

Special Notices.

PAPER... THE CIRCULATION OF THE Independent is larger than that of any other weekly religious newspaper in the world...

The Independent.

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

BY MRS. HARRIET BECKER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVI. The next morning rose calm and bright, with that wonderful and mystical stillness and serenity which glorifies autumn days...

CHAPTER XXVII. It was a splendid evening in July, and the sky was filled with gorgeous tints of purple and gold...

CHAPTER XXVIII. Many such there were all that pleasant month of September, and he was with her all the time, watching her smile and her bright eyes...

CHAPTER XXIX. They looked on her wonderingly; it was a look that sunk deep into every heart; it hushed away the common cant of those who, according to country custom, went to stare blindly at the great mystery of death...

CHAPTER XXX. 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, shrouded and coffined, but with such a fairness and tender purity...

CHAPTER XXXI. "You must," said Sally. "How lovely that name is! It is coming in 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 the blue sea...

CHAPTER XXXII. "Yes, they are beautiful," said Moses, abstractedly; and Sally rattled on about the difference between sloops and briggs, seeming determined that she would say no silence such as often comes in the faces of an old Florentine painter...

how that hymn had been sung in this room so many years ago, when that first, fluttering orphan soul had been baptized into the love and care of Jesus...

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

CHAPTER XXXIII. "Well, ye see, I thought I was out-a-walkin' up and down and lookin' for somethin' that I'd lost..."

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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?"

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

CHAPTER XL. Along a frontier of some two thousand miles, where the soldiers of the Republic are facing the dupes and victims of Slavelholding Treason, the angel of Liberty has for the first time opened the door of many a prison...

CHAPTER XLI. It is possible good Mrs. Kittridge might have been much scandalized by it, had she been in a condition to think on the matter at all; but a very short time after the funeral, she was seized with a puerile lynch, which left her for a while as helpless as an infant...

CHAPTER XLII. "I am going to be a wanderer for many years," he said in parting; "keep these for me until I come back." 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...

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of a couple of car-loads of fugitives from slavery to rely on recently reached that city, where the very best that has ever been done for the people of the People at the bombardment of Fort Sumter...

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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 Christian philanthropy...

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Terms. By Mail, \$5.00 per annum in advance. Single Copies, 10 Cts. per copy. Delivered in New York or Brooklyn by carrier, 10 Cts. additional.

The Work of Investigation seems constantly to extend into "fresh fields and pastures new." Mr. McDougal brought up Gen. Stone's case again on the 16th, speaking of the committee which caused his arrest as an "inquisition," and repeating the 21st, when Mr. McD. and Mr. Wade in reply, went over nearly the old ground of attack and defence...

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General News.

CONGRESS.

The Legislation actually Completed by Congress during the week has not been of great extent or importance. Debates have continued on the subject of the Pacific Railroad...

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. It is a party of Arctic explorers—after a long, perilous journey, driven by snow-storms, and weary from the loss of a rock or 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...

FOREIGN.

The Foreign News is to the 10th. It contains nothing of remarkable importance or interest. A new steamer, the Oriole, of 750 tons, said to be a fast vessel, and fit for a man-of-war, sailed from Liverpool on March 22, as is supposed, with the intention of becoming a rebel privateer...

THE ITALIAN WAR.

The Italian War Department is building some iron-plated ships for the navy. The Clergy of Bologna are said to have been detected in an excessive conspiracy. The 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...