

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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PERVERTED.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

A LITTLE, innocent, white-winged Cloud
Flew out across the summer sea,
And there was met by a surly crowd
Of Fogs and Tempests. She tried to flee,—

"Now join us," cried a menacing form,
"Or else thy beauty we destroy!"
When back she came with the hosts of storm,
Destruction was her only joy.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

THE REVEALER.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

ACROSS the fog the moon lies fair.
Transfused with ghostly amethyst,
O white night, charm to wonderment
The cattle in the mist.

Thy touch, O grave mysteriarch,
Makes dull, familiar things divine.
Oh, grant of thy revealing gift
Be some small portion mine!

Make thou my vision sane and clear,
That I may see what beauty clings
To common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things!

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

THE STATE AND THE PRISONER.

THE LESSONS OF THE BORDEN TRAGEDY.

I.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It was the morning of a day in June. Only New England gives such days. At five o'clock, as we opened the door of the seaside home, and looked abroad, something more than that picturesque unreality which attends the start for an early journey, filled and flooded the dawn. The opaline haze of the North Shore floated over cliff and harbor outline, and melted on the outer ocean rim. The unown grass, waving like the waves of a green sea, broke at our feet into a foam of daisies, many a thousand of them, white, pure and candid, with strong and steady eyes. They seemed to nod to each other and to regard us with the subtle significance by which Nature observes the episodes or epochs in the history of men. A certain indefinable solemnity, such as marks the extraordinary from the ordinary day filled the earth and sky. From Rockport to Provincetown, nay, from Berkshire to Essex, Massachusetts stirred and listened. Beyond the knowledge of our most thoughtful, beyond the sympathies of our most tender, and outside the wisdom of our most just, the honor of the Commonwealth lay trembling and at stake in the advancing hours of that summer dawn.

Thinking thus, for our hearts were full; knee-deep in the rich, wet grass, which no barbaric lawn-mower is allowed to shave before our door, we waded, gathering the white field daisies. "She," we said, "may like them."

All the way, on the little journey, the same significant pronoun filled the air. From Cape Ann to Cape Cod, two words, from the lips of crowding travelers, easily outcounted all others. These two were She and Her.

As the carriage drew up in front of the old New Bedford Court House, the breath came fast and the eyes grew dim. To such a place, on such an errand, the feet of this traveler had never been led, and the nature of the experience was something suffocating, for the moment. But such a scene has never before occurred in Massa-

chusetts within the memory of my day. It is not too much to say that the greatest legal event of this generation, in the history of our State, was enacting within the severe walls of that little, shaded Court House, in that quiet, decorous city, on that June day.

I looked at the daisies in my arms. I thought of the waves on the shore, the mist on the downs, the birds in air, the homes awakening and opening to life, the men and women going to and fro as their wills led them, unguided, unquestioned, trusted, honored, free.

And there, a woman—among all those men who, without voice or will of hers, do make and execute the laws for her—she stands; for ten months the prisoner of their suspicion and their power—a girl; on trial for her life.

The sturdy voice of the eminent defending counsel, indifferent to interruption, or to opposition, and singularly quiet, colloquial and assured, talks to that jury as if he had those twelve men in his office, or in his library, and had a point to clinch with them, as to their agreement in which he feels a scarcely estimable doubt.

A man who reads his jury is too adroit to waste rhetoric on the wrong material. An opportunity unequalled in our time, for the delivery of a great forensic oration was presented to that man that day. He simply put it behind him and talked straight on. That is a thoughtless view of the situation which presumes that he did not deliberately elect this course—a professional sacrifice—for the client's practical interests, and in keen-sighted adaptation to the twelve men upon whose moral and intellectual temperaments the life of the woman hung.

There she sits: honest in the large, blue eyes; candid in the firm-set lips; gentle in voice, refined in manner—clearly, a lady; for ten months the prisoner of her native State; a quiet, home-staying girl; of simple tastes and ordinary occupations; known to be thoughtful of the feelings of others; an affectionate sister, a dutiful and loving daughter, a generous girl, interested in the little benevolences of neighborhood and church, a girl of good works, and of prayer, and of a spotless name; torn from the fresh grave of a murdered father, in the first dull bewilderment of her grief, before a week had passed over her mourning head, blazoned to the world as a parricide, and flung into the common jail; there to lie, denied liberty or trial, among the condemned and the vile, carrying herself all this horrible while without shrieks or anathema or hysteria, almost without tears—patiently, with well-bred gentleness, meekness, and with religious trust.

The heart writhes as it asks: How has she borne it? Well said one of the officers for the prosecution, that her courage and self-possession—he called it her "coolness"—had "challenged the amazement of the world."

There is, in the German army what is called the "iron ration." It has been described as "the soldier's food in a preserved shape, and not to be opened except in an extreme case of necessity; as, for instance, on a forced march preceding a battle." The chemical composition of this substance is not open to the public. It is only when undergoing the unendurable that the German soldier touches his lips to his iron ration.

Explain it as you will or how you may, this young woman has lived for the past terrible year upon the iron ration. One who has suffered sorely with her put the case with the sweet reasonableness which is one aspect of the Puritan mind, when she said: "It is only doing what *has got to be done*."

It is impossible for the memory of one present at that scene to forget that by far the most blasted face in that court room in those two final days was not the prisoner's; nor her poor sister's; but that of the prosecuting officer who, in the name of official duty, had staked more than it is necessary to define here upon the conviction of this girl. His eyes wavered about the court room, seeming to seek sympathy which he seemed not to find. As he sat there, pale, set of jaw and dreary of eye, relentless, powerful and isolate, he may have been said to represent the inherent strength and weakness of human law. Justice, as the event proves, he did not represent. Let us hope that he meant to. It is not the purpose of this paper to question the motives of any individual of the prosecuting officers concerned in this shocking arraignment. With sympathies and convictions unshaken from the first breath of suspicion to the last syllable of acquittal, in favor of the accused—of whom, though she is a stranger to me, I have never known

an hour's doubt—I am still willing to believe that the legal authorities who have blighted her life, believed themselves to be doing their duty. The most fatal mistakes of human experience are made in that sacred and unassailable name.

The scene at the acquittal of the accused, on Tuesday, the twentieth of June, was one commensurate with the gravity and the greatness of the case. Our tottering faith in the jury system received a temporary reinforcement when those twelve farmers and provincial business men filed back into that breathless court room, and every man of them turned his kind eyes upon the prisoner, to reassure her, before the verdict came.

That was a noble impulse of the foreman, who is said to have interrupted the Court, and shouted, "Not guilty!" till the old Hall of Justice rang. Those were manly tears that wet the faces of the eminent judges on the bench. Hear the sobs that convulse the people, and the cries of joy that rend the air! That was a thrilling instant when the girl fell, like a statue toppled, crashing her head upon the rail of the prisoner's dock—yielding to joy the sign of feminine nerve that had not been surrendered to anguish; and granting to relief what torture had not been able to wring from her. That was a choking moment when the jury walked up to her and every man of them shook her trembling hand, and received her womanly blessing. I do not envy the soul of the spectator whose eyes did not swim when the fatherly Governor, her distinguished counsel, put his face beside her broken one upon the rail and tried to raise the poor girl to her feet again before the world.

Lawyers are not the class of people best qualified to explain the lessons which this unique tragedy teaches. Loyalty to the guild and the essential conservatism of the judicial temperament bind the fillet upon the legal eye. It is holden, that it doth not see. The first vision must start from without. Yet the reform, when it comes, must come from within, and will come right manfully, I make no doubt, as soon as our judicial powers perceive the need of it, in the form of "evidence." Law is radically, and of necessity, the least progressive of the higher professions. Medicine is given over to-day to some of the most daring revolutions that have ever rent the science, and its leaders vie with each other to discard the accepted and accept the unexpected. Theology—where is theology?

But English Law, hoary with her many hundred years of acquisition and of authority; Law, the last to admit that she is, or can be wrong, and the last to perceive when the time comes for her to say so—the turn of the Law has come. Progressive changes so great, so serious, morally so imperative, and intellectually so reasonable, are urging upon her that she cannot, if she would, withstand them long. Certain aspects of the moral demand for legal reform will be considered further in the columns of this paper.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S CRIME.

BY BISHOP ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

THE Governor of Illinois has made a distinct and very large contribution to the worst of all the criminal forces of this country. Under oath to enforce law he has poured contempt upon law. Bound in honor and conscience to preserve order, he has done the most possible to him, at this time, to promote disorder.

The smallest part of this evil deed of Illinois's chief executive is the liberation of the three anarchist-murderers. The return of these three ruffians to society is, compared with other evils that grow out of Governor Altgeld's criminal interference with justice, a very small thing. The encouragement it gives to the whole Anarchist population of the country and the discouragement it brings to faithful officers of the law, is an immeasurable evil.

Most and Schwab and their kind rejoice savagely and praise the Governor exuberantly. Almost as significant is Carter Harrison's characterization of this ill-timed and miserable interference with law as "a rightful act of mercy."

Of the officers of the law, who brought the pardoned miscreants to justice, Most says: "Now is the time; they ought to be hanged at once." And his neighbor and ally, Schwab, the New York beer-seller, says:

water bowl on the other. If the latter happened to be empty and she was thirsty, she put her minute paw inside and shook it. Whenever we journeyed we took her along, and she always behaved with the dignity and propriety which belonged to her Yorkshire ancestry. Gyp was so handsome and so *barkless* that she drew a general admiration. I do not forget the first journey with her into the country, or her first flea. The children in the house went daily to the water side to play and paddle in the water, and I carried her there often. It distracted her with delight to be with them. With every run and rush she followed to the water's edge, but the touch of it on her paws so dismayed her that she could only stand and watch in sorrowful silence till another rush up the beach, and so *da capo*. A bath was a terror to my dogs. Perhaps they felt how much their beauty depended upon their fluffiness. Gyp, dripping from her bath, was simply abject; and for the moment all her vanity was washed out of her.

In that country place Gyp received her only insult. Going down the village street I met one of the inhabitants, who stopped before me. "Will you tell me what that thing is you carry about so; it is hideous." I could not make him believe that I did not agree with him in thinking it was the "ugliest little beast that ever was." It was no matter, I reflected; since I had been laughed at there for picking and eating "toadstools," and for inquiring of the butcher if he had in his cart sweetbreads, a delicacy unknown as an article of food, it was not so strange my darling should be sneered at. It was some satisfaction to hear that the man who derided Gyp was ill soon after.

Gyp had been with me a year or more when Nony came. Harmony was established at once, and altho Nony was larger and stronger, Gyp ruled her. Their meals were partaken from two dishes by the dining table. When the bell rang they accompanied us downstairs, step by step, as members of the family. If we had dinner company, and shut them up, they howled so fearfully, and whined so pitifully, that somebody, secretly, let them out.

There were differences of temper and traits. Gyp had a temper, while Nony was perfectly amiable.

Where Gyp was selfish, and jealous (principally of children), Nony was yielding and indifferent; consequently Gyp not only got the best of everything, but somehow appeared more attractive. Both slept at the foot of my bed, Nony contented to stay there, because, like the widowed farmer, she had to be; for if she attempted to work her way under the bedclothes to the head of the bed, Gyp, meaning sooner or later to be there herself, either under my shoulder blade or the small of my back, relegated her to the foot.

Despite their royal lineage, a strain of vulgarity was apparent in their way of chasing the vagrant cats which infested our yard, and snapping at and catching flies, liking also to leave their elegant cushioned quarters in the house, to nose in the grass, to sprawl in the hot sun, or to scratch in the dirt, like ordinary curs.

I remember but one incident which proved capacity for reason and reflection. I sent them to the yard one morning while at work in the library upstairs; presently Gyp came in with a bone in her mouth, running with all her might to the bookcase near me; she put it underneath and trotted out without noticing me; in a moment she came back and carried off the bone by another door. While wondering at her odd behavior, Nony galloped in and went directly to the spot where Gyp had put the bone and, of course, not finding it, went out again. I went in search of the bone and saw it under my bed. Why did Gyp bring a bone upstairs, a thing she never did before? How did Nony guess where Gyp had first placed the bone, and then why did Gyp hide the bone in another place? What had transpired between them previously? It was like an incident with human children. They had the curiosity of children; when the doorbell rang and they were upstairs, they ran into the hall, poked their heads through the banisters and waited to see what was to happen. Many a time have I come in to see Gyp's little head and Nony's yellow one thrust out as far as they dared. If kept out of the parlor, when company came, they were perfectly miserable; and every cunning endeavor was made to get there.

The boy of the house discovered that they could play hide-and-seek, the hide on one side, the seek on the other. When we were in the mood—for the elders enjoyed the play as spectators—the doors on the upper floor were thrown open for various places of concealment. When the whoop was given, the dogs started, with frantic cries, to find the boy, which they always did, whether he was on the top of the table; under bedclothes, wrapped in the fold of a curtain, covered under chairs, jammed in closet shelves, or tucked in among my gowns, he was discovered, to their infinite delight.

So long had they been uniformly well, playful and happy, that we could scarcely persuade ourselves that a change had come over them. But it was true; they no longer had playing bouts, but slept instead; there was a roughened, lusterless look about their coats, a dimmed beauty.

I missed Gyp one morning from the bed, and I heard a sharp cry from some corner she had retreated to, a cry as if something had caught her she could not escape

from; but, as she appeared as usual through the day, I forgot the cry. As I was going out in the afternoon she followed me to the door and entreated me to take her out; but I forced her back. When I returned the boy of the house met me. "Gyp has been very ill," he said. And I knew she was dead—dead, as I had been told she would die, of heart failure. We mourned for her long; but we still had Nony, who now was very quiet. It was affecting to note the absolute love she felt for the master of the house. If he was away for a few hours she met him with cries of joy, and if absent a few days her passionate emotion overwhelmed her, he must hold her against his breast to quiet her. It was not long before we saw that her eyes were changing, and we were told she would become blind. We wondered if it was true that dogs of her breed went blind if their eyes were not shaded by the hair falling over them, and Nony's eyes were entirely uncovered, while Gyp's were entirely hid. She did grow totally blind, but she was the same gentle, loving creature, and I believe happy; for she went up and down stairs, and about the house without injury to herself, she chased the cats by hearing, or by smell, and she slept prone in the sunshine. No outsider would have thought her blind.

We were destined to lose her; showing no ailment, it was evident that she failed. As the time approached, no human being ever resisted death as she did; she no longer gave or responded to endearments, the invisible enemy absorbed her. It was days before she succumbed; even when too weak to walk without falling constantly she would not lie down, and when she could not step she sat up, with head erect, as if she were facing what we could not see; and at last, when she lay prone, her head was raised till it went quietly down with her last breath. I kept her with me through it all, and trust I shall not be laughed at when I say her death made an impression which I shall not forget; but I think the memories of companionship with those loving and intelligent creatures will not suffice to make me take the chance again of so much grief and pain.

NEW YORK CITY.

PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGY IN AMERICA.

THE OLD SCHOOL THEOLOGY.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

THE history of Presbyterian theology in America is synchronous with the history of New England theology, and passed through a similar conflict between a conservative and a progressive tendency, respectively called "Old Lights" and "New Lights," or "Old School" and "New School." Owing to the closer ecclesiastical organization of Presbyterianism this conflict resulted more than once in a split, but also in a reunion. The Old and New School are two rival sisters which cannot live without each other. The one preserves the good in the past and moderates the rate of speed; the other pushes hopefully forward into new fields of discovery and research. A ship requires heavy ballast to keep it steady, and steam and wind to drive it ahead.

Jonathan Dickinson (1688-1747) is the first notable theologian of the American Presbyterian Church. He was of Puritan stock, the grandson of one of the first settlers of Connecticut, and educated at Yale College. In 1706 he became pastor at Elizabethtown. In connection with his ministry he practiced medicine. He joined the Philadelphia Presbytery in 1717 and helped to frame the Adopting Act of 1729, which made the Westminster Confession of Faith the standard of Presbyterian orthodoxy, but with an important limitation to its "essential and necessary articles." He took a leading part in the controversy between the "Old Side," or "Old Lights," and the "New Side," or "New Lights," which led to a division into the Synod of Philadelphia and the Synod of New York in 1741, lasting till 1758, when the schism was healed. He sided with the "New Lights." He was one of the founders and the first president of Nassau Hall, or the College of New Jersey which was opened at Elizabethtown in 1747, and removed to Princeton in 1757.

Dickinson was a contemporary of Jonathan Edwards, his second successor in the presidency of the College of New Jersey, and, like him, took a leading part in the great revival conducted by Whitefield and Gilbert Tennent. He was less metaphysical, but equally earnest and practical, and made Calvinistic theology a converting agency.

His chief theological work is a defense of the five knotty points of Calvinism in five discourses, on Election, Original Sin, Irresistible Grace, Justification by Faith and Perseverance of Saints. He regarded the five points indorsed by the Synod of Dort against Arminianism as a "golden chain, which extends from everlasting to everlasting and connects a past and future eternity, which takes its rise in God's foreknowledge and eternal purpose of grace to the elect and reaches through their vocation and justification on earth into their eternal glorification in Heaven."

At a joint meeting of the Synods of New York and Philadelphia, held in Philadelphia, May, 1788—the year after the framing of the Federal Constitution of the United States—the ecclesiastico-political articles of the Westminster Confession were changed and conformed to the separation of Church and State. This was a most

important departure from original Calvinism, and the Synods of Dort and Westminster, which held to a union of ecclesiastical and civil government and the implied principle of religious persecution.

I. THE OLD SCHOOL THEOLOGY.

The founding of the theological seminary at Princeton by the General Assembly in 1812 (four years after the founding of the seminary at Andover) marks a new epoch in the history of Presbyterian Calvinism. This seminary was singularly favored for two generations by two illustrious divines, who, with their sons and successors, determined its character for a long period, and by their writings as well as their pure and noble lives made a lasting impression upon the Presbyterian Churches, and, we may say, upon American Christianity at large.

Dr. Archibald Alexander (1772-1851), a Virginian by birth, was the first professor of systematic theology and the father of what, since about 1832, has been called "Princeton Theology," which was developed into a system by his colleague and successor, Dr. Charles Hodge (1797-1878), and popularized by the latter's son and successor, Archibald Alexander Hodge (1833-1886).

The elder Hodge studied in Germany at the time when Rationalism was still prevailing in the universities, but was not affected by it. He notices modern German opinions mostly to oppose them.

The Princeton theology is a scholarly, logical, luminous and warm-hearted reproduction of the Calvinism of the seventeenth century as laid down in the Westminster Standards, and more particularly in the Institutes of the elder Turretin, and in the Helvetic Consensus Formula.

The Helvetic Consensus is the latest and most orthodox of the Calvinistic Confessions, but its authority was confined to Switzerland and of short duration. It was prepared in 1675, by Johann Heinrich Heidegger, of Zürich (1633-1698) in connection with François Turretin of Geneva (1623-1887) and Lucas Gernler, of Basel (1625-1675), and signed by the clergy of Zürich, Bern, Basel and Schaffhausen, but not printed till 1714, and soon afterward subscription to it was abolished in Switzerland, chiefly through the influence of the younger Turretin.

This document deals with theological questions raised after the death of Calvin and Beza. It is directed against the liberal Calvinism of the School of the Academy of Saumur in France, which flourished from 1598 till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. It teaches verbal inspiration against Louis Cappel (Capellus, d. 1658), particular election in opposition to the hypothetical universalism of Amyraut (Amyraldus, d. 1664), and immediate imputation of Adam's sin, against mediate imputation, taught by Joshua de la Place (Placcus, d. 1655).

The Swiss Formula extends verbal inspiration even to the Hebrew vowel points, or at least their force and significance (*potestas*), and meant to assert also the divine preservation of the Bible text so as to supersede the necessity of biblical criticism, which was feared as a dangerous science, undermining the authority of an infallible Bible against an infallible Pope.

Dr. Hodge does not go quite so far; he knows well enough that the Hebrew vowels cannot be traced beyond the sixth century after Christ; he allows more room for the human agency in the composition of Scripture; he even admits a few minor defects as (to use his illustration) "here and there a speck of sandstone may be found in marble of the Parthenon." But he asserts nevertheless the plenary inscription of words as well as thoughts, and says that "inspiration is not confined to moral and religious truths, but extends to the statements of facts, whether scientific, historical or geographical."

The theory of a literal inspiration and inerrancy was not held by the Reformers, has no foundation in the Bible itself, and exposes it to unanswerable objections. It is inconsistent with known facts which are truths. It cannot be claimed for any of the numerous translations of the Bible, which are confessedly imperfect and yet convey to the reader the word of God for all practical purposes; nor for the Hebrew text, which in its present form is of late rabbinical origin and presents many variations; nor for the Septuagint, which often differs from the Hebrew text, and yet is usually quoted by our Lord and the Apostles; nor for the Greek Testament with its many thousands of discordant readings which have come to light since the seventeenth century with the discovery and examination of manuscripts, versions and patristic quotations. It could therefore only apply to the original autographs, which nobody has seen since the days of the Apostles.

Since God made no provision for infallible transcribers, translators and printers of the Bible, we must infer that verbal inspiration is not necessary. Inspiration and dictation must not be confounded; the former is a free spiritual, the latter, a mechanical process.

Our faith in the Bible, as containing the very word of the living God and as the infallible guide in all matters of faith and practice, rests on its intrinsic value, and is independent of any human theory of inspiration. As Dr. Hodge well says, "theories are of men, truth is of God."

In some important respects, the Princeton Theology marks an advance and improvement upon the polemic orthodoxy of the seventeenth century. Dr. Hodge is free from narrow and uncharitable bigotry. He claims

that his theology is "distinctly Christological," and quotes with approbation the words which Neander wrote in his album in Greek: "Nothing in ourselves, all things in the Lord, whom alone to serve is a glory and a joy"; adding, "These words our old professors would have inscribed in letters of gold over the portals of this seminary, there to remain in undiminished brightness as long as the name of Princeton lingers in the memory of man."

He differed from the traditional prejudice against Romanism, and had the courage to oppose by convincing arguments the decision of the Old School General Assembly held at Cincinnati in 1845, which by a vote of 169 to 8 out-popped the Pope by unchurching the oldest and largest Church of Christendom in declaring Roman Catholic baptism invalid.

The most important change refers to the number of the saved. Hodge holds the liberal views first advocated by Zwingle, and adopted by Arminians, Quakers, Baptists and Methodists, that all infants dying in infancy are saved, and closes his dogmatic work with the sentence that the number of those who are ultimately lost "is very inconsiderable as compared with the whole number of the saved."

The Southern theologians James H. Thornwell (1812-1862), Robert J. Breckinridge (1800-1871) and Robert L. Dabney (b. 1820) teach, independently, the same system of Calvinism, except on the question of imputation.

Dr. William G. T. Shedd, professor at Andover, and afterward at Union Seminary, New York (b. 1820, resigned 1890), represents a different type of Old School Calvinism with great ability, logical severity, and in classical English. He adheres strictly to the pessimistic Augustinian anthropology and the Westminster Confession. He is a Calvinist pure and simple, without any concessions to Arminianism or modern theology. He advocates the infralapsarian scheme; the decree of reprobation as the necessary corollary of the decree of election; the distinction between the secret and the revealed will of God in his offering salvation to all men, while he really means to make it effectual for only the elect. He teaches (herein differing from Augustin, but in harmony with the Westminster Standards) the perfect sanctification of believers at their death, and their immediate passage into glory, and thus obliterates, or at least minimizes, the distinction between the middle state before and the final state after the resurrection.

So far there is no difference between Shedd and Hodge. They also agree in mitigating the older Protestant eschatology by "the larger hope" of the salvation of the vast majority of men, including all infants dying in infancy. This is a triumph of the Christian heart over the cold logic of the intellect.

But there is a material difference in the philosophy and anthropology of these two distinguished divines. Dr. Hodge is a nominalist and a creationist. Dr. Shedd is a realist and a traducianist. Dr. Shedd makes, with Augustin, a real distinction between the generic human nature and the individual man, and assumes that the whole race existed and fell in Adam and actually participated in his sin and guilt; while Dr. Hodge defends the Cocceius, the federal, view that Adam by divine appointment acted as the representative head in behalf of his posterity, which did not yet exist except in the divine purpose. Dr. Shedd accounts for the propagation of sin by the Tertullian theory of traducianism, or the transmission of body and soul by natural generation, instead of ascribing the origin of each human soul to a creative act of God. His view furnishes a more rational ground for personal responsibility and for what he calls "the sinfulness of original sin," but involves all the difficulties of the Augustinian theory.

NEW YORK CITY.

LANE SEMINARY THEN AND NOW.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

DURING the closing days of last month the newspapers contained telegrams from Cincinnati which stated that, on account of the recent troubles in the Presbyterian Church, the famous old Lane Theological Seminary was threatened with dissolution.

This is not the first crisis that this venerable institution has encountered, and through which it has passed successfully. I was vividly reminded of this fact to-day when I chanced on a little pamphlet, yellow with age, hidden away in a Long Island library. Its title read, "A Statement of the Reasons which Induced the Students of Lane Seminary to Dissolve their Connection with that Institution." The pamphlet was published at Cincinnati in 1834, in the early youth of the Seminary. Its antiquity is also revealed by this notice on the title-page: "One printed sheet, postage, 100 miles, 4 cents; over 100 miles, 6 cents."

In his "Random Recollections," my father, who was one of the signers of the "Statement," thus explains its origin:

"We had a great antislavery debate at Lane Seminary and formed a society during the fall of 1834. Proslavery trustees required that we should dissolve it. We refused to do so. They then passed arbitrary rules in respect to discussion and even conversation on the subject of slavery at the Seminary. A goodly portion of us, who were not to be thus throttled, left. It was a heavy blow to the Semina-

ry, which hardly regained its feet for the next six years. I was on the committee that issued an address in vindication of our course. It produced a profound impression."

This account—also taken from "Random Recollections"—of my father's first antislavery speech, will show how the subject was agitating the students of Lane, and explains in part the action of the trustees condemned in the "Statement":

"In the summer of 1832, I was passing through the hall of the seminary, and saw on the bulletin board of my club that the question for debate that evening was this: 'If the slaves of the South were to rise in insurrection, would it be the duty of the North to aid in putting it down?' I glanced at the board, and never dreamed there would be more than one side to the question, and that the negative. When the hot evening came, to my surprise everybody arranged themselves in the affirmative part of the room except myself. As it afterward came to pass that this was the beginning of my life work, and lent color to my whole future existence, I shall be pardoned for a few personal details. This was in the midst of the Southampton insurrection in Virginia, when Nat. Turner, a deluded Negro, had raised an insurrection which made the cheek of the ancient Dominion turn pale and its knees smite together in terror. As the only person on my side of the pending debate, I had the privilege of waiting till all my opponents were through before I spoke. I first divested myself of my cravat, then of my coat, then of my vest. As the debate went on, and the perspiration started from me in unwonted streams, I repaired to my room, took off my boots, put on my slippers and returned to the club. I never spoke with more fervor and satisfaction for three-quarters of an hour than on that occasion. This was my first antislavery speech."

The pamphlet contains twenty-eight finely printed pages, and is a well-written appeal in favor of abolitionism, tho the style is a little sophomoric. The following anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was then at the head of the Seminary, and who, by the way, was tried in this same year for heresy, deserves to be quoted:

"At the close of the last term Dr. Beecher invited the students of the Seminary to take tea with him, together with the professors and their families, and some gentlemen from the city. When the company was assembled, the doctor expressed his regret to some of us, and has frequently done it since, that our colored brother, James Bradley, was not present; and said, if he had dreamed of his being absent, he would have gone himself and insisted upon his coming."

This Bradley was born in Africa, had been a slave in South Carolina, and, at the time of the publication of the "Statement," which he signed, was a member of the Seminary. Of the fifty other names appended to the document, several became, later, more or less famous in the abolition agitation then in its bud. Among these may be mentioned James A. Thorne, Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio; Calvin Waterbury, Amos Dresser, Charles P. Bush; George Whipple, of New Jersey, who, if I am not mistaken, married subsequently a near relative of Daniel Webster; Hiram Wilson, Asa A. Stone, Theodore D. Weld, after whom, perhaps, I may be permitted to say, I was named, and my father, Henry B. Stanton.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

ENGLISH NOTES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

THE action brought and won against the *National Review* will have an interest for magazine writers. A contributor sent his article which was returned to him in print for correction. Then it seems he manifested some impatience, not unusual with his class to have his paper published. No one who has written anything, even if it be a "History of the Visigoths," is free from the delusion that promptitude of publication is essential, "since the subject is just now attracting an unusual interest." The editor, it seems, got annoyed, relations became strained, and he returned the contribution. This also is not unusual, for unfortunately impatience has not always the good effect it had on the unjust judge. "Rather than be bothered like this," he seems to have said to himself, "I will not publish the man's manuscript at all"; and he sent it back to him. But the Court decided that by printing the manuscript he had "exercised a right of ownership" in it, and he has therefore had to pay his contributor at the usual rate.

We have Lord Byron's word for it that that very "fiery particle" a poet's mind, can be extinguished by an unfavorable article; but it would be strange to find the result achieved by a rejected one. Yet a journalist has actually tried to commit suicide by reason of editorial depreciation. He had had continual literary disappointments, and the last manuscript that came back to him by Parcel Post broke, so to speak, the camel's back. This young gentleman (for he is only twenty-three) has evidently mistaken his profession. For a man to take up literature, who cannot bear rejections, is like one who would be a surgeon and yet faints at the sight of blood. The early life of even our eminent men of letters is almost always strewn with them like leaves in Vallombrosa, and, for the most part, no more than leaves he regards them. Indignation he may feel, but not despondency, and if he thinks of shooting anybody, it is the fastidious editor and not himself. Even if he is a weak writer, as one is afraid must be the case with this unfortunate youth, your rejected contributor has generally a

high opinion of his own talents, and it takes a very long series of denials to convince him that the Temple of Fame will never be open to him.

The popular notion that all mankind "clings to life" has received a remarkable contradiction in the last annual report of suicides in France. This crime is increasing by leaps and bounds, but the most noteworthy and deplorable part of it is the mature age at which it is committed. When men are young and reckless, prone to give way to impulse and impatient of disaster, it is not so strange that on even what seems comparatively slight grounds they should put an end to themselves. Fifty youths under sixteen, and two hundred and forty two between that age and twenty-one are alarming figures. Of girls "Sad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery, Swift to be hurled," there is, alas, a large return; but the numbers of both victims sink into insignificance before those of their elders. No less than 2,008 men of more than sixty years of age, and 486 women have left life "by the open door." One would have thought that, having borne with it so long, they might have endured it to the end. These melancholy figures seem more calculated to confirm the views of the pessimists than any arguments culled from their philosophy.

Some medical gentlemen are asking the question whether the children of drunkards, tho themselves abstainers, ought to be allowed to wed. This is a "restriction" upon marriage which will be a novelty indeed to the lawyers, and may be called out-Heroding heredity. If people are only to marry who have blameless ancestors the difficulty of over-population will certainly soon disappear; but it will cause a good deal of inconvenience. Drunkenness generally skips a generation; gout is apt to be derived from an indirect ancestor, and comes at you like the knight's move in chess; and eccentricity descends, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "all over the shop." It is well known that geniuses make very indifferent fathers of families, so that the whole matrimonial market seems in a bad way.

Crossing a railway in England is always a little dangerous, but the risk of doing so in Russia seems to be very much more serious. The danger, it is true, is only on the days when the Imperial Family is on the move; but as the papers abstain for well-known reasons from announcing the fact, it is impossible to be aware of it. "All along the line, at intervals of a few hundred yards, sentries are placed with strict orders to shoot" at any one they see upon it. Conceive what the state of things would be if, whenever the Queen goes to Balmoral or pays a flying visit to town, any one taking a short cut to his residence, were liable to be "potted" by a sentry!

A curious, but not unprecedented, crime has been of late frequently committed in Birmingham. A wretch has been going about striking women with some sharp instrument and inflicting painful wounds. What possible satisfaction can be derived from such an act of cruelty is inconceivable. Yet exactly a hundred years ago society in London was greatly excited and alarmed by an offender of the same type. This was Renwick Williams, surnamed "the Monster," who, after a long course of such offenses, was caught and tried before Mr. Justice Bullen. There was plenty of evidence against him, and in those days there was very little sentiment to mitigate severity of punishment; but the statute under which he was indicted was so absurdly worded that it required the intention of the offender to "cut, tear and spoil the garment" as well as to wound the victim, and this it was held had not been proved, so that Mr. Renwick Williams got off with the slight punishment that is attached to a misdemeanor.

A philosopher has been explaining in the *Nineteenth Century* why people read novels. It is, he says, "because being discontented with their environment, they find relief in contemplating an ideal society, where tedium is unknown and disappointment is generally averted." This is a great compliment to novels, in which, one regrets to say, tedium in many cases is by no means unknown, and where disappointment, under the present pessimism which rules the nature of fiction, almost always concludes the story. Persons, however, who are not philosophers will be as surprised as the gentleman was who found he had been talking prose all his life, to learn that they had such excellent reasons for subscribing to a circulating library. They were under the impression that they read novels because they liked them. I suppose it is only fair since fiction is meddling with philosophy, that philosophy should meddle with fiction; but the result is in neither case more satisfactory than might have been expected.

A Vienna paper announces a theft of stage dresses from a theater which compelled all the actors to appear in their ordinary costume. This is not quite so bad, however, as the disappearance of an actor himself. A very famous one once undertook to take part in a certain amateur performance at Richmond, but as he had to act the same evening in the first piece at the Haymarket, as Lord Fopling, he had not much time to lose. He accordingly stepped into a four-wheeled cab in his stage attire and used the vehicle on his way to Waterloo as a dressing room, taking out of his carpetbag the smock frock and gaiters, in which he was to play his rôle later on. He had not a minute to spare, and throwing his fare to the cabman, was about to rush into the booking office, when he found himself pinioned from behind;