

The Independent.

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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A DAMASCUS NIGHTINGALE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ON the crimson edge of the eve,
By the Barada's flutelike flow,
When the shadow shuttles began to weave
And the mountain airs to blow,
With the sight of the night's first star,
As tho it were dumb too long,
The burst on the ear a wondrous bar
From a spirit dowered with song.

And swift it swelled to a strain
That rippled and rose and ran
Through every chord of joy or pain
That throbs in the heart of man.
It told of love lightening life
And of sorrow's bitter breath;
It pealed a paean of peace from strife
And of triumph over death.

And I knew it for God own's bird—
A prophet voice in the dark:
The budding stars in the heaven heard.
For they could not choose but hark.
Then the worn earth hid its face
And dreamed its dream of the dawn:
The voice of man was stilled for a space,
But the bird sang on and on.

CLINTON, N. Y.

SUNRISE IN THE HILLS OF SATSUMA.

BY MARY MCNEIL SCOTT.

THE day unfolds like a lotus-bloom,
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom
Which lave Night's shore.

Down bamboo stems the sunbeams slide,
Darting, like glittering elves at play,
To the thin, arched grass where crickets hide
And sing all day.

The old crows "Ca-a" from the camphor boughs—
They have builded there for a thousand years.
Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowsy,
To pipe shrill fears.

A white fox creeps to his home in the hill:
A small gray ape peers up at the sun:
Crickets and sunbeams are quarreling still.
Day has begun.

MOBILE, ALA.

HOW THE WIND CAME.

BY JOE RUSSELL TAYLOR.

THE wind came this way: Trees were stirred,
And seemed to waken and to look:
And far away a bird
Let slip a little warning song;
A silver shudder ran along
The willows by the brook;

The swallows flickered from the eaves;
The cottonwood pattered soft and low
With all his myriad leaves;
A wave crept, twinkling, o'er the wheat
And ceased; and then I felt a sweet
Cool breath upon my brow.

COLUMBUS, O.

THE WAIL OF POETRY.

BY THE REV. GERALD STANLEY LEE.

THE railroad as an institution impresses most people as elaborately and ingeniously unpoetic. It is the very Colossus of Common Sense. The locomotive, whirling through the modern world as a kind of splendid braggadocio, whistles defiance to all the Muses, drives them to the mountains, and scatters them like a flurry of birds off to the sea or nooks of this world, and tells them blusteringly that they belong to the next.

Science has been opening up a whole new frontier of human thought; but where are our poetic pioneers, claiming and holding these great regions for the Soul? The harps are hung dolefully on willow trees or touched with the sobbing notes of a dirge mourning for our times:

"Do you ask us to sing our song to the rattling railroad accompaniment of such a life as this? What avail eth the rhapsody of a violin in a foundry? Who can write words for the unfeeling bass of your factories? Our thoughts are lost, like the song of the bee and the rhythm of the river, in the pell-mell clangor of your bells.

"Blow, ye whistles! Shriek your profanity into the holy silences of the soul! Unloose your tongues, ye bells! and scatter the heedless din of your emptiness upon the pounded air! Strike, ye hammers, till ye harden souls into steel and stamp on all the seal of matter! Factories, hum to us the blank verse of your prosperous deafness! Engines, puff at us with your smoke! Hisse at us with your steam! Whistles! bells! hammers! engines! 'tis ye are the real minstrels of this day! Farewell! Bury us with our harps, and when we hear not, dance your dance of paganism and sing your song of Matter-of-Fact upon our graves!"

Thus the plaintive poets seem like birds that have alighted in some vast machinery hall, twittering dazedly about in the flopping belts and heartless hum, with no place for their little retrospective nests and no place for a song and nothing to sing about, tucking their mournful little bills under their weary, homeless little wings, and pining for a chance to flutter to a more congenial world!

We have not had time to judge of the poetic possibilities that science and invention have placed before us. We have only had time to miss the old poetry in them. Rainbows were invented long enough ago for the poets to get well to work upon them, but electricity has only had time to give us its shock without giving us its message. The music of the spheres was composed and the glittering notes all put in their places somewhere about the time of creation, and the poets of a thousand generations have listened to the strains above us and written words and words for them; but the railroads and steamships and the geologies and the chemistries, the telephones and the minor electric moons that have been brought into our modern life—all these are too new and bewildering to allow us even to glance at their poetic bearings. We are too busy studying appearances to dream our way into the hearts of things. It is in the hearts that we shall find the poems. We are looking; we can do little else in these times. Poetry is more than a look; it is the thought after the look. Science sees and records. Poetry sees. She sees first with her eyes, and then she closes them for a moment and sees with her heart. We are waiting for that second look. Because these lusty young giants—the reigning Ideas of the day—will not lend themselves gracefully to the drapings of these old-fashioned intellectual tailors, it is inferred that poetry has no costume to cover the bare and scientific nakedness of our times, and cannot even find rhyming fig-leaves enough to patch together an apron for our shame. On a pedestal of dramatic logic Poetry is posing with this soliloquy:

"You will not cut yourselves fit the clothes of your fathers, and we cannot cut your fathers' clothes to fit you."

We might as well look for to-day's inventions in yesterday as to look for the interpretations of to-day in yesterday's poems. New conditions call for new poets. We have no models. It is a time to make models. Science has been creative. Poetry has an opportunity for her old creativeness. We stand on a great poetic Sahara—opened up by our scientific men. The soul's greeting to the poet who, advancing into science with great conceptions in the hollow of his hand, shall sow the seeds of the future, and in the name of the King of the

Beautiful, for the use of the Beautiful, shall make the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

SHARON, CONN.

THE APPROACHING PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

ITS ATTRACTIVE FEATURES.

BY THE REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE ON RELIGIOUS CONGRESSES.

RELIGION, of which Dr. Bushnell once wrote, that it alone made existence "valuable or even tolerable," is itself one of the most interesting facts of history. The present century has seen wider and swifter Christian progress than any other; and it is not surprising that the end of the century should be signalized by a convention like the coming Parliament of Religions. A learned Jewish Rabbi recently said: "I want my people to know all about that Congress; for I want them in touch with the best thought of the nineteenth century."

It has required immense labor, for more than two years, to bring about the results already assured, and each day's correspondence brings evidence of unexpected support in this colossal undertaking. It has often been said that it is easier to do a great thing than a small one. However that may be, it has been easy enough to gain the attention of mankind for the proposed Parliament. A larger measure of co-operation has been gained than the most ardent at first expected. In all parts of the world solitary thinkers and toilers have seen, in this meeting, either a realization of some fond dream, or a means of advancing some theological or missionary reform which they deemed of highest importance.

A telegram has just been handed me:

"Tientsin-Barrows—Parliament of Religions—Chicago. Coming—Candlin."

The Rev. George T. Candlin, an English Methodist Missionary in China, has gained a wide reputation as an eloquent advocate of conciliatory and enlightened methods of propagandism among non-Christian peoples. At the request of the Chairman he prepared and forwarded, some months ago, a paper of great eloquence and ability on "Christian Unity and the Work of Missions." It was not expected that he could possibly be present; but evidently his deep interest has led him to change his plans. Those who hear Mr. Candlin's address will listen to one of the most powerful pleas for Christian unity and co-operation ever spoken. They will also gain an insight into the difficulties which the present methods of uncompromising hostility to the Ethnic religions are heaping higher and higher.

From Colombo, in Ceylon, Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of Southern India, has already sailed with credentials from the High Priest of Ceylon, as the authorized representative of the present movement to revive Buddhism in India, the land of its birth. He is regarded as a man of unusual mental force and religious devoutness. He writes with great modesty; and he evidently does not think it will be any child's play to come into contact, as he says, "with the great intellects of the West." He is evidently a man of deep convictions and wide sympathies. He will meet in Chicago representatives of Northern Buddhism from Japan; and it is a singular fact that, while Christians are hoping that the Parliament of Religions will bring the disciples of Jesus closer together, Mr. Dharmapala joyfully expects that the sections of Buddhism will be drawn into more harmony of thought and feeling by this historic meeting on the shores of Lake Michigan.

In my office this morning I had a pleasant interview with the Rev. Kinjio Machida, a high priest of one of the Japanese Buddhist sects and ex-Senator of the Japanese Parliament, who brought a cordial letter of introduction from the scholarly Bunyiu Nanjo, of Tokio, who confirms in his letter the good news that we are to have an excellent representation from Japan. Papers have already been prepared in the Sunrise Kingdom by the representatives of the Faith of Gautama, which will be submitted to the Parliament of Religions. Some of our missionaries in Japan express the hope that these Oriental scholars, whose acquaintance with our language is not perfect, and who have accepted our cordial invitations, should be received by us with that gentleness, consideration and courtesy which are eminently becoming. There is no doubt that such will be the universal

sal disposition of those who take part in the friendly deliberations of the Parliament. It requires some courage for these representatives of the Orient to mingle with the scholars of the West; and we will have the opportunity of showing that courtesy and kindness are Christian as well as Japanese virtues.

The Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, First Secretary of the Chinese Legation in Washington, accompanied by his official interpreter, his body servant and his cook, has just made arrangements to take up his quarters in Chicago, where he will remain for two months. He is now preparing a paper on Confucianism. It is hoped that the new Chinese Minister and his suite may also be here in September. Last year I offered prizes for the best essays on Confucianism and Taoism, to be prepared by Chinese representatives of these faiths and submitted to a committee in Shanghai, of which the Rev. Timothy Richard was the chairman. Forty-two essays on Confucianism and twenty-one on Taoism were sent in, and the prize essays, with their translations, have recently been received. They have been examined by an expert and pronounced to be excellent.

The Rev. Dr. Faber, of Shanghai, famous as a Sinologist, is already in Chicago, and will take active part in the discussion of Sinological questions. I have tried earnestly to secure the presence of a Chinese Taotai who knows English. I am not yet certain of the result of my efforts. Dr. Blodget, of Peking, has sent a technical paper on "Why Protestants should Employ the Word 'Shangti' for God." This will be published for distribution among specialists. Quite a number of Chinese missionaries will take part in the discussion of Chinese questions. Dr. Martin, of Peking, will send, and perhaps read, an address on "International Obligations to China." The Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D.D., Secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions, who has profound convictions on Chinese questions, will speak on "International Justice and Amity." The Hon. J. Semmes (Catholic) of New Orleans, will make an address on "Arbitration Instead of War"; and Dr. Henry Jessup, of Beirut, Syria, will send, and perhaps read, an address on "The Religious Mission of the English-speaking Nations."

It is not difficult to secure adequate representation from the Christian world; but the obstacles foreseen at the very beginning with regard to scholars from the Orient have been found real and formidable. Oriental poverty was an obstacle; but mightier than poverty was the hindrance placed in our way by caste. The Rev. Dr. Miller, of the Christian College of Madras, was unable, after diligent correspondence and inquiry, to find a really competent English-speaking, Orthodox Hindu who would undertake the journey. He secured, however, the preparation of a most elaborate paper on Hinduism by S. Parthasarathy Aiyar, of the Vasishtadwita School, Madras, "which," he writes, "by the grace of God, I am enabled to send to the blessed Parliament of Religions appointed to meet in Chicago." I asked for four thousand words, and he has given me more than forty thousand! His documents are being examined by an expert Orientalist, and valuable materials will be arranged from them. Prof. Manilal N. Dwivedi, of the Vedanta School of Hindu Thought, Bombay Presidency, has forwarded a paper on Hinduism, which Mr. Merwin-Marie Snell, editor of the *Oriental Review*, regards as one of the ablest expositions of Hinduism ever written. Professor Dwivedi has also forwarded replies to a series of questions: "What does Hinduism Teach with Regard to God? Man? Revelation? Sin? Reconciliation? Immortality?"

But finally word comes to us that a high-caste Brahmin, Prof. G. N. Chakraborty, of Allahabad College, a master of English, has set sail for London and will be in attendance at the Parliament. The High Priest of the Jains, of Bombay, has commissioned Mr. Virchand R. Gandhinba, Honorary Secretary of the Jain Society of India, and Pundit Amichand as delegates to the Parliament.

The Chairman must not, in one article, attempt to describe anything more than a small portion of the forthcoming banquet. He congratulates those who have so ably co-operated with him in gaining and holding the warm approval of such a host of American scholars to this unique undertaking. It is important that I should have some estimate in advance of the number of persons who are planning to attend the Religious Congresses which extend from the third of September to the middle of October. The dates for the Parliament are September 11th-27th. Adequate preparation must be made for meetings in the Art Palace on the Lake Front and for the overflow meetings that are likely to occur. Therefore all persons who are planning to come to Chicago to be present at any of these meetings, are earnestly requested to send me a card giving name, address and denomination, addressing the Rev. John Henry Barrows, 92 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

CHICAGO, August 1st, 1893.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, the senior ex-Governor of Massachusetts, is now seventy-five years old. He was thirty-two when elected Governor in 1851; George N. Briggs was his predecessor in office. Mr. Boutwell, ex-Governor, ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is passing the summer on his Groton farm, one of the largest in Middlesex County.

A VOICE FROM DENVER.

BY A PASTOR.

DOUBTLESS this Queen City of the Plains has been before the public mind during these last few weeks as never before, and this mainly because of two conspicuous events. A calm review of these may not be unacceptable to the large and intelligent circle of readers of THE INDEPENDENT.

The first event was the phenomenal flurry in financial circles beginning with the sudden fall in silver to sixty-two. The great Silver Convention has been pretty thoroughly ventilated by the press of the country. It is unfortunate that the intemperate and deeply regretted speeches of few individuals at that convention should have so absorbed public attention abroad, and so excited the risibilities of those disposed to be funny as to have largely prevented a calm consideration of a question that so vitally concerns Colorado and other Western States. Public speakers cannot always be controlled. Every sober-minded citizen deprecates that injudicious and uncalled-for utterance of our Populist Governor about "blood flowing to our horses' bridle reins," that has afforded so much merriment to Eastern newspapers. It has been emphatically repudiated by our leading business men.

On Monday morning following the Silver Convention, the city was electrified by the announcement that three savings banks had closed their doors. Consternation spread on every side, as these institutions had been considered quite sound. It was not wholly unexpected when a run occurred on some of the National banks the next day. Tho an heroic stand was made by these banks their suspension became inevitable. By the evening of the following day six National and three savings banks, in addition to the three mentioned above, had suspended. As a consequence, within two days between thirty and forty business houses of more or less prominence had gone into liquidation. This run was uncalled-for and much regretted. Comptroller Eckels but voices the sentiment of well-informed business men in his judgment of the soundness of these Denver banks and the folly of this run upon them. In ordinary times they could easily have endured such a strain; but for some time there has been a weakening of public confidence and a gradual withdrawal of deposits. Considerable money, it is claimed, has been stored in safety deposit vaults. It was a common remark that the run was made largely by small depositors. During the last week some of the closed business establishments have been reopened, and it is confidently expected that most of the suspended banks will open in a few days, after a plan proposed by the Comptroller of the Currency. But be it remembered that Denver still has in operation at least a half-dozen banks, some of them perhaps as strong as any in the country.

Whether the present situation in Colorado is due to the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act of 1890, or to the practical demonetization of silver in 1873, or to the British Government's policy respecting the Indian rupee, or to the uncertainty regarding tariff legislation, or to a combination of these and other causes, I shall not undertake to say. But whatever the cause, the situation is distressing beyond measure. We very much fear our Eastern friends do not sufficiently realize the present condition of affairs. It has been claimed that we have had 15,000 unemployed men in this city, and many are still coming in from surrounding towns. Smelters have closed, mines have shut down, mercantile establishments have reduced their forces or closed entirely, until men declare there is at some places absolutely no business. Wholesale houses dare scarcely attempt to sell goods. The other day the writer was importuned for food by a comparatively well-dressed young smelter employee, who had in his possession a check for wages amounting to \$69.75 from one of our largest smelting companies and a time check for \$27. But the bank had suspended. He could not negotiate his check at any price and was obliged to go hungry. Another gentleman said to the writer: "I am in a bad fix. I had considerable money in — Savings Bank. That is closed. Then I had an open account in — National Bank. That suspended yesterday. I have a large sheep ranch down here, but I cannot sell any wool at all. We have a splendid mine up in the mountains, and a large amount of good pay ore ready to ship; but the smelters will not take it at any price. So there I am; I do not know what to do."

That speaks volumes for the situation. Many men with large families are out of employment, with absolutely nothing at hand. Some who had laid by something for a rainy day are utterly helpless, because their savings are locked up in these closed banks. Public relief measures, systematically and judiciously administered, have been undertaken by the State and county. Many are being helped to old homes in the East in the hope of more easily finding employment. Christian women of the churches are inaugurating measures to care for unemployed young women.

The other event referred to is the lynching of Dan Arata, an Italian, for the brutal murder of B. C. Lightfoot, an old ex-soldier. This is one of the blackest crimes that have ever stained the annals of any com-

munity. The murder itself was so cold-blooded and diabolically cruel as to excite the deepest indignation. During the following day threats of lynching were indulged in more or less openly, but little attention seemed paid to them. That night a meeting, supposed to have been made up mainly of the unemployed class, was held in a part of the city a mile or more removed from the county jail. At this meeting some voice suggested the lynching of Arata. That started the crowd, and off they rushed up-town, gathering recruits as they went along, until soon it was a howling mob. That was about 8 to 8:30 P.M. The writer has his facts from an honorable and reliable gentleman, an old Coloradan, formerly a member of the State Senate, and for successive terms on the Governor's staff, who was an eye-witness of the whole proceeding. Arrived at the jail, a few of the ringleaders—and it is remarkable how few really did the work—assaulted the main entrance. This entrance is from a porch or platform about ten feet from the ground, about forty feet long by eight or ten wide, reached by steps at either end. The door itself is protected by a storm vestibule. It will thus be seen how apparently easily that entrance might have been guarded by a few resolute men. After battering at the doors awhile eight or ten policemen suddenly appeared, ascended the steps at one end of this porch, fired a few blank cartridges, and cleared the porch of every assailant without any difficulty.

It is the opinion of my informant and others that at this time the mob was practically quelled, and could have been dispersed almost instantly by proper action. The police then disappeared inside the jail. After about twenty minutes one of the mob cautiously crept up the steps and peered in the grating. Presently another was emboldened to do the same, and soon another and another; and this handful of men renewed the attack on the doors. A weak resistance was made from the inside; the hose was turned on the assailants. But an entrance into the basement had been effected from another side of the jail and the water pipes were cut, so the mob seemed to have things their own way. After more than three hours of hard labor, during which they paused several times as if to give up the job, the front door was forced open and the crowd poured into the jail, battered down the door of Arata's cell, led him forth with a rope around his neck, and strung him to a tree near by. The poor wretch's feet were scarcely off the ground till his body was literally riddled with bullets. Their work done, the ringleaders sneaked away; and now came the opportunity for the crowd. All admit that hanging was almost too good for this brutal murderer; but the scenes that followed made every decent Denverite blush for shame.

The most violent and shameless abuse was heaped upon the dead Italian's body. In mere wantonness men took delight in maltreating it. By and by some one cut the rope, and then the crowd started off with the body, dragging it through the mud, over the stones and paved streets for a distance of a mile, and hanged it, mangled, bleeding and destitute of clothing, to a telegraph-pole in the very heart of the business part of the city. And there it hung for an hour before it was removed by the authorities.

We do not want our Eastern friends to get the impression that Denver is outside the pale of civilization. There is widespread indignation over this awful affair. We hang our heads in shame at such a deed. Our best people, and they are the vast majority, condemn it in no unmeasured terms. Many feel that the State and municipal authorities did not by any means exhaust their resources in repelling this gross insult to law and order. The opinion has been freely expressed that prompt and determined measures could have dispersed that mob and prevented the awful tragedy. Some palliation is sought in the well known and openly expressed opposition of our Governor to capital punishment. It was claimed this murderer would never have been executed.

It is true our Governor has asserted since the crime that he personally opposed to capital punishment, yet he felt it his duty to execute the laws on our statute books. But this loses much of its force in view of previous statements. Public sentiment may be judged from the fact that our Chamber of Commerce has passed condemnatory resolutions of the whole proceeding, and demanded the immediate removal of our present Chief of Police. Our people feel keenly the odium and horror of this affair. Denver is a great city—a marvelous city. It is still here, despite the fall in silver, the flurry in her financial circles, and the awful tragedy of last week. It is here to stay. It is, moreover, a city with a wonderful volume of business, one of the most progressive cities in the United States: the capital of a State of marvelous resources, that are at present almost universally paralyzed. This calls for such immediate legislative relief as will be for the best interests of the whole country as well. Its business interests demand, not ridicule, but consideration at the hands of Eastern capitalists and statesmen. It is, moreover, on the whole, a city of law and order, with a more quiet Sabbath than many Western cities, with an industrious, aggressive and law-abiding population, despite the tragedy of last week. It is not now given up to lawlessness. It is as loyal a city as any in the Union. But Eastern people must understand it