

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Our Special Contributors.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIKE THE POPE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Eternal City, at this moment, is as full of rumors and syllabic noise as any forest in America.

It is not to give up my temporal power," he says, "it is not mine to give; if you will take it from me, that is another thing. I shall submit only when I cannot help it."

So matters stand to-day, and every day brings some slight shade but no great movement. The prayers in St. Peter's that we described as occurring to-day, were certainly characterized by more than usual earnestness of feeling.

Since then we have heard that these Friday prayers are considered a demonstration—as everything here is now called—by which the people have an opportunity to show their feeling in respect to the great question which is agitating Europe, and of which Rome is now the central point.

Even to a Protestant the effect of such things cannot but be intensely solemn. The running out of one age and the commencement of another are always felt with awe and mystery.

This Pope St. Peter's, this pile of the Vatican, with its splendors past and historic, seems now awaiting some great change. It reminds one of that splendid old Judean temple in the last days of the splendor of Jerusalem, where was heard from the inner courts the murmuring of an army, and the sound, "Let us depart," only that here for ages has dwelt no divinity, and the idol worshipped—falsest, most unprofitable idol and deceiver—the Church—hurries to its downfall. H. B. S.

THE DOUGLASSES.

A DOUGLASS of the old time paid To Scotland's King his court, The King he made the Douglas run Beside his horse in sport.

The Douglas strove, the Douglas ran, The jolly King spurred well, Till bruised and splashed from heel to head The baffled savior fell.

The Douglas of our day went down To Slavery's royal hold; Beside the monarch's bridle-rein He ran like him of old.

Who legs too short to win a race Whence in the longest dirt The Douglas ran, the King spurred on, And left him in the mire.

THE DEMOCRATIC DISTRACTION.

BY HORACE GREELY.

The division of the Democratic party is to-day a pregnant fact, whatever may be the aspect of tomorrow. Reasoning from what has been, we may confidently predict that the chasm opened at Charleston will soon be closed—closed by a surrender on the part of the North.

The immediate future is not clear: the ultimate is inevitable. Either the Cotton States, being worsted in the struggle, will attempt to secede from the Union, or they will mold the National Democracy to their uses, if not to their views. Their knock-down question—"How do you propose to get on without us?"—will prove the end of controversy in this direction.

The all-absorbing Slavery question is not about to be settled, but to take on a new aspect. "National Democracy"—though it may fight its next battle under the banner of Douglas—is destined to find a more pronounced and logical resting-place under the eagle of O'Connor and Lamar. That Slavery is intrinsically right, is beneficent, is divinely ordained, and is a blessing to the Southern States, is a doctrine which is not only accepted, and "National Democracy" will affirm and rest on the asserted right of any slaveholder to establish Slavery practically, as it will already have established theoretically, in any and every Territory.

The virtual refusal of the Cotton States to send delegates to the adjourned Convention at Baltimore, and their separate and rival Convention at Richmond, the common dread of "Black Republican" ascendancy, all tend to this result. On an unequalled Free-Slavery Platform, Democracy is sure of 160 Electoral Votes, being those of all the South, plus Maryland and Delaware; add 14 to these, and they elect the next President. Wisely or unwisely, the old experiment of trying to carry the entire South by giving the Slave Power all it demands, and a part of the North by party discipline and drill and evoking whatever potency may still linger in the words "Democratic" and "Democracy," is likely again to be repeated.

The North always does; for the South regards the Democratic party but as an instrument for effecting its ends; while at the North it is cherished as a means of achieving office and securing "the spoils" of Federal Power. The South stands ready to discard or break the machine whenever it shall fall to answer her paramount purpose; the North—we mean the Democratic North—is not apt to offer invincible resistance to any Platform which promises to secure a Presidential triumph and another four years' lease of Federal Power.

It is difficult for us to conceive the position of a sensible, intelligent individual, believing with the whole heart, all undivided, the traditions and teachings of the Rouish Church, and our sympathy is often impaired from want of ability to shape this out to ourselves. Our education is from turn to foundation-stone so different, that we are apt to think that he must in his heart see the absurdities that we do, and that he is practicing willfully on the weakness of the credulous. But the spirit that made Leo X. exclaim, "How much profit this world has cost me!" is not that of Plo Nono. His state of mind is more that of a sincere fanatic than of a deceiver, and as such should command more respect. Had he been a double-minded man, he would have yielded the point to the French Emperor before now—but he invents himself upon his conscience, and says, as Luther did, "Here I stand—I can no other; God help me!"—and so God will, he hopes, at last help him to more light, while he helps the poor Romans also to more liberty.

When you speak to Italians of the Pope, and say he seems to be a good man, they say, "He is, but he has changed."

The thing which the most disinterested think from him—the unforgivable thing—the breaking-point between him and them—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. That had changed to him before they said, "He indeed is our enemy. It is undoubtedly the case that on his own part the Pope is embittered toward the people. On two or three public occasions he has broken out into tempers of excitement, and raged in a manner foreign to the general mildness of his demeanor; and he has been given orders of non-resistance to his agents, it is only because he knows that when the French troops withdraw resistance will be idle.

The Independent.

VOLUME XII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1860. NUMBER 597.

"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."

The fact is, the Pope is just in the position of a general who has received orders to defend an indefensible post—his Church says thus and so—she cannot change, and so what is left for him but to stay quietly at his post till he is forced from it.

"I cannot give up my temporal power," he says, "it is not mine to give; if you will take it from me, that is another thing. I shall submit only when I cannot help it."

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Sudden hurricanes may twist off the gorgeous magnolias of the vale, or crack the brittle bay-tree, but let the gale rage ever so fiercely on Lebanon's blustering heights, let the snow-squads join battle in the hurried air, the cedar tosses the fougues from his elastic boughs, and stands like the everlasting mountain under it. In God's Church there are to be found just such lignumvitæ characters—storm-proof, gold-proof, temptation-proof. What a plantation of such cedars were the early apostles! What a coronet of stalwart storm-defiers graced the summit of God's Zion in Reformation days! Zwingle of Switzerland; John Knox, who never feared the face of man—burly Latimer, who marched singing to Smithfield's kindled stake—John Hus, gazing up into the open heavens from the sufficing smoke and flame which were snuffing his curls—these were the cedars of Lebanon, through whose branches the very gales of persecution made glorious music. Here and there is such a cedar Christian discoverable in our country. They never bend. They never break. They never compromise. To such Christians, worldliness cometh, and smooth-tongued expediency cometh, and sensual pleasure cometh, and slavery cometh, but "findeth nothing in them." Popular hurricanes come down again upon them, smiling a Hopkins, a Pierpont, or a Dudley Tynis in the hulking, smiling a Wilberforce, a Jay, or an Adams in the regal hall—smiling a Jonathan Edwards in his quiet study—a missionary Lyman in his lonely toils—a Neat Dow in his labors for the drunkard, and a Jonas King in his labors for the besotted bigots of Athens. But the cedar of principle proved an overmatch for the blasts of selfishness, spite, or superstition. Persecution only made the roots of resolution strike the deeper, and the trunk of testimony stand the firmer.

III. The greatest peril to such Christians as read these lines will not come in the form of persecution; but rather from those insidious worms that gnaw out the very heart of Gospel piety. Secret influences are the most fatal in the every-day life of a wholly unassuming professor. There is a whole colony of busy insects that will try the quality of a believer's timber. And when the community is started by the spiritual defilement of some prominent man in the Church or in a religious society, it is only the crack of a beam or a pillar that was worn away by secret influences. He only is a cedar of Christ's training and polishing who is sound to the very core. For the pride of Lebanon was not more famous for its vigor or its hardness than its solidity of wood. It knew no decay. It afforded asylum to no stealthily nesting insects that its aromatic tangle-bud and ash. Therefore did Israel's royal temple-builder select it for the most conspicuous and important portions of the edifice on Mount Moriah. With its fine grain, its high polish, and delightful fragrance, every lined and every door-post was at once a strength and an ornament to the temple of the living God. So stand the faithful, fearless minister of Christ, the incorruptible Christian patriot, the unflinching testimony-bearer for the truth as it is in Jesus. They bid defiance to the worm of sin while they live, and to the worm of calumny when they are dead. Centuries hence, their memory will be as sound and as fragrant as the chests of sandal-wood in which the Oriental Kings were wont to conceal their treasures.

IV. The most noticeable thing with the cedar is its breadth of limb. The verdant veteran of Chatsworth had a diameter greater than his height. Elliott informs us that he saw cedars on the top of Lebanon that were thirty feet in circumference of trunk! Their limbs were so wide-spreading that the diameter of the branches from the extreme of one side of the tree to the opposite extreme was one hundred feet!

Under that majestic canopy a whole regiment might find shelter. Now we need not go far to find just such a broad-shouldered Christian. Broad in his catholic sympathy with all the "faithful in Christ Jesus" of every sect—broad in his love of man irrespective of clime, color, or condition—broad in his pecuniary benevolence, is our cedar brother. Hundreds of happy beneficiaries lie down under the shadow of his liberality. The poor scholar whom he helps with books—the poor orphan whom he helps to a home—the poor harlot and the inebriate, for whom he builds the asylum—the poor sh-sh-struck heathen man of far-away lands who he sends the "good tidings," are each and all the richer for his broad-limbed beneficence. There is room for regiments of sufferers to bivouac under such a man. It will make a sore and sorrowful void when that imperial Cedar is transplanted to the banks of the Crystal river, in the Paradise of God. T. L. C.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—NO. 15.

BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: When we ask what are the relations of the Sunday-school to the church, we place both of the parties involved in the question before our minds, in an actual and corporate existence. They seem to stand as individual responsible bodies, distinct and separate from each other, and to ask the question, What are we to do and to receive from each other in our reciprocal independent attitudes? And even in this statement is not complete, for we find both these parties spoken of with entirely different interpretation and association. The Sunday-school may be an individual and local school, and the church a broad-based society of Christians of any nation. Or the Sunday-school may be the great general enterprise, and the church the whole corporate body of Christians of any particular denomination. I need not present even a more general view of the church than this, though it would be quite possible. Now only the first of these statements of the proposition is one of which I here speak. And as the term relations here simply means relative duties and obligations, we may so consider and speak of the subject.

What then are the duties of a church to the Sunday-school as an institution, within the limits of its operation and influence? Surely, first of all, to establish Sunday-schools to the utmost extent of their power. Every church is bound, as a society or family of the Lord's people, to take the utmost care of the instruction and training of the youth belonging to them. The one great instrument in the salvation of men, is the Word of God. The earliest possible age in which this can be brought into effectual application to the souls of men, is the best period. The power is all of God, and the promise of his exercise, to make our "children holy," is also his. I must assume the fact, that there is no other method or agency within our reach so adequate or appropriate to this important and desirable result, as Scriptural Sunday-schools. I have illustrated this point perhaps sufficiently in my previous letters. And I must therefore assume the great obligation of every church to instruct and educate their own children for Christ and heaven, to be identical with the obligation to maintain and establish Sunday-schools throughout the whole field of their influence and responsibility. In the purpose and design of the Lord, the best and most desirable result to be attained in this end, there must be the largest scheme of work, and the most liberal estimate and arrangement of means to carry it out, within the control of the particular church. No religious or benevolent object can be presented to a church so com-

manding in importance, or so compensating in results. Whatever therefore a church can do in any expenditure or provision for the Lord's work upon earth, they are bound to do first and most effectively for Sunday-schools within their borders. I cannot speak of this as secondary to any claim or call to be made upon the church. The obligation to provide a decent and appropriate house for their own worship is no more imperative in their condition, than the obligation to make similar just and ample provision for the care and convenience of their Sunday-schools. The duty of supporting the preaching of the Gospel to the adults, and of maintaining the pastoral office for this purpose, is not more obligatory or needful than the duty of full and adequate provision for preaching the Gospel to the children in the appropriate arrangements of the Sunday-school. And whatever books or other means for accomplishing the work may be required, and are within the means and scale of the particular churches, cannot be withheld without unfaithfulness to the Lord, and injustice to those for whose salvation he has gathered his people as a church and family for himself. Whether this work be done by the church as a legitimate body in any shape of common session, or whether it be done by the members of this body, acting in individual and voluntary association, does not seem to me to be a question of any consequence. How appropriate and successful this class of religious work, and their own absolute duty, and in both cases they are doing it as the church, and for the church, which is equally and specially represented in each. I should deem it mere absolute duty in each case, and no more consider it a work of relative benevolence to others, than the analogous work of employing and supporting the ministry of the Gospel among themselves. The Sunday-school of the church is a living part, and a most important part of that church, and they must see that in the provisions which they make for it, all their children may be taught of the Lord.

But around every church there is a field of local labor and usefulness among children who are neglected by others, and for whose soul no man cares. Here arises a local field for benevolence in this relation. These may be gathered into the nursery of the church already established, and thus perhaps saved by the Lord's blessing for ever, and made to carry the blessings of salvation to the families from which they came. And our whole experience shows us how appropriate and successful this class of religious effort has been in this relation, and how richly and surely a church so laboring and sowing gathers a harvest and wages unto eternal life. Or this aggressive action may be carried on in the establishment of mission or branch schools in neighboring and convenient localities. Then it becomes a benevolent agency of the most valuable character, often raising whole neighborhoods to respectability and usefulness, and becoming the living spring and center to rise and flourish in the return, and to carry forward the blessed work for others still beyond. All the refining and exalting influences of which I have spoken come into operation thus in new fields, and exercise their power from new centers to perpetuate and extend an agency of blessing to mankind unsurpassed in value or effect. But this view, which has been thus far limited to a locality, may be carried out to the full extent of missionary extension of Sunday-schools through the limits of a nation, or even of the world. I am persuaded that no more potent action is more real and efficient to the utmost extent to which it can be spread abroad. And with the large and growing institutions which are engaged in this work in our country, there are abundant opportunities for the enlargement of the effort to the utmost extent to which any church shall be found able to go. All the arguments and reasons which may be urged for the extension of the Gospel on the earth by any agency will apply with equal force to such a broad-based and Christianizing agency as this.

Broad in his catholic sympathy with all the "faithful in Christ Jesus" of every sect—broad in his love of man irrespective of clime, color, or condition—broad in his pecuniary benevolence, is our cedar brother. Hundreds of happy beneficiaries lie down under the shadow of his liberality. The poor scholar whom he helps with books—the poor orphan whom he helps to a home—the poor harlot and the inebriate, for whom he builds the asylum—the poor sh-sh-struck heathen man of far-away lands who he sends the "good tidings," are each and all the richer for his broad-limbed beneficence. There is room for regiments of sufferers to bivouac under such a man. It will make a sore and sorrowful void when that imperial Cedar is transplanted to the banks of the Crystal river, in the Paradise of God. T. L. C.

THE CEDAR CHRISTIAN.

(This article appended to the following sketch will be recognized by many readers as those of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.)

STROLLING one bright summer morning over the velvet carpet of "Chatsworth Park," we came suddenly upon a Cedar of Lebanon! It was the first and only one we ever saw; our first impulse was to uncover our head, and make obeisance to this monarch in exile, this lone representative of the most regal family of trees upon the globe. Every bough was laden with glorious association to us. Broad, gnarled, severe, rough old tree as it was, yet it blossomed with poetry, and hung golden with heavenly teachings. As we gazed through our tears at the silent sovereign, the voice of the Psalmist came in our ears—"The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

With that hardy veteran of Chatsworth in our mind's eye, let us say a word about the style of cedar Christians that we need in our day. Of plant, willow-wood church-members—of branch and brittle blossom professors—of pretentious, fashion-following, bay-tree Christians, we have quite too many. Give us more cedars for the pulpit, for the deacon's seat, and for the pew.

And the first quality of the cedar is that it grows. It is a live tree. Where there is hearty life, there must be growth. And it is the lamentable lack of inward godliness that makes the stunted professor. There is not vitalizing sap enough in his heart-roots to reach up into the boughs of his outward conduct. There is not vigor enough in the trunk of his character to stand erect. No answering showers brought down by fervent prayer cleanse the dust of worldliness from his yellow, sickled leaves. There he is—just as he was "set out" in the Church a score of years ago, no larger, no broader, no brighter in grace than he was then; the caterpillars of lust having spun their ugly webs all over his branches. He has not grown an ell in any one Bible-truth. He has not yielded one single fruit of the Spirit. He is a member of the ground—in the way of a better man—all the while drinking up God's pure air and water, and yet fulfilling Satan's purpose. Not of such a time-serving, money-loving, fashion-worshipping professor, could we honestly say, "He grows like a cedar in Lebanon."

II. But the cedar not only grows; it has a peculiar style of growth which God's people may well imitate. It grows through all weathers. It is a hardy tree, or else it could not live a month in the Arctic climate of Lebanon's sky-percing summits. Delicate plants might thrive on the warm lap of Southern exposures, but were up the skirts of whirling snows, or were the steel-like air currents under the silent moon.

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FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1860.

THE conversation in all political circles here is still upon and about the Charleston Convention. The delegates, many of them, have returned to Washington, and for a wonder a class of Northern Democrats (so-called) have been found quite willing enough to declaim against the despotism of the South and the insolent arrogance of the slaveholders! There is really a prospect that the race of dogfiches is on the decline, and henceforth there will be a North in the Democratic party, if any such party exists. The Douglas delegates from the free states experienced pretty much the same treatment that Republicans have heretofore received from the slaveholders when they came in contact. The Southrons when so-called in the argument, as usual resorted to the use of bluster, intimidation, and threats of secession, eye to secession itself, and as usual he triumphed in preventing the nomination of Mr. Douglas, for nothing but the panic and excitement raised by the secession movement prevented Mr. Douglas from receiving a very considerable support from Southern delegations. Bluster won the day at Charleston so far as to defeat Mr. Douglas there, whether he can do any better at Baltimore, time will show.

The most remarkable fact in connection with the Convention, and which is brought to my notice at every corner of Pennsylvania avenue, is the sudden accession of spirit and resolution to the ranks of the Northern Democracy. It is such a change that the world of Washington is astonished into silence. It is a revolution, or at least a rebellion against Southern dictation and despotism—it is the irrepressible conflict between free men and men-owned slaves, the first time bursting out in the fullest fury within the Democratic party. This is an event, an era, not to be passed over in silence, for it portends the destruction of negro slavery. The great agitation of the century has found its way to the heart of the gigantic organization used heretofore to suppress it, and has rent that party in twain.

There is another remarkable fact connected with this rebellion—the quarrel arose more in reference to men than principles. Popular Sovereignty was the catch-word of the Northern Democrats in the Convention, but they were really after the nomination of Senator Douglas, and determined on him of all other men, simply because they felt in their hearts that if they were beaten upon him there was no hope left for them in a single free state, unless we except California. It was not patriotism, then, nor a love of honor, nor devotion to Northern rights, which led them to make their bold and manly stand against the South. It was a conflict the issue of which to them were life or death. With defeat at Charleston, the Northern Democracy were wiped out of existence—they were to be no more. This fact I have heard more than one Charleston delegate admit, and the most powerful argument now used by Mr. Douglas and his friends with the reasonable Southern men is, that if he is beaten at Baltimore not a free state can be carried hereafter for the remainder. It was a selfish, mercenary rebellion, but nevertheless a bold and so far successful one against men used to rule and dictation.

The chances of Mr. Douglas at Baltimore are doubtful, and if he wins, all the prestige of the stand made by his friends at Charleston will be lost, for he can only win the nomination by degrading concessions. His friends offer already the Tennessee resolutions as a compromise, or if not those, at least the rejected resolution at Charleston, offering in advance to accept and obey the terms of the majority of the Court in reference to the Territorial question. As every Douglas man in the country knows from the earth by any agency will apply with equal force to such a broad-based and Christianizing agency as this.

Broad in his catholic sympathy with all the "faithful in Christ Jesus" of every sect—broad in his love of man irrespective of clime, color, or condition—broad in his pecuniary benevolence, is our cedar brother. Hundreds of happy beneficiaries lie down under the shadow of his liberality. The poor scholar whom he helps with books—the poor orphan whom he helps to a home—the poor harlot and the inebriate, for whom he builds the asylum—the poor sh-sh-struck heathen man of far-away lands who he sends the "good tidings," are each and all the richer for his broad-limbed beneficence. There is room for regiments of sufferers to bivouac under such a man. It will make a sore and sorrowful void when that imperial Cedar is transplanted to the banks of the Crystal river, in the Paradise of God. T. L. C.

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