

# The Independent

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

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## SUPLIANTS.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

"WHAT right have you to knock at my door?"

Dear Lord, a beggar did knock before,  
And a woman weighted with deadly sin,  
Just called on thy name and so passed in.

"What he wanted the beggar knew;  
His rags were real and his hunger true.  
You have clothes to cover you, food to live,  
What do you need that I needs must give?"

"The woman fled from the touch of shame,  
No credit shielded her blasted name;  
But you are quoted as rich and gay  
By those who are both, so I say you nay."

Ah Lord! The beggar faints not for food  
As I for the truth of thy kingdom good;  
Nor hath the wretch from the street appealed  
More nearly than I for Thy mercy's shield.

Great Need of Humanity! Hunger divine!  
God's Fatherhood, feed thou this spirit of mine,  
And in the self-judgment which me doth abase,  
With the poor and the sinful, let me see Thy face.

BOSTON, MASS.

## THE HARMONY DIVINE.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

"NEVER shall the plan  
Of mortal men disturb  
The harmony of Zeus."

—ÆSCHYLUS, "Prometheus Bound."

HOWEVER wrangling men may war  
Or jangling discords jar and mar  
God's Symphony eternal,  
A Law-engendered purpose runs  
Throughout the universe of suns  
Each with its song supernal!

The Harmony Divine;—no plan  
Conceived by heart of mortal man  
Disturbs its order splendid;  
For as the hurrying years revolve,  
The most discordant notes dissolve  
In triumph never-ended.

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS.

## SOME MEMORIES OF HENRY C. BOWEN.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bowen began at a notable gathering of the friends of Temperance on the evening of February 18th, 1852, in Tripler Hall—which was to the New York of that day what the Carnegie Music Hall is to the New York of the present day. On that evening a superb banquet was given to Neal Dow in honor of the success of his prohibitory law of Maine, which had been enacted the year before. A very remarkable program was announced, and the most prominent champions of the Temperance reform from all quarters were assembled. Dodworth's band discoursed fine music, the "Alleghani-ans" sang, and Dr. George B. Cheever, the world-famous author of "Deacon Giles's Distillery," made the opening prayer. The first speaker was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas; and the old hero of San Jacinto, in figure and costume, bore a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of Washington.

He was followed by the Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, whose statue now stands beside Daniel Webster's at the entrance to the State House in Boston. I never shall forget the shaking of the knees and the awful trepidation which I felt when called on for the next speech, for it was my "maiden effort" in the city of New York. A gold medal was then presented to Neal Dow, who was the lion of the evening; and he acknowledged the gift with characteristic modesty, and told the

story of the success of his new law to the great delight of his auditors. Then followed addresses by Dr. John Chambers, of Philadelphia—whose speeches were always "live thunder"—Dr. E. H. Chapin, P. T. Barnum, Henry Ward Beecher, Father Taylor, the Sailors' preacher of Boston, the Rev. J. B. Wakeley, and one or two others. Near me on the platform sat Mr. Bowen and his bright-eyed and comely wife; and none of the guests entered into the spirit of that great meeting with more enthusiasm than they did. To the closing days of his life Mr. Bowen loved to recall, with me, the scenes and incidents of that happy evening in Tripler Hall. I cannot repress the feeling of sadness when I reflect that of all those who took part in that famous meeting noble old Neal Dow (who is just about celebrating his ninety-second birthday) and myself are the only survivors! It is not pleasant either to acknowledge how difficult it would be now to muster such an array of distinguished speakers to advocate the good old cause of Temperance.

After my removal to New York, in 1853, I met Mr. Bowen quite often at various meetings for the promotion of social reforms. He was then the senior member of the firm of Bowen & McNamee, and their marble-fronted store, near Trinity Church, was one of the most familiar objects on lower Broadway. The counting room of that store was both an ecclesiastical and political headquarters. Congregational ministers who wished to get a pecuniary lift for their embarrassed churches were pretty certain to make a call on Brother Bowen. He held the throttle-valve of the Congregational engine. I remember that when a call to one of the churches of that faith and or ler reached me, I was directed to Mr. Bowen's back office, where he and Dr. Storrs applied some urgent arguments to entice me out of the quiet realm of the Reformed Dutch Church into the breezier regions of Congregationalism. If I had yielded to those kind persuasions I should have probably missed the thirty joyful years in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

That Broadway counting room was also one of the nesting places of the Antislavery movement. Thither came some of the fugitives from the "patriarchal institution," who were traveling by the "underground railway" to Canada. Thither came the leaders of the newly-born Republican Party for conference; and it would be well if all the political caucusings which are now conducted in Broadway offices were of as righteous a character as those over which Mr. Bowen presided. Into the Free-soil, Free Labor and Free Speech campaign of 1856 he threw himself with all the irrepressible ardor of his patriotic heart. On the evening before the Presidential election he invited me to a seat in his private box in the New York Academy of Music. Gen. John C. Fremont—who was to be outvoted on the next day by that venerable fossil James Buchanan—was in the box, and also brave old Dr. Beman, of Troy. The only speech of that evening that I now recall was delivered by the then youthful Stewart L. Woodford. Nine years afterward, when Mr. Bowen and myself were at Fort Sumter witnessing the glorious resurrection of the old historic flag, Woodford was the officer of the day.

There was one very brief interview with Mr. Bowen that it may not be indelicate to recall in these columns. He had often urged me to write for THE INDEPENDENT, while I was the pastor of the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church; but for certain good reasons I had declined. One evening in April, 1860, soon after my removal to Brooklyn, Mr. Bowen met me at the Fulton Ferry and, seizing me by the arm, said to me in his eager way: "You sha'n't get into that street car until you promise to send me an article for THE INDEPENDENT!" I consented to do so, and I sent him an article entitled "The Cedar Christian." That was the first of the more than five hundred contributions that I have been permitted to furnish to this grand old paper—which will be Mr. Bowen's enduring monument. My fellow-contributors thirty-six years ago—Horace Greeley, John G. Whittier, Dr. Tyng, Bishop Haven, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Ray Palmer, Dr. R. M. Hatfield and Dr. Leonard Bacon have all departed to their rest; the pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe has dropped from her fingers; and only the vivacious Grace Greenwood and myself still remain to greet the readers of THE INDEPENDENT.

It was always delightful to meet Mr. Bowen in the editorial room; but the place of all places to see him in his glory was at his beautiful summer home in Woodstock. There he trod his verdant acres with the same

joyful pride with which old Sir Walter trod his domain of Abbotsford. He knew every tree and every shrub as well as he knew the sturdy Pomfret neighbors among whom he had dwelt from his boyhood. In one of the last piquant letters that he wrote me from his "Roseland" home, he tells me how they were feasting that day on the last peaches that his trees had yielded. They were eaten with the cream from his own dairy.

Happy was the man who was invited to spend the Fourth of July with him in that generous mansion! Of his many invitations I was only able to accept that of 1877, when his "Roseland Park" was yet in its early stage of cultivation. James G. Blaine, ex-Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, and Dr. James M. Buckley went on with us, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes joined us the next day from Boston. The two most vivid memories I have of that celebration are the witty verses which Holmes extemporized on the spot, and the huge delight with which the Windham County farmer welcomed the lord of the manor, and his visitors who had come to regale them. Let us hope that Roseland's patriotic flames will not die out on that altar which Henry C. Bowen reared.

My last visit to my beloved old friend of forty-four years was paid him in his spacious Brooklyn mansion. He was enjoying the Indian Summer of his long, fruitful life with a clean conscience and a clear sky of Christian hope. We talked over old times and old friends; for Mr. Bowen had a peculiar tenacity in his friendships. He had known, too, a large part of the people worth knowing during the last half-century; and in his big, hospitable heart there was room for them all.

The next time I crossed the threshold of the old mansion was a few days since, when a host of friends and neighbors came there to pay their last tribute of affection. His fine aquiline face still retained its manly beauty, and the peace of God rested on it. As we looked at the veteran in his coffin, we were ready to declare that Henry Chandler Bowen had taken a true man's life with him when he went up to meet his Master, and to receive his crown.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## THE OUTLOOK IN KOREA.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN THE HERMIT NATION—AUDIENCE WITH THE KING.

BY BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D.D., LL.D.

THE attitude toward foreigners so long maintained by the Koreans was but part of the antiforeign feeling which marks all Asiatic countries. Explorers, whether in Syria or in Arabia, travelers, whether in Persia or in Tibet, have had to encounter the same feeling which in Japan showed itself so long by the imperial edict in public places making it an offense to be punished with death to extend the Christian religion, and which in that country, as well as in China and Korea, has resulted in massacres of native Christians in the belief that they were committed to some foreign power and at a critical time would be found arrayed against their country. Foreign aggressions did much to foster this belief. What other foreign nation save the United States has ever had any dealings with China which has not sought to annex part of her territory? What with the Dutch at Malacca, the Portuguese at Macao, the Spanish at the Philippines, the French in Tonquin, the English in Hongkong and the Russians in Amur, it is not strange that the Chinese are suspicious of even the missionaries when they seek to buy a site for a residence or a chapel, lest it is being done in the interest of some foreign power seeking in this way to get possession of the soil. Korea has had such bad neighbors in China and Japan, each of which has sent armies at different times to overrun and devastate her territory, that she was unwilling to know anything of any other foreign power and sought to have as little as possible to do with those nearest her. Korea became a hermit-nation in self-defense. Each of these countries has its own Monroe Doctrine for which it is willing to fight. Their territory is sacred to them, and they have never yielded any save at the cannon's mouth. Their soil holds the bones of their ancestors which it is a large part of their religion to guard. One of the first sights which met my eye in Korea was the removal of ancestral bones from graves where they had long slept, because the once