

# The Independent.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

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## The Independent.

For Table of Contents, see Page 16.

### UPON READING "THE LIFE AND LETTERS" OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THERE'S not a page but glows with vital breath;  
Nor scarce a line which does not seem to start  
With quick pulsations of a living heart,  
Above the touch, beyond the taint of death.  
See! even the letters of his liquid name  
Flash as we gaze, and take the hues of flame;  
Of flame made rhythmic, brightening while it  
sings.

A life was his, which wrought from toilful care  
Strength for ascension to diviner air;  
Which plucked the rose of hope from thorned  
despair.

A fate was his, upbowed by tireless wings  
Of aspiration, with the charm of powers,  
Unvanquished by the songs of Syren Hours.  
What if sleep-shadowed, restful, his worn dust  
Earth (tender mother!) holds in sacred trust;  
The man's true life, his passion and his pain,  
His rapture, glory, and august desire,  
His patient brain, and soul of fragrant fire,  
In love's supreme memorial breathe again!

GERMANTOWN, GA.

### QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

EGO!

I FEEL that I am a Self—my Self, apart from  
my fellows;  
Somehow a specialized Thing—individual-  
formed;  
Not just tissue and blood, nerve and sinew and  
muscle.  
These are altered and lost, battered and lopped  
away;  
They are alive, indeed, and grow, and follow  
their functions,  
Flexible under my will; still, independent of  
me.  
My eyes may be both struck blind, my right arm  
numbed for a lifetime;  
Still my Being is sound—sees, develops, and  
moves.  
Flesh, moreover, is dust, and returns to the earth  
and the ocean,  
Grass and vapor and drift. I shall not be any of  
those.  
Then is my character Self? That, too, is only a  
servant,  
Simply qualities, powers, put in my hands to  
use.  
Is not a common coin given to me and my neigh-  
bor,  
Differing but in degree, balancing, less and  
more?  
I have no definite claim to mortgage a vice or a  
virtue.  
These are merely my tools; so I must work as I  
can.

Indestructible Earth is lent to me as a body,  
Molded into a shape that it never has worn be-  
fore.

Indestructible mind is likewise lent for a ses-  
sion;  
Part of a flexible Life—the life of the universe.  
I say that this Spirit serves; but often it breaks  
in rebellion,  
Proving, by conscious steps, wholly divided from  
me.

Does it not revel at night in dreams that are sick  
and distorted?  
Lead me in dangerous paths when I am passive  
with Sleep?

Vex me with hideous shapes and thoughts I  
never would harbor,  
Draining my life and will, sucking my brain like  
a leech?

How when I lie confused and waste in the heat  
of the fever?

Am I responsible then for its meaningless bab-  
ble and noise?  
How when I trifle with drugs and drift away  
into darkness?  
Pray, did I choose or conceive of the intimate  
horror I meet?  
Go to Blackwell's, and watch how the grim, in-  
describable faces  
Show that intrinsic Self easily loses control!  
Then there is something else? To every creature  
his genius!  
Something immortally his, governing passion and  
will;  
Stronger than attributes are, stronger than any  
sensation;  
Not to be forced into words, not apprehended in  
full.  
Body and Spirit, I hold, serve me, and are not my  
Being.  
What is essentially Me? Answer the riddle who  
can.

### "ENTISAGEN."

Renounce? Is it even so? We do; we can.  
It's old; it's 't' th' blood o' the race  
We have renounced; in short, heroic ways.  
Genius to Sex, the Woman to the Man!  
Demand? Of life? Of time? We will; we  
must.  
Dying, in poverty, in distress,  
We ask—not just existence—Happiness!  
Sound meat, strong liquor, with the beggar's  
crust.

He who seeks most, foregoes all else for this,  
Resigning many things, yet more to miss.  
He who renounces most, he most demands  
Of Self, of Destiny, at others' hands.  
Choose what we will, and what we will forsake,  
We pay the appointed price for all we take.

### THEN?

With me endeavor barren dies—  
Unbalanced Nature wronged my blood.  
In him the fortunate heaven lies  
And all things verge to final good.

I brought the beggars to my door;  
The sick were healed, the hungry fed.  
Now, when a famine grinds the poor,  
Behold! they turn to him for bread.

My neighbors greet him on the way;  
Their eyes seek his, electric, free.  
How one such look would years repay;  
But such a look is not for me.

His are large force and virile speech;  
My goods I waste, my youth I spend;  
And when success is close in reach  
One hurried step destroys the end.

His will prevails that right be done;  
I also fight, the victory miss.  
He earns the manly issue won;  
I never earned defeat like this.

At last, when no more failure is,  
And all accounts are balanced true,  
How will my fate be weighed with his,  
And life made just between us two?

SKY FARM, DUNSTON CO., MASS.

### A NUREMBERG HOME.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

OUR apartments are on the market-place,  
one of the many picturesque and lively  
spaces in dear old Nuremberg. The way  
we go up and down to our rooms is tortu-  
ous enough to satisfy the most circuitous  
politician. We enter through a broad,  
folding street door, heavily hung with old  
brass mountings. This brings us into a  
court, where a fountain is ever running out  
of a curiously hammered iron pipe. To me,  
it seems as if this odd-looking pipe has been  
in just this position, and has been pouring  
out its stream of water, as pure as ever  
flowed from among the jessamines of Da-  
mascus, these hundreds of years, ever since  
Hans Sachs drew his wax-ends and wrote

his poems beneath the tiles of the house  
that, if your vision had an angle, like Ben  
Butler's, you could see a corner of this  
moment from one of our windows. From  
the paved court you turn to the left-hand  
stairway, and begin to ascend, passing, at  
every step, some wood carving or other re-  
minder of the ancient days when the pas-  
sage around the Cape of Good Hope had  
not destroyed the splendor of Nuremberg,  
and when its singers and its artists still  
wrote and wrought for Europe.

The third floor, where our rooms are,  
shows all the traces of having had but  
little disturbance for centuries. Here is  
the tall old clock, which has been ticking  
away, and swinging its heavy brass pendu-  
lum, through all the revolutions of men and  
years, from the time when the keen-eyed  
Gustavus Adolphus watched the grim and  
silent Wallenstein from the breastwork of  
the Castle on the hill. All around the  
broad hall of this third floor there are odd  
and rare witnesses of the early days, when  
the aristocracy of Nuremberg entertained  
emperors, and traced their own pedigree  
back to Charlemagne. The old chest of  
drawers is mediæval, and spacious enough  
to have held the linen of Charles the Fat.

On a table there lie some old books of  
the early Nuremberg press, which vied in  
beauty and plenitude of productiveness with  
that of the Aldines in Venice, Frobenius in  
Basel, the Estiennes in Paris, and the Elze-  
virs of the Low Countries. For example,  
this copy of the "*Geschichte der Nürn-  
berg Reformation*," is of rich parchment  
binding, and does not far escape being  
a veritable incunabula. The print is perfect.  
The paper, patiently hand-made, came out  
of vats which were never filled with aught  
else than flax fiber from the Bavarian  
plains. The binding is of deeply-pressed  
parchment, bearing still the arabesque re-  
liefs of some now forgotten but honest and  
tasteful binder, who had more sense and  
conscience than to trim down your mar-  
gins to murderous nearness to the text.  
Here is a book whose margins were never  
touched by the knife of the binder. Then  
the brass clasps and heavy corners are still  
in good shape, just enough indented to re-  
mind you of the jars and rubs that will  
come to even the best of books, as to men.  
If you rub away the green dust you will  
still see the beautiful designs, in all their  
delicate lines, of the brass worker of the  
old days. Just beside this volume there is  
a folio copy of the one early Nuremberg  
Bible, full of Holbein's wood-cuts. It is a  
grand tome, and would do honor to the  
Lenox collection. Nowhere can one be  
better convinced than right here in Nurem-  
berg that the two arts of printing and bind-  
ing sprang into perfection, like Minerva  
from Jove's brain, at their very birth. My  
precious leaves of Guttenberg's "*Catholi-  
con*" are as beautiful specimens of typog-  
raphy as the Chiswick press achieves to-  
day, and as to binding, the workers in hog-  
skin, and then its ornamentation have really  
had no successors. You could drop one of  
their volumes from that upper window of  
Albert Dürer's house, and have good hope  
to pick it up without serious damage.

The scenes from our windows are varying  
every moment. Just now the Sedan  
celebration is going on. Nuremberg is  
giving three days to the memory of the  
German triumph at Sedan, and this happens  
to be the children's day. Nothing great or  
strong or good ever takes place in this  
city without due mindfulness of child-

hood. There is no scant dealing with  
them. In school and play, they are here  
the princes whom all must honor. The  
toy-stores—more abundant in Nuremberg  
than anywhere else—receive only a small  
part of the products of these factories.  
The makers of toys, all the way up from a  
doll of *papier maché* to a velocipede, send  
their wares everywhere. Then, too, the  
wood-carvers of the Tyrol, Switzerland,  
the Black Forest, and the Harz, toil through  
the Winter, and pour their toys into Nurem-  
berg, from which place they are scattered  
into all the world. I never travel out of  
sight of them, and can now tell pretty  
nearly where one comes from, wherever I  
stumble against it. Besides, the compul-  
sion to buy them, and that in alarming  
number and variety, has a wonderfully  
quicken power in developing one's  
knowledge of such wares.

Out of one of our windows we wait and  
watch to catch sight of the beginning of  
the children's procession. The Herr Baron,  
who happens to be the owner of the ancient  
house where we have apartments, has sent  
a message, requesting permission to watch  
the children from one of our windows.  
We tell him he can have the whole room,  
as the adjoining one will serve our purpose  
quite as well. So we close the door, and  
let the Herr Baron look through the same  
odd panes through which his ancestors  
have, for centuries, watched the scenes of  
Nuremberg's joys and sorrows. Music is  
heard up the street. The throng on the  
Market Place is immense, and lucky are  
we that we are above it, instead of a part  
of it. One's highest flights of fancy can  
not equal the veritable children's procession.  
In every respect it goes far beyond what I  
supposed it was to be. First of all, as  
everywhere and in everything in Germany,  
comes the music. This is mostly by a mili-  
tary band, of say twenty pieces; but there  
are also stout boys who take a part, and  
whose music harmonizes beautifully with  
that bronzed and scarred band which, I  
suppose, did brave duty in thundering out  
the cutting off of the French retreat at the  
elbow in the valley of Sedan. After the  
band has passed, and closely upon its heels,  
comes the first long line of girls and boys,  
in all costumes, and of all the years of  
childhood and youth. This procession has  
a practical character. Then go along two  
goats, drawing a miniature chariot, in  
which sits a lazy grandee, no doubt in  
recollection of some burgomaster of  
the ancient Nuremberg. He has a long,  
gray beard, is clad in spotless ermine, and  
his driver urges on the frisky goats with  
ready whip. Then come a great many girls,  
each bearing in her hands a basket of flow-  
ers. The flowers are not uniform, but  
would appear to represent largely the floral  
productions of Bavaria. Now tramp the  
boys, a large body, two abreast, each hold-  
ing some artisan's implement, or other ob-  
ject, showing either the boy's taste, or some  
industry or art of the city or the kingdom.  
These are followed again by girls, who  
carry fruits in their hands, such as grapes,  
pears, and plums. You see no oranges or  
other fruit not grown on Bavarian soil.  
Everything here, on this glad day, must be  
of pure German origin. Anything else  
would be too foreign to the glowing pa-  
triotism of the hour.

The throng of observing people has be-  
come so great that it is a solid and still  
mass. Up and down the Burgstrasse and  
Herrmarkt, as far as you can see, the

of great size, heretofore peculiar to Arctic and Antarctic seas. A very large Lithodes was dredged by the "Talisman," under the tropics, at the depth of 900 and 1,000 meters.

The sponges are extremely common at the surface of the bed of this part of the ocean. Most of them, as well known, have a silicious skeleton.

Several species of the beautiful Rosella and of Holtenia were found living in profusion. Their long hairs of white silk are buried in the mud, and the sponges, with a form like a rounded vase and a narrow orifice, project above the mud.

The soft sea-urchins, such as the Calcearia, become more numerous, and at 1,000 meters they probably live crowded together like the Echini of our shores.

Off Cape Ghir and Cape Nouu, under the 30th parallel, at 120 miles from the shore, the "Talisman" explored, for several days, a very regular bank, whose depth only varied between the narrow limits of 2,075 to 2,900 metres.

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After visiting Fayal, the "Talisman" explored the uneven volcanic bottoms of the passages between the Azore Islands, making several successful hauls at the depth of 1,250 meters.

At a little distance from St. Michel, the declivity of the sea-bottom is very rapid. Some hours after our departure, our sounding apparatus already indicated almost 3,000 meters, and some of the species found on the plateau situated west of Cape Ghir were brought up.

The very large fishes of the genus Macrurus, which had been brought up during the expedition, also occurred here. They differed from those of lesser depths.

Between Senegal and the Cape Verde Islands, the bottom, at a depth of from 3,210 to 3,655 meters, consisted of a greenish mud rich in life.

Others presented peculiar characteristics. These were fishes of the genus Bathynectes, Synaphobranchus, and Myrus, some Arietes, with bright colors and very like those at depths of from 1,000 to 1,200 meters, but with smaller eyes.

Between St. Antoine and St. Vincent, the fauna surpassed in richness any regions previously explored. July 29th, at a depth of from 450 to 600 meters, the dredge came up at the end of an hour, charged with more than a thousand specimens of fishes belonging mostly to the genus Malacocephalus.

The Sargasso Sea was then visited, and deep-sea soundings made, to ascertain the nature of the bed of that part of the ocean. From Cape Verde, the ocean gradually deepens toward the 25th parallel, when it attains a depth of 6,267 meters.

the Atlantic Ocean recently published, where the curves of depth give very considerable inequalities.

Whenever soundings were made, specimens of a very fine ooze were formed of fine particles of pumice, mixed with globigerina, when brought up. This ooze, at first reddish near the Cape Verde Islands, afterward became of an almost pure white.

The submarine fauna there is scanty. To the stones were attached Brachiopoda (Discina Atlantica). A blind Fusus (Fusus abyssorum), and a new genus of Lamellibranchs (Pygotheca fragilis), as well as several Pleurotoma, occurred.

It was only toward the north limits of the Sargasso Sea, near the Azores, where the depths are of 3,000, 2,500 and 1,400 meters, that our collections became abundant. The 11th of August, at 2,500 to 2,900 meters, the "Talisman" party captured the giant of the family of Schizopodes—a Guathophausia, of a blood-red, measuring almost 0.25 millimeters in length and meriting well the specific name of Goliath.

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Between Senegal and the Cape Verde Islands, the bottom, at a depth of from 3,210 to 3,655 meters, consisted of a greenish mud rich in life. Some of the animals found there did not differ from those found on the bank situated at the depth of 2,900 meters.

Others presented peculiar characteristics. These were fishes of the genus Bathynectes, Synaphobranchus, and Myrus, some Arietes, with bright colors and very like those at depths of from 1,000 to 1,200 meters, but with smaller eyes.

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and striated with ice at a distance of more than 700 miles from the coast of Europe. The distinctness of the striations could not allow us to admit that these pebbles had been transported by currents, because they would never have rolled, and, besides, they lay at such a great depth, that the tranquillity of the water there should be very great, to judge by the nature of the ooze deposited there.

Aug. 30th, dredging at the depth of 1,480 meters in the Gulf of Gascony, revealed polyps of the genus Lophohelia, with splendid Pentanni (P. Wynth Thompsoni), gigantic Mopseas, Gorgonias, and corals, etc.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Biblical Research. ALPHEUS AND KLOPAS.

BY PROF. BENJ. B. WARFIELD.

PASTOR WETZEL, of Mandelkow, printed a paper with the above heading in the Studien und Kritiken for 1883 (pp. 620-626), which does not appear to have attracted the attention that it should.

As is well known, there are five chief theories (inter alia minor) that have been invented to explain the relationship according to the flesh of the brethren of our Lord to their Master. These may be enumerated under the following names: 1. The Helvidian, so called after its chief fourth-century advocate, which supposes them to have been his uterine brothers, the children of Joseph and Mary; 2. the Epiphonian, so called after its chief fourth-century advocate, which supposes them to have been our Lord's step-brothers, the children of Joseph and an earlier wife; 3. the Hieronymian, so called after its fourth-century inventor, which supposes them to have been his cousins-german, sons of Alphaeus and the Virgin's sister Mary (John xix, 25); 4. the Langeian, as it may be called from its inventor of our own day, which also supposes them to have been his cousins-german, sons of Clopas, who is stated by Hegesippus to have been Joseph's brother; and 5. the Theophylactian, so called after its eleventh-century inventor, which supposes them to have been both his brothers and cousins, the actual sons of Joseph by a levirate marriage with the widow of his brother Clopas.

The last three of these theories as a class stand over against the first two, inasmuch as they suppose the identity of the sons of Alphaeus with our Lord's brethren, whereas the first two distinguish them from one another. They are, therefore, properly known as the Identity hypotheses. The arguments by which the Identity hypotheses are supported are drawn from a variety of sources. But it must be admitted that no one of them can possibly be defended unless it be allowed that Clopas and Alphaeus are but two names for the same man. For, the hinge on which they, one and all, turn is the identity of the names assigned in the gospels to the sons of Alphaeus and the Lord's brethren alike. But, as a matter of plain fact, the New Testament lists of only two sons of Alphaeus, —James (Matt. x, 3; Mark. iii, 18; Luke, vi, 15; Acts i, 13), and Levi or Matthew (Mark. ii, 14). And the first step in gaining more, to accord with the list of Matt. xiii, 55, Mark vi, 3, turns on identifying Alphaeus with Clopas, and thus the James of Alphaeus, of Matt. x, 3, with the James of Mary, of John, xix, 25. Again, with the supporters of the Hieronymian theory the sole evidence of the consanguinity of the sons of Alphaeus to our Lord turns on his identification with Clopas (ix, 25). Without this identification, indeed, the Identity hypotheses cut but a sorry figure. It has been usual for their supporters to claim, therefore, that the two names were the same—but diverse transliterations into Greek of the one Aramaic name 'Alphai. And it has been usual for critics to allow this claim as probable and natural.

It is just here that the investigations of Wetzel become important. The object of his paper is to deny the possibility of Clopas having arisen from 'Alphai, and thus disprove the identity of the two names, and so, constructively, of the two men represented by them. His arguments are apparently successful, and thus give the death-blow to the remnants of an old superstition.

He claims no less than that, as a representative of 'Alphai, Kλωπας falls in almost every one of its letters. For example:

1. The Greek κ, in no known instance, is used to transliterate the initial Hebrew פ. Wetzel has examined some "half thousand" proper names in the LXX, and finds no instance of it. Initial פ is most commonly represented by the smooth breathing, next by χ, and next by the rough breathing, but never by κ. Medial or

final פ is very rarely represented by κ. The only examples that Wetzel has found are: Ταβέκ for פֶּבֶק, in Gen. xxii, 24; Φαακ for פֶּסֶק, in II Chron. xxx and xxxv (but elsewhere πασχα); Φαακ for פֶּסֶק, in Neh. iii, 6 (but elsewhere Φασσ, Ezra ii, 49, or Φεσσ, I Chron. iv, 12; Neh. vii, 51). It is usually either entirely omitted or represented by χ. Delitzsch, in a private letter, here quoted with permission, asserts that the only instances of κ and π corresponding known to him is the word פֶּסֶק, κλεψιδρα (water-clock); and in this case the change is in the opposite direction, from κ to π. The same may be said of the example given by Winer (RWB, art. "Alphaeus," p. 48) from the Phœnician, in which פֶּק=Assyrian, Hi-lak-ku=Kilakia. So that it remains true that the change of initial Hebrew פ into Greek κ is at present without example; and this change, in any position, is excessively rare. It cannot be lightly assumed, therefore, in any case without real necessity.

2. The other parts of the word are equally inexplicable. For instance, how shall we account for the shrinking of the syllable פֶּ into the soundless κλ? How, again, for the startling sub-introduction of the long vowel ω? Or, again, for π here, instead of φ, as in Alphaeus? Or, again, for α, instead of αιώ, as a representative of '—? In short, he who maintains the identity of the two names, Clopas and Alphaeus, must do something more than assert it. He must point out the reason why the same name received such exceedingly diverse forms. Most certainly the burden of proof is upon his shoulders, and he must address himself to it or yield the identification.

In order to strengthen his linguistic argument, Wetzel adjoins a note from Dr. Delitzsch, confirming his conclusions, and asserting that Alphaeus is Hebrew, while Clopas is Greek and identical with Cleopas (Luke xiv, 18), both being abbreviations of Cleopatros—a view which the Peshto had taken long ago. Dr. Delitzsch points out that he had, therefore, represented Alphaeus, in his Hebrew New Testament, by פֶּק, and Clopas and Cleopas alike by פֶּקֶל; to which Dr. Riehm adds, in a note, that, in the first edition of the Hebrew N. T., they were also distinguished as פֶּק and פֶּקֶל, as, also, in the Peshto פֶּק and פֶּקֶל.

The only refuge still open to those who would assert the identity of the two men appears to be to take a hint from J. Lightfoot, and look upon Κλωπας, not as a transliteration of פֶּק, but as its Greek representative, just as Paulus was of Saul, Janneus of Johanan, Hegesippus of Joseph (Ἰωσῆπος), Jason of Jesus, Menelaus of Onias, etc. This will carry them a very little way, however; for (1) it is the merest assumption, the grossest guesswork, and (2) Κλωπας is not a corresponding sound to or even a faint echo in sound of פֶּק, or any name that Alphaeus could represent.

The present writer does not wish to leave the impression that, in his opinion, the Identity hypotheses needed an additional deathblow. Perched on the summit of a series of assumptions, no one of which was anything but possible, and yet the failure of any one of which to be actual was the destruction of the whole fabric—such as, in the Hieronymian form, that, in John xix, 25, the words are to be so punctuated as to make Mary the sister of the Virgin, though both the distribution of the kai- and the curious result of assigning to two sisters the same name forbade it, and, in the Langeian form, that Hegesippus is trustworthy in saying that Clopas was Joseph's brother, and equally untrustworthy in saying that James was Clopas's nephew—these hypotheses only stood firm in dream-land, a region where any combination appears natural and stable. But, whether needed or not, Pastor Wetzel has added an additional deathblow, with the effect, as he points out, of, in the scientific sphere, blowing a widespread error out, and, in the practical sphere, defending the purity and holiness of marriage.

WESTERN THEO. SEM., ALLEGHENY, PA.

Sanitary.

SEWAGE AND ITS DISPOSAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE great question of sewage disposal is one which vexed the English mind for at least twenty-five years before it became prominent here. The necessity of method earlier forced itself upon their attention, and led to a most thorough study by engineers of the sanitary problems involved. It would be strange if, with all the advances in physics, chemistry and mechanics, there had not been also some advance in methods of disposal. The fact that it must be gotten away, that it must be gotten away in a fresh state, or in twenty-four hours more or less, so as not to undergo fermentive and putrefactive changes amid households, is, no doubt, accepted