

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

We are washed from the stains
Of these mountains and plains;
We are clothed in a raiment of light,
In a CHARIOT OF LOVE
We are drawn by a dove,
Which is PEACE in its plumage of white.

GOVERNMENT HALL.

The Rolling Stone.

The people of the United States have long boasted that their Government is the Stone spoken of by the Prophet, cut out of the mountain without hands, which is to roll on and dash all other governments in pieces and fill the whole earth.

Cut out of the mountain without hands!—Look at the blood and treasure it first cost in establishing it! Count up the number of lives, the measure of blood and the treasure that have since been sacrificed to save its life, and then tell us what you mean by its being cut out of the mountain without hands! If you had compared it to the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image which is to be dashed in pieces, by that stone, Daniel 11; 31; you would have come much nearer to the truth.

That stone is Love, and it is yet to destroy this and all other governments that wield the sword and are protected by the sword. Yes, the time is coming when Love in the hearts of the people will destroy all other governments, and become the supreme law of each individual mind. The time will come when men will see and feel that they are all united spiritually in one body—that no single person can be perfectly happy for any length of time, so long as any other individual is unhappy. Bind a string so tight, around your smallest finger, that the blood cannot circulate, and every member of your body will suffer pain; and no member of your body can be perfectly healthy unless all are. The same rule applies to the whole universe of men. If one man is unhappy all must share a measure of that unhappiness, whether they know the cause of it or not, for all are united and bound together by *unseen* ties, and must rejoice or suffer together.

The time will come when men will see that if one wrongs another and causes unhappiness, he himself must share a measure of that unhappiness; and hence each man will learn, for his own sake, if for no other reason, to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, that he may not give others pain, a measure of which, he himself must share; and will labor to promote the happiness of others, for the happier they are the happier must he be.

Who is there on earth who does not remember of feeling cast down, disquieted, unhappy, without knowing the cause? And many there are, who, while in this condition, have fallen into the company of others who were unhappy and have learned that their own mys-

terious unhappiness was caused by an unseen, and unknown mysterious sympathy or spirit-union or baptism with that suffering one.—We know these things to be facts; have known them to be so more than a quarter of a century. We are sure that the human race are so connected by *unseen* ties, that when one suffers, mentally all must share a measure of that suffering.

Every death by law or violence produces more or less suffering in every individual.—All mental suffering caused to individuals, by fines and penalties imposed by law, is shared by the great public mind.

Penal laws are barbarous, destructive; to punish or destroy is wrong, and all such governments must and will be dashed in pieces by Love, the only stone ever cut out of the mountains without hands.

The sooner people bring themselves to look at this subject, to understand it, and the sooner they prepare to abandon all statute laws, and turn, each within himself, to the law of Love written there, the better it will be for all. *Reform, Save, Elevate* is the word, not punish. There is to be another great war, of which this one just completed is a literal figure—a spiritual war between priestcraft and political government craft on one side and Love on the other. Priestcraft and political government craft are united like the Siamese twins; they are bound together for life and death; they have lived and must live together until they die, and must die together, and the sooner they die the better for the world. They are doomed, their days are numbered—they are rebels against God and humanity, as much as Jefferson Davis and his associates were rebels against the Federal government; and will just as surely be destroyed. The campaign has already commenced; we have enlisted for life or during the war; the Chariot is to be a bomb-proof, from which truth is to be hurled at sin and spiritual wickedness in High Places as well as low places; and tho' we shall not be able to do much against powers so formidable as the above named crafts, yet we shall do something. But we are not alone; already the bugle calls to battle; others are coming forward. Josiah Warren has delivered a lecture before the Parker Fraternity, Boston, which has the "ring of the true metal;" contains enough good sense to show that he is on the side of Truth; J. G. Fish, now of Hammon-ton, N. Jersey, has commenced preaching peace, while nearly all other spiritual lecturers have been preaching war and laboring to sustain a doomed government; and B. N. Kinyon has delivered a bold, telling discourse on the "Foundation of Governments," before the Religio-Philosophical Society of Des Moines, Iowa, and there are hundreds and thousands, preparing or being prepared, by the spirit of Truth for the army of the Lord. The priests of Baal, the god of confusion, and of the carnal government of Mars, the god of War, being aware of the coming contest, are slyly marshaling their forces, and preparing to resist. They with office holders, office seekers and political editors and lawyers will marshal the rebel hosts, as did Davis and his Congress in the outer war. The battles will be desperate; the rogues last named will

fight furiously, because the government to be destroyed is their goddess Diana—they are the shrine makers—by that craft they have their living; but Love is mighty and must prevail.

The New York Tribune, the most influential administration paper in the nation, and which has stuck to the Government through war with the utmost pertinacity, recently said—if it ever asked a favor of the Government, which it hoped never to do, it would be to get out of the way with its Postal system and leave the business to expressmen, giving substantial reasons for such an arrangement, thereby virtually confessing the worthlessness of the Government on that point, after all its cost in blood; and it might have said the same of all else pertaining to the Government.—Several other papers have expressed the same ideas in relation to the Postal system, and if they are honest the time is not far distant when they will confess that the whole system of government and statute laws are a swindle, a nuisance an unmitigated curse to the people; a web or net with which the few are enabled to live in comparative idleness on the earnings of the many.

The Custom laws place taxes on almost every thing that comes into and goes out of the country; and this tax is paid by the producers and consumers of the articles; and what becomes of all these vast sums drawn from the pockets of the people? Why they go to pay the expenses of the government,—that is, a swarm of men are permitted to rob the people, and to use the fruits of the robbery as compensation to themselves for committing the robbery! Call the Government Robbery, and then candidly look into its workings, and you will see that it is rightly named.

We have for years been astonished to see how zealously the Infidels of this nation, who possess so much sound sense on some points, are battling Priestcraft, while at the same time they are countenancing and upholding its twin monster government-craft, which has destroyed a thousand times more of life and treasure, than would have been destroyed or taken by thieves, robbers and assassins if there never had been any government at all; and we now call on them to look into this matter, and let Truth bear against both these enemies of man.

An Office-Seeker's Letter to his Wife.

VERSIFIED BY J. HACKER.

Well, wife, election's drawing nigh,—
I hope to be elected,
And if I am then you and I
Are sure to be protected;

For Uncle Sam has bags of gold
For all who gain his favor;
And shinplasters for common folks,—
"Mud-sills" who do the labor.

Then there are pickings, stealings too,
To fill our ample coffers;—
When bribes are proffered, we, of course,
Can take the highest offers.

Some get a hundred thousand safe,
Within their greedy grab-nets,
Then slip through meshes of the law,
As smelts do through the shad-nets.

For rogues, you know, will not complain,
When they all share the plunder;
So if our party should prevail,
Justice "may go to thunder."

We'll vote ourselves whate'er we please,
In salary and travel,
Then borrow, steal and plunder more,
And let the people cavil.

Then you shall have a muff and cape,
And duckey-diamond bonnet,
With streamers, bows, and roosters' tails,
And other nonsense on it;

And watch and chain, and satin dress,
To wear to church on Sunday,
And look as smart, and feel as proud
And grand as Madam Grundy.

And turn your nose up to the sky,
As though you had a home there,
And none but such as you and I
Would ever dare to come there.

We'll have the grandest pew in church,
Beneath the pulpit drippings,
While others get skimmed milk and whey,
We'll have the cream and strippings.

And Tilda Jane our darter dear,
Shall learn to play the "panner"
And dress as smart and look as grand
As Madam Grundy's Hannah;—

And simper French, and flirt and waltz,
And play with cat and poodle,
And marry Madam Grundy's son,
Or other wealthy noodle.

The people then will bow and fawn,—
Address me with "YOUR HONOR,"
And we will be the biggest bugs
This side of Grundy Corner.

Misery Traceable to Government.

Who does not remember the great Famine in Ireland a few years since, when so many died of starvation? When whole families perished in their miserable abodes, and men sat down and died by the wayside for want of food. All caused by government, that grasps the land and sells it in large tracts to the rich, leaving the poor without a spot on which to raise bread, except by hiring it in small patches, paying the best of everything they raise for rent. Some of the English owners of land in Ireland have hundreds of acres, for deer parks and pleasure grounds, and are supported in idleness and luxury, together with their horses and hounds, by their Irish tenants who are always in rags. In the year when so many died of famine there had been enough food raised in Ireland to supply all wants; but the best of every thing had been sent to England to pay rent for land, and the people were left to look to their potato crop for support but that being destroyed by the rot, hundreds of the poor creatures died of starvation while their landlords in England were rolling in wealth and luxury. The following describes a scene in that horrible time:

"Give me three Grains of Corn, Mother,"

In an old number of the Boston Traveller we find the following verses from the pen of Mrs. A. M. Edmonds. The Traveller says, "The above words were the last request of an

Irish lad to his mother as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in the corner of his ragged jacket and gave them to him. It was all he had; the whole family were perishing from famine."

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
It would keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death,
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed at my heart like a wolf, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day and the night beside,
Gnawing for the lack of food;
I dreamt of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven too see,
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give your starving boy,
When you are starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you held it on your child.

The Queen has land and gold, mother,
The Queen has land and gold;
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are men that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give me life and you!

Come near unto my side, mother,
Come near unto my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when he died.
Quick, for I can not see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone.
Mother! dear-mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn!

FAMILY HALL.

Work for Children.

One of the greatest defects in the education of children is in neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil peculiar to large towns and cities. A certain amount of work is necessary to the proper education of children; their future independence and comfort depend on being accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails upon them. Even if this necessity did not exist, moderate employment of some kind

would preserve them from bad habits, promote health, enable them to bear the confinement of the schoolroom, and teach them more than anything else, appropriate views respecting their future welfare. It is too often the case that children, after spending six hours of the day in school, are permitted to spend the rest of the day as they please. They do not consider that their success in after life depends upon the improvement of their youthful hours. They grow up in the world without a knowledge of its cares and toils. They cannot appreciate the favors bestowed on them by their parents, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are constantly exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.—The daughter probably, becomes that pitiable object a fashionable girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of his parents' neglect, does it probably after his plans and station in life are fixed, when a knowledge of its important objects comes too late. No man or woman is thoroughly educated if not required to labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, in the voyage of life they require some practical knowledge and experience derived from accustoming themselves to useful labor of some sort.

REMARKS.—We copy the above from "The Old Oaken Bucket," a temperance paper published in this city, and more truthful words never were written, nor were words of truth ever more needed than these in all our cities and villages. Thousands of children of both sexes are being ruined for want of work. I lived near five years in a village where boys from six to eighteen years of age were allowed to run at large day and evening, except when in school, and many of them could absent themselves from school at any time when they chose to do so. The parents had very little control over them, and their chief sport appeared to consist in destroying the property of their neighbors, and insulting those that passed through the streets. I have seen them stand a dozen in a row, and throw stones or snow balls through the barn windows of their neighbors, and pull down whole lengths of fence to build fires to skate by in the evening. Complain to their fathers and they would give their boys a "jawing," and in one hour, the boys would return and commit some greater outrage, defying restraint as well as instruction.

If a school teacher undertook to keep order in school, a portion of the parents would be sure to take the part of the children and increase the trouble. All this mischief arose for want of suitable employment for children, and proper oversight on the part of the parents; and more or less of this evil may be witnessed in all the villages and cities in the nation, all for the want of employment. Hundreds of boys thus left to themselves, lay the foundation of intemperance before they are fifteen years of age, and many even while younger. Every parent that neglects to provide employment for his children, and neglects to train them in habits of industry, com-

mits an outrage and sin, not only against himself and children, but against society at large.

Here we give another brief article from the same paper which may be of service to some of the children who have the care of babies younger than themselves.

Experiments with Babies.

Young mothers and fathers are always trying experiments with babies, and this, perhaps, is the reason why so many children die. Very many young married people feel pretty much as though their new found treasure was a toy, and they go to work at playing at mamma and papa in a manner calculated to make grandpa's venerable wig and grand-mamma's best cap fly off with horror. Sometimes its constitution is to be strengthened; sometimes it is wrapped in flannels, and buried in feather-bed till it is nearly suffocated; sometimes it is taught to feed early on all manner of indigestible messes. Sometimes the object is to have it walk early, and its little legs take the form of a bow in consequence, and sometimes it musn't walk at all, and is carried and carted about in a little wagon until it almost loses the use of its limbs, and in any case is generally stripped quite naked, as far as the shoulders go, on all those occasions when it would be 'dreadful' to hide beautiful baby in a woolen saque or flannel shawl. When one seriously reflects upon the general management and many experiments of young parents, the only wonder is the first baby ever lives to grow up."

MATRIMONIAL HALL.

Questions and Answers.

COALHILL, May 7, 1865.

Mr. Editor:—Dear sir:—

I have been thinking of writing to you a long time, but having never written to an Editor, I was afraid I would not write it grammatically, never having had the opportunity to study that branch of education.

I see much in your paper against marriage; that is, as it now exists. Please inform me through the Chariot how we ought to marry, or whether we ought to marry at all. I asked a lady who takes your paper if she knew what would be your way of having people marry. She laughed at me and said she did not know.

Now it appears to me that you would like to have people live together like some tribes of Indians. Agree to be man and wife till some certain garment was worn out; then if they are happy in each others' society, preserve that garment; if not happy, wear it out as quick as possible.

I like your paper very much, but on the marriage question I am perfectly in the dark, how it should be conducted.

Yours, with much regard,

L. S.

REPLY.—I will honestly confess that the Indian mode of marriage appears to me far more rational than binding people together for life by legal enactments.

True marriage, if there is any such thing, is, in my opinion, a union of hearts as well as hands. The blending in one, of two souls

who love each other, love to be together and are so constituted that they can live in perfect harmony, each delighting to serve the other, and both aiming to please. Where this union exists it matters little what the public ceremony, called marriage is, for such need not be bound together by statute laws. They are united by bonds stronger than any laws which men can make, so long as this union of spirits exists, and if this union dies, they had better fall apart than be tied together by law, to fill the world with discordant animals in human form.

Various nations have different ceremonies called marriage, and they all amount to the same thing as far as they go; none of them can produce love and make true marriage; they can only bind the hands together by law while the souls may be far apart.

All marriage where this spirit union and love does not exist is only legalized adultery. Mrs. Grundy and her friends will probably roll up their eyes in horror, if they happen to read this, nevertheless it is true, and the time is nearer than people generally are aware of, when this vital truth will be publicly admitted for the world is even now groaning in bondage as crushing as Southern slavery. The majority of married women in this nation, and not a few men are as effectually enslaved by marriage laws as the African race have ever been by the slave laws of the South. Women when they are married in this nation lose their individuality are expected to have no will of their own, no control even over their own bodies, but become the property of their husbands, and what they earn goes into the husband's pockets. The father may bind the children out to cruel men without the consent of the wife, and what is worse than all, wives have unwelcome children forced upon them, and every year thousands of wives go down to their graves entirely through the lustful abuse of more than brutal husbands. I have letters on hand, from many a wife, which if they were published, would open to view as deep a hell as human beings can experience in this life.

But to sum up all and reply in a few words,—if people continue to interfere with marriage by statute laws, let them marry people so long as they are mutually happy in that relation; but when they can no longer live in harmony let them separate, not bind them in a system of adultery to fill pauper houses and prisons with the offspring of lust.

We think the above contains leaven enough for once; when it has thoroughly worked we may add more. People have become so sore on this subject on account of their transgressions that they can not bear much; a slight touch on a raw sore will make a galled jade wince. A pound weight on a sore hurts more than a hundred pounds where the hide is not broken.

Divorces are telling pitiful tales on this subject. They are becoming very fashionable or at least very common; from five to a hundred and thirty in almost every court and will rapidly increase now the war has ended, for thousands of boys who never owned a ten dollar bill till the war commenced, on receiving two or three hundred dollars, felt so rich that they went right off and committed matrimony with young girls no more fit to become wives than a three months old pullet is to take charge of a brood of chickens. A ride or two, or a walk with an evening or two at a theatre or circus, was all the acquaintance they had with each other, and when the stern realities of life take the place of novelty there will be many fetters broken.

Where is Coal Hill?

CHRISTIAN HALL.

The Millennium.

How long will it take to Christianize the world, and fully establish the Millennium state while children receive the instruction they do now? Preachers and people profess to believe in such a state; a day when swords shall be changed to plow-shares and spears to pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation nor learn war any more, a day when universal peace and righteousness will fill the whole earth. They not only profess to expect such a state, but pray for it.—But do their prayers correspond with their works? What are they doing to prepare for such a state? It appears as though they were expecting the Almighty to perform the wonderful work separate from and independent of their exertions—that he is to pour out an extra measure of his spirit, and that there is nothing for them to do to hasten the coming of that glorious day, and so they are to live in the present miserable, selfish condition until God is ready to give them something better.

This is a great mistake; if the world of men is ever any better than it is now, it is to be brought about by individual exertion. God has done all he ever will do, and it now remains for man to perform his part. Whenever human beings are ready for the millennium state they will enjoy it. They might have enjoyed it ages ago. It is just as free to us as sunlight. If we close our doors and blind our windows we may live in Egyptian darkness while the world outside of our dens is full of sunshine. Just so it is spiritually.—We may close up our spiritual habitations and live in spiritual darkness, while all around us is light, and love and a world of happy spirits which we can neither see nor hear. And this is just where we are to day. Spiritually, we are in a bright and beautiful world; all around us are the messengers of heaven, ministering spirits, coming and going, willing an waiting to guide, instruct, guard, protect an

direct us in the ways of peace. How often did Jesus speak of the people of his day being spiritually blind and deaf. Think of the light and beauty that surround the deaf and blind man, him who never could see and hear, of which he is entirely unconscious. The sun shines, but he sees it not; the earth spreads out its beautiful flowery carpet but he beholds it not, the trees, plants and flowers are waving in bloom and beauty all around him, but he remains unconscious of their charms and even of their presence. The sweet songs of birds, the hum of insects, the sunny laughter of innocent childhood are all unknown to him. He sits in darkness and deafness, insensible of the sights and sounds that might ravish his soul.

So now, spiritually, with the greater part of the human race. All along the path of life hang beautiful flowers, and rich ripe clusters of celestial fruit, unseen by far the greater portion of the world, all along are happy spirits singing the songs of heaven, but unseen and unknown to nearly the whole world.

When Jesus took his disciples up with him into the mount, there their spiritual eyes were opened; they saw him in his spiritual character, his raiment whiter than the snow; they saw the spirits of Moses and Elias conversing with him. They experienced such raptures that they exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here," and wanted to build tabernacles on the spot. John, the Revelator, could see the spirits that surrounded him, and enjoy the glories of the celestial kingdom; but Balaam who had got his mind selfishly fixed on the reward that had been offered him, was blinder than the beast on which he rode.

And how can mankind be otherwise than deaf and blind when the windows of their souls are covered ten feet thick with selfishness and the love of the world; when their souls are filled with gold and silver, houses and lands, ships and merchandise, and trained to seek pleasure in these earthly possessions?

Look at the manner in which children are trained from their infancy. All their selfish passions cherished and developed by instruction.

Who will receive these hints and endeavor to profit by them? Whenever we have gained a victory over our selfishness and all the lusts of the flesh, and are each and all willing to be the servants of all, and labor for the common good; then will the millenium day dawn upon us, and we shall be astonished at our former deafness and blindness, and our insensibility to the celestial world that was all around us when we knew it not. Christ told his disciples more than eighteen hundred years ago, that the kingdom of heaven had come to earth, and the kingdom did not come without its king and inhabitants. But as many in that day did not enter into the kingdom, so we have not entered in; but are looking to an

imaginary being a great way off, calling on him to hasten the millennium state, when it is all around us and we see it not; but are living in the war spirit and clasping in our souls everything that tends to blind our spiritual eyes and shut out the very light we profess to be looking for.

LITTLE FOLKS' HALL.

Stories for Little Folks.

Last month I told you about Peter Martin, who was not a very good boy, and went into the army and there ended his days. I will now tell you, as I promised to, about James Price.

James, as I told you, lost his father when quite young. He was very different from Peter, because his parents were different from Peter's parents, for it is a fact that the better parents are the better their children will be. James loved his mother and was always willing to do all he could to help her. When she asked him to do anything he did not wait like Peter to be asked a second time, nor ask why some one else could not do it; but was always ready and willing, and when his mother asked him to help her he would say, "Oh, yes, mother, I love to help you, for it makes you happy and you are always kind and good; so he would skip about and do the chores as cheerful as a lark. He never pouted nor sulked, but was always pleasant, cheerful and happy. When his mother was busy he would play with his little brother and sing to him an hour at a time and in pleasant weather he would take him out under the shade of the elm, and there would gather flowers and play in the grass with him, and they had real nice times. His mother was so glad because he was a good boy that she was willing to do a great deal for him, and the more she did for him the more she was doing for herself, for the happier and better he was the happier would she be. She never bought him drums, guns nor swords; but bought many good books for him and became a subscriber to a circulating library and had a new book to read every week. She bought him a little shovel, spade, hoe and garden rake; and some other tools, and he was very happy helping her in the garden, and as he grew larger he helped the hired man in the field. When in school, he did not trifle nor idle away his time as Peter did, but attended to his studies and was one of the best scholars in the school. His teacher loved him, and of course took more pains to teach him than he would have done if he had been a mischievous or indolent boy.

Sometimes in the evening some of the best boys would come and spend an hour or two with him. They would bring their new books and have a nice time reading and singing, and talking about what they read; and sometimes he would go and spend an hour or two with them. He never run after the trainers, for he

cared nothing about them; he did not go with bad boys and come home with his clothes torn, his nose bloody, and his face bruised as Peter did. He never went to the store unless his mother sent him, and then he did his errand and returned immediately.

When he was seventeen he took the whole care of the farm and was very happy in raising all sorts of crops. Peter tried to persuade him to go to the war, but he replied, "No, I can live without fighting, and if others cannot let them fight their own battles." The recruiting officers offered him a large bounty and told him he should be an officer too, if he would enlist, but he refused. He had no idea of going to shoot poor men that were forced into the war, nor to be shot himself, to leave his poor mother weeping. And now while Peter lies half buried, where they fought the battle of "Bull Run," James is a noble young farmer, honest, industrious, intelligent; beloved and honored by all that know him, and whenever he brings anything to the market to sell he always gets a good price for it, for those who know him know that he takes pains to have good articles, and that whatever he sells will prove to be just what he says it is.

Now, children, which was the wiser, better and happier of the two, James or Peter, and which will you try to imitate?

Frogs, Toads, &c.

A few days ago a very fine frog was discovered firmly imbedded in a large block of stone at the Lady Lee quarries, occupied by Mr. J. Ellis, of Worksop. The block was eleven feet below the surface, and the frog, on being liberated, jumped about cheerfully; and afterwards, on being placed in a pond of water the animal showed its dexterity by swimming at ease. It is supposed the prisoner must have been confined from 1,000 to 2,000 years. The block of stone had the impression of the frog very distinctly marked where it had lain for such a long period.—(*Eng. Cor. of the Boston Commonwealth.*)

We give the above for what it is worth.—One or two thousand years seem a long time for a frog to live in a block of stone; yet we know that some creatures will live a great while without food. I have seen many stories of toads being found alive embedded in stones, or in solid clay, where they must have been a long time, but never knew whether to believe such stories or not. One of my friends told me he went into his cellar one evening to get a bottle. He saw a toad among the bottles and sat a bottle on him. The bottom of the bottle was hollow which gave room for the toad to sit under it in the hollow without feeling the weight of the bottle. In one year from that day he removed the bottle and found the toad alive, as active and looking as well as ever.

I once put a large spider in a glass tumbler, placing some sticks in it for him to climb on, and covered him over. He made a web, and there staid six weeks watching patiently

A Sensible Letter.

A few months since N. P. Willis so far forgot his allegiance to Dame Fashion and her votaries as to publish in the Home Journal a good article in favor of the female Reform Dress, short skirts and pants; and also in favor of females riding astride on horseback; to which Helen Downs has written him the following reply; may it do much good, for unless women reform their dress the race must die out.

"Allow me to express my thanks for your excellent article in the *Home Journal* of the 13th inst, on a "more sensible dress for women." Men, perhaps, are not capable of appreciating the sense of gratitude felt by those who have ever been subjected to the slavery of dragging, every-way-inconvenient and ungraceful skirts, when a plea is put forth for the abolishment of the abomination, especially when a plea comes from a source so reliable on the artistic effects of dress as in the present instance; for this gives double force to the argument. Let women, generally, become convinced that the proposed change in costume is an absolute requirement of good taste (and all dress that hinders natural movement is in bad taste,) and they will, perhaps, be more ready to turn a listening ear and a seeing eye to the innovation, for women, as a class, are more easily touched in matters of taste than in those of convenience. That they should for century after century, have submitted to a dress in direct opposition to all the laws of good taste and good sense—a dress which is the very badge and insignia of incompetency—a dress which a brain, the most fertile in vile inventions for the enslavement of one-half the human race, could scarcely have improved upon as adapted to that purpose—is not so much a proof of a natural lack of good taste, as it is a proof of the servility of the human species to the despot custom. The argument for a change, counter to the reigning fashion, may be clear and unanswerable, and people may acknowledge it, while, at the same time, they turn to obey the despot's fiat, from which there is no appeal. The few rare exceptions, scattered here and there, of women who have sufficient sense and independence to wear bifurcate garments, may be indicative that the wholesome reform will, in time, become general; but, to us, who yet groan in the wearisome bondage of petticoats, the time seems far distant.

"The article of dress just alluded to, has long been used as a gibe and scoff by those wishing to concentrate in a single word the very quintessence of weakness and imbecility; and thus it has become the insignia of incompetency.—The cause of incompetency lies in the dress, and not in the person, only so far as the person is involved by consenting to wear it. Tie a man up in a winding-sheet, or a bed-blanket (allowing sufficient scope for him to walk,) or fasten to him a chain, to which is attached a five-pound weight, and make him drag it about wherever he goes, and he will, probably, if he has the use of his tongue left him, protest that he is unable to act as a free agent, morally and physically. But these obstructions to his movements are no worse than the dress with which women encumber themselves.

"So long as women are so unfortunate as to be possessed of two legs, (excuse my use of plain English for that word, I could put in French if it would tone it down any, but I always prefer English; besides, we can't ignore the fact if we do the word;) so long, I say, as women possess two legs, it is as important to clothe them in a bifurcate garment as it is the arms; the argument for drawing a bag over the former is no more tenable than for drawing one over the latter. Women and men require free use of these four limbs, and he or she who argues the necessity of tying them up in a bag,

his hand; he would not take it in this manner, fast enough to injure him, and would not require half as much to quench his thirst as he does when he pours it down fast, from a large dish. Remember this, children and drink slow, one swallow at a time.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

A Looking Glass.

What has become of Spiritualism and the spiritualists of five years ago? Mediums were then preaching love, peace and good will,—were telling us that every house was a celestial telegraphic station, that pure spirits from the higher spheres were to be our teachers, and in a short time the whole world would enjoy peace, love and harmony—that all wars would cease, and the human race become one family of happy brothers and sisters, traveling, heart and hand, together to the better land. They preached forbearance, mercy, and forgiveness, had a mantle of charity for every sin, and were to stoop low enough to grasp and raise up those sunk the lowest in transgression. People flocked to hear them and shouted "Amen," to their beautiful teachings.

Since that, four years of war have passed—the most ferocious and bloody war ever known—and none have more fiercely defended the war than spiritualists. Their most noted speakers; with but here and there an honorable exception, preached war so zealously in their Sunday meetings, that the most unprincipled demagogues flocked to hear them, and often cheered them as lustily as they did the most rabid of their own political speakers.

The result has been great—nearly all of the better portion of their former hearers have retired from their meetings in disgust, to mingle with the old orders, or to worship at home; and now their meetings appear but very little better than the dry bones over which the ancient prophet was sent to prophesy. What will be the result we know not, but we do happen to know that there are yet a few scattered up and down who hold communion with pure spirits, and rejoice in the truth. These, if faithful, will be as seed, which, when the confusion has passed by, will spring forth and bear fruit; but let them beware of those who have once betrayed the cause, and forsaken the banner of Peace to serve in the great slaughter under the Prince of ignorance and barbarism. Nothing good can be expected from people whose spiritual teachings have not carried them out of the regions of selfishness.—Though their professions may be high, and their words smooth, they will be ever ready to desert the cause, when temptation comes.

They are now at a loss what to do; the occasion for politics and war, which have so long occupied their attention has passed away, and they appear in their own meetings "like cats in a strange garret"—lost. Let them find themselves if they will, help them to do so if you can, but be not led astray.

for flies, but none not even the smallest could enter, so that I am sure that he had neither food nor drink during the six weeks unless he got it from the air, and yet he looked as plump and sprightly as though he had fared sumptuously every day. Then I caught another large spider and put it in with him, but the next morning nothing but the legs of the new spider were to be seen; the other had devoured him. Then a voice within me preached a sermon on cruelty and I liberated the prisoner. Several years before this I had a rattlesnake three feet long that lived three months without food, and when I parted with him he looked as well as ever. This about the spider and snake I know to be true, and can see wisdom in their formation. They live on insects and small animals, their food is uncertain; if they could not live a long time without food their whole race might die in a season when food is scarce, and so nature made them different from animals that are sure of daily food. Goldfish are kept all summer in glass globes of water, and no other sustenance than what they get from the water which is changed daily.

But for all these creatures can live so long without eating, some of them are enormous eaters when food is plenty. You would be surprised to see what a quantity of worms and insects a toad can stow away inside of his skin. The fact is he is a sort of regulator among worms and insects; was made to keep them from becoming too numerous, for though all insects are made for a wise purpose and have their use, they must not become too numerous,—some of them like the toad being made for regulators, were so designed that they can eat and thus destroy a great many insects when they are too plenty and live a long time without eating when the insects are scarce. In all the works of nature you will see wisdom, and the more you study the history of reptiles and insects the more you will have reason to admire the wisdom that seems to have fitted them as by design, for their places and purposes.

You will notice that the dog, and other animals, which in a wild state have to chase their prey, and are therefore liable to be much heated by running, lap up their drink, making a spoon of the tongue. Why were they created to drink thus? Because swallowing cold water fast while heated with running would injure them, but taking it no faster than they can dip it up with their tongues curved into the form of a spoon, will not injure them.—The horse, ox, and other animals that do not have to chase their food and are not liable to be heated, drink faster. In warm weather we often hear of men being killed by drinking cold water when heated by labor and the hot sun. Why is this? It is because men do not drink as Nature designed. The natural way for man to drink is, to dip up the water with

ought to have the bag game tried on them to the fullest extent—be tied up in one from neck to heels for a year or so.

"The exclamation point you use on saying, 'the extent to which the dress should be worn, would regulate itself,' when once tried, is very significant. It would, indeed, regulate itself.—What woman in her right mind, who has once enjoyed the freedom of action allowed by a sensible dress (skirt to the knee, and pants,) would return to the barbarous style now worn? Who wishes to give up the light, easy carriage of the present day for the cumbrous coach that was first invented? In China, it is considered highly indecorous for women to allow their feet to attain their natural size—it is there the height of propriety to pinch them till they can hardly stand; it is here the height of propriety for women to wear a dress that is the most cramping and confining possible to all free action, and yet be consistent with the mere act of walking, for among all the remarkable ideas entertained of women, it has been generally conceded that they *must* be allowed sufficient play of limb to walk—which is a credit to this enlightened century, and casts a gleam of hope for the future.

"Let faint hearts take courage, for coming ages may yet awake to the consciousness that women are neither ghouls nor angels, but simply human beings with human wants, and that any restriction on their liberty is no more adapted to their case than to that of man. In the meantime, let all who see the need of improvement in this matter of dress, exert themselves to bring about a reform. The tyrant they have to combat—Public Opinion—is mightier than all the Czars of Russia or than all the kings of the Bourbon dynasty. Let him be brought over to the side of reason.

"Again sir, I thank you for the sensible course you have taken in this matter, especially in the last issue of your paper."

MAIL BAG.

Letter From Lizzie Granger.

FRIEND HACKER:—I have been wanting to write to you this long time, and Father and Mother say I may, so I will write now and tell you how much I like the Chariot. I have read Mellie Parsons' letter and want to hear from her again, and from Hattie Winans too, and I want to hear from her. I have learnt all the songs in the Chariot and can sing them, and I have a little brother Willie six years old, and he sings with me for I have sung the songs so much he has learnt most all of them, and I guess we make the house ring sometimes too, as much as Hattie and her sister do, and we make out doors ring too, for it is warm enough now to play under the trees. Willie and I have made a little cubby house in the corner of the yard, under the big sweet apple tree, and we have nice times there, reading and singing.

I go to school now, but do not have to walk two miles all the way up hill as Hattie does, for it is not a quarter of a mile. We have a dear good teacher and we all love her and try to be good. I have a little strawberry bed and you can't think what lots of strawberries we shall have when they are ripe. And we have got raspberry and blackberry bushes too in the garden and we will have plenty of fruit. Father made a little bird box and put it up in the garden, and a pair of pretty blue birds came and built a nest in it and you can't think how much I love them. Then he made another little box and a pair of wrens have got a nest in it and four eggs. We can open the cover and see them, and the nest is made of sticks, ain't that funny. A robin has got a nest on the pear tree, close to the house, and there she sits on her nest looking at me while I write. I wish she could read and talk, but she knows some things. She knows we love to have her here close to the windows and when I put bread crumbs and worms on the window sill she

comes and gets them and is almost as tame as a hen.

I wish I lived near you, I would run in and help you fold papers, and would bring you some strawberries when they are ripe.

There haven't I written enough? Father says short letters are best, so I will stop, and hope you will write to me if you have time; but if you put it in the Chariot all the children will see it, so you can do them all good at once.

Good bye, sir, I hope you will live a long time to publish the Chariot, for I don't know what I should have to read that I should like so well, if the Chariot should stop.

Your friend,

LIZZIE GRANGER.

REPLY:—Thank you, Lizzie, for your good letter, and hope I shall hear from you often; would like to write you a good long letter this beautiful morning, but am too busy; have spent more than half my time writing private letters for more than a year past. A great many who have lost husbands, fathers, brothers and other friends in the cruel and wicked war have written to me, and I could not refuse to reply to them, for many of them feel as though they had no friend on earth. Many of their letters are blotted and blistered with tears, for it makes them weep to think of the dear friends that have been dragged away to be shot. Some of them say if they could only have their bodies brought home to be decently buried where they could plant flowers on their graves it would not seem so hard. There are hundreds of poor lonely creatures all over the country whose hearts are sighing and pining for the truth, and they know not where to find it. If they go to the ministers for instruction, they find them destitute of love and spiritual truth, and full of politics and the war spirit, and they have no one to advise them. They ask me all sorts of questions, and I have to answer them as best I can for my heart aches for them. If I had wisdom enough to teach them all they need I should be very happy in doing so; but I do the best I can, and it takes so much of my time that I cannot write to all that I would like to.

I am glad that you love the birds; they are beautiful creatures and all declare the wisdom and love of the power that created them, and the best way for us to manifest our love to God is to show love and kindness to the creatures he has made, for all his works even to the smallest worm were created for a wise purpose. If we could see and understand for what purpose each living creature was created, and fully see its fitness to its place and purpose, we should find everything declaring the wisdom, love and glory of God.

I am glad you love your little brother and teach him songs and how to sing them, and would be glad if you could make the whole world ring with good songs.

If all people lived just right, men, women and children would sing as they go up and down the streets and roads, and about their work.—Yes, Lizzie, if all people lived right, the man who was driving along the highway, the women and children as they ride or walk would sing sweet songs of love, and the people whom they passed, would feel their souls glowing with love, and would join in the song with them, and whether they had ever met before or not they would feel acquainted with each other, and all feel like brothers and sisters, and the world would be more like heaven than like this cold selfish place that it is now. If a stranger should ride along the highway singing some beautiful loving song, all that are good would feel it, and feel like singing with him.—They would love him, though they had never seen him before. But those that are not good would call him crazy, only because they are crazy themselves and do not know it. Yes, Lizzie, sing away! Learn all the good songs you can find; sing them at home, sing them abroad; sing them in field and garden, in highways and by-ways, wherever you go, and you

will help to bring the discordant souls of men, women and children into harmony and tone.—Make the mountains, hills and plains, the gardens, fields and groves ring with sweet music, gushing forth like the pure mountain springs, and you will water many a thirsty drooping soul.

Let your thoughts be as pure
As the streamlets that flow,
From the mountain's pure heights
To the flow'rets below;
And pour forth those thoughts
In the sweet songs of love,
Till you win erring souls
To the mansions above.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

THE CHARIOT.—I sometimes think that if those who like the Chariot were half as zealous as the people who compass sea and land to make proselytes to miserable creeds, we should soon have many thousands of subscribers. If the clergy want a hundred thousand dollars to send their gospels to Timbuctoo or some other place to corrupt people who are better than themselves, they have only to set their wits to work and the money comes. If they wish to aid in war, they have only to get up a fair or pious swindle of some sort and their purse is filled; if they want a new church organ or other fixings for their temple, a supper or two with grab bags, ring cake, lottery and other gambling operations is sure to accomplish the object. Why can not those who love the Chariot extend its circulation until we have a list of subscribers sufficient to pay the expense, and are thus enabled to move on smoothly? We do not want funds raised by the above means, but can not subscribers show the paper to their neighbors; and those who do not file it send it to their friends in different places, giving as many as they can a chance to know that such a paper exists? It has been kept running so far partly by little gifts; but since people commenced the spring work these are becoming few and far between. The work is not mine; I am only acting as a steward; am willing to go on if the expenses of the publication are paid, and willing to turn to something else if assistance fails. It is left for those who read to decide whether we shall go on; let all act conscientiously in the matter. Paper is high, labor is high, and the list of regular subscribers is not large enough for us to move along free and easy. When the war commenced many left the Boat to read war news; many old friends have refused to take the Chariot because we are not blind enough to believe it impossible to do justly, love mercy and live without fighting, but this does not move us because we *know we are right* on that subject; yet we want more help.

Some who left the Boat for war news are now returning to the Chariot. The soldiers are subscribing—for many of them are convinced that all war is wrong; but we want every body that is seeking for truth to see at least one No. of the Chariot, and then we shall soon have strength enough to trot up any hill.

I am now overhauling Pleasure Boats and arranging them in volumes, and to any one who will send six new subscribers to the last half of the present volume of the Chariot, at 63 cents each, I will send an unbound volume of the Boat free of postage.

The government that hangs a man for crime, thereby condemns itself. The worst use you can make of a man is to hang him. The right principle never destroys a criminal to get him out of the way, but labors to reform and save him, and the government that destroys a man thereby confesses it has not sufficient power or salvation in itself to save him.

Think twice before you speak once; for it is easier to speak correctly than to recall and correct the hasty and wrong expression.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—What will be done with him? Many of the papers demand his life—say he must be hung; but what a ridiculous position this august, dignified nation is placed in, in relation to the subject. Half the papers in the nation have been calling him a feeble old woman in petticoats, since his capture, and the windows of the bookstores and periodical depots, all over the country are filled with numerous sorts of pictures of Davis in petticoats.

And now the congregated wisdom and dignity of the nation is about to spend some thousands of dollars and perhaps several weeks time in trying this feeble, silly *old Lady* for treason! Isn't that stooping a little? If Hogarth himself were alive and in Washington it would puzzle even his inventive brains to get up a picture sufficiently ridiculous to represent the Government. Just think of it! A regiment of soldiers in uniform dress, tricked off with red and yellow lace, shining brass buttons, gold and silver mounted swords, guns, pistols and dirks all pursuing an old woman in petticoats; hurrahing over the capture, the whole nation rejoicing over the *mighty* conquest, sending out all sorts of pictures of the scene; bringing their captive in an armed government steamer at enormous expense; incarcerating her in a fort; fettered in irons, a guard of twenty to keep her safe; the highest court of the government solemnly trying the old granny at an expense of some thousands; and in deep anxiety consulting how to dispose of her to secure the safety of the national government, and finally hanging her, thereby proving or confessing that there is not grace and godliness enough in the whole nation to reform and save their "erring sister Davis," as the government papers and picture makers call her or him! Oh shades of Hogarth! Who will give us a picture of the whole scene, that will fully represent the littleness of such a government? Would there were an artist capable of getting up a panorama to represent it, for if the government could see itself as some people see it, and as it really is, it might possibly be shamed into consistency.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Could I go back to the twenty-first year of my age with the little knowledge I have gathered in my pilgrimage, and were I at liberty to choose my own occupation, I would be a cultivator of the soil.—I would seek for a congenial climate favorable to fruits, in the vicinity of a good market, and devote my life to the most natural, rational, healthy and pleasant employment that man ever engaged in. If it would not bring the wealth that some other occupations would, I am sure it would be attended with less care, anxiety and confusion, and afford more happiness—happiness too, that no amount of wealth could purchase. I have seen much of the world, and know of no other occupation to be compared with that of the cultivation of the soil.

THE Government has done very wrong in not discharging the soldiers sooner, affording them the opportunity of planting before the season was over. Wasting time to gather them around Washington, and hold a great review merely for display, will not compensate them for the loss of a crop, when so many of them have families looking to them for bread.

PURE RELIGION.—If you want to know how much pure and undefiled religion there is in the land, you need not count the number of church spires, nor listen to those who call themselves Christians; but visit the widow and the fatherless, the aged poor, the inmates of the pauper-house and the prison. They can tell you all about it.

The Christian Mirror, or Mir-er, as one of its readers called it, talks about *glorious* war as flippantly as the lowest political papers; seems to have entirely forgotten, if ever it knew, that christianity can have nothing more to do with war than to condemn it. It has an article headed "Prayer Meetings on the Battle Field," which says:—the most encouraging part, was to see our little band of Christians; how they stood up to it, and in the hottest of the fight some of them came up to me and took me by the hand saying, "I feel happy." Doubtless the same kind of happiness the cannibal feels when hunting down a human victim for his dinner, notwithstanding the writer of the article attributes the happiness to the love of God in the heart. He further says:—"A great work is going on out here. Many of our brave boys are giving their hearts to God. Some of our little band were on picket last night, and six of them had a prayer meeting, and four of our regiment asked for prayers. I was down at the Third Brigade last night, at Brother B's meeting and twenty-three men were seeking Jesus."

And thus this pious nincompoop, the blind dupe of priest-craft, runs on about pious murderers praying and seeking Jesus, but does not tell us that if they had found Him he would have said to them, "My Kingdom is not of this world and therefore my servants cannot fight." Nor does he tell us that if they had found Jesus and had laid down their arms and become his disciples, refusing to fight, that the government would have shot or hung them for being Christians.

Such is the stuff that the Christian Mirror, a religious paper in its forty-third volume, publishes for Gospel! Is it any wonder that people with such a teacher have entirely lost sight of the true God, who is Love; the true Jesus who is the Prince of Peace; the true Gospel which is the Power of God unto salvation, and are in the ditch of mire and blood—shrouded in barbarous night!

The same number of the *Mir-er* contains an article intended to prove that the doctrine of eternal damnation is true! Is it any wonder that this class of people could be so happy in the hottest of a fight, that was sending souls to an endless hell at the rate of some thousands per hour?

We commend to the *Mir-er*, its readers, and brave boys that are seeking Jesus in the hottest of the fight, the song we wrote and published in the seventh number of the *Chariot*, expressly for such people, from which the following is an extract:—

Ring the news throughout creation;
Shout it loud from hill to plain,
"We, the pious, godly churches,
Full ten thousand more have slain;"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now they squirm in endless pain!

The Christian's March.

BY J. HACKER.

In the Light and in the Life,
Out of darkness, out of strife,
March along!

Let your motto ever be,
Firm and honest, frank and free,
March along!

What if you must march alone?
Christ the Way of Life has shown,
And He'll ever guide his own;
March along!

What if all the world oppose?
Truth is stronger than your foes;
March along!

Let the wolves and jackals howl,—
Let the bears and lions growl;—
March along!

Beasts of prey are of the night,
Hate and fear, and shun the light;
Let your torch of Truth burn bright;
March along!

Gird ye strong and grasp the sword;
Not steel, but Truth's Eternal Word;
March along!

Fight the battle, win the crown,—
More than all the earth's renown,
March along!

Kill no man, but slay the foe;
The lusts from which our evils flow;
Lay every evil passion low;
March along!

When ye have fought; and won the fight,
In God's pure Love, and Life and Light,
Halt and rest!

Here is honey, here is wine,
Here is everything divine,
All are blest!

Here are robes of Peace, not rage,—
Seraphs pure, not painted hags,—
Chariots of Love, not jaded nags;
Which war is best?

Never speak when you are angry, but keep your mouth closed till you are calm. The angry word stirs up anger in others and is worse than silence; it is also a cause of shame to yourself.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED.—When I see girls from 8 to 15 years of age barefooted and ragged, going half a mile to a mile with their baskets, to beg chips, in a city with more than a score of churches, with ministers receiving from one to two or more thousands a year, I think such a city, churches, priests and all, need missionaries as much as any heathen land on earth.

What is to be the fate of these neglected children? Will not some of them be liable to draw down the sons of the rich whose duty it is, as christians, to look after them. Such a city I know of, and if there is any missionary prepared to labor in it, I will tell him where it is located. The time will come when the professed christians and the rich of such cities, and even the ministers, will see that it will be for the good of their own families, to discharge their duty to these little ones.

Up, be working while the daylight lasts,
For time rolls on—the night is coming fast;
The hours past thou never canst recall,
Improve the *now*, for that to thee is all.

Thy work well done, thy soul in peace may rest,
With sweet assurance thou hast done thy best;
The space all full, we've nothing more to say,
Than do thy duty in each coming day.

Love, not gunpowder; the Gospel, not gunspel must reform the world and produce harmony. The word Gospel was derived from two words, God and spell, and means God's spell or charm of love on the soul. Man whose soul is under the influence of this spell or charm, cannot shoot a fellow man; hence it is impossible for a godly man or christian to fight; as much impossible as it is for a room to be both dark and light at the same moment. If christianity was to be known and judged by future ages from the conduct of the professed christians of this nation, of the last four years, it would be abhorrent to all good men, for they have entirely banished all the precepts and examples of Christ, and exalted the most offensive and abhorrent doctrine in its place.

"In Holland colony, in Kent county, Michigan, a discarded lover prosecuted his girl for breach of promise, but subsequently compromised the matter on her agreeing to do his washing for one or two years."

Lucky girl! had she married the hog what a slave she would have been. For a person to sue another for breach of promise, is sufficient evidence of a tyrannic spirit to justify the breach, and a court that will listen to such a case, and fine or force one to marry, ought to be put in the insane hospital. A true man or woman will not desire to be bound by law when there is not love enough to bind, nor will they punish any for not loving them. Marriage has been dreadfully prostituted by law and sham religion.

Would it not be fair for those who have borrowed the *Pleasure Boat* and *Chariot* of their neighbors to subscribe for it themselves? Every week we are receiving orders for odd numbers to replace those worn out and lost by borrowers? Several have subscribed for two copies, so that they can have one for themselves! Papers that have been sent free to the poor have been regularly read by those abundantly able to pay.

This is a nation of invalids. Not one woman in a hundred is perfectly healthy, and in many places when men were drafted for the army, not more than five or six in fifty were accepted by the examining surgeons, the balance being lame, sick or too feeble to perform duty. Every generation is more feeble than the last, and it is time for people to begin to look for the causes.

An old lady, aged 90 years, named Blay, recently walked from Kittery Point to Portsmouth and back—a distance of nine miles.—This old lady was formerly a nurse in Kittery, and one of her proteges is 75 years of age, and far more decrepit than Mrs. Blay.

Here in this city we see daily, females of all ages who cannot go one-fourth of a mile without riding in a horse car, when three-fourths of them are dying for want of exercise.—Some people, purely for want of exercise, have an indolent, languid feeling come over them and will ride till they die of laziness. A smart walk would wear off this rust, and make them feel bright, cheerful and happy.

"To Whom It May Concern."
WANTED.

A Situation to be *useful*, by a young MAN of perfect integrity, blameless life, and stainless reputation; possessed of a character justly, nicely, elegantly tempered with the *Love of Heaven*, and the *Fire of Hell*.

Said MAN has labored, can now labor in the sphere of an Agriculturist, Mechanic, Engraver, Mariner, Fireman, Porter, Bootblack, Student, Teacher; but prefers a situation to proclaim the Gospel.

Country or City references can be furnished. None need apply who are afraid of the truth or ashamed to work.

ADDRESS, UNION, BOX 476,
PORTLAND P. O.

The above was silently handed me by a young man whom I met at the door of the post-office. There are openings enough to preach the gospel, at least there are places enough where it is needed, though we cannot say that many hearts would be open to receive it. In this city are more than a score of churches, where the Gospel if it should appear, would be an entire stranger, forms and lifeless ceremonies having been in its place for many a year, and the war-spirit for the last four years. There are no people that need the gospel more than the ministers and their flocks, though they are probably too blind to be aware of it. Then there is the jail, the pauper house, the highways and by-ways, and just out of the city the Marine Hospital, and in another direction, the forts. Besides, there are banking houses and various other swindling establishments, too numerous to mention, all of which are as destitute of the gospel as Africa or India.

But he who attempts to preach the gospel in these times would be likely to be reminded of the man who spoke of a field so stony, that when they planted potatoes they had to slice them up and insert them edgewise between the stones, yet the cause is good, and the experiment worth trying.

PEARLS.—A man, after hearing the opposition to what I said the other day in a meeting, asked me,—"Why cast your pearls before swine?" I replied, "There may be one man among the swine who will gather them up, and they may do much good after I have gone to the higher state." Were we to labor according to the visible effects on the minds of the people, we should soon become discouraged, and perform but little; but laboring under the idea that no uttered truth can be lost, we have courage in the darkest hours. I have delivered many a testimony when I could see no visible effects, and then after years have passed away, have found that some hungry soul had received the truths I uttered, into an honest heart where it had grown and brought forth ten fold. Almost every day I am hearing from such people. I often receive letters from people who attended my meetings years ago, some of them mere children then, who treasured up the truth which had been meat and strength to their lonely souls in their isolated condition. I often receive letters from people who say they have just been reading the old "Pleasure Boats" and find them like manna, in their lonely pilgrimage. One aged man who always labored to train up his children in the truth, has paid for fifteen and a half volumes of the *Boat* to be bound, saying he had rather leave them to his children and grand-children than any sum of money.

I mention these things simply to encourage those who are toiling, unaided in the cause of truth, in the midst of opposition and discouragements.

Scatter, therefore, your pearls to the four

winds of heaven, for where you *feel* to do so, God has a casket prepared to receive them. All are not swine.

MORTALITY.—In the record of births, marriages and deaths in Massachusetts, in 1863, nearly one-fifth of the deaths were of children under one year of age; and over thirty-seven in a hundred were less than five years of age, and this too, when the number of deaths among the adults was larger than usual for those killed in the war were reckoned!—Will ministers continue to tell us that all these untimely deaths were the work of Providence, or will they begin to look for the true causes and prepare themselves to teach the people how to live? I repeat the question in the last No. of the *Chariot*,—What would farmers think and do if they had such mortality among their domestic animals, or their growing crops? Would they charge it to a mysterious Providence as the priests do, or would they look for the causes, and preventives.—When we consider how women dress, how hard many of them have to work, how indolent others are, how unnatural their food and habits, and how much the majority of them are abused by the lusts of their husbands, the wonder is that no more of them die. If the number of abortions and of the still-born were added to the above, very likely it would be found that one half die before they are five years of age. What will people do about all this murder, for it is nothing else? Will they continue the abuses that cause it, or will they look for and remove the causes?

THE MOB SPIRIT.—Are the people of this nation insane, or spiritually blind, or what is the matter with them, that they cannot see and feel the danger of nursing the mob spirit in their children? After the news came that Jeff Davis was captured, the boys of this city made an effigy of him, and rode it about the city on a rail, amid the broad grins and uproarious laughter of their parents, neighbors and government officials. The papers told of it approvingly, and not a single person that we have heard of has raised a warning voice in relation to the consequences that must naturally result from such proceedings.

The effigy of Davis has also been hung and burned by boys in other cities.

Now what is to be the crop raised from this, for whatsoever ye sow or permit to grow in the youthful mind, that shall ye also reap. If these boys are allowed and encouraged to hang and burn effigies now, what will they do when older? Will they not mob, hang and burn men, women and children? Are the people prepared for such a state of things? Are they willing to have blind, angry mobs rule and ruin? If not this spirit must be checked. You may call it children's sport if you please, but you may yet learn to your sorrow that "Tall oaks from little acorns grow, Broad streams from little fountains flow," And children's mobs, unchecked, may lead to many a lawless, bloody deed.

What will other nations say when they learn that boys can in broad daylight, and with approbation, mob, hang and burn effigies of men who are heavily ironed in prison, waiting to be tried for their lives, that too when we pretend to be so brokenhearted, that our very buildings are clad in mourning at the loss of the Chief Magistrate, stricken down by the same mob spirit that you are encouraging in your children! Look at these things. You are encouraging in your children the very same spirit that actuated Booth! Do you know it, or are you blind?

TO JERSEY FARMERS.—I wish to say a few words to the people of New Jersey who are clearing new land. I was pained while passing through that State, to see how thoughtlessly many of you were destroying the natural growth. Every lot of five acres should be skirted on all sides by a border of the natural growth from three to six feet wide, and every square of five acres divided into village lots should have a belt of the natural growth around it; and every twenty acre lot on large farms

First,—this skirting will break off the wind and make the season earlier. Second,—it will make the air cooler in summer. Third,—it is more ornamental than any thing else that can be planted round a farm or garden. Besides this a small grove should be left standing on each lot; not merely single trees, but groves untouched, of large and small trees, shrubbery and all. I noticed that in some of the new towns, many persons had entirely cut away the natural growth, and planted sickly looking maples and other trees around their lots, which, if they live and flourish can never be half so beautiful as the natural growth. Pine, oak, scrub oak, &c., are the greatest enemies that the settlers on those lands have to contend with; they are so common now, and it requires so much labor to get rid of them, that their value as ornaments are not realized; but by and by, when the land is all cleared, many a one will sigh for a beautiful skirting of his enemies around his lot, to ornament it, break off the wind, cool the hot summer air, and relieve the eye from sameness. If I were about to purchase a lot there, I should search long before I would accept of one without a border of the natural growth.—Look ahead, my friends. Think how your town will look when the present growth is all gone, You can not replace it with anything that will be so beautiful and useful.

PEARS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts Agricultural Club, have unanimously agreed upon the following as the twelve best varieties of pears, taking all things into consideration, as quality, thriftiness of the tree, value of market, &c., viz: First six, the Bartlett, Louise Bonne de Jersey; Urbaniste, Beurre d'Anjou, Sheldon and Seckel. Second six the Onondaga [Swan's Orange,] Merriam, Doyenne Rossock, Vicar of Wakefield, Paradise d'Automne and Eulton.

These pears may do for Massachusetts, but some of them are too tender for Maine. The best pear for this climate, which I have had in a dozen varieties is the Bure de Amalis. It is hardy, a sure and bountiful bearer, and when the fruit is gathered about the time the wormy ones are beginning to mellow, and placed in a dark closet to ripen, it is good enough for a saint, and better than a sinner deserves.

WASTE OF FOOD.—I have often noticed that when food is scarce, and high in price, there is more wasted than when it is plenty.—During the past winter we could not buy onions in this market for less than eight cents per lb, yet I am told that one firm has thrown away two hundred barrels of rotten onions this spring, that they had been holding for higher prices. Apples were also very scarce, retailing for \$2.50 per bushel during the winter and much higher in the spring; yet large quantities have been lost by holding them for higher prices. Men who will take advantage of the scarcity of food, and attempt to extort wealth from the necessities of the people deserve to lose money, and no one will pity them on account of their losses, but it is a shame and a sin to have food wasted thus. Such men, though they may be fiercely in favor of a war to liberate slaves, have the spirit of slaveholders in themselves, and will favor any measure that will ensure them large profits.