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## The Independent.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND: A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE.\*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning rose calm and bright, with that wonderful and mystical stillness and serenicy which glorifies autumn days. It was impossible that such skies could smile, and such gentle airs blow the sea into one great waving floor of sparkang sapphires, without bringing cheerfulness to human hearts. You must be very despairing indeed, when Nature is doing her best, to look her in the face sullen and defiant, so long as there is a drop of good in your cup, a penny in your exchequer of happiness. A bright day reminds you to look at it, and feel that all is not gone yet.

So felt Moses when he stood in the door of the brown house, while Mrs. Pennel was clinking plates and spoons, setting the breakfast-table, and Zephaniah Pennel, in his shirt-sleeves, was washing in the back-room, while Miss Roxy came down stairs in a businesslike fashion, bringing sundry bowls, plates, dishes, and mysterious pitchers from the sick-room. "Well, Aunt Roxy, you a'n't one that lets the

"Well, she had a better night than one could have expected," said Miss Roxy, "and by the time she's had her breakfast she expects to sit up a little and see her friends." Miss Roxy said this in a cheerful tone, looking encouragingly at Moses, whom she began to pity and patronize, now she saw how real was his affliction.

grass grow under your feet," said Mrs. Pennel.

How is the dear child this morning?"

After breakfast, Moses went to see her. She was sitting up in her white dressing-gown, looking so thin and poorly, and everything in the room was fragrant with the spicy smell of the monthly roses, whose late buds and blossoms Miss Roxy had gathered for the vases. She seemed so natural, so calm and cheerful, so interested in all that went on around her, that one almost forgot that the time of her stay must be so short. She called Moses to come and look at her drawings, and paintings of flowers and birds-full of reminders they were of eld times; and then she would have her pencils and colors, and work a little on a bunch of red rock-columbine that she had begun to do for him; and she chatted of all the old familiar places where flowers grew, and of the old talks they had had there, till Moses quite forgot himself-forgot that he was in a sick-room-till Aunt Roxy, warned by the deepening color on Mara's cheeks, interposed her "nussing" authority. She must do no more

Then Moses laid her down, and arranged her pillows so that she could look out on the sea, and sat and read to her till it was time for her aftermoon nan; and when the evening shadows drew on he marveled with himself how the day had

Many such there were all that pleasant mo of September, and he was with her all the time, watching her wants and doing her bidding; reading over and over, with a softened modulation, her favorite hymns and chapters, arranging her flowers, and bringing her home wild bouquets from all her favorite wood-haunts, which made her siekroom seem like some sylvan bower. Sally Kittridge was there, too, almost every day, with always some friendly offering or some helpful deed of kindness; and sometimes they two together would keep guard over the invalid while Miss Roxy went home to attend to some of her own more peculiar concerns. Mara seemed to rule all around her with calm sweetness and wisdom. speaking unconsciously only the speech of heaven. talking of spiritual things, not in an excited rapture or wild ecstacy, but with the sober certainty of waking bliss. She seemed like one of the sweet friendly angels one reads of in the Old Testament, so lovingly companionable, walking and talking, eating and drinking with mortals, yet ready at any unknown moment to ascend-with the flame of some sacrifice, and be gone. There are those (a few at least) whose blessing it has been to have kept for many days in bonds of earthly fellowship a perfected spirit in whom the work of purifying love was wholly done, who lived in calm victory over sin and sorrow and death, ready at any mo

ment to be called to the final mystery of joy. Yet it must come at last, the moment when heaven claims its own, and it came at last in the cottage on Orr's Island. There came a day when the room so sacredly cheerful was hushed to a breathless stillness; the bed was then all snowy white; and that soft still sealed face, the parted waves of golden hair, the little hands folded over the white robe, all had a sacred and wonderful calm, a rapture of repose that seemed to say, "It is

They who looked on her wondered; it was look that sunk deep into every heart; it hushed down the common cant of those who, according to country custom, went to stare blindly at the great mystery of death; for every one that came out of that chamber smote upon their breast and went away in silence, revolving, strangely, whence might come that unearthly beauty, that celestial joy.

Once more, in that very room where James and Mary Lincoln had lain side by side in their coffins, sleeping restfully, there was laid another form, shreuded and coffined, but with such a fairness and tender purity, such a mysterious fullness of joy in its expression, that it seemed more natural to speak of that rest as some higher form of life than of death.

Once more were gathered the neighborhood; all the faces known in this history shone out in one selemn picture, of which that sweet restful form was the center-Zephaniah Pennel, and Mary his wife, Moses and Sally, the dry form of Captain Kittridge and the solemn face of his wife, Aunt Roxy and Aunt Ruey, Miss Emily and Mr. Sewell : but their faces all wore a tender brightness, such as we see falling like a thin celestial vail over all the faces in an old Florentine painting. The room was full of sweet memories, of words of cheer, words of assurance, words of triumph, and the mysterious brightness of that young face forbade

them to weep. Solemnly Mr. Sewell read-"He shall swallow up death in victory, and the Lerd God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him and he shall save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

Then the prayer trembled up to heaven with thanksgiving for the early entrance of that fair young saint into glory; and then the same old funeral hymn, with its mournful triumph-

Then in a few words Mr. Sewell reminded them \* Entered according to Act of Congress, by Joseph H. Bich-ards, in the Digtrict Court of the Southern District of New York.

# The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Cospel, even so we speak, pot as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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NUMBER 699.

how that hymn had been sur g in this room so many years ago, when that frai', fluttering orphan soul had been baptized into the love and care of Jesus, and how her whole 'afe, passing before them in its simplicity and beauty, had come to so holy and beautiful a clese; and when, pointing to the calm sleeping face, he asked, Would we call her back? there was not a heart at that moment that dared answer Yes. Even he that should have been her bridegroom could not at that moment have unsealed the holy charm; and so they bore her away, and laid the calm smiling face beneath the soil, by the side of poor Dolores.

"I had a beautiful dream last night," said Zephaniah Pennel, the next morning after the funeral, as he opened his Bible to conduct family worship.

"What was it?" said Miss Roxy. "Well, ye see, I thought, I was out a-walkin' up and down and lookin' and lookin' for something that I'd lost. What it was I couldn't quite make out, but my heart felt heavy as if it would break. and I was lookin' all up and down the sands by the sea-shore, and somebody said I was like the merchantman, seeking goodly pearls. I said I had lost my pearl-my pearl of great price-and then I leoked up, and far off on the beach, shining softly on the wet sands, lay my pearl. I thought it was Mara, but it seemed a great pearl with a soft moonlight in it; and I was running for it, when some one said 'Hush,' and I looked and I saw Him acoming-Jesus of Nazareth, jist as he walked by the Sea of Galilee. It was all dark night around Him, but I could see Him by the light that came from his face, and the long hair was hanging down on his shoulders. He came and took up my pearl and put it on his forehead, and it shone out like a star, and shone into my heart, and I felt happy ;-and he looked at me steadily, and rose and rose in the air, and melted in the clouds, and I awoke so happy, and so calm !

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a splendid evening in July, and the sky was filled high with gorgeous tabernacles of purple and gold, the remains of a grand thunder-sh which had freshened the air, and set a separate

jewel on every needle-leaf of the old pines.

Four years had passed since the fair Pearl of Orr's Island had been laid beneath the gentle soil, which every year sent monthly tributes of flowers to adorn her rest, great blue violets and starry flocks of etherial eye-brights in spring, and fringy asters and golden-rod in autumn. In those days the tender sentiment which now makes the burialplace a cultivated garden, was excluded by the rigid spiritualism of the Puritan life, which, ever ealous of that which concerned the body lest it should claim what belonged to the immortal alone, had frowned on all watching of graves as an earth-ward tendency, and enjoined the flight of faith with the spirit, rather than the yearning for its cast-

off garments.

But Sally Kittridge, being lonely, found something in her heart which could only be comforted by visits to that grave. So she had planted there roses and trailing myrtle, and tended and watered them; a proceeding which was much commented on Sunday noons, when people were eating their dinners, and discussing their neighbors.

It is possible good Mrs. Kittridge might have been tion to think on the matter at all: but a very short time after the funeral, she was seized with a paralytic shock, which left her for a while as helples as an infant; and then she sank away into the grave, leaving Sally the sole care of the old Cap-

A cheerful home she made too for his old age, adorning the house with many little tasteful fancies unknown in her mother's days; reading the Bible o him, and singing Mara's favorite hymns with a roice as sweet as the spring blue-bird.

The spirit of the departed friend seemed to hallow the dwelling where these two worshiped her nemory in simple-hearted love. Her paintings. fixed in quaint woodland frames of moss and pine-cones by Sally's own ingenuity, adorned the walls. Her books were on the table, and among them many that she had given to Moses.

"I am going to be a wanderer for many years," he said in parting; "keep these for me until I come And so from time to time passed long letters

between the two friends-each telling the other the same story—that they were lonely, and that their hearts yearned for the communion of one who could no longer be manifest to the senses. And each spoke to the other of a world of hopes and memories buried with her, which each so constantly said, " No one could understand but you." Every one was firm in the faith that buried must have no earthly resurrection. Every letter always strenuously insisted upon that: they called each other brother and sister, and under cover of that name the letters grew longer and more frequent, and with every chance opportunity came presents from the absent brother, which made the ittle old cottage quaintly suggestive with smell of

spice and sandal-wood.

But, as we said, this is a glorious July evening and you may discern two figures picking their way over those low sunken rocks, yellowed with sea-weed, of which we have often spoken. They are Moses and Sally, going on an evening walk to that favorite grotto retreat which has so often been spoken of in the course of this history.

Moses has come home from long wanderings. It is four years since they parted; and now they meet and have looked into each other's eyes, not as of old, when they met in the first giddy flush of youth; but as fully developed man and woman Moses and Sally had just risen from the tea-table where she had presided with a thoughtful housewhere she had presently dashed with quaint streaks of her old merry willfulness; while the old Captain warmed up like a rheumatic grass-hopper in a fine autumn day, chirruped feebly, and told some of his old stories, which now he told every day, forgetting that they had ever been heard before. Somehow all three had been very happy the more so, from a shadowy sense of some sympa thizing presence which was rejoicing to see them together again, and which, stealing soft-footed and noiseless everywhere, touched and lighted up every old familiar object with sweet memories. And so they had gone out together to walk

toward the grotto where Sally had caused to be made a seat, and where she declared she had passed hours and hours, knitting, sewing, or read

ing.
"Sally," said Moses, "do you know I am tired of wandering? I am coming home now. I begin to want a home of my own." This he said as they sat together on the rustic seat and looked off on th "Yes, you must," said Sally. "How lovely that

ahip looks just there coming in."
"Yes, they are beautiful," said Moses, abstractedly; and Sally rattled on about the difference between sloops and brigs, seeming determined that there should be no silence such as often comes in ominous gaps between two friends who have long

been separated, and have each many things to say with which the other is not familiar.

"Sally!" said Moses, breaking in with a deep voice on one of these monologues, "do you remember some presumptuous things I once said to you, in this place?" Sally did not answer, and there was a dead

silence, in which they could hear the tide gently dashing on the weedy rocks.

"You and I are neither of us what we were then, Sally," said Moses. "We are different as if we were each another person. We have been trained in another life—educated by a great sor-

row; is it not so?"
"I know it;" said Sally.
"And why should not we two, who have a

world of thoughts and memories which no one can understand but the other—why should we, each of us, go on together alone? If we must, why then, Sally, I must leave you, and I must write and receive no more letters, for I have found that you are becoming so wholly necessary to me, that if any other should claim you, I could not feel as I ought. Must I go?"
Sally's answer is not on record, but one infers

what it is from the fact that they sat there very late, and before they knew it the tide rose up and shut them in, and the moon rose up in full glory out of the water, and still they sat and talked, leaning on each other, till a cracked, feeble voice ealled down through the pine-trees above, like hoarse old cricket, "Children, be you there?"

"Yes, father," said Sally, blushing and con-"Yes, all right," said the deep bass of Moses.
"I'll bring her back when I've done with her,

Captain."
"Wal', wal'; I was gettin' consarned, but I see I don't need to. I hope you won't get no colds nor nothin'." They did not; but in the course of a month there was a wedding at the brown house of the old Captain, which everybody in the parish was glad

of, and was voted, without dissent, to be just the

thing.

Miss Roxy, grimly approbative, presided over
the preparations, and all the characters of our
story appeared, and more, each having on their wedding garment. Nor was the wedding less joy-ful that all felt the presence of a heavenly guest, voice seemed to say in every heart,
"He turneth the shadow of death into morning."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

#### THE END. OUT FROM THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

ALONG a frontier of some two thousand miles, where the soldiers of the Republic are facing the dupes and victims of Slaveholding Treason, the angel of Liberty has for the first time opened the door of many a poor man's prison. Men who have worn out their lives in unrequited toil on some taskmaster's farm or plantation are astonished, on waking some morning, to find the oppressor fled in conscious guilt before the advancing, triumphant legions of the Nation, and no one left behind to counsel their further labor or dole out the coarse and scanty food whereby their lives have been thus far sustained. Practically, inevitably, by the operation of causes which he did not incite and could not control, each of these late bondmen finds himself suddenly freed-not merely enabled but compelled to act as though "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" were as truly and indisputably his birthright as though he had been born white, sent to school in due season, and paid for his labor. It is a strange and sudden transition: the freedman is constrained to rub his eyes and convince himself that this is not one of the dreams by which he has aforetime been cheated: his next impulse is to take to his heels.

Yes, he must flee; for he cannot abide in freedom and security on the soil which he has so long moistened with his sweat and which has often been redeemed from the wilderness by his toil. To-morrow the Union forces may be driven of drawn back and the Rebels return in force : nay to-morrow he may be betrayed by some enauletted slave-hound in the Federal service into a new and bitterer bondage, in defiance of every dictate of humanity, policy, and good faith. In vain has Congress enacted and the President approved that he National forces shall no longer act as slaveeatchers; the law is evaded or defied and slaves are still handed over, even to rebels, in nearly o quite every State where the war is now in progréss, South Carolina and Georgia probably ex-cepted. The base will act out their nature, any aw of God or man to the contrary notwithstand-

The freedman must fly: but whither? To whom can he look for hospitality and protection, for food and shelter, if the Christian charity of the Free North does not proffer him a welcome? The Free West is in good part closed against him by proscriptive, inhuman laws, impelled by the blind hate and bitter prejudice of the uneducated Whites whom Slavery has exiled from the South and who know no better than to attribute their poverty and degradation to the innocent Blacks. The slave of Tennessee or Missouri rebel who flees across the Ohio or Mississippi into Illinois violates thereby the law of the latter Free State and subjects him self to dreaded penalties—penalties to be rendered more stringent by the New Constitution about to be accepted or rejected by her People. The laws of the Middle and Eastern Free States are generally harsh enough toward the colored man, but they o not deny him a right to exist. So, if the choice be open to him, the slave deserted by his rebe master and thus virtually enfranchised, turns his face in this direction. Thousands have already made their way somehow across Maryland into Pennsylvania: thousands more will doubtless folow in their footsteps. What shall be their recep-

These poor fugitives, with scarcely an exception. have always earned all they had, and a good deal that was stolen from them, by the hardest, coarsest labor; and they have no idea of gaining it without labor hereafter. Unlearned as they doubtless are stupid as they are generally supposed to be, they understand that every one's livelihood must be fairly earned by himself or by others; and they are quite aware that they lack the power and the wit to compel others towork for their profit. Ninety-nine in every hundred of these fugitives are trained t manual labor, mainly agricultural, expect to work for all they receive, are perfectly willing to work, and only ask a fair chance. Shall it not be accorded?

Two distinct perils stretch across their path : the first that of the blind and brutal negro-hate which would deny them any chance to work at all, under the plea that whatever wages they may received must be abstracted from the aggregate earnings of White laborers. This assumption is as mistaken as the spirit which impels it is base. No country was ever impoverished, nor were the wages of its aborers ever reduced, by an increase of its laboring producing population. An influx of gamblers, grog-sellers, lottery, or policy-office keepers, and the like, does tend to diminish carnings and increase pauperism: not so the immigration of honest, useful workers. If One Hundred Thousand of the Laboring Class were to flock into the Free States Laboring Class were to flock into the Free States per month for the next twenty years, those States would be more prosperous and their labor better employed and rewarded during that whole time than if their immigration were reduced to an inconsiderable fraction. Every immigrant family would need a shelter, and this would create and mainain a healthy and constant demand for new habiations; they would need clothing, bedding, tools, notes they would need clothing, beating, worsh, household implements, and a thousand conveniences, stimulating trade, keeping up a demand for real estate, and in every way creating a market for more and better rewarded labor than the immimore and better rewarded labor than the immi-grants would supply. In a stagnant, decaying country, where population is stationary or declin-ing, Labor seeks employment in vain: not so in one

ing, Labor seeks employment in vain: not so in one which is rapidly growing, and where new farms, new houses, new shops, new factories, are constantly required and provided.

The outery against the influx of Southern fugitives at the North is as dishonest as it is cruel. It is the cant of base political self-seekers who would mainly be partisans of the Rebellion if they dare; but who, not being sufficiently brave to stand up for the slaveholding traitors, gratify their disloyal inclinations more safely by exciting prejudice against their most defenseless victims. Those who sought to excite a riot in Philadelphia against

a couple of car-loads of fugitives from slavery to rebels who recently reached that city, were of the very breed that insisted, until after the uprising of the People at the bombardment of Fort Sunter, that we ought to avert civil war and preserve the Union by accepting the Montgomery Constitution and recognizing Jeff. Davis as our President, vice Abraham Lincoln, ignominiously kicked out. The very presses that urged that notable expedient for "Peace," "Compromise," and "Reconstruction," are now doing their utmost to excite mobs 'against these poor fugitives and deny them any chance to these poor fugitives and deny them any chance to earn a living. Let them succeed in this, and they will point to our alms-houses and other refuges for destitution crowded with negroes, and exultingly ask, "Did we not tell you that negroes would only work while enslaved-that to free them is to

"work while enslaved—that to free them is to "compel the Whites to support them in idleness "and vagrancy? Now won't you be satisfied to "let Slavery alone?" etc., etc.

The other class of oppressors of the poor fugitives from the house of bondage is less ruffianly than that already portrayed, but not a whit less despicable. It consists of smooth, sharp, cunning, grasping men who, seeing them ignorant, needy, friendless, and helpless, will take advantage of their necessities to wrench from them the largest possible quantum of labor for the least conceivable recomquantum of labor for the least conceivable recomense-playing the slaveholder in everything but the name—laying aside the cowhide and trusting to the potent lash of Necessity. Now it is clear enough that the unlettered slave of forty or fifty years who is accustomed only to doing rude wor in the rudest way can hardly earn the wages of a white American whose early years were in good partspent in school, who has traveled and observed, and whose efficiency in all the various processes of the farm and garden is hardly equaled on earth. It would be no more just to pay the rude laborer for skill he does not possess than to deny him payment for the strength he actually exerts. But it is greatly desirable that humane, generous citizens should give employment to these poor fagitives should seek them out for that purpose—should advise them how to expend their earnings to the best advantage—should afford them comfortable shelter at the lowest rates—should trust them with the requisite clothing and bedding till they can realize the amount from their earnings-and in every way treat them as unfortunates to be pefriended rather than as helpless subjects out of whom the last possible cent may by hard bargains be extorted. Let good men everywhere, but espe-cially in the Free States which border on the Slave, take prompt and concerted action on this subject— let them see that no fugitive stands idle at this busy season for lack of an employer—that none is compelled to work for less than he honestly earns—that each has good advice as to the disposal of his wages so as to secure his family the largest amount of necessaries and comforts—so that each shall feel that Freedom and Slavery differ in something more than name, and be encouraged to labor with an energy and assiduity for which Bondage supplies no motive, and to endeavor constantly to equire that knowledge and skill which will insure him a larger recompense. Many things, in these eventful days, press upon the attention of these eventual days, press upon the attention of those who would mitigate the miseries which follow in the track of this desolating war; but none of them is more urgent than the duty of seeing that the fugitives from Slavery to rebels are afforded a fair opportunity to earn their livelihood by useful labor in this land of Freedom.

#### QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT. BY REV. THEODORE L. CUVLE

Ir a party of Arctic explorers-after a long, perilous march through driving snow-stormswere to find themselves under the lee of a rock of an ice-hummock for the night, how carefully would they draw forth the single match or bit of tinder that was to keep them from perishing. All depends on that one match. How they hover round it to protect the first faint flicker from the gale. "Be eareful, be c-a-r-e-f-u-l," says the anxious leader, with suspended breath, as he watches the spark light into a little blaze, and the blaze slowly creep up until it takes hold of a dry faggot, and begins to ignite the heap of drift-wood To put out that flame is suicide. To fan it is the irst instinct of self-preservation. And when the eed of fire has grown into a crackling flamelluminating rock and ice and fur-clad men with uddy glow-they all thank God that no careless hand was permitted to quench the fire on which

their lives depended. This scene illustrates the graphic simile of Paul, "Quench not the Spirit." It is equivalent o his saying to the sinner, put not out the fire which God's Spirit is kindling in thy heart. The figure will bear study. In whatever way we look at it we find it full of suggestion and most solemn admonition. Why are inquiring souls to take heed not to "quench the Spirit?"

1. Because the Holy Spirit is the soul's enlight. ener. Put not out the light, is the apostle's tender caution. A sinner's heart is by nature enveloped in darkness. As absence of light makes darkness so absence of spiritual knowledge makes ignorance and absence of godliness makes depravity. This midnight of the heart can only be illuminated by the incoming of the Spirit. It is one of the blesse offices of him whom "the Father sends to teac you all things," and to "guide you into all truth.'
It is his work to reveal the iniquity of the heart.
It is his to show the sinner his besetting sin, and to make known its exceeding heinousness. It his, too, to reveal the way of salvation. As the Alpine traveler at night needs the lantern at hi waist to find his way to the hospice, so does th inquirer for salvation need the Divine Enlightener to guide his trembling footsteps to Calvary. Put not out the light.

2. The Spirit resembles fire, in the second place because it melts the flinty heart. A "heart of stone" is the Bible's description of the stubborn sinner. There is no contrition, no tenderness, no godly love in it. It needs melting. Go into vast iron-foundry, and witness the extraordinary processes by which fire conquers the solid meta until it consents to be cast or stamped or rolled into the form which the artificer desires. This is a type of God's moral foundry, (as seen in a reviva of religion,) where an obdurate heart is first so softened as to feel the truth; then to weep over sin; then to be ductile and malleable; then so flexible as to be "formed anew" into a shape that pleases the Lord Jesus Christ. This melting profire accomplishes in the foundry the infinite Spirit of love accomplishes in a convicted soul. As the Holy Spirit alone can melt you into penitence, alone can subdue your stubborness, and mold you into obedience to God, as he alone can transform your hard, ungrateful deformity into the "beauty o holiness," we entreat you, awakened friend, quench

3. The third office of the Spirit is that of a purifier Mave you ever witnessed the smelting process by which the dross is burnt away and the pure metal which the dross is burnt away and the pure metal is made to flow into the clay receptacle? Then you have witnessed a vivid illustration of the Spirit's work in sanctification. How the corruption runs away under the blessed action of divine love! How the dross goes off! How the graces burnish into brightness! How the pure gold is eliminated! Oh ye who yearn for a better life, for conquests over indwelling sin, for the incoming of holiness, as ye love your souls, quench not the Spirit.

4. One other agency of God's Spirit we glance at; it is the heating, soul-propelling power. Every heart is more or less frozen by selfishness, more or less torpid to the claims of heavenly benevolence. Now what is accomplished in the engine-room of an ecean-steamer when a flame is kindled under the dead mass of coal in the furnace, is accomplished in the cold, selfish heart of man when the divine Spirit brings in the new inspiration of love

to Christ. The mass kindles. The soul moves The powers begin their play. The whole man gets in motion—and as long as the fire of holy love burns on in the depths of the soul, so long do men see the steady, triumphant march of a life of radiant zeal and Christlike philanthropy. This was the fire from heaven that descended at Penteosel. It was the young church's inspiration that propelled it to the spiritual conquest of the globe. Here is the one greatest, sorest, saddest want of our modern churches. Pulpit and pew need alike the blessed propulsion which God's Spirit alone can kindle.

Do you not see by this time, my unconverted friend, how much your very life depends on the Spirit's influence? Already have you felt his power. In all your compunctions for past wasted house of selfishness and sin—in all your aspirings for a better life, you felt that power. He it was who thrilled you under that solemn discourse in God's house, until your conscience smote as the reed is smitten under a mighty wind. He startled you on that bed of sickness, when eternity came near and looked you in the face. He melted your heart under the pleading appeal and the touching prayer of that faithful friend, who yearned for your salvation. He came with that affectionate pastor to your fireside, and warned you to flee from the wrath to come. He spake to you out of that hollow tomb that opened for your departed, and bade you prepare to meet your God. A Monitor has he been o you: he waits to be a Comforter, a Purifier, a Teacher, a Sanctifier of your soul. Bare you grieve him away? Oh! as you value your present peace, and your hope of future salvation; as you desire life, and joy, and glory everlasting; as you would shun the agonies of hell and secure the blessedness of heaven, we entreat you-quench not

Said an old man once to his pastor: "When I was seventeen, I began to feel deeply at times, at this continued for two or three years; but I determined to put off till I should be settled in life. After I was married, I reflect that the time had come when I had promised to attend to rel ion; but I had bought this farm, and I thought it would not s ion; but I had bought this farm, and I thought it would not sui
me to become religious till it was paid for, as some time would
have to be devoted to attend church, and also some expense.
I then resolved to put it off ten years; but when the ten years came
round, I thought no more about it. I often try ts think, but i
cannot keep my mind on the subject one moment." I urged him
by all the terrors of dying an enemy of God, to set about the work
of repentarce, "It is too late," said he, "I believe my doom is
scaled; and it is just that it should be so, for the Spirit strove
long with me, but I refused." I then turned to his children, young
men and young women, who were around him, and entreated them
not to put off the subject of religion, or grieve the Spirit of God in
their youthful days. The old man added, "Mind that. If I had
attended to it then, it would have been well with me to-day; but
now it is too late."

Alpe for him! He had a series of the some time to the subject of religion, or grieve the Spirit of God in
their youthful days. The old man added, "Mind that. If I had
attended to it then, it would have been well with me to-day; but
now it is too late."

Alas for him! He had quenched the Spirit. The last ray of light was extinguished, and through the darkness of a spiritual midnight he groped his way down to his hopeless grave.

## General Aelus.

### CONGRESS.

The Legislation actually Completed by Congress during the week has not been of great extent or im-portance. Debates have consumed most of the time, affording the constituent the inestimable privilege of knowing—not, necessarily, what his representative's or senator's position is, on the great questions of the day, but—how that able legislator and profound states—man thinks it safest to define it.

Questions involving Slavery have been somewhat

-The African slave-trade appression treaty with Great Britain, now before the Senate for ratification, will constitute another important step in the establishnent of our country on the side of freedom. This treaty may, we fully believe, be expected to bring about a sincere and energetic effort by the United States to end that cursed trade, instead of the hypocritical and feeble pretenses which the pro-slavery administrations have hitherto sent out, of squadrons, efforts, and intentions.

-The bill to abolish slavery in the District of Coambia was signed by President Lincoln on the 16th; and he sent in a message explaining to Congress why he signed it. This step is without precedent, and this is no reason against it. The purpose of the commun-ication was to recommend that Congress provide in the usual manner for compensation claims made in persons, which was omitted in the bill. Chaplai Stockton, in his prayer in the House on the 17th, thanks to God for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the first anti-slavery thanks, we elieve, that God has ever received from a Congressional chaplain.

—Census Superintendent Kennedy was directed to

furnish to the Senate a list, which will be interesting and useful, of the names of all slave-owners in the District, with the ages and other particulars of their

slaves.

—Mr. Lane presented a petition from some free colored men for their colonization somewhere abroad,
Central America being suggested.

—The system of Democratico-Secessionist annoyance of the Government, a sort of political guerrilla

fighting, was continued by Mr. Cox of Ohio in the House, on the 21st, by a resolution requiring from the Secretary of War a vast amount of detailed statistics about slaves freed in consequence of the war in Vir-ginia and Maryland, for no particular purpose. Ta-

The Confiscation Bill was most prominent among war affairs, though in debate only.

—This bill came up in the Senate on the 16th, when Mr. Powell argued against it on legal grounds at great length, as being a bill of attainder, as inhuman, and an attack on slavery. This last is the real difficulty, of course. The Border-state phalanx can smell afar off any approach of a danger to their black idol. Mr. Powell further stated his views in opposition to all the arrests under martial law. We cannot see what measure in opposition to the slaveholders' rebellion he

-Mr. Howard spoke in favor of the bill on the 18th

—In the House, on the 17th, sixteen confiscation bills, the plans of as many different members, were on the 16th sent in by the Judiciary Committee, with a recommendation that none of them pass. About half of them were read, under the motion to table them, and the affair was postponed for the time. On the 22d, a somewhat complicated debate, with motions to amend, substitute, lay on the table, etc., took place on the bills; meet of which must be added by the on the bills; mest of which must be addled by time. No conclusion was reached.

- Of Other War Business:-The House, on the 16th, passed the bill for an army signal corps; this organ-ization having been thoroughly tried, and found remarkably useful.

remarkably useful.

—The censorship of the press was delicately alluded to in a somewhat feeble resolution passed by the House on the 16th, to the effect that Government ought not to interfere with telegraphing news—except when it thinks proper!

—Secessionist Vallandigham exhibited his animus again on the 16th, when a bill came up from the Committee of Ways and Means, to appropriate \$30,000,000 for paying volunteers enlisted over and above the number of half a million. Vallandigham impudently charged that this money was intended to cover a defalcation in the War Department, and then backed out again by failing to vote against the appropriation, which passed, 190 to 2, (May and Calvert of Maryland.)

—Mr. Morrill of Vt. offered a resolution in the House on the 22d, requesting the President to strike from the rolls the name of any officer known to be habitually intoxicated while on service; and said that responsible eye-witnesses had told him that the general in command at the late affair at Lee's Mills in tront of Yorktown, failed to re-enforce the brave Vermonters, and thus basely threw away their lives and the position, because he was grossly drunk, having even follen off his horse, remaining when remounted with half his face and person covered with mud. This is a horrible story; and the people will expect prompt action by the President in punishment of such a fearful crime. The resolution was adopted.

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—The Work of Investigation seems constantly to extend into "fresh fields and pastures new."

—Mr. McDougall brought up Gen. Stone's case again on the 16th, speaking of the committee which caused his arrest as an "inquisition," and again on the 21st, when Mr. McD., and Mr. Wade in reply, went over nearly the old ground of attack and defense, but with rather more circumstantiality on the part of Mr. Wade; and Mr. Sumner took occasion to explicitly deny that he had anything whatever to do with the arrest of Stone, either directly or indirectly. Mr. Chandler of the War committee, so roundly attacked by McDougall, said that he was "tired of these mean and false imputations on the committee;" and when McDougall wanted to know who he meant was false, very properly repeated the remark, and would do no more. There was considerable excitement, but the debate ended with no particular result except do no more. There was considerable excitement, but the debate ended with no particular result except

held.

—Mr. Hale, from the select Senate committee, appointed in July, to investigate the losses of Government property at Pensacola, Norfolk, and Harper's Ferry, presented a long and interesting report, which was ordered printed. The report leaves the Pensacola affair to the Navy Department, which has undertaken to examine it; convicts Buchanan's Administration of neglecting to secure the \$9,760,000 worth of property at Norfolk, after its danger became evident, and blames the present Government for not moving in the business for thirty-seven days; censures the imbeciles McCauley, Paulding, and Pendergrast, for not doing their duty in saving the same grast, for not doing their duty in saving the same property when in their power, McCauley not even obeying orders. It leaves the public to estimate the facts that McCauley has merely been left on half-pay, and the other two imbeciles put in charge of two more great navy yards, Brooklyn and Philadelphia! And it finds that while Capt. Jones did his duty at Harper's Ferry, the Government were to blame in not re-enforcing the command.

the repeated explanation that Stone cannot be tried now, because the judges and witnesses are in the

re-enforcing the command.

Mr. Diven, the somewhat unregulated member from N. Y., called up his resolution directing the Attorney-General to sue Gen. Fremont and contractor Beard for the expense of the St. Louis fortifications; and a quite warm debate ensued, Diven repeating and a quite warm debate ensued, Diven repeating the old charges of extravagance, and Blair of Mo. saying some ill-tempered things about Fremont, con-tractor Woods, etc. Mr. Colfax ably answered them, very forcibly exposing the evident malignity and meanness of these assaults, always timed so as to correspond with Gen. Fremont's actual employment, so as to eximple his activity and rule his reportation. so as to cripple his activity and ruin his reputation. Messrs. Phelps of Cal. and Stevens of Pa. also op-

posed this attack; and the resolution was tabled. Senator Starke, it will be remembered, met with some rubs in his entrance to his seat, and a special committee of six was appointed at his own demand to report on his loyalty. Five of them reported on the 22d that Starke had been an ardent advocate of the rebellious states long before Nov. 21, 1861, and was then such; that after the Confederate constitu-tion was formed, he openly admired it, and desired that the other states should come in under it; and lastly, that he is disloyal. A pretty clear case.

-Internal Improvements and Affairs have occupied

—Internal Improvements and Affairs have occupied much of the time and talk of the week.

—The Pacific Railroad bill was debated in committee of the Whole on the 17th. Lovejoy (III.) opposed it as being "logrolled" to benefit sundry railroad companies:—as if any such road could be built without connecting with some Eastern ones and benefiting them! Pike (Me.) wanted the matter postponed to next session, when we should know how our money matters stood. Dunn (Ind.) wanted the enterprise left to capitalists. Kelly (Pa.) and Pessenden (Me.) urged the building of the road for civil and military reasons. Morrill (Vt.) said no money could be raised for it now. Blair (Mo.) attacked the motives of the opponents of the bill, and Campbell (Pa.) showed that a beginning is necessary, if we are ever to finish, that we may as well begin now, and that the Government is paying yearly \$7,800,000 for that the Government is paying yearly \$7,800,000 for transportation to the Pacific—twice as much as the bill calls for in the way of interest on bonds. The debate was continued on the 18th; White (Ind.) claiming to be in favor of a road, but against this claiming to be in favor of a road, but against this plan; and Sheffield (R. I.) opposing it. There seeins no prospect of the passage of any bill for a Pacific railroad at this session. Aside from the violent clashes and struggles of opposing selfish interests which would naturally impede any bill, the pressure on the strength and finances of the country is felt to be too great for venturing upon the enterprise just

—An armed mail steam ship line between San Francisco and Shanghai is contemplated by a bill before the Senate, and Mr. Latham of Cal., whose constituents wish it, spoke in its favor on the 18th There are many reasons for such a line, if the country can afford it; but Messrs. Fessenden and Summer argued that it cannot. No vote was taken.

-Mr. Pomeroy of Kansas introduced into the Senate, on the 16th, a bill to organize the Territory of Lanniwa, to include the present Indian Territory south of Kansas. Proper provisions are to be made for the tribes.

—Electors in the District of Columbia are required by a bill passed in the Senate on the 17th, to take the oath of allegiance, and swear that they have always

been loyal.

—The House bill for an agricultural bureau came
up in the Senste on the 17th, but was not disposed of.
Mr. Wright offered a substitute, providing for the
collection and diffusion of statistics on agriculture and commerce; very desirable objects, and urged by Mr. Wright in a sensible and forcible manner. The House bill for a branch mint at Denver, Colorado, passed the Senate on the 17th, after Mr. Fessenden had shown that gold enough is produced in that Territory to justify its establishment.

-Quite a number of petitions have been presented during the week for a bankrupt law, and for emanci- Of the considerable number of other petitions, resolutions, etc., presented, but not disposed of, none equire special notice.

The Foreign News is to the 10th. It contains othing of remarkable importance or interest.

-A New Steamer, the Ovieto, of 750 tuns, said to be a fast vessel, and fit for a man of-war, salled from Liverpool on March 22, as is suspected, with the in tention of becoming a rebel privateer. Hers would be a solitary lot, as the Sumter is still "corked up" in Gibraltar by the attentive Tuscarora.

-One Bentinck, not much renowned for wisdom. member of Parliament, attributed whatever distress

a member of Parliament, attributed whatever distress
there is in England to the "inconsistent and inhuman
policy of its Government in refusing to recognize
the Confederate States."

—Mr. Peabody is to receive the "freedom of the
city of London"—whatever that is—in a gold box;
it is more evident what that is.

—The English are claiming that their Captain
Cole invented the principle of the Monitor. Yes;
but Ericsson invented it first. The Bulls are as
vexed as De Quincey's old philosopher, and seem to
be saying, like him, "Percant qui ante nos nostra—
invenerunt!"

—The Emperor Napoleon has reduced his army by

invenerunt!"

—The Emperor Napoleon has reduced his arms by 32,000, besides directing two infantry regiments to be disbanded, and 2,200 horses to be sold.

—The Italian War Department is building some iron-plated ships of war.

—The Clergy of Bologna are said to have been detected in an extensive consultance.

iron-plated ships of war.

—The Clergy of Bologna are said to have been detected in an extensive conspiracy.

—The Modenese Army, which, it will be remembered, its Austrian monarch transferred into the hands of Francis Joseph, is to be partly incorporated with the Austrian forces, partly to be made missionaries of brigandage in behalf of Bomba, in Naples. The men thus provided for are dissatisfied.

—Prassia, which has not the usual European advantage of a deficit, is to have its taxes lowered. Happy land!

—Denmark also is to have an iron-plated ship.

—The Greek Insurrection now seems to draw rapidly toward its end, as a French and an English fleet is before Nauplia, to save such rebels as King Otho's amnesty does not reach, and to quietly but significantly recommend the others to give it up.

—Balla Rao, whoever that is, gained over some native regiments at Calcutta, and almost started a rebellion again. It was discovered, however. Mr. Rao ran away, and the affair was quieted.

—The Chinese Rebellion seems to rotain a low but constant vitality, crawling about from one province to another. It is besieging Nankin at present, and the city is said to be so straitened that the inhabitants are eating human flesh. A Yankee named Ward is said to be acting efficiently as an Imperialist commander.