resting on the authority of Ménage. Among royal persons, Catherine de Medici, according to Brantôme, was a biblioklept. "The Marshal Strozzi had a very fine library, and after his death the Queen-Mother seized it, promising some day to pay the value to his son, who never got a farthing of the money." The Ptolemies, too, were thieves on a large scale. A department of the Alexandrian Library was called "The Books from the Ships," and was filled with rare volumes stolen from passengers in vessels that touched that port. True, the owners were given copies of their ancient MSS., but the exchange, as Aristotle says, was an "involuntary" one, and not distinct from robbery.

The great pattern of biblioklepts, a man who carried his passion to the most regrettable excesses, was a Spanish priest, Don Vincente of the Convent of Pobla in Arragon. When the Spanish revolution despoiled the convent libraries, Don Vincente established himself at Barcelona, under the pillars of Los Encantes, where are the stalls of the merchants of bric-a-brac, and the seats of them that sell books. In a gloomy den the Don stored up treasures that he hated to sell. Once he was present at an auction where he was outbid in the competition for a rare, perhaps a unique, volume. Three nights after that the people of Barcelona were awakened by cries of "Fire!" The house and shop of the man who had bought "Ordinacions per los Gloriosos Reys de Arago," were blazing. When the fire was extinguished the body of the owner of the house was found with a pipe in his blackened hand and some money beside him. Every one said: "He must have set the house on fire with a spark from his pipe." Time went on, and week by week the police found the bodies of slain men, now in the street, now in a ditch, now in the river. There were young men and old; all had been harmless and inoffensive citizens in their lives, and—all had been bibliophiles. A dagger in an invisible hand had reached their hearts; but the assassin had spared their purses, money, and rings. An organized search was made in the city, and the shop of Don Vincente was examined. There, in a recess, the police discovered the copy of "Ordinacions per los Gloriosos Reys de Arago," which ought by rights to have been burned with the house of its purchaser. Don Vincente was asked how he got the book. He replied in a quiet voice, demanded that his collection should be made over to the Barcelona Library, and then confessed a long array of crimes. He had strangled his rival, stolen the "Ordinacions," and burned the house. The slain men were people who had bought from him books which he really could not bear to part with. At his trial his counsel tried to prove that his confession was false, and that he might have got his books by honest means. It was objected that there was in the world only one book printed by Lambert Palmart in 1482, and that the prisoner must have stolen this, the only copy, from the library where it was treasured. The defendant's counsel proved that there was another copy, in the Louvre; that, therefore, there might be more, and that the defendant's might have been honestly procured. Here Don Vincente, previously callous, uttered an hysterical cry. Said the Alcalde: "At last, Vincente, you begin to understand the enormity of your offence?" "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was clumsy, indeed. If you only knew how miserable I am!" "If human justice prove inflexible, there is another justice whose pity is inexhaustible. Repentance is never too late." "Ah, Signor Alcalde, my copy was not unique!" With the story of this impenitent thief, we may close the roll of biblioklepts.

Is this the Sort of Churches they Have in Hartford?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What is it that causes so much infidelity? I answer it is that so many are driven away or refused a seat in our churches. I have resided in this city for the past four years and have not as yet been inside of a church. I have several times tried to attend church, but have invariably been refused a seat or driven away, first from Christ Church, then from St. John's, then from the Pearl Street Congregational Church, where my landlord at that time was a member, as is also one of my employers, then at the South Baptist Church, and again at the Park Church. I was called a "dirty beggar" and a "tramp," I suppose from my appearance, as I wore the same clothes as I wear every day at my work. I cannot afford [illegible] time, and the coat that I now wear was bought [illegible] years ago. I try hard to earn an honest [illegible] port my family, but wages are low. I am [illegible] half of what I earned from 1862 till 18[illegible] not been out of doors for over two years [illegible] from disease, and it is hard scratching to [illegible] these times.

I have served in two wars, the Mexican and [illegible] war, and I find that the nation's defenders [illegible] as so much rubbish unless they belong to the [illegible] "great moral ideas." Many of us have [illegible] from day to day. My aged father, who served [illegible] of 1812, is now living, at the age of [illegible] mother is 90 years old, yet the Government [illegible] for him.

AN [illegible]

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 16.