

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXXI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879.

NUMBER 1584.

The Independent.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.*

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

He folded his hands across his breast,
As token that toils should cease;
And his pallid face had a look of rest,
That startled them with its peace.

So weary had been the stress and strife,
So chafing the trials past!
And now like a loosened bark his life
Was drifting away at last.

They had not the heart to signal him,
With even a touch or tone;
As out to the sea unknown and dim
They watched as he went alone.

They knew that the pilot who held the helm
Would guide to the furthest verge;
Nor suffer a fear to overwhelm,
Nor suffer a wave to merge.

And so, as they sat with hushing breath,
Too burdened, too silent to speak,
There burst on the silent room of death
A child, with a flashing cheek.

"Ah, see!" she said, "it is sweet and bright,
And brimmed to the edge with dew.
It hurried to open its leaves last night,
To be ready in time for you."

She knew not, the darling, what she did,
As her childish thought she told;
Nor what was the mystic meaning hid
In that delicate cup of gold.

For over the greening April land
Had broken the Easter hour,
And the flower she laid in the dying hand
Was a Resurrection Flower.

*The Virginia name for the Daffodil or Easter Flower.

UTAH AND THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN W. MEARS, D.D.

THESE two objects, now so prominently before the public, although diverse in many particulars, are yet in other important respects indissolubly connected.

1. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States affirming the constitutionality of the law of Congress against polygamy carries with it a limitation of the principle of religious tolerance which applies to both these organizations. This limitation, like all sound law, is also good common sense. The principle is that the plea of religious belief cannot shield an offender against the penalty of the law. It holds equally good against violators of common decency. Their offenses cannot be excused upon the plea that they are conscientiously and honestly done. The immoralities alike both of Utah and Oneida Community have been habitually defended on the ground that they are parts of the religious system of the perpetrators. There is no crime under Heaven which might not be sheltered behind the same pretext. Thieving and murder, the suttee, and the self-immolation of victims under the car of Juggernaut are all performed as religious ceremonies by the Hindus; but who calls it intolerance on the part of the British Government to attempt the suppression of these wicked and bloody practices? If a band of Thugs should immigrate to this country, and attempt to carry their principles into practice, their religious scruples would not save their necks from the gallows.

So polygamists, adulterers, and those living in systematic concubinage in our country are deprived before the bar of the Supreme Court, as well as the bar of public opinion, of their well-worn plea of religious liberty as guaranteed by the Constitution.

2. These two systems make loud boasts of their superiority over all other social arrangements. They claim to be a positive, great, and beneficent advance upon everything to which society has hitherto attained. Each, in fact, claims to be final, the veritable Kingdom of God on earth. Noyes especially is clear that he and his associates are on the top rounds of the ladder to the resurrection state. They are so holy that they need neither marriage, preaching, ordinances, or a Sabbath. The churches around them need only to be sufficiently revived in order to reach their plane of holiness and to adopt their methods of living.

But the one fact which of itself would be sufficient to dispose of these extravagant claims is the manifest degradation of woman under both of the systems. The touchstone of every form of civilization is the position which it gives to woman. Her degradation is the signal of universal decline. We do not think there is or has been a question among those acquainted with the facts as to the effect of both of these systems upon the unfortunate creatures who have been drawn into their toils. It needs no revelation to show us that the path of progress and of social evolution does not lie across those bogs of uncleanness.

3. Practically the question of getting rid of these two monstrosities is one. If polygamy is a great evil and immorality, the organized concubinage of Oneida Community is a still greater. If the Oneida Community were upon so large a scale as the Mormon settlement, it would fill the public eye and create more profound and widespread indignation than Utah has ever done. But its relation to New York State is not unlike that of Utah to the whole nation. The demand for the suppression of its immoral features is just as urgent upon us in this state as is the demand for the suppression of polygamy upon the people of the entire Union. The representatives of New York in Congress, as consistent men, must feel hampered by the toleration of Oneida Community, in their efforts against the immoralities of Utah.

There is an apparent difference between the spirit of the New York community and that of the polygamists in Utah. The latter defy the Government and persist in their polygamous practices; the former, while claiming that they are violating no law upon the statute book of the state, promise in advance that they will obey any law applying to their case which may be enacted. It is difficult to see how, under their present arrangements, they can honestly fulfill this promise.

4. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any hostility or bitterness against Utah or the Oneida Community, as experiments in the great problem of co-operation and aside from their detestable immoral features. These experiments are full of interest and certainly have not been without the encouragement of success. No one will grudge them a jot of their prosperity. It is not proposed to suppress or to crush either of these communities, if they can live and thrive without their scandalous social customs. If they cannot live without them, let them go down.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

In those charming letters to his wife written by Dr. Mitchell, when in Congress, from 1801 to 1813, printed in the current April number of *Harper's Magazine*, we find that what society and legislation in Washington is to-day it was nearly eighty years ago.

He says in a letter written in 1813: "I am constantly among politicians and quidnuncs, and yesterday I was at the President's house and conversed with Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe; and yet, for the curiosity of me, I cannot discover any distinct plan or system of operation for 1813, either for war, finance, or commerce. . . . The taxes are to be postponed till the next meeting of Congress, and we are to get on in the meantime by loans and Treasury notes. . . . But we talk of energy, and vigor, and campaigning, and battles, and victory, and conquests, and glory, and death, like brave fellows."

Later he writes: "This is the last day but one of the session and of my legislative career. I am heartily glad of it; for, really, there is such a hurly-burly and confusion in the affairs of the nation and the times that I can scarcely tell what is right or what is wrong in our political course, and certainly, so far as I can judge, there is more to blame than to praise in our legislative doings."

If a mind as clear and comprehensive as Dr. Mitchell's could be thus confused over the national political complications of 1813, a demi-god might well be excused to-day if he acknowledged himself puzzled over the conundrums of more than twice as many states and the fiercely conflicting ideas and interests of two vast opposing parties.

It was in 1794 that John Adams wrote to his wife, the wise and justly-famous Abigail Adams: "Congress have been together more than two months and have done nothing, and will continue sitting two months longer and do little. I, for my part, am wearied to death with *ennui*, confined to my seat, as in a prison, to see nothing done, have nothing said, and to say and do nothing." A month later he wrote: "We go on as usual. Congress resolving one thing and the Democratic societies resolving to the contrary; the President doing what is right, and clubs and mobs resolving it to be all wrong."

Thus, you see, the Congress of the United States perpetually repeats itself, merely because human nature is one endless repetition. Circumstances modify its actions more or less; but its intrinsic essence never changes.

The *ennui* that overcame John Adams in his seat in Congress, eighty-five years ago, oppresses equally Hon. Mr. Sputterbudget in his, to-day. So oppressed is he by the atmosphere he breathes, he chafes and fumes in it till, mentally and rhetorically, he kicks hard against the pricks of committee duty, of dull routine, of the endless reiteration of the roll call, the cry for the "previous question," the ceaseless babble, the much ado about nothing; till he confides to his serene, delightful opposite, Hon. Lethargic, that he would resign his seat, so tired of it is he, if it were not that such resigning would give it to his enemy, Hon. Dick Daredevil, whose cocked eye has long been fixed upon it. There is always an "if" in the way. It is more tedious than tongue can tell, this honorable "seat," with its luxurious appurtenances, its honors, its emoluments, for whose possession he

is paid many dollars per day. But it is so boring, he would resign it, if it were not for—Well, what? If not Dick Daredevil, it is still an "if." He would resign "if." Well, he don't resign. Not he. He cheers your spirits by telling you what a sacrificial life he lives, this honorable senator; at what a sacrifice to his profession, to his pecuniary prospects, to a grand career generally, he remains in Congress and submits to the demands of his constituents and the drudgery of his committees.

Yet it is "nice" to be a senator. So nice that, with all their woes, I have never known but one to resign—and he held a dishonored seat—that disgraced and disgraceful old man, Simon Cameron. When he found that the terrible little flea of a woman whose sins he had shared had fastened upon him, and could be neither shaken off nor extinguished, he did give up his seat in the Senate to—his son! The only senator ever known to resign. Yet I do not forget Hon. Sputterbudget would "resign," if it were not for Dick Daredevil!

Yet it is very real, this dull, depressing, fatiguing side of congressional life. But is it not the main side of all life? Along the dead level of unending effort we make our toilsome way, day by day, till we reach the last sleep and the forgetting. Only at rare intervals may we ascend the mountain-tops and feel the exhilarating elixir of the upper atmosphere electrify our being. Few and far between are the supreme moments of existence when we put outward circumstance and untoward condition under our feet; when we are equal to our finest possibilities, to our highest powers; when we command life and life cannot command us. Then we live.

Sydney Dobell said: "I know of no difference of rule for living here and living hereafter; and I look upon life, therefore, as a glorious, a happy, an inestimable thing."

Thus it is the standard of every life which makes it what it is, noble or ignoble. A woman whose whole life is toiled away in an obscure kitchen may carry such an exalted ideal of life and character in her heart, blossoming into her daily example, that the homely place where she abides grows beautiful and she its evangel; while a man lifted to a high seat of public honor may so defile it by himself that it seems forever lost to dignity or to lofty state. There is not a more honorable place in the nation than that of a senator of the United States. The name of "senator" should be the synonym of dignity, power, purity. Men have worn the toga, as a priest has worn his consecrated robes, stainless to the end, unblemished in the service of justice and truth. The white shields of such men flash out of the past, and a few men remain who above the polluted tide of political action still hold aloft the white flower of a blameless life. Alas! they are too few. They are not enough to hold unsullied in its primal state the very name of senator.

When one must sit for hours in private listening to a senator deploring the lack of high *morale* in his own body; listening to a senator deprecating the tedium, the low motives, the utter unsatisfactoriness of his life and his fellows, you are sure that he should either resign or bring to the restoration of the tarnished senatorial name the high character, the honored name of, at least, one senator. No man should be allowed to remain a senator who does not honor his

office in word, as well as deed. The man who is constantly telling you that he is a senator at great cost to his own comfort, at great sacrifice to his pecuniary interests; that he would much rather be elsewhere, at home, in his profession, should be allowed to depart thereto without hindrance. No man is fit to be a senator who does not exalt his office—not by personal pomp or pretense, but by honoring its duties and by the luster of his own exalted character. The country has too much of men who depreciate and disgrace their high estate. The truth is, there is not an office in the Government more envied by elegance, luxury, power, and state than that of a senator of the United States. Only the highest honor, the highest manhood is fit to occupy it. He who falls short of these has no right to be a senator, even in name.

With real pain I heard the gavel fall for the last time in the Forty-fifth Congress. In personal aggregate, perhaps it was not worthy of keen regret. Certainly, I saw men before me that I knew, for the credit of the country, should be resumed back into their original obscurity of sordid life. No less that last stroke was a knell for the highest principles of freedom and civilization. Eighteen years had passed into eternity since that gavel struck last for Democracy and slavery. Could God measure the sum of human anguish, of human loss lived through by tens of thousands of this people since that hour? Yet, just as if women's hearts had not broken, as if men had not died, as if Liberty had arisen dripping with the blood of her slain, the party of anarchy, of revolution, of barbarism, of bloodshed stood again at the front. Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Wilson, Fessenden had passed from the earth. Here stood Gordon, Lamar, Butler, Hill, chanting the praises of Jefferson Davis. More, holding the fatal majority which through God's mercy had been withheld from them for eighteen years.

No dispassionate lover of his country can see it come again into power without serious questioning, if not foreboding. There is but one consolation—that the Republican minority still remains powerful enough to prove a most potent resisting medium to their overt acts. No one denies the Democratic party the possession of good men. No less, as a party, its work is scarcely less than devilish. Its reckless partisanship, its vindictiveness, its barbarism, as manifested in its Southern element, cannot be overestimated. The Southern Democrat is mighty in swagger, in braggadocio, in temper, in deportment. Nothing in the shape of the *genus homo* can swell, spread, spit to quite the extent he can. There his prowess ends. Already he has turned the beautiful Capitol into a reeking charnel-house of tobacco-juice. He smokes cigars in his seat in the House of Representatives; he has driven hundreds of ladies from their own galleries, by allowing them to be overrun by the bores, who fill them with tobacco-quids, apple-cores, and who laugh and talk so loud in them that it is impossible to hear one word spoken on the floor. There is no longer a gallery in the Capitol of the United States sacred to womanhood, that no man can enter unless accompanied by a lady, as there has certainly been for eighteen years. The men retain their own gallery, and have now crowded women from theirs with the heroic prowess of brute force that enables them to take possession of an entire ferryboat, while the "weaker vessels" that we read about are adjusted standing on the middle of the floor. Thus they stand on the stairs of the ladies' galleries in the Capitol of the United States, while hundreds of men munch apples and chew tobacco and talk and laugh in hoarse tones in the seats once set apart for "ladies," and which are still supposed to be in the "Ladies' Gallery."

The Democratic party, having arranged its preliminaries, chosen its audience, now proceeds to "revolution."

'Tis the old, old battle, as old as the races on the planet. It has reached from Scandinavia to the South Pole ever since there was a Northern and a Southern people. No religion, no civilization has ever been potent enough to annul the instinctive antagonism of the Northern and Southern races. It can never be eradicated, for it makes the very essence and fiber of each.

It may be modified, made less intolerant, less vindictive, less cruel, by enlightening, enlarging, sanctifying grace. Even that cannot make it rise to the higher level of positive good will, of real fraternal fellowship.

The foremost men of the South are now in the Congress of the United States. Men of many brilliant and generous qualities; of showy, if not profound culture; devoted to their own with an ardor that is religion. Partisans and clansmen to the marrow, their wounds bleed afresh when they look into the face of a North that was never conquered. The old enmity is there, as alive as ever. They are sure that they have many wrongs to redress, and, characteristically, the very first act of their late-won legislative power is one of coercion.

General Garfield, in his powerful speech of Saturday, stated the question succinctly, and for the satisfaction of those far distant from this center of governmental action I give it *verbatim*. General Garfield said:

"Let me in the outset state, as carefully as I may, the precise situation. At the last session all our ordinary legislative work was done, in accordance with the usages of the House and the Senate, except as to two bills. Two of the twelve great appropriation bills for the support of the Government were agreed to in both houses as to every matter of detail concerning the appropriations proper. We were assured by the committees of conference in both bodies that there would be no difficulty in adjusting all differences in reference to the amount of money to be appropriated and the objects of its appropriation. But the House of Representatives proposed three measures of distinctly independent legislation: one upon the Army Appropriation Bill and two upon the Legislative Appropriation Bill. The three grouped together are briefly these: first, the substantial modification of certain sections of the law relating to the use of the army; second, the repeal of the jurors' test-oath; and, third, the repeal of the laws regulating elections of members of Congress.

"These three propositions of legislation were insisted upon by the House; but the Senate refused to adopt them. So far it was an ordinary proceeding, one which occurs frequently in all legislative bodies. The Senate said to us, through their conferees: 'We are ready to pass the appropriation bills; but we are unwilling to pass as riders the three legislative measures you ask us to pass.' Thereupon the House said, through its conference committee—and, in order that I may do exact justice, I read from the speech of the distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Beck] on the report of the conference committee:

"The Democratic conferees on the part of the House seem determined that, unless those rights were secured to the people"

Alluding to the three points I have named

"in the bill sent to the Senate, they would refuse, under their constitutional right, to make appropriations to carry on the Government, if the dominant majority in the Senate insisted upon the maintenance of these laws and refused to consent to their repeal."

"Then, after stating that, if the position they had taken compelled an extra session, and that the new Congress would offer the repealing bills separately, and forecasting what would happen when the new House should be under no necessity of coercing the Senate, he declared that

"If, however, the President of the United States, in the exercise of the power vested in him, should see fit to veto the bills thus presented to him, . . . then I have no doubt those same amendments will be again made part of the appropriation bills, and it will be for the President to determine whether he will block the wheels of Government and refuse to accept necessary appropriations rather than allow the representatives of the people to repeal odious laws, which they regard as subversive of their rights and privileges. . . . Whether that course is right or wrong, it will be adopted, and I have no doubt adhered to, no matter what happens with the appropriation bills."

"That was the proposition made by the Democracy in Congress at the close of the Congress now dead."

"Another distinguished senator [Mr. Thurman]—and I may properly refer to senators of a Congress not now in existence—reviewing the situation, declared, in still more succinct terms:

"We claim the right, which the House of Commons in England established after two centuries of contest, to say that we will not grant the money of the people unless there is a redress of grievances."

Thus the kernel of the situation is this: If the President vetoes the political appendages the Democrats have seen fit to clog the appropriation bills with, they in advance threaten to refuse to appropriate the money necessary to the carrying on of the Government. An auspicious beginning, surely, for the new reign of the old barbarism.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1879.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' VILLAGE.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD DAVISON'S DREAM.

THE morning after this conversation, as Mr. Davison and his son were sitting in the stoop of their house, Miss Rose Crombie was discovered driving in the skeleton, with a huge yellow umbrella, stepped like a mast, sheltering her. Miss Crombie's drive was a regular morning exercise; and, as usual, Edward Davison ran out to meet her and give her the morning mail to deliver at the post-office.

"Don't you want to drive with me to the office this morning?" asked the girl. "Father is busy and does not care to go."

"I am idle and want to go," and he jumped into the wagon.

"I did not know but you despised driving?"

"Because I make such a religion of walking?"

"So that blue shirt, check trousers, and broad straw hat are your canonicals?"

"Yes. Walking is such a savage pastime that I think it is disrespectful to civilization to walk off in a coat and neck-tie."

"Well, I think you do harmonize well with the country. You remind me of a figure in Wordsworth's poems. Nature predominates so that at a distance we don't know Wordsworth's men, women, and children from trees and bushes."

"Perhaps even we at a proper distance bear some likeness to a gigantic mushroom."

"Thank you, Mr. Davison, for choosing the mushroom, and not the toad-stool."

"I am not sure but the toad-stool is better, if toads are in the habit of hopping along with their stools behind them; for this horse has the even, judicious, well-measured gait of the toad."

"You shall not malign Billy. I regard him as having been spared to a good old age for the special purpose of drawing me to the post-office. I can count on his pace with perfect regularity, and a fast and slow horse would be irritating in this scenery. I like my surroundings to be harmonious, Mr. Davison."

"I am glad, then, that my walking-suit fills your eye so well. What suit is proper for St. John's? Shall I be allowed there to walk off like a classic tramp?"

"We all do as we please at St. John's. At St. Andrew's I shall insist on a peculiar dress, by which rank shall be distinguished, and the dunce and fool shall constantly be reminded of their position."

"But won't the scholar and the wise man be reluctant to put on their proper clothes?"

"No. In our college we shall have no shamedness. We shall be candid and perfectly truthful. That, I will say ingenuously, is why I like your walking-suit. It has no pretense about it."

"Not even a ribbon to the hat," laughed Davison. "You really almost compel me to scrutinize your dress, Miss Crombie. I think I detect, yes, just a shade of sincerity in that neck-tie."

"Then please jump out and unfasten Billy's check-rein. This is the watering-trough at which he always stops."

"What is the force of *then* in that sentence?"

"It means that I asked you to get in because I suddenly remembered that I should have to get out here to unfasten the check, if you did not drive with me."

"Then am I to walk back?"

"Oh, no! There will be the letters to get at the office, and we shall stop here again on our way home."

"How charming it is to be of use in the world."

"Have you just discovered your use, Mr. Davison?"

"To wait on you? I am afraid I should find you a capricious mistress."

"No. If there is anything I pride myself on, it is my reasonableness. I need it, Mr. Davison. We have no profession—we women—to fall back upon, and so get rid of the constant necessity of making up our minds, as you have. We are obliged to consult our compass every little while; but men settle into the regular ways of their profession or occupation, and never are

puzzled to know which course to take. What you think is our caprice is only our new discovery of some better mind in ourselves. Now your mind, for instance, is at rest. You are to teach Greek, and you can give your whole attention to doing that in the best way possible."

"You have chosen an unfortunate illustration, Miss Crombie. My mind is chiefly engaged, when at leisure, in unsettling my course. I should think it rather a dreary outlook if I were to teach Greek all my days."

"But what you do will grow out of it. You will write books—on the force of *men* and *de*. Aren't those the funny little words that the Greeks made such a fuss over?"

Davison laughed.

"I think they would have been as much perplexed over our commas and semicolons. No; I do not look at all in that direction." He hesitated a moment, then added: "Perhaps you will not see a very close connection, Miss Crombie; but, if a tutor of Greek may have dreams, mine is a political life, in some form."

"Do you want to be President?"

"I am not particular; that might do as well as anything else. At least, I should like to be President if I could be myself too."

"How much would you be likely to lose of yourself on your way to that office?"

"I dare not say. Others have carried but portions of themselves into high office. I have confidence that in the better days to come there will be true ambition for places of power, because they are places of service."

"And in those better days how will ambition display itself? How will the scramble for office and power be different from what it now is?"

"Simply through the operation of this law of service. Listen! In the constitution of the Church, as intimated by Christ and his apostles, one finds very slight reference to forms, but very positive indication of principles which are to determine the growth of the Church and its organization. We are told, and bidden admire the fact, that Jefferson discovered the form of a true republican government in the constitution of a Baptist church in Virginia. The principle of government—more valuable by far than any form, however well tried and proved—is to be discovered in the underlying principle of the Christian Church. Not that Church in any one of the historic organizations; but the Church as preserved in undying principles laid down in the new covenant between God and man. That covenant declares in unmistakable language that the foundation-stone of the Kingdom of God is, not rule, but service. Christ taught that in words; he taught it by his life and his death. 'He that will be chief among you, let him be as one that serves.' 'Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' It was taught by the apostles in their epistles and speeches; the whole structure of the Christian hierarchy was included in the word minister. How far we have strayed from that original truth, yet the progress of the Church has been in the direction of the fulfillment of that idea. Wherever there has been a true minister, there, whatever the outward form, the Church has grown and gotten the victory over Satan. We speak of the conflict of the Church and the World. It is the conflict between this principle of service and the error of using others for one's own selfish end. Little by little the Church comes to understand the alphabet of its revelation. Meanwhile, the State is learning from the Church. It learned something when it copied the organization of a particular church; but that organization was only a faint and partial embodiment of the organic principle. The time will come when the Church will rediscover in full its first principle; and then, and only then, the State also will find the true center of its being. Do you remember those two parables by which Christ described the Church to its first members in that Magna Charta, the so-called Sermon on the Mount? In that great constitution of the Church, that Instrument of rights and duties, after he had shown that the Church was constituted in its members' character and life, he turns to the organization of living men before him, and says: 'Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are a city set on a hill.'