THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

To the heavenly land; to the heavenly land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand;
We are on our way; we are on our way,
A united and happy band.
CHORUS.
For the angels there will teach us
How to sing a sweeter song!
And no sorrow'll ever reach us,
In that happy, happy throng,
In the heavenly land, in the heavenly land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

Tho' we often tire; tho' we often tire,
Where the pathway is steep and straight,
We will still press on; we will still press on,
Till we pass through the golden gate,
Cho. For the angels there will teach us, etc.

But we need not fear; but we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide;
And with him so near; aye with him so near
Naught of evil can c'er betide.
Cho. For the angels there shall teach us, etc.

Will you go with us? will you go with us?
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day,
Is illumed by our Father's love,
Cho. For the angels there shall teach us, etc

NEW ORLEANS, June 20, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:

In keeping with my promise made to you on the 13th instant, I resume my warfare against that monster of evil, *Intemperance*.

Look at the ravages of Intemperance. Fix your eye on its waste of property. At the lowest calculation it has annually despoiled us of two hundred millions of dollars—of sixty millions for an article that is worth nothing, and one hundred and forty millions more to compensate for the mischief that alcoholic beverages have done—money enough to accomplish all that the warmest patriot could wish for his country, and to fill in a short period the very remotest village with schoolhouse and books of instruction for the elevation of the rising generation, and thereby prevent the evils of pauperism and commission of crime that are daily seen in our streets.

What planter would not be fred should a wild beast come once a year into his plantation and destroy the best milk cow he had? But six and a fourth cents a day for ardent spirits wastes twenty-two dollars eighty-one cents annually, and in forty years nearly one thousand dollars, which is a thousand times as much as scores of drunkards are worth at their burial.

See the pauperism it has produced. We have sung of our goodly heritage, and foreign nations have disgorged their exuberant population that they might freely subsist in this land of plenty. But in this granary of the world are everywhere to be seen houses without windows, fields untilled, barns unroofed, children unclothed, churches nearly empty, schools unattended, and penitentiaries and almshouses filled to overflowing; and a stranger might write: *Beggars and criminals made here.* We are groaning under our pauperism, and talking of taxes, hard times, no trade, reconstruction laws unconstitutional, we are being fleeced by carpet-baggers, and plundering honest persons; but intemperance is stalking through our land and devouring our substance and killing our friends and relatives and creating discontent in our nation.

It has entered the houses of our unsuspecting citizens as a friend, and taken the food from their tables, the clothing from their wardrobes, the bedding from their beds, the fuel from their fires, and turned their lands over to other hands, and drove them from their dwellings to subsist on beggary and crime, or drag out a miserable existence in the alms-houses and penitentiaries. Two-thirds of the wretched tenants of these abodes of poverty throughout this Union were reduced by intemperance. This they confess. It was rum, brandy, wine, champagne, and whisky that did the deed. The prison discipline report tells of sixty-five cases of imprisonment for debt annually in consequence of the use of alcoholic bevarages. Oh, its sweeps of poverty can never be known!

Look at the crime it has occasioned. It is said that there is a spring in the oriental empire which makes every person that drinks of it a villain. Eastern tales are generally founded on some plain matter of fact. This spring may be some distillery or dram shop, for this is the natural effect of alcohol. It breaks down the conscience, quickens the circulation, increases the courage, makes man scout at law and right, and hurries him to the perpetration of every abomination and crime. Excite a man by alcoholic beverages, and he is bad enough for anything. He can lie, steal, fight, swear, and plunge the dagger into the bosom of his wife or child. No vice is too filthy, no crime is too tragical for the drunkard. The records of our courts tell of acts committed under the influence of ardent spirits which curdle the blood in our veins. Husbands murder their wives, children murder their parents, and mothers slaughter their offspring. Far the greater part of the atrocities committed in our country is induced by its addessing power. Years ago a judge declared in a public manner, and with solemn regard to truth, in a charge to a grand jury, that he did not recollect an instance since his being concerned in the administration of justice of a single person being put on his trial for manslaughter which did not originate in drunkenness, and but few instances of trial for murder where the crime did not spring from the same unhappy cause. Of all the complaints presented to the police court in New York in one year more than half were under the statute against common drunkards. Of all the cases of criminal prosecution in the courts of Louisiana more than half of them proceed from intemperance. Thousands of complaints are made yearly in this city to the police of outrages committed by intoxicated persons, and a learned attorney told me that of twenty-one cases of murder which it had been his privilege to examine, every one of them had been committed in consequence of intemperate drinking. I remember having read an account of the warden of the Connecticut State prison, reporting that nine-tenths of all the prisoners under his care were decidedly intemperate men, and were brought to that condition, directly or indirectly, through intoxicating liquors. Many had confessed to him in tears that they never felt tempted to the commission of crime thus punishable, but when under the influence of strong alcoholic drinks.

Look at its destruction of intellect. It reduces man to a beast, to a fool, to a devil incarnate. The excessive drinker first becomes stupid, then idiotic, then a maniac. Men of the finest genuis, most acute minds, and profound learning have dwindled under the touch of this withering demon to the merest insignificance, and been hooted at by boys for their silly speeches and silly actions, or chained in a madhouse as unsafe in society. Of eighty-seven insane persons admitted into the New York hospital in one year the insanity of twenty-seven was produced by intemperance; and the physicians of the Pennsylvania hospitals report that one-third of the insane of that institution were ruined by ardent spirits.

What if one-sixth of our maniacs were deprived of their reason by the bite of the dogs, the friendly inmates of our habitations, or by some vegetable common to our tables; who would harbor the dangerous animal or taste the poisonous vegetable? But one-third of our maniacs are deranged by alcoholics beverages. Indeed, every drunkard is in a temporary delirium, and no man who takes even "a little" into his system posseses that sound judgment, or is capable of that patient investigation, or intellectual effort which would be his without it. Just in proportion as man comes under the influence of ardent liquers he approximates to idiotism or madness.

Look at its waste of health and life. The worm of the still never touches the brute creation, but, as if the most venomous of all beings, it seizes the noblest prey. It bites man, and where it once leaves its subtle poison farewell to health—farewell to long life. The door is open, and in rush dyspepsia, jaundice, dropsy, gout, obstructions of the liver, epilepsy—the deadliest plagues let loose on fallen man—all terminating in delirium tremens or mania a potu a prelude to the eternal buffetings of foul spirits in the world of despair. One out of every forty of our population has taken up his abode in the lazarhouse of drunkenness, and thirty thousand die annually the death of the drunkard.

These sweeps of death mock all the ravages of the late war, famine, pestilence, and shipwreck. The yellow fever, felt to be one of the greatest curses of heaven, has destroyed but a few in proportion to those murdered by intemperance. In the late war of liberty the sword and powder devoured but a handful in comparison to what alcohol kills every year, and enslaves every day. Shipwreck destroys suddenly, and we groan and sorrow when forty or a hundred human beings are suddenly engulphed in a watery grave; but more than half of all the sudden deaths occur in fits of intoxication. It needed not a fable to award the prize of greatest ingenuity in malice and murder to the demon who invented alcoholic beverages over the demon who invented war.

And look at its waste of human happiness.

Yes, look, look, look, for yourselves. The woes of drunkenness mock all description. Some speak of the joy of drinking. Oh, if there is a wretched being on earth it is the drunkard. His property wasted, his character gone, his body loathsome, his passions wild, his appetite craving the poison that kills him, his hopes of immortality blasted forever, it is all to—

"Me miserable,
Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell."

And his family. I can never look at it but with feelings of the deepest anguish.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast escaped the fall,"

Thou art shipwrecked here. Sorrow, woe, wounds, poverty, babblings, and contention have entered in and dwell there.

Yet we have over three hundred thousand such families in our land; and if each family consists of four individuals, more than a million of persons are here made wretched by this curse of curses.

Many persons cling to the belief that the moderate use of ardent spirits is proper, that "it is a pleasant cordial," "a cheerful restorative;" the "first friend of the infant;" the "support of the enfeebled mother;" a "sweet luxury given by the parent to the child;" the "universal token of kindness, friendship, and hospitality." It goes with the laborer as his "most cheering companion;" it adorns the sideboards and tables of the rich, and "enlivens" the social circles of the poor; "accompanies" the mariner in his long and dreary voyage; "enlivens" the carpenter, the mason, the blacksmith, the joiner, as they ply their trade; follows the merchant to his counter, the physician to his infected rooms, the attorney to his office, and the divine to his study, "cheering" all and "comforting" all. It is the "life" of our trainings, and town meetings, and elections, bees, picnics, etc. It is the "best domestic medicine," "good for a cold and a cough;" "for pain in the stomach," and "weakness in the limbs," "loss of appetite and rheumatism," and it is a "great support in old age." It makes a "market for our rye and apples;" "sustains one hundred thousand families who are distilling and vending," and to cap the climax "pours annually millions of dollars into the national treasury."

Now, Mr. Editor, can we lawfully amass wealth by a course of trade which fills our land with beggars, widows, orphans, and crimes; which peoples the cemeteries and potter's field with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array it would appal the nation and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every house built by blood the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house? And who would dwell in it? What, if in every part of the house, from the foundation upward, through all the halls and chambers babblings and contentions and voices and groans and shrieks and wailings were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls, and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building—who would rear such a building? What if, at eventide and midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce, walking upon the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within and from the waves without groans and loud laments and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither; these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if day and night wailings were heard in every part of the house, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the vessel as it passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in our land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath.

This drinking has killed more men, women, and children than war, pestilence, and all other evils together. You can not bring upon man so awful a curse as alcohol. Is there a moderate drinker among your readers who says he can use "a little" or "much" and "quit" when he pleases? I tell him he can not do it. Well, he can *if he will*, but *he won't will*, that is the difficulty, and there is the fatal mistake. It is the moderate use, the little, the pretty drink, the genteel, fashionable that does the mischief. The moderate drinker is training to take the place of the drunkard.

Look at the drunkards' homes. The most of them are husbands and fathers. Many have large families. Their houses are generally known by the broken dooryard fence; the fallen gate; the windows stuffed with old hats and rags; the clapboards dangling in the air; the barns held up by props and stripped of their boards, which have been used for fuel last winter; a half-starved dog stands in the street, and several ragged children, who, without hats or shoes, spend their days in dragging brush wood from the forests, or in begging from door to door, to buy their mother a loaf of bread.

In the interior little is visible either of neatness or comfort. No bed but one of straw laid on the floor; here a show of a table, and there a broken chair. A broken plate, rusty knife and fork, an iron spoon; a mug for cider and a bottle for rum. Neither carpet nor plastering is there; in the winter the snow often lies upon the bed, and the mother and her children may be seen huddled together over a few embers as their only refuge. Night comes, but no sound of a father's voice with comfortable food to cheer and gladden. The children cry themselves to sleep. The mother sits and "watches the moon go down;" distant footsteps are heard, and horrid oaths vented at not finding the door causes the heart of the wife to quail, as a monster in human shape, but the father of her children bursts upon her, and seizing the rum bottle drives her out in the cold and dreary night, even in the pitiless storm, compelling her to leave her babes to his neglect or cruelties. Meet that mother and wife, and ask her to tell you her sufferings, and she will reply that they all proceeded from her husband, who was at one time a man of wealth, being "only a moderate drinker."

These homes are witnessed in almost every neighborhood in our land. The inhabitants are accustomed to the spectacle as a necessary appendage to their village, as the church, the schoolhouse the tavern, the dram-shop, or the comfortable home of the sober and the frugal; and it attracts no particular notice unless there goes forth at midnight hour a cry of murder; and then for a little season all think something must be done; the wife must swear the peace upon her husband, and he by authority be sent to jail. But this she will not do; he is her husband; he promises to reform, and things are left to pass on much as before, until she is murdered or he commits a robbery.

It is perfectly evident that unless a movement is made, and one which shall be equal in time and place with this monster evil—one which shall strike at the root and exterminate it—drunkenness will always continue. Let associated efforts be brought to bear upon the torrent of evil. Alcohol is in all fermented liquors, producing the same effects in kind in the system as when separated by the process of distillation. Nearly all the wines of commerce are brandied, and much of the foreign wine, and wines of home manufacture, are nothing but distilled spirits and drugs. Burton ale, according to Brande's table, has eight per cent alcohol, the intoxicating principle; cider ten; champagne wine eighteen; sherry nineteen; Maderia twenty-four; port twenty-three; Lissa twenty-six; one-half of what is found in whisky, gin, rum, and brandy, while beer, prepared as it is often by nux vomica, coculus indicus, and grains of paradise, is little behind the strongest drinks in its fatal tendency.

The liquor interest never sleeps. Millions upon millions are invested in it, that the owners may keep open the sluices and wax fat to the injury of a forgetful, forgiving, and preoccupied public. It is with society as with the individual, the forces of evil are ever in conflict with the forces of virtue.

What, then, is our duty? Sad experience has proven that alone we can do nothing. But together, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, and heart to heart, let the Rechebites, Sons and Daughters, Templars, Good Samaritans, Cadets of Temperance, journalists, legislators, divines, attorneys, judges, mechanics, and laborers, and every well-wisher of progress, combine to wage an unrelenting war against intemperance, to bring it into popular odium, and finally exterminate the monster from our land. Many a wife and many a daughter on bended knees and with streaming eyes beseeches you to snatch the fatal draught from the husband and the father. Will you deny them with the excuse that you can not do anything? Remember that in unity there is strength, and that a kind word spoken in time may lure a man from the embrace of the snaky, slimy coil of intemperance, and cause his heart to turn back to its long forsaken home, to the abused wife and the wretched children.

Fearing that I have already encroached upon the limits of your journal, I close, promising to communicate further upon the subject next week.

Respectfully,
FREDERICK K. HYDE.

Reading the Bible.

An intelligent reading of the Bible is necessary for the highest development of its usefulness to the Christian, either as a manual of devotion or as a means of instruction. It is not enough for this purpose that a certain measured portion be read every day, or that the whole volume be read through in a given time. This is all very well, provided the reader does not get into the habit of daily reading as a matter of routine, and so go through his task mechanically, his eye on the page, and his mind on business. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" said Philip to the eunuch. It is better to read a single verse understandingly than a whole chapter for the mere purpose of getting through it in a certain time.

This division of chapter and verse, by the way, though a very great help in finding isolated passages, is often a very great hinderance to the sense. Robert Stephens, the learned printer, who is credited with having devised the present arrangement, in the sixteenth century, seems to have made it without any regard to the connection of different parts; and we are quite inclined to believe the story told of him by Horne, that he accomplished his task while riding on horseback. This may account in part for the disjointed paragraphs and broken sentences so often found. These artificial divisions are to be lost sight of in interpreting the Scriptures, a single thought sometimes running through several verses, and occasionally even overleaping the boundary which separates the chapters.

The intelligent reading of the Bible will be very much helped by the use of maps of Bible lands. New light will thus be often thrown on familiar passages, while some passages not understood will be made clear. We hardly know of a more intensely interesting employment for a lover of the Bible than to begin at Genesis, and read through, map in hand, finding every place mentioned (so far as Scripture localities can now be found) as the reading progresses. Some of the driest details of the historical books of the Old Testament will be found to have a richness of meaning not before anticipated; while the travels of our Lord and of the Apostles will be wonderfully intensified in interest. Names of places will not then seem to be mere arbitrary signs, like numbers or mystic symbols, but will be associated with localities and relative positions of places.

A knowledge of the relative chronology of the different parts of the Bible will add very much to the interest of the Bible reader. True, there are many vexed questions in Bible chronology; but leaving these for the doctors to discuss, we can find enough firm, undisputed ground on which to tread. How much more interesting the prophecies of the Old Testament become when we read them in connection with the historical books! We thus ascertain the contemporary persons and incidents, and can more readily see the force of the predictions uttered by men inspired of God. So, also, in the New Testament, if we read the Epistles, especially those of Paul, in connection with the Acts of the Apostles, we have a better understanding of them than if we read each epistle as an independent work.

The manners and customs of Bible lands also afford very great help in reading the Bible. Portunately for us the Orientals are so stereotyped in everything that pertains to outward life that we may easily learn the customs of Bible times by learning those of the East to-day. Vastly different as these are from those we see at home, it is no wonder if persons unacquainted with them are often puzzled to find out the meaning of some passages in the Bible. A knowledge of Oriental customs will often explain clearly what would otherwise be a dark and incomprehensible text. It must not be forgotten that these allusions, so mysterious to us, were perfectly clear to those who read or heard them. Books of Eastern travel are so common in our day that we may easily become acquainted with Eastern manners.

One very interesting and profitable way of reading the Bible will be found in the use of the marginal references. It will thus be seen that in many cases the Bible is its best interpreter. Many a dark passage is made clear by comparison with parallel texts. The comprehensiveness and unity of the Scriptures are also made evident by such comparison. There is seen to be a wonderful relation of the different parts to each other; and though these books were written by different hands in different ages of the world, there is here plentiful evidence that they were inspired by the same infinite mind.

We could give abundant illustration of each of the points here briefly touched were we writing an essay instead of a newspaper article. Our design is, by a few hints, to call attention to some of the modes by which Bible reading may be made more interesting and profitable than by a mere rapid routine reading. This is better than nothing, we admit, but not what we ought to aim at in these days of increasing intelligence. A diligent reading and understanding of the Bible will be found a great help in religious life.

A Remarkable Surgical Case.

On the 13th of September, 1848, Phineas P. Gage, foreman of a gang of men engaged in blasting a deep cut in the Rutland and Burlington road, had a tamping iron blown through his brains, and recovered within sixty days, living twelve years after.

The tamping iron was three and a half feet in length, one and a quarter inches thick, and pointed at one end, the taper being seven inches long, and the diameter of the point a quarter of an inch. It weighed thirteen pounds. The point was upward and the iron smooth.

The missile entered the cheek outside the teeth, and under the cheek bone, went inside an inch behind the eye, and out of the top of the head in the center, two inches back of the line where the forehead and hair meet.

Gage was a perfectly healthy, strong, and active young man, twenty-five years of age, of nervo-bilious temperament, five and a half feet in height, average weight one hundred and fifty pounds, possessing an iron will as well as an iron frame, muscular system remarkably well developed, having had scarcely a day's illness from childhood up.

One piece of the skull had been broken out in fragments; another was raised and thrown back like a door, the scalp serving as a hinge; and on the opposite side of the wound there was another fracture and an elevation. The globe of the left eye was partially protruded from its orbit; the left side of the face was more prominent than the right. The opening in the skull was two inches wide by three and a half long, and the brain was hanging in shreds on the hair. The pulsation of the brain could be distinctly seen, and the doctor passed his finger in its whole length without the patient saying he felt pain.

In fifty-nine days the patient was abroad. On the third day there was inflammation and some delirium; and during several weeks there was occasional delirium; for two weeks of the time the patient lay in a stupid condition, and his death was expected and his grave-clothes prepared. On the twenty-fifth of November he went in a close carriage thirty miles to his home in Lebanon.

The subsequent history of the case is interesting. Gage came back to Cavendish in April in fair health and strength, having his tamping iron with him, and he carried it with him till the day of his death, twelve years after. The effect of the injury appears to have been the destruction of the equilibrium between the intellectual faculties and the animal propensities. He was now capricious, fitful, irreverant, impatient of restraint, vacillating—a youth in intellectual capacity and manifestations, a man in physical system and passions. His physical recovery was complete, but those who once knew him as a shrewd, smart, energetic, persistent business man, recognized the change in his mental character. The balance of his mind was gone.

He went to various places, being engaged here and there; was a year and a half in charge of horses at a livery stable; was exhibited at Barnum's Museum in New York; and in August, 1852, four years after his injury, left New England forever, and went to Valparaiso with a man who was going to establish a line of coaches. Here he lived eight years, occasionally driving a six horse coach, and enduring many hardships. In 1859 his health began to fail. In 1860 he had a long illness, the nature of which can not now be ascertained.

He now left Chile, and Dr. Harlow lost all trace of him for some years, but finally found out that the mother and sister were in San Francisco, wrote to them and ascertained that Gage had got there in 1860; worked with a farmer at Santa Clara, and in February, 1861, was taken with epileptic fits; afterward he worked in several places; and finally, in May, 1861, had a succession of fits which lasted a couple of days, and carried him off.

PROBABLY THE OLDEST LIVING MINISTER.—The venerable Henry Boehm, of the Newark Conference, the well-known traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, a few days since entered his ninety-fourth year. As a matter of grateful interest to his many friends, we give the following letter, sent by Rev. S. W. Hilliard, of the Elizabeth District. The letter is dated at Bloomfield, New Jersey, June 9: "As an item of much interest to the many friends of the venerable Father Boehm, I would say that he spent his ninety-third birthday in our beautiful suburban town, where he has been the guest of J. W. Snedeker, Esq., and the writer, for several days. He preached on Sabbath morning a brief, lucid, and eloquent sermon from Hebrews iv, 16. In the evening he made some interesting remarks after the sermon of the pastor. On Tuesday evening he attended the pastor's class, and gave a most edifying testimony to the excellence of religion and the priceless value of the class meeting and the love-feast. His health is most wonderful. His nerves are so steady that he shaves himself, and his memory is prodigious. He is a fine specimen of the Christian gentleman and minister, and a most worthy model for younger ministers to imitate."—*New York Christian Advocate.*

[Father Boehm is the grandfather of Mr. Fletcher Emley, of the firm of Emley, Van Norden & Co., of this city.—ED.]

He Thought He Never Prayed.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached Mr. Kilpin said:

"Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for."

"O, sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think."

"I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Sir, you are mistaken, it could not have been me. I never saw you in my life before, that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Now, I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life."

"O," said Mr. Kilpin," "if God had answered your prayer last night you had not been here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destoy your eyes and ruin your soul."

The man turned pale, and, trembling, said:

"Do you call *that* prayer? I did; I did."

"Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in his mercy hear your prayer!"

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his conversion to God. *The Christian.*

Unconscious Influence.

Our doctrine of unconscious and undesigning influence shows how it is that the preaching of Christ is often so unfruitful, and especially in times of spiritual coldness. It is not because truth ceases to be truth, nor of necessity, because it is preached in a less vivid manner, but because there are so many influences preaching against the preacher. He is one; the people are many. His attempt to convince and persuade is a voluntary influence; their lives, on the other hand, and especially the lives of those who profess what is better, are so many unconscious influences ever streaming forth upon the people, and back and forth between each other.

He preaches the truth, and they, with one consent, are preaching the truth down; and how can he prevail against so many, and by a kind of influence so unequal?

When the people of God are glowing with spiritual devotion to him and love to men, the case is different; then they are all preaching with the preacher, and making an atmosphere of warmth for his words to fall in. Great as is the company of them that publish the truth, proportionably great is its power. Shall I say more? Have you not already felt, my brethren, the application to which I would bring you? We do not exonerate ourselves; we do not claim to be nearer to God or holier than you, but ah! you do not know how easy it is to make a winter about us, or how cold it feels!—*Dr. Bushnell.*

The Body Sold.

I remember a few years ago a poor man who went round from town to town, and from city to city, all through the country exhibiting himself to medical men and students, because he had an enormous tumor, which disfigured him frightfully. He got his living by exhibiting himself; and at last this poor man actually sold his body for a stipulated price, giving a writing that it should be delivered to certain medical gentlemen immediately upon his death; and people all through the country who knew that fact said, "How horrible that a man should sell his body, and eat the bread purchased by his own flesh and blood!" And yet there were walking the streets of Boston men who had sold reputation and honor and manhood for money, and who were living day by day upon the price of their own integrity, and no body thought *that* was awful! These men were to be seen all through the city, and young men looked up to them and said, "That is a glorious success; if we could only attain to that we should be satisfied." *Rev. Mr. Clark's Sermon.*

A recent letter from Senator Fowler, in which he says the whole House is under the lead of those good old Democrats, B. F. Butler and John A. Logan, and he can not have any interest in the scheme to usurp this government by such bold bad conspirators, has called out a brief reply from General Butler, of which the following is the material portion:

"In the year 1866, after I had made some speeches in the West in favor of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, Senator Fowler came 500 miles to my house in Lowell to visit me, being the first time I had ever seen him, and the only request he made was to urge me vehemently not to cease my efforts until Andrew Johnson was impeached, giving as a reason, among others, that as I had never lived in Tennessee I could form no conception of what a bad man Andrew Johnson was. In fact, the vivid description of his habits and conduct while Governor of Tennessee given me by a young Tennessean who was present failed to convey an idea of it. Times change, and some of us change with them."

A New Haven gentleman the other day found within the pulp of an orange he was eating a second perfect orange—one of nature's freaks.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

ESTATE OF W. M. SMALLWOOD,
Individually, and as a Member of the Firms of Smallwood & Julian, A. M. Stephenson & Co., Smallwood, West & Co.

OFFICE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 5, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE fifth day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of W. M. SMALLWOOD, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before J. G. Pitkin, Register, on the thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.
No. 853—je6 30 District of Louisiana.

ESTATES OF CHARLES HYLLESTED AND P. K. HATREL,
Individually, and as surviving partners of the late firm of Hughes, Hyllested & Co.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, May 19 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE sixteenth day of May, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of CHARLES HYLLESTED and P. K. HATREL, individually, and as surviving partner of the late firm of Hughes, Hyllested & Co., of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who were adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts, to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the first day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
No. 731—my26 jy1 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATES OF P. H. FOLEY, W. R. CONGER, AND HARRISON KELLEY,
Individually, and as Members of the Firm of Foley, Avery & Co.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 5, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estates of P. H. FOLEY, W. R. CONGER, and HARRISON KELLEY, individually, and as members of the firm of P. H. Foley, Avery & Co., of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and state of Louisiana, who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts, to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the second day of July, A. D. 1868, at 9 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
No. 814—je2 jy2 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATE OF WM. A. MADDOX,

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, Monroe, La., May 7, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE seventh day of May, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of WM. A. MADDOX, in the parish of Ouachita and state of Louisiana who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the office of W. J. Q. Baker, in the town of Monroe, parish of Ouachita, before W. J. Q. Baker, Register, on the thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.
Per M. M. GRADY, Deputy, as Messenger.
No. 763—my16 je30

ESTATES OF WILLIAM J. TAYLOR AND WILDOUGHBY H. GIFFNEY,
Individually, and as Members of the Firm of Taylor & Giffney.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 15, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE twelfth day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estates of WILLIAM J. TAYLOR and WILLOUGHBY H. GIFFNEY, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and state of Louisiana, who have been adjudged bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupts, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their joint and separate estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before John F. Deane, Register, on the thirteenth day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
No. 884—je16 jy11 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATE OF RICHARD C. DOWNES.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 4, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE fourth day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of RICHARD C. DOWNES, of Richmond, in the parish of Madison and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before John F. Deane, Register, on the first day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
No. 845—je5 jy1 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATE OF LLOYD R. COLEMAN,
Individually, and as Member of the Firms of Coleman, Britton & Withers, and Coleman & Withers.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 15, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE ninth day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of LLOYD R. COLEMAN, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and State of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of their joint and separate estates, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before John F. Deane, Register, on the seventh day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal,
No. 885—je16 jy11 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATE OF JOHN W. OUGUE,

OFFICE OF UNITED STATES MARSHAL, District of Louisiana, Monroe, La., May 1, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE seventh day of May, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of JOHN W. OUGUE, in the parish of Franklin and State of Louisiana, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the office of W. J. Q. Baker, in the town of Monroe, parish of Ouachita, before W. J. Q. Baker, Register, on the first day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.
Per M. M. GRADY, Deputy, as Messenger.
No. 762—my16 jy1

ESTATE OF WALDEMAR WILLENSKI,
Individually, and as a Member of the Firm of W. Hyllested & Co.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 22, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE twenty-second day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of WALDEMAR WILLENSKI, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and state of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before John F. Deane, Register, on the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON, U. S. Marshal.
No. 886—je23 jy15 A District of Louisiana.

ESTATE OF GEORGE F. BRUTT,
Individually, and as a Member of the Firms of Brutt & Davis, and Brutt, Davis & Sons, and Cusack & Rowley.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE, District of Louisiana, New Orleans, June 16, 1868.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE twenty-fifth day of June, A. D. 1868, a WARRANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the estate of GEORGE F. BRUTT, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans and state of Louisiana, who was adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Custom-house building, in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana, before John F. Deane, Register, on the twenty-first day of July, A. D. 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

F. J. HERRON,
U. S. Marshal, District of Louisiana.