

The Independent.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Mail Matter.

"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."

VOLUME XL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.

NUMBER 2066.

The Independent.

For Table of Contents see Page 10.

"WITH THOSE CLEAR EYES."

A RONDEAU TO A. C. W.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LOOK at me, Love, with those clear eyes
In which I see the thoughts arise,
As, gazing in a limpid well,
Unto Adonis it befell
To see himself with glad surprise.

Blue with the blue of summer skies—
Dear skies, behind which Heaven lies—
With one clear gaze my gloom dispel;
Look at me, Love!

See all my heart! Its weakest cries,
Its lonely prayers, its longing sighs,
A language are which you can spell;
You do not need what words can tell
On printed page to make you wise—
Look at me, Love!

MID-ATLANTIC, June, 1888.

THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history."

MID-AFTERNOON of a weary day:
Doors wide open, whose currents sway
The holy watch-light spired and slender;
A hush new-fallen, a hush too tender
For aught but merriment passed away;

Solemn shadows that wave and blend;
Fond words of parting that ascend
On music's heaven-appealing measure;
And over the pall, where streams at leisure
The warm light lovingly till the end.

Tokens of victory laid alone,
Of peace accorded, of pain outgrown;
Lily and laurel clustered nearest
In all their beauty about our dearest,
Our prince, so be it! upon his throne.

AUBURDALE, MASS.

ROSES.

BY E. NESBIT.

AND is it only a year, a year,
Since last the roses and June were here?
It is but a little year, I know,
But to me it is half a life ago.

For roses like these that you bring me here
Will sweeten my coffin, and brighten my
bier;
And with roses my grave will be garlanded
When you all go weeping "Our Rose is
dead!"

When we saw the rose in her summer
dress,
Could we dream of the death of her loveliness?

And when life seemed sweet as the roses'
breath,
How could we dream of the winter of death?

But the winter came, and the rose lay
dead
With a sheet of snow drawn over her
head;

But winter is gone, with its wind and
rain,
And the splendor of roses is living again.

And Death will come with his shroud of
snow,

But in spite of him will the roses blow;
And the rose of love that on earth we wore
Will blossom in Heaven for evermore.

AN ANCIENT TYPE OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

BY PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

THE city of Geneva, the metropolis of Lake Lemman, was the capital of Calvinism in the sixteenth century. A Presbyterian visits this home of Calvin with some of the feelings with which a Roman Catholic visits Rome. Rome is still the center and fountain of Romanism, but Geneva has ceased to be the headquarters of Calvinism. As a Genevan divine said to me a few days ago: "Geneva is the fountain of Presbyterianism, but we are no longer Presbyterians. We have the chair of Calvin, but are not Calvinists." Not only has Calvinism lost its authority here, but even Protestantism is in peril. It seems to a traveler that Savoy, with the chain of Mt. Blanc and the southern shore of Lake Lemman, should belong to Switzerland. I gave expression to this feeling to another Swiss divine, and he asked me if I knew what would be the consequence to Geneva; and then said Geneva would cease to be Protestant. The inhabitants of Savoy are Roman Catholics. If they were citizens of Switzerland they could not be denied citizenship in Geneva, and the Savoyard would soon outvote the Protestant natives of Geneva and the city would become Roman Catholic.

Geneva is a symbol of the superficial and transitory character of all things human. Mt. Blanc rises up in silent majesty, the monarch of Europe, with the same incomparable sublimity before us as before Calvin and Beza. But if these fathers of Calvinism should visit Geneva to-day they would find little else save the mountains and the lake that would remind them of the Geneva of their day. The saloon of the Reformation in the library of the city and the archives of the city hall contain at present the chief evidences of the Calvinistic Reformation. The literature of Calvinism is no longer to be found even in the antiquarian bookstores. It seems to have emigrated to Germany, Holland, Great Britain and America, and it is not easy for a Swiss student to study the Calvinistic theology in the city of its birth.

Among the archives of the city hall is a venerable manuscript that is exceedingly precious in the eyes of British and American Presbyterians. It is the register of the English Church at Geneva, of which John Knox was the chief pastor. It is little known to historians and probably few of the readers of THE INDEPENDENT have ever heard of it. I propose to give some extracts that will show a more ancient type of Presbyterianism than that which is familiar to Americans in connection with the name of John Knox. The book gives a register of the names of the members, of the officers of the congregation, of the baptisms and of the burials. The congregation was organized November 1st, 1555, and the last entry in the book is April 12th, 1559.

(1) Among the names enrolled as members of the congregation we find the names of all those who were chosen as ministers at a subsequent date. The name of John Knox was enrolled with his family, September 18th, 1556. This English congregation at Geneva was in accord with Congregational methods of the present day rather than with Presbyterian

in this respect. John Knox, the father of Scotch Presbyterianism, was a member of the congregation of which he was minister.

(2) I shall give the entire matter in the section relating to the officers of the congregation, for it is instructive throughout:

"The names of the ministers, seniors and deacons yearly chosen and elected from the English church and congregation of Geneva, to be the ministers there. Nov. 1st, 1555, when the church was erected, then were Christopher Goodman and Anthony Colby appointed to preach the Word of God and minister the sacraments in the absence of John Knox. Dec. 16th, 1555, then the whole congregation did elect William Williams and William Whitingham to be seniors, John Staunton and Christopher Seburne (alias Plummer) to be deacons. Dec. 16th, 1556, when the first year was ended, then the whole congregation did elect and choose John Knox and Christopher Goodman to be ministers; Anthony Colby, William Williams, William Whitingham and William Fuller to be seniors; Francis Withers, William Beauvoir and John Staunton to be deacons. Dec. 16th, 1557, when the second year was ended, the congregation did elect and choose John Knox and Christopher Goodman still to continue the ministers; Anthony Colby, John Bodleigh, William Williams and Thomas Wood to be seniors; John Williams, Francis Withers, William Beauvoir and William Fuller to be deacons. Dec. 16th, 1558, when the third year was ended, the congregation did elect and choose John Knox and Christopher Goodman still to continue the ministers; Miles Coverdale, John Bodleigh, William Williams and Anthony Colby to be the seniors; Francis Withers, Peter Willis, William Beauvoir, William Whitingham to be deacons."

This account of the ministry of the English congregation of Geneva reveals several interesting facts:

(a) The congregation had two ministers to preach the Word and administer the sacraments. Altho few in numbers, and in exile; from the beginning they deemed it proper to have two ministers to minister unto them. This was also the idea of the Westminster divines, and the custom of the Presbyterian churches of England, Ireland and Scotland of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and also of the New England churches of the seventeenth century. A congregation with a single minister is a modern invention, the resultant, in a good degree, of the splitting up of the Protestant community into numberless sects.

(b) The ministers were elected by the congregation year by year, and only for a year. This is more like the system of stated supplies, as it is called in the American churches, than anything that is to be found at present in any Presbyterian or Congregational church. Thus we see that John Knox was chosen as minister in three successive years, and that Christopher Goodman was chosen four times. They were members of the congregation. They were chosen by the congregation to serve them for a year, and then if they were not chosen they became simply members of the congregation. The record gives an interesting example of this. Anthony Colby was appointed minister with Christopher Goodman at the first, before John Knox appeared. But at the expiration of the year John Knox was chosen, and Anthony Colby appears afterward as chosen among the seniors or elders.

(c) There appears to be no other lines of separation in the officers of this congregation than the election by the congregation to the several offices. As Anthony Colby served as minister the first year, and then as elder in the following years, so William Whitingham served as elder two years, did not appear among the officers in the third year, and then in the fourth year was chosen as deacon.

(d) The term-service for elders and deacons has only within a few years been introduced into the constitution of the American Presbyterian Church, after a long debate in which it was stoutly maintained that it was un Presbyterian. But here, as elsewhere, the conservatives are not old enough in their Presbyterianism. This record-book discloses John Knox ministering to a body of Presbyterians who preferred to select all their officers, even their ministers, for the term of a single year, and who did not hesitate to elect one of their number as an elder who had previously served as minister, and another as deacon who had served as elder.

These names of the officers of the English congregation at Geneva are many of them noted in the history of British Puritanism. What was done under the authority of such names has more weight in the history of the Church than the views of hundreds of churches and ministers later down in the history, who represent often no more than local prejudices and individual idiosyncrasies of provincial leaders.

(3) The registry of baptism also gives some interesting material. We find baptism took place January 4th, 1556. Sir William Stafford had his son John baptized, and John Calvin was the godfather at this first baptism in the congregation of British exiles. The presence of John Calvin is important in itself as showing his sympathy with this congregation and his approval of them. His acting as godfather is also noteworthy for those modern Presbyterians who have the mistaken idea that the godfather is a peculiarity of the Episcopal Churches and altogether un Presbyterian. We are not surprised to find John Knox treading in the footsteps of John Calvin in this as in other respects. January 16th, 1557, John, the son of John Holingham, was baptized, John Knox being godfather. May 23d, 1557, Nathaniel, the son of John Knox, was baptized, William Whitingham being the godfather. This custom of godfathers was not peculiar to this English congregation of Presbyterians at Geneva. We have seen records of English Presbyterian ministers baptizing with godfathers in the seventeenth century. It may be of interest to some to know that November 29th, 1558, the term godfather was exchanged for witness when Eleazar, the son of John Knox, was baptized, "Miles Coverdale, witness." There are only three baptisms after this, but all have the term witness. There is no explanation in the book of this change of term.

This ancient book of the English congregation of Presbyterians at Geneva leads us back of the origin of Presbyterianism in the British isle. It reveals to us a type in its process of formation before it became stereotyped in the later forms of Scottish, Irish and American Presbyterianism. In these days when the

spirit of concord is in the air and like a new evangel is breathing in the hearts of our most devout and intelligent people, it will be of service to look back of the modern stereotyped forms with which we are most familiar and enter into the free and invigorating atmosphere of the fathers of British Puritanism. They teach us that the Church is a living organism and that it must change with all things human in the evolutions of history. If we would be true to their heritage we must use it and win fruitage from it. Many in our time, like the unfaithful servant of our Lord's parable, keep their Presbyterianism in a napkin and think they are doing their duty, and they transmit it without change to their successors.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

MR. HOWELLS'S POETRY.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

In the most distant and tender film of memory I keep an impression, wavering and slight, of a journey through Ohio in a heavy Pennsylvania wagon. The road we followed was black and muddy, almost impassable in many places, and the country was but sparsely settled. To my childish eyes the vast beech, hickory, walnut, oak and maple woods were awful and interminable. It is not so many years ago, my father was in his early prime, and we were obeying that unwritten American law which commands a frequent shifting of one's place of abode; in a word, we were moving toward the South, going far down into the drowsy, dreamy, melodious woods of the Cherokee country. It was late in March of an unusually forward spring, and I remember that what were probably claytonias starred the mud with their rose-pink flowers; nevertheless, the country was dreary, sad, sodden, raw, uninteresting, as I now recall it. The farms were stumpy, ragged clearings surrounded by worn fences, and the houses were low, uncouth cabins with not a sign of ornamentation, not even a vine over a doorway; but the soil was rich beyond compare, so freighted with rank elements of fertilization that, indeed, while it was producing such corn and pumpkins and melons and cucumbers as never grew elsewhere in the world, it sent forth all manner of fever-breeding gases and made one enormous ague-cake of the public spleen. There was the mysterious milk-sickness, over in the adjoining neighborhood, and here was the Predestinarian meeting-house. The children were yellow and had white hair; so many were they that, as our wagon trundled by and they ran out to look at us, each cabin appeared to be a school-house or a foundling station. Small chance, one would have said, for a poet to come out of Ohio; but poets have a way, as the sweetest flowers have a way, of coming up in most unpromising places, and of growing in spite of circumstances.

In more senses than one it is, even now, a long step from rural Ohio to the urban heart of Boston; a longer and a far more difficult step than that from a province of Southern France into the shadow of the great Academy in Paris. What this means now does not afford a sense of what it meant thirty years ago. Democracy is a greater leveler than time; it does not level down, it levels up. Ohio has been rising, year by year, since the day when one of her country urchins, having evaded milk-sickness and ague-cake, and grown ruddy and stout instead of yellow and thin, began to read Tennyson in the light of a tallow-dip preparatory to a long and brilliant literary career, with a chief base of operation in the central core of cultured and exclusive Boston. Johnny-cake and stewed pumpkin, turnip-greens and pig-jowl, baked apple and roast potato are not bad food out of which to make good, solid and sound tissue, and the rather austere moral forces engendered where these were plentiful could not fail to fortify character in a most valuable way. A little study at a rural school—in a log school-house, of course—a good deal of loose companionship with Nature, a conglomerate experience covering the whole range of that crude, shrewd, restless life of the semi-

pioneer days, and then the mysterious acquisitions of genius. I am aware that Mr. Howells winces at the word genius, but (tho it were a hot iron) he must be branded with it—he is branded with it. In those first days, when in the delicious bewilderment of a budding self-discovery he began to twitter in the dark, heavy woods of Ohio, he gave evidence of an imagination singularly firm and fine. Sanity is the proper word for my purpose, just here. Perfect sanity marked the creations of this Western poet; they were the offspring of a nature well-poised and sound in its fiber, the children of health. The printing-office, the type-case, the exchanges coming to a country newspaper—we all know something of these; but thirty years ago in Ohio they meant a great deal that they cannot signify today; then they brought odors of Araby to the nostrils of an imaginative boy, they suggested life to him, they gave him thrilling and tantalizing glimpses of Parnassus and of Helicon, they transported him to a high mountain's top and showed to him the kingdoms of earth. But here was a youth as imaginative as any, impressive and impulsive to a degree, and yet not to be confused or cast off his guard, a lad who stood firmly on his feet.

In view of what Mr. Howells has achieved, I can think of no more pleasing and instructive lecture than a reading of his poems. They were written before he was famous, before he had forcibly compressed his literary theories into solid, unchangeable crystals and before he had assumed a fixed attitude under the gaze of the world. Then he was fresh from the region wherein

"Anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
The whole bitter world for a boy";

without a dream in his young head that
"This life of a man's
Could ever be what we know as men."

His poetry was poetry from the first, decidedly thoughtful, engaging, scented and flavored with new and precious elements; wonderful, indeed, viewed as the creation of an unschooled youth who had never yet stepped outside the damp and malarious shadows of the back-woods of the then raw and awkward West. We study such verse, if we are conscientious, with a reverent curiosity, looking for the recipe by which it was made, hoping to find in it a spiritual cipher for unraveling its cunningly woven charm.

Mr. Howells has little fame as a poet, and, for all the world knows, he is glad of it; nevertheless if this were a day when a critic might hope to be heard, it could be shown that a very rare and original genius fell silent when the last of these songs of his was cut short in behalf of a very refined and slender gift for humorous prose which has steadily broadened and strengthened to a volume not to be passed by in any age of literature.

The cult for realism—the vogue which the admirable tact and vigorous courage of Mr. Howells have done the most to engender and foster—has crowded poetry aside. Certain accidental conditions may have shaped the trend of things. Mr. Howells went to Boston to be a poet. Lowell had heard his rich voice and had come upon him in the act of singing; had surprised him in his bush out there on a hillside of Ohio. At that moment the *Atlantic Monthly* was a choir-seat upon whose outer rim were Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson and Holmes, and Lowell was the director, singing as sturdily and as sweetly as any of them. There was a call to be a poet, an attraction, a golden fascination which does not exist now; but there was as well a supremacy already achieved by those elder masters which forbade a hope of success to a mind as sound and judicially correct as that of Howells. The gifted and wise young Westerner saw at once that the public ear would hear no other voices so long as the already famous singers sat in the choir. He uttered a few strong, sweet strains and then stepped down to take up a lowlier task. In going from Ohio to Boston he went by way of Venice, where he resided for several years. He had written a campaign life of Abraham Lincoln, and so had come

to the chair of American Consul at the city of gondolas before he was fairly a man. The transition was extreme in every sense, and a reaction from the influence of the poetic spell was setting in when he returned to New York at the end of his official term. He had married and was the head of a family, with but his pen between him and the common lot of the poor. His native good sense and his well-poised judgment, informed with a good amount of disappointing experience doled out to him by the magazine editors, kept him from attempting to sing out a livelihood. He fell to analyzing the spirit of our century, and came swiftly to the conclusion that poetry is another name for emptiness; that romance is not worth man's notice; that a scientific summary of the palpable, visible and commonplace features of life is the end of true art. His is a rare and sweet imagination, so flexible and elastic that it cheats him like a Jew; it will not let him see the skeleton of pessimism that frames his theory; it keeps him back from a fair view of the ugliness that he is forever burnishing with his faultless style and garlanding with his incomparably genial humor; it has even led him to think himself a realist of the most ultra sort, when in fact he is nothing but a handicapped and restrained poet doing all kinds of wonders with the poorest materials imaginable. I have said that he set out to be a poet; he was amply equipped for the task; moreover he was filled with the true sense of story-telling and knew how to appreciate the tragic element of life. The first poem in his only volume of verse shows what a romance he might make for us if he were a trifle less stubborn. "Avery" is another proof of how far his acquired taste has drifted him away from the central current of his best natural power.

In Mr. Howells's stories, even in the very latest ones, we recognize the quality which makes his poetry good. We do not love any character in all his books; we part from none of them with a pang; we should not shed one tear for the death of any man or woman in his most successful story; and yet at the end of each work we love the author a little better than ever before. This is by the grace of a genius sound and strong and pure; it comes of a compelling force operating through, but not, in the creation. There is little of Howells in his stories; there is all of him in his poems and in his uncritical essays. His personality, as far as an author's personality concerns his art, comes out fine and clear, a most fascinating and lovable apparition on every page that has eluded his conscious, I had almost said self-conscious, devotion to European realism. There is a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde playing through Howells's novels; but in his poems and humorous essays the ugly fellow never shows himself, and it may as well be said once for all, that the ugly fellow is at worst a mere lay figure with no real claim upon his maker. If Howells is a realist, he is the only one whose work has not been an influence for evil of a positive sort. His fiction is as pure as ice. In view of his attitude as a critic this should be considered high praise. It means that the perfect equipoise of character, the fine judicial temperament and the sincerity of the man are not to be overcome by the allurements of a theory with which it delights him to play. Zola and Turgéneff show no such self-command, no such obedience to conscience; they have strained the tether of license. As for Tolstol, he has swung all round the rim from libertinism to the most cloying goody-goodyism, seeking notoriety by every trick known to gambler, pessimist, hermit, mountebank, politician, religious zealot, communist and crazy philanthropist. But no matter what astounding theories Howells has advocated in discussing art, he has never lost his head when it came to doing art. His subjects have been chosen in accordance with his theory; but his work has been done by a method across the world from that theory.

No thoughtful person who reads the poems written in Mr. Howells's youth and young manhood will fail to discover the

source of that beautiful and puzzling fascination which exhales from his writings even when the subjects are too insignificant for serious notice. He is a gilder who was born to his work, and next after making gilding is the chief work of genius. The maker uses pure gold, and, therefore, his work needs no gilt; but Howells long ago turned about and said: "There is no maker. The things have all been made. All that one can do now is to depict what one sees." And so he became a gilder; but what a gilder! Sometimes he makes one forget that gold is better than gilt, so well he tricks out his clay figures in precious but specious tinsel to make them appear real. He tries to deceive himself and us; but now and again we catch him laughing behind his lips at the absurdly whimsical women and droll men he is attempting to palm off as realistic transcripts from life. No one understands better than he how much romance there is in these novels of his, and to him who reads between the lines the delicious irony of his so-called transcripts from Boston life is like a humorous blue light on every page of such books as "A Modern Instance," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham." But in his poetry he did not take the roundabout road to romance. "The Pilot's Story" is as romantic, as picturesque and as tragic as any story ever was, even in the Greek days; it is told with great power and with infinite sympathy. Such a story put into prose and set as it is here set would make the reputation of any young writer. Verse always hampers a story-teller, destroys his freedom; but even in verse, and the most difficult of verse, too, this short, terrible romance of slavery is made tremendously effective. When we come to study it we soon are aware that a fine blending of reality and romance is its secret. The central incident is not a commonplace or usual one, it is an extreme one; but it is framed in with a realistic *entourage* that makes it seem a picture drawn directly and with perfect truth from the very life. Your sympathy is wrought upon both before and after the telling of the story proper, and you are left with a sense of having witnessed and experienced the dark and startling fact so vividly sketched upon your understanding.

Few of Mr. Howells's poems are commonplace; one or two of the earliest show a study of Tennyson; most of them are of a strength and a quality peculiarly striking; all will bear reading in the company of the best poets, and will be good to re-read many times; for in them lives and breathes the soundest, the sweetest, and the most lovable genius of our time; and (what would be pathetic were it not for this sweetness and loveliness) it is impossible for us to regret as we honestly should the success on a lower plane which has forced these poems into obscurity. Whatever may be said of Mr. Howells's extreme notions about Tolstol and Zola and their raw-beef realism, his writings have in them a quality and a force of no ordinary sort, and they reflect a nature as strong, as pure and as true as any now speaking through letters.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

"DRAWING THE COLOR LINE."

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY.

BY A DISINTERESTED SPECTATOR.

ABOUT three years ago Mr. Carl Schurz announced in his pamphlet on "The New South:" "I think it safe to say that whatever atrocities may have happened during that terrible period of sudden transition from one social order to another, the relations between the white and black races are now in progress of peaceful and friendly adjustment; and," he added, building hopes upon his view of the nature of the approaching adjustment—"and that the disappearance of race antagonism on the political field will do more for the safety of the Negro's rights and the improvement of his position in human society than could be done by any intervention of mere power." The three years that have passed since this forecast, have brought us little occasion for self-congratulation upon our progress toward

July 5
so desirable
Cable's ad
rary Review
shown with
depth of sh
ture, on the
American c
children, s
makes them
citizens, p
and, on the
the ruling
political fa
tion to ru
sent but th
itual and
selves." I
been made
lations be
may prom
but it has
of disapp
The young
have had
but a fair
to cherish
to which
part strat
mate asso
with the
constitut
family a
who ente
the fami
and exa
what the
erale i
menial r
by day,
more pr
contact
inherite
the safe
family i
vation o
ed mass
has con
phrase,
only pr
has ma
cable
masses
from s
avenge
tion o
they h
with
which
throug
rated
savag
becom
ually
more
prom
antag
seem
again
ly ev
task
conj
mutu
some
race
sole
vive
A
dur
pre
rath
ecol
Epi
bee
teen
que
bas
me
Dic
the
lin
ver
im
cot
in
ore
the
sio
nu
of
Co
sp
co
th