

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.

INQUIRERS' HALL.

To Truth Seekers.

"Hold fast till I come," were words spoken by one who was wise and able to aid the ignorant, the weak, the doubting and the helpless; and the admonition is as applicable to us in this age as it was to the people of any former period. All who are striving to overcome the world, the flesh and all sin, and walk in the highway of holiness, must be aided by a power higher and every way superior to any which they possess in and of themselves. There is day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest in the spiritual world as well as in the literal, and he who has but recently entered the spiritual path and is unacquainted with these facts is apt to borrow unnecessary trouble. Some, when they surrender themselves to the guidance of truth, experience the sweet income of peace; their spirits are overflowed with love, the light shines round about them, and they travel on with joy and gladness, fondly believing their trials are all over, and have only to travel and enjoy without interruption. At length the shades of night gather round them, all becomes black and dark, not so much as a star to be seen, and then comes the trying season. Their former pleasant experience appears like imagination, delusion or deception, and they sink almost into despair. They look for some one to guide and instruct them, but alas for the seekers of truth! nursing fathers and mothers are scarce in these days. The self-styled divines, the pretended ambassadors of the kingdom of peace are buried alive in politics and war, or in their pursuit for popularity, possess no more zeal spiritually than a puff-ball or a bladder filled with wind. Those who should be spiritual mothers in Zion, are in no better condition to aid, and the poor soul that needs light, instruction and encouragement, finds them to be stumbling blocks rather than guides and helps. Oh, the weary hours to the young traveler as he enters the shades of night! His former experience

seems of no use, appearing more like the remembrance of a pleasant dream than like reality. Doubts and fears gather; every bush, and stone and stump, figuratively speaking, becomes a wild beast waiting for its prey, and the storm and tempest set in to complete the terror. Doubts and fears gather like clouds of blackness, and the poor soul is for the time, like one lost in the wilderness in a storm and tempest, wrapped about by darkness, beholding no path, no guide and at a loss which way to travel. To remain seems certain death, and how to go back or to advance safely in the darkness is a hidden mystery. Oh how the soul thus situated calls for help! How it looks around for some one to guide, but looks and calls in vain.

Am I not relating the experience of thousands who desire holiness and have been striving to a higher life than is sought by the multitudes around them? If so, let me say to such, "Hold fast and be quiet—rest in hope through the night, waiting patiently for the dawn which will surely come, when darkness and doubts and fears will vanish, and all the dreaded monsters of the wilderness will disappear."

All who undertake to travel in the spiritual way, must experience day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, and must at times and by turns want and abound in the spiritual as in the literal world. Then when night comes, when winter appears, hold fast; rest in hope; watch for the light, wait patiently for the spring time, when the frosts will disappear and the songs of the birds will again be heard with notes sweeter than ever before. Be sure to perform all known duties in times of darkness, and hold fast and wait patiently for the light; for day and night and seed time and harvest are as certain in our spiritual as in our literal experience. Then hold fast till light comes and take not your flight upon the winter, neither upon the Sabbath day. The winter signifies a cold, barren season, and the Sabbath signifies rest. There are seasons like winter in our experience, and seasons of rest. There are times for all things and purposes. If we carefully note our experience we shall learn of the times and the seasons, and of our duty in each; but if we become alarmed when night or winter comes upon us, we may borrow trouble, and unfit our minds to distinguish when day or spring-time comes.

To me, yesterday was like a dark weary night. The printer was calling for copy;—again and again I took up my pen to write, but as often laid it down and turned to other work;

my mind was a blank. All the past was closed from my view, my former experience all hidden from my sight. I was like an empty vessel; but the experience brought me into sympathy with the lonely, isolated souls that are looking to this paper for instruction, and I was led to make these remarks with the hope that some, at least, may be instructed.

Questions by C. E. D. Answered.

FRIEND HACKER :—I have several times been moved to write to you, but each time circumstances have seemed to hinder. Besides I can not see what particular good it is to do, other than to add my mite to encourage you, and a very small mite too. However, as I profess to follow "The Light within," and as that has led in this direction, it must be my excuse for writing.

I have the privilege of reading your paper by the kindness of an Aunt, who has it sent to us. The first ten numbers came together, and as I read them my heart was filled with love to you, and gratitude to the Director of our destinies, that there was one who stands to proclaim Peace and Love, amid all the confusion, and in opposition to the strong and almost universal feeling in favor of war and the attendant vices of the present time; and not only sees and feels the truth, but dares to write and publish for the good of those that feel the evils but have not knowledge of a higher way; or if they have, have not strength to walk therein.

I am thankful you are moved to write on the hitherto private evils that are such destroyers of the health and happiness of so large a portion of our race; and also that you do so in a forcible and radical manner. How fearful people are of having the "sacred institution" of Marriage unveiled, also that certain individuals will unsex themselves! I am glad, too, that you are making a clatter among the "dry bones" of the old mock theologies. I hope they will be stirred up to some life, and be made to feel what "growing in grace and in the knowledge of God" means, as well as to talk about it.

I have been greatly tried the last three years in regard to the war; being in a neighborhood, and I may say, country, where the people are nearly all warlike, or as they term it, "intensely loyal," and where all who do not think as they do, and use their influence, money and themselves in favor of the war, are called copper-heads which, with them, is synonymous with Devils, and fit only to be abused "in season and out of season." I have been obliged to bear their persecutions for persisting in being

a peaceable man, who would neither go myself nor give money to clear myself if drafted, which would have been the same as going myself; as far as the guilt of murder is concerned; and because I told them that this, as well as all other wars was the essence of all crimes. * *

I hope that you will take courage and not feel alone, but know there are others isolated here and there as really as if on an island in the ocean, and yet subjected to persecution of a very refined kind.

I would like to ask you, before I close, about your ideas of Government. Do you wish to have the entire Government immediately dispensed with, while the people are in their present state? or are you agitating to prepare them for a change by teaching them to do right for right's sake, independent of fear of corporeal punishment, so that the need and expense of punishing the vicious may be stopped? Father thinks you tear down too much, and build up nothing in its place; but it is one part of an Editor to be found fault with.

Please to accept my best regards. Yours for the dissemination of truth. C. E. D.

Troy, Mich., July 3, 1865.

REMARKS.—There are a great many who have several times been moved to write and to aid us otherwise, but have not, and the loss to the world has been great. If all would move in the path of duty as they are moved upon, they would move others, and so many would at length get to moving that all would have to move on.

This young man is very thankful for the paper, but had his Aunt neglected to order it sent to him when her mind was moved to do so, he might never have known such a paper existed. Thousands have been moved to subscribe for it, not only for themselves but for their friends, but have let selfishness withhold them from doing so, and many have suffered loss, and the paper itself may fail on this account. If all who feel impressed to write and introduce the paper to others would do so, we should soon have ten subscribers where we now have but one. Those who read the paper complain of being alone in their opinions,—isolated and suffering for company, and wish they could have the society of those who believe as they do, yet neglect to use the means for gaining such company by neglecting to write or to subscribe, or to introduce the paper to others. This young man, however, has done his duty at last, by not only writing, but subscribing for a friend.

Never mind the cry of "Copperhead," and other abuse. It can do no harm in the end. They said as hard things of Christ, who lived the purest life of any one in history, and called him hard names, and if he were here now in outer form, he would be called (by the very men who profess to be his ambassadors) the Prince of Copperheads, for he was the Prince

of Peace, and he who advocates and lives up to the peace principles the most perfectly is now called the greatest Copperhead. We can expect nothing better of such people. They have been taught that politics and political government, and the sham religions are all the world has now to save it, and hence they look at every person and thing through the political and theological goggles. If a man advocates the same doctrine of love and peace that Christ did, they judge him by themselves—think he is actuated by political considerations in all things, because they are. They do not know there is such a thing as being entirely free from all politics and as far above all Statute laws as the heavens are above the earth, and advocating truth and righteousness, without any regard to man-made government, but think politics must be at the bottom, because it is so with themselves. They are blind and ignorant, and content to wade in mire and blood because they are too selfish to see the high way that is cast up for those who have escaped from all political sloughs, and are traveling on a higher plane. Forgive the poor benighted creatures, and bear their abuse with patience, for being selfishly blind they know not what they do.

My main wish and aim in regard to the Government is to draw away from it all who are prepared to obey the government of God or good, as manifested in their own souls. Those who profess to be guided by Truth, Righteousness or Justice can have no more to do with political governments than Christ had to do with the Jews who crucified him. They are of two different and directly opposite kingdoms. Let all true Christians, all true Spiritualists know that the moment they stoop to dabble with politics or to meddle in any way with governments founded or preserved by the sword, they have blundered out of the high way of holiness into the mire. Let them leave all such governments to those that need them. If selfish, groveling men can not live together without penal laws to keep each other civil, let them have such laws till they advance into the new kingdom. Let them have their carnal government to themselves and do their own fighting, and eat each other up as the Paddy's cats did, and as the fighting clans of the North and South have nearly done. Give them all the government to themselves, and leave them to work out their own salvation through blood and carnage, if they will not hear to the truth, but let all who are Christians, true Spiritualists or reformers stand aloof from all politics, all penal laws and all sword-supported governments as they would from the tumbling walls of a burning building, and let the world know that they are a law unto themselves.

Your Father thinks I pull down and don't build up. He has a beam or a mote in his eye and can not see clearly. Let him turn to the light of truth and obey that, and he will find that when this carnal government is pulled

down and removed from his mind, the law of right, the government of God or good will be built up in its stead, in his own mind; and that will be government enough for him. He is looking to see an *outside* or political government offered in the room of the old one pulled down. But this is not what is wanted. What is needed is for every man, woman and child to come to the government of the golden rule in their own hearts—do unto others as they would have others do unto them. This is all the government that is needed, and it is one that we can have without money or price or the sacrifice of life. If all will not come to this government let such as will, come, and leave the beasts with their outside carnal government to destroy each other until they too are willing to leave the destructive government, and enter into this spiritual one, whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise.

MILLENNIUM HALL.

The World as it Should Be.

Reader, did you ever seriously think what a paradise of harmony and love this world would be if all the human family were just what they might, could, and should be? If you have never thought of this it would pay well to do so. Let us look at this matter a little. Suppose all the inhabitants of the earth should this day decide to adopt the Golden Rule, "Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," what would be the result? What a world is opened in reply to this one question! All national bounds would be obliterated, and the whole universe would become one family of brothers and sisters, bound together by the deathless ties of love. All political governments, with their custom-houses, armies, navies, forts, prisons, pauper-houses, insane hospitals and machinery and expenses of every sort, would have an end, for each individual would be ruled by the law of right, under the inspiration of universal love. Drones, who are now throwing their share of labor onto those who are crushed to the earth by a double burden would perform their part, and those bent by toil would stand erect in glorious manhood, and have time to cultivate their minds and train their now neglected, ignorant children in the pleasant ways of knowledge, wisdom, virtue and peace.

The strong would aid the weak, the wise teach the simple, the rich assist the poor, and prosperity and happiness become universal. Those hoarding riches to be squandered by dissipated heirs, would bless the world with their means. Swords would be beaten to ploughshares and spears to pruning hooks, and the life and treasures now squandered in war, and by Legislatures and rulers for the enactment and execution of fallible laws, laws which make society worse instead of better, would be appropriated to the cultivation of the soil, and other useful ends, and the wilderness would blossom as the garden of Eden, peace and plenty would everywhere reign, and glad songs of living joy would ascend from every household. Intemperance would vanish, and heart-broken, hungry wives with sunken eyes and care-worn cheeks, and ragged orphans now living in damp cellars, filthy garrets and miserable hov-

els, sinking beneath the stain inherited from inebriate husbands and fathers, would be comfortably clad, fed and housed, placed in the paths of industry and be restored to society with songs of thanksgiving on their lips.—Cheating and lying, grinding and oppression would be known no more. The laborer would no longer be defrauded of any portion of his hire, none would roll in idleness and luxury while others bear a double portion of toil in penury and shame. Vice and crime would be numbered among the things of the past, and we should regard the late “Glorious War” as fit only to be recorded in the dark annals of the most barbarous ages. Houses of ill-fame would give place to schools of virtue and temples of industry; the seducer would become a pattern of purity, law-makers and lawyers would become producers of wealth, the miserable priesthood would become so changed they would find pleasure in earning their living by honest industry, and physicians would find no market for their physic, none to need it, and could add to the common wealth instead of living on the effects of physical transgression.

Liars, slanderers, backbiters, talebearers, detractors and other birds and beasts of the night would become as gentle as the dove and the lamb. The ferocious lion like man would be tamed, and each and all would labor not as they do now, wrapped about in their own selfishness, but for the universal good, and poverty, want, vice, crime and misery in every department would give place to their opposites.

This is but a meager outline of what would speedily be accomplished if each individual would be true to the germ of truth that is within him?

I have from childhood seen what the world should be, and it is this glorious view of what might and should be, which makes me dissatisfied with the present condition of things. Seeing what the ministers of truth should be, has destroyed my confidence in the weathercock clergy, who can preach peace when there is peace, and then drum, or preach or play up recruits for the army in time of war.

The larger portion of my life has been spent in feeble efforts, according to my one talent, to open the eyes of my fellow beings to the real object of their creation, but with what success eternity alone can disclose. I am now weary of waiting for the good time coming; weary of toiling almost alone, in poverty and against wind and tide to see old things pass away and the new and the better established; but to whom can we look for aid or for company? Not to the demagogue and office holders, not to any connected with political government, for by that craft they have their living. They know full well that if the Golden Rule is practiced by each and every individual all other laws must pass away; hence their selfishness leads them to oppose the truth. We can not look to the clergy for aid, for they know that if each individual obeys the voice of God in his own soul, there will be no need of other preachers. Their trade will be gone. It is not their aim to have people cured of sin, for they would no longer support or patronize their theological quackery; they want the people to remain as they are and employ them. We can not look to medical men for help, for they know that if the people become wise and live in accordance with the laws of health their trade will be gone. Neither can we expect aid from many of the millions of papers published in the universe, for like politicians, priests, medical doctors, they all have their living from the sins and errors of mankind. Hence all these classes will oppose the dawn of the Millennium Day, and cry “Great is Political Govern-

ment”—“Great are our churches and creeds”—“Great is our Medicine!”—for these are their Dianas, and they are the shrine-makers. By these crafts they have their living.

To whom then can we look for aid in spreading the truth—in calling on man to open his eyes to the sun which is already at its meridian height? We must depend on one here and another there; on the isolated, lonely beings who can read and understand an article like this—those who often feel as poor as the poorest, as weak as the weakest, those who, though they have been weaned from the vanities that the world run after, feel isolated, lonely, poor and needy and as though they were of little account in the world, and hardly know for what purpose they were created. Jesus himself came from Nazareth, a place of no fame; he was born in a stable, cradled in a manger; when the rich brought their splendid gifts to the temple, there were offered for him only a pair of pigeons; his chosen ones to proclaim the dawning day and scatter the gifts of heaven to a perishing world were illiterate fishermen; while the great and the noble rolled along in their chariots, he went about on foot doing good, and the only ride he ever had was on an ass, the meanest brute of burden, and that without saddle or bridle! Ho, ye little ones! ye feeble and ignorant, fearing, halting, trembling ones, arise in the power and might which obedience will bring to your souls, and declare the truth! If you have but one talent use that, if you have but one sentence utter it; if but one word withhold it not but launch it forth upon the broad world and fear not. It will accomplish its mission and the world will be improved:

“Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land,
And little acts of kindness, little deeds of love,
Make this earth an Eden and like the heaven
above.”

HALL OF SYMPATHY.

To the Bereaved.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Hast thou in anguish, o’er a dying child,
Felt that grief which cannot be beguiled,
When death, with its mysterious shade,
Beneath thy roof his visit paid?
Yon radiant globe is now her home,
Hark! she calls to thee—“Come home!”

Know that thy daughter’s cherished form,
Lives far above life’s fitful storm;
And oft her sweet and loving gaze,
Shall speak to thee of early days,
As mem’ry with its flight of years
Brings back its joys, its hopes and fears.

Had’st thou a brother? and did he die,
When youth shone in his sparkling eye,
Soothing, or cheering with its light—
Making home forever bright?
Look up! the tie continues still
And hymns of joy his spirit fill.

Had’st thou a sister, didst thou stray
With her along life’s thorny way,
So beautiful, yet so like a dream,
Her graceful form did ever seem?
Stain not her forehead pure and fair,
With tears of sorrow, and despair.

Among the band where angels shine,
See! their radiant forms divine!
Listen to their spirits’ whispering;
No more tears, or woe or suffering,
Dearest friends no longer weep—
Let them rest, where all must sleep.
May 30, 1865.

WASH ROOM.

Parson B. Again.

A friend has taken Parson B. into the Wash Room, and is trying to clean him up and get his eyes open—hope he will succeed.

FRIEND HACKER:—It is not often that I attempt to write articles for publication; being a kind of outsider, from the many who style themselves sanctified saints; or are of that class who have been changed from nature to grace: yet I cannot always hold my peace, especially after listening to the vomiting forth of such monstrous absurdities as were advanced by Elder B. of C. V., on that funeral occasion of which a little sketch appeared in a late No. of the Chariot. Such an attempt, at such a time and place, by a professed minister of the gospel, to attack or stigmatize an audience of liberal minded Free-Thinkers, Spiritualists and Universalists, in the language of Rev. B., is sinking *himself* below the dignity of man.

It may be that the few members present of his church, thought that the Elder was doing God service, but I have no doubt that the majority, or the more intelligent part of the audience were disgusted on that occasion.

There were other remarks belched forth in that sermon which ought not to be forgotten; and it is a theme on which Elder B. has been almost continually harping: Total depravity and original sin, not only on that occasion but on his former efforts to get up what he is pleased to call a revival of religion. The depravity and degradation of the hearts of those in an unregenerated state, were depicted in that religious drama. All mankind by an act of our first parents became so utterly lost in sin as to forfeit every claim of goodness or mercy at the hands of a just and merciful God; and unless regenerated by an application of Christ’s blood would be forever made miserable in hell. I shall not attempt to give his exact words, but a true picture of his garbled attempts to support his darling theory.

“The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Paul says, for I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwell-eth no good thing—because the carnal mind is enmity against God; but the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”

Such, and many other quotations of like character are used to show that we, outsiders, are only deserving hell, not only being totally depraved, but wholly incapable of understanding anything about these things, and then be damned for our incapacity caused by our first parents. Now, according to Elder B’s beautiful, fine-spun theory, is not our seal and eternal destiny forever fixed?

What on earth is the use for him to preach to such mortals who cannot understand? I ask again, if mankind in a state of nature are thus totally depraved, why thus talk to natural people about such things? Why talk to them about conversion and regeneration? And if natural men cannot understand spiritual things, how are they to become spiritual? Can we be converted first, and then understand it afterwards? If so, what is the use of your spiritual things, if people can be regenerated and made spiritual without understanding them? Had not the Rev. B. better call another extra sitting, that we may the better understand this matter? But first I would suggest to the Elder, that he open his Testament and read for his particular benefit the first chapter of Romans, commencing at the 19th

verse:—"Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them: for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world, are chiefly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead: so that they are without excuse;" I think that the Elder cannot but perceive that Paul here teaches that all that can possibly be known of God was manifest to the heathen Gentiles without a Bible, without a professed spiritual Teacher, or any Ecclesiastical Priests to guide them—not only the Godhead or Deity, and all that can be known of God—his eternal powers and perfections were all made known, and all that could be made known, and all in a state of nature. Paul says they were without excuse, which could not be true if they had not this means of knowledge.

What folly then for self-sanctified Priests to go about and profess to be teachers of Christ, vomiting forth their sectarian spleen towards a class of men that are their equals in point of morals and motives, and in many instances far their superiors as Christians.

This doctrine of total depravity is a monstrous absurdity in many respects. It was conceived and brought forth by a designing Priesthood to gull their dupes into the belief that they must attend a sectarian church—go thro' a certain course of lying confession: such as being willing to be damned in order to be saved—telling them at the same time that Christ is not their savior until they believe—that they must believe he is their savior or be eternally damned. Thus they must believe a lie or be lost forever!

Original sin, (a twin sister,) charges God with downright dishonesty and fraud in using the Devil as a cat's paw to bring about the utter ruin of the whole race of Adam, from a state of purity and bliss, to the wretched degradation of total depravity, a fitting subject only for the damned in a hell of fire and brimstone. Such a doctrine, that charges God as cursing all the human race for the sin of one individual, that God has linked the misery, the present and eternal misery of mankind with the one transgression of Adam—the doctrine that God has condemned the majority of mankind to guilt, and misery here, and to eternal and unutterable torments in never-ending despair, is the greatest blasphemy that tongue can utter. No one, either on earth or in hell, whether man or devil, however wicked or malignant he may be, could ever invent a blacker or more frightful blasphemy.

CHILDREN'S HALL.

An Easier Berth.

John Kempton said it was too hard
To cultivate the earth,
And so he shipped and went to sea
To find an "Easier Berth."

But there he found the wind blew hard,
And rocked the ship so bad,
He wished he had not gone to sea,
But been a farmer lad.

The waves came dashing o'er the deck,
And drenched his garments through,
As at the helm at night he sood,
To guide the vessel true.

And up and down upon the waves,
The vessel rose and fell,
And rolled and nearly plunged him off,
At every roll and swell.

And when he had to climb aloft,
In darkness, wind and storm,

He very often thought of home,
So dry, and snug and warm.

And when he undertook to shirk,
And moved from duty's track,
He felt the rope's end on his hide,
And had to scamper back.

And when his watch was out on deck,
He crawled into his berth,
As wet as any drowned rat,
You ever saw on earth!

And then he dreamed of home and friends,
Of gardens, fruits and flowers,
But had to take his turn on deck,
Through four more weary hours.

He learned full well a sailor's life
Is not a life of ease;
But harder far than raising corn,
Potatoes, beans and peas.

And when the ship returned to port
He left his "easier berth,"
And now he thinks it *easier* far,
To cultivate the earth.

He's now a man with farm and stock,
And fields of waving grain,
No more to stand exposed on deck,
To drenching waves and rain.

J. H.

RECREATION HALL.

Excursion to Brunswick.

On the 12th of July the Machinists and Blacksmiths Union No. 3, made an excursion to the pleasant, beautiful village of Brunswick, my native town, and having an invitation to accompany them, and not knowing as I should ever have another opportunity of walking the streets so often pressed by my youthful feet, I threw aside my pen, drew my legs from under my desk, and at seven and a half in the morning of a delightful day, made a bee line for the depot, where ten or a dozen cars were soon filled with people of all ages, with smiling faces and baskets stuffed with "goodies," and under the care of friend Lincoln, one of the best Conductors in the world, we were soon on our way through the most charming scenery the eyes could wish for. The country never looked more beautiful since "Grand Father Adam was a little boy." The gazing eyes, the animated countenances, and the oft repeated exclamations, "How Lovely!" "How Beautiful!" "How Splendid!" not only showed how beautiful the country is, but also how glad people are at times to escape from the dust and din of the city—to turn their backs to the works of men and worship those of nature. Truly is it said "man made the town but God made the country," and in beauty and loveliness, and all that tends to purify, ennoble and elevate the mind, the country is as superior to the town as God is superior to man.

To me the ride of 28 miles was chastened by the memories of other years. The roads that I had traveled, the houses at which I had called, the people with whom I had been acquainted on the way, many of whom have passed on to the better land, were constantly furnishing food for thought. There on that hill I sat down to rest when walking the weary distance, before railroads were thought of, and when stage fare was so high that I could save money by walking from Brunswick to Portland, easier than I could earn it. Oh those weary travels! I remember one time when about to start from

Brunswick to Portland, an orphan boy sixteen years of age, whose father died before he was old enough to know a father's love, wanted to come with me. He had been obedient and good to his mother, was an excellent scholar in school, and beloved by all who knew him, but was going forth friendless and alone with his mother's blessing, to "seek his fortune in the wide, wicked, selfish world." We walked the weary distance arriving at sundown. The next day the poor boy "shipped" on board a vessel for a voyage to Europe, received a month's pay in advance, and was then able to return home in the stage to bid farewell to his mother and friends, and get his chest of clothes. That poor orphan boy with no aid but his mother's prayers and blessings, who walked with me 25 miles, when neither of us had money enough to buy a dinner, and sat down on yonder rock to eat the food we took in our pockets—that poor, unaided orphan, who only had the privilege of a country school, has long been Master of a First Class Steamer running between San Francisco and Panama. And since he and I performed that weary walk, I have seen scores of young men, the sons of wealthy parents, who had all the advantages wealth could procure, besides the influence of rich parents to aid them, who have sunk into drunkards' graves, or been otherwise ruined by the wealth their fathers had boarded for them, too often by overreaching others. What a lesson is here for young men—what encouragement for poor orphans, and what a warning to those who are straining their brains and making themselves slaves to hoard up treasures for their children.

Go where you will, the greatest men in nine cases out of ten are self-made men, who by the simple force of their own character have worked themselves to eminence. This nation has for four years past been boasting that the late President Lincoln was once a poor rail-splitter—a self-made man; yet many of the very men who boast of this, will stoop to dishonest means to secure wealth for their children.

But if I attempt to relate all reminiscences of the past that are brought back by the sights from the cars it will take a month at least to get to Brunswick, for I have traveled to and fro under all circumstances, sometimes on foot and alone, sometimes in open carriage, cold, wet, hungry and weary; sometimes in the most comfortable conveyance in company with loving friends, some of whom have passed on from the form—some at home with friends around them, and others have laid down their bodies in foreign lands, and others still have been *buried alive in the ocean*, one of whom was a dear brother, the bedfellow and playmate of my childhood!

Well, here we are all safe and sound at the Brunswick depot, and now see the hundreds with food bags and baskets, on their way from the cars to the college grounds, where a floor is laid for dancing beneath the shady pines. There is a stand or *sit*, raised for the Band, and under that men and women are placing their bags and baskets, while up go the swings on the tall pines, the foot balls begin to fly, kicked by all who can get a chance at them; sometimes lighting plump on a lady's hat, or giving a fashionable bonnet a crash, making it look worse, *if possible*, than it did before. Up goes Barnum's Canvas Tent, and in two minutes or less is stocked and in full blast. Barnum himself is on hand, and has custom enough to keep him and his, three or four aids in a hurry, while his handsome t'other half sits in the middle of the tent, as treasurer, to make change, and the way she piles up the thumb and shin plasters on her lap is a caution to the lovers of beer, soda, ice-cream, cakes, pies and

other "fillings." Having been brought up in B., and taught school in the village when a stripling, after looking over the grounds and sports a little, I started off to see the old friends I used to meet on the streets, but what a change! The time was, when I knew every man in the whole township over 20 years of age, but now nearly all are gone. New stores and shops, new firms, new faces everywhere! In walking down and back the whole length of the village I met only one whom I could recognize, of the old villagers, Dr. Lincoln. Time had changed his looks, but still there were visible in his features the old landmarks, sure and unmistakable. Nearly all others of his time had passed away, and though the village has doubled in population the most of them are strangers to him who walked the streets twenty years ago.

After calling on a few friends of more modern date—returned to the hill and rambled over the Cemetery, and there, on the monuments, read the names of those whom I had missed in the streets, and had my mind more intimately connected with the days that are gone. Elder Shimuel Owen is a name that carried my mind back to the time when predestination and reprobation were first revealed to me in all their horrors. "In Adam's fall we sinned all!" was the first text in the old gentleman's creed. On the subject of original sin and total depravity he considered himself a whole team with a spare horse to let, and a big watch dog under the wagon. He was so jealous for his god, so fearful that man would try, by good works, to rob his god of his glory, that he solemnly declared that all the prayers of the sinner and all the good acts he tried to perform would only sink him the lower in perdition; nay, more, he declared the best prayer uttered by the christian contained sin enough to damn his soul through all eternity, if it were not sanctified by the special grace of God! He believed or pretended to, that God had created a certain portion of the human race expressly to be damned; and that when he sent out evangelists to preach to such sinners, *he knew it was impossible for them to repent and he did not intend they should repent*, but only called on them to repent simply that he might say to them in the great day of judgment, that they had no reason to complain of their eternal doom, for he had called on them to come and they would not, therefore the fault was their own,—though he knew full well that they had not the will nor the power to repent and be saved.

Some who have tried to modify Calvinism or hide its horrible features, may perhaps deny what I am saying of Elder Shimuel; but I know whereof I affirm. The last time I ever heard him preach was on a pleasant summer afternoon in the Kincaid School House. He spoke of the fall and total depravity of the whole human race, caused by the first parents—of Christ being given to save the world, and exhorted the people to come and be saved, and then said, "now, sinners, I have done my duty in telling you of your lost condition, by pointing you to a Savior and inviting you to come and be saved; but you will not come, you have not the will nor the power to come; you can do nothing; if you are of the elect God will come and by his irresistible power convert you in spite of yourselves; if you are not of the elect there is no hope for you, you can do nothing, all your prayers and all your good works to gain salvation will sink you the deeper in perdition. I am sent to call on you to repent and be saved, but you have not the power to repent, and this call will only sink you the deeper in misery."

So great was the exercise of my mind under such preaching, that the sweat rolled from every pore of my body—I could feel it running down my back in a stream—words were given me—I was pressed to speak when he closed, in opposition to such abominable doctrine; but there I was a mere stripling, alone in my belief, while he, an aged preacher, was backed up by his brethren. When I looked round upon the troubled countenances of the precious youth, I almost rose to my feet; but when I looked upon the aged preacher who was considered God's Evangel, and upon the grave brethren at his side, I shrunk back, and the meeting closed, and darkness and misery was my portion until I had solemnly vowed before high heaven that the fear of mortals should never again hold me back from a duty so plain. Such in substance was the preaching of this Evangelist, at whose grave I stood and thought of the past.

Returned again to the place of amusement, and found the people in the height of their sports. On the open space of the College grounds a match game of Bass Ball was played between the Eon Club of Portland, and the Bowdoin College Nine of Brunswick. I do not know but there is good derived from this play, but it strikes me that if the same time was spent by these clubs in raising fruit, the exercise would be quite as healthy, the business more profitable and pleasurable, and the moral influence superior. Bowdoin, for whom the College was named, gave that institution a large tract of land, and also gave the town of Brunswick an adjoining lot of one thousand acres, most of which lies common. If there was a real live reformatory man, with his eyes wide open, at the head of that foggy old College, in ten years from this time there would be connected with the College the most splendid fruit grounds to be found in New England. It is time that manual labor and study should be united. That College has for sixty years or more, been trying to make men by educating one half of the man—stuffing the brain and neglecting the body. But why talk of such things to old foggies who, themselves never experienced the benefits of labor on their own persons?

In the afternoon large numbers of the Brunswick people came up to the hill to witness the amusements; and while the young people were dancing I noticed that some of the mothers of the *Modern Israel*, who worship in that dark orthodox lantern on The Hill, could not stand still. They did not really dance outwardly, but the music of Chandler's Band got hold of them, as they stood looking on, and there were certain motions of limb and body which showed that they had danced when young, and were even now committing the unpardonable sin in their hearts.

But I must shut down the gate, for if I write a month it will not disclose all that passed through my mind in that one day. At a quarter past five the cars were packed, Conductor Lincoln gave the signal, Engineer Hussey's eye, which is ever in the right direction, took the hint, and with a puff and a snort the Iron Horse started and set us down—six or eight hundred of us—safe in Portland at 6 1-2 o'clock, doing the 28 miles in 1 1-4 hours easy, making two stops on the way long enough for the mischievous boys to steal lots of cat tail flags, ferns and other curiosities. To me it was a day of rest and a day of weariness; a day of sorrow and a day of joy; a day of confusion and of deep instructive meditation.

Self-examination leads to true knowledge;
True knowledge leads to success.

REFORMERS' HALL.

Health Reform.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

Of mortal blessings, Health stands first in importance, touching the prosperity and happiness of mankind. Without health life is a failure, and ends prematurely in gloom. A sound mind in a healthy body is happy in its consciousness of power and success. Despair is not felt, or failure thought of, in the onward journey of life. Will, and Work, are the watchwords of healthful development. Mountains of difficulties diminish to molehills in the way, which are surmounted at a stride, in the strength and confidence of high strung and buoyant health. Such claims for health are self-evident to all reflecting minds, and yet the world generally ignore the true means of obtaining it, or the laws of nature by which it is governed.

Nature underlies and governs all manifestations of life and health, and to know the way of life we must study nature wisely and obey her teachings. Her ways are pleasant and harmonious, filled with joy and peace to the patient and humble traveler. Her bill of fare embraces all that is good, necessary or useful, in great simplicity and beauty in the vegetables, grains and fruits of the earth, as the exclusive and most healthful diet for the human race. Such are the opinions of many eminent anatomists, physiologists, naturalists and philosophers of ancient and modern times. As may be seen by reading the works of Cuvier, Hume, Lamb, Graham, Alcott, Trall, &c., animal diet corrupts the blood, making it *putrid* and *inflammable*, and susceptible to fevers and all other diseases. A calf just weaned and confined in a field of good grass and water, with no other food, will grow and thrive, accumulating bone, fat, horns, hoofs, hair, muscle, &c., till it becomes a full grown animal in health, strength and beauty: thus proving the power of nature to supply all the component parts and structures of the animal from grass alone: verily, "all flesh is grass." A weaned child may be as fully developed in health, strength, and beauty from grains, fruits, vegetables and water, with their accompaniments—pure air, sunshine, exercise, rest, sleep and recreation—all in due proportions according to physiological law.

Doctors and drugs are rapidly multiplying, yet the people are not well, do not improve in general health but rather decline. Diseases increase with drug stores. Sectarianism and intolerance pertain to all human associations, whether moral, religious, political, medical, literary or scientific. A narrow-minded self-

ishness, unjust and illiberal, obtains more or less among them all, much to the detriment of humanity and progress in the true, just and beautiful. Associations of all schools should be fraternal, courting co-operation in research and advancement in the useful and good. Truth should be sought in every direction, among sects, parties and conditions of mankind, for ends of prosperity and happiness. Medical sects in particular should be thus liberal and progressive, since health is of primary consequence in human life. All sources of knowledge should be open and free for the healing of the nations. Health should be in the keeping of each person. Its laws should be taught in church and state, in Sunday and other schools, from pulpit and rostrum, in books and charts, in by-ways and high ways. Its importance demands all this, and more if possible, that health, long life, prosperity, and happiness might be the rule and not, as now, the exception.

The unnatural fashions of the world are destroying health, happiness and life all over the earth. Heavy eating, dressing, labor, rest, sleep, recreation, and the violation of physiological laws generally, are the many-headed monsters feeding upon the vitality of the constitution. Ignorance the cause, knowledge the remedy. Let the remedy prevail by all means indicated before, and the race will be saved. Fashions must be changed where at fault, and the better way adopted by the intelligent and influential in society. All useful labor in, and out of doors, must be respected, that men and women of all classes may dress in a way to facilitate that pleasurable exercise so necessary to health and happiness. Long drabbling skirts should be at once and forever abandoned as effeminate, barbarous and stultish. In the bloomer dress women can use their limbs, and ladies equal to men in all necessary endeavor to secure health and happiness, and not until they so dress. Observation and good sense confirm this fact, and wise are they who adopt it.

"Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next those charms by which the eye we move,
The third is wealth, unwounding, guiltless wealth,
And then an intercourse with those we love."

REFORMERS' HALL.

Boston, June 27, 1865,

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Some dear friend has been kind enough to send me a late No. of the CHARIOT which I have examined with a great deal of pleasure. It is exceedingly refreshing to my spirit which, long since, lost its relish for the "flesh pots of Egypt," to find one such vehicle in which to convey messages of love and mercy to those who are famishing for the bread and water of life.

More than twenty years since I abdicated the pulpit for the purpose of doing something to "open the prison doors to such as were bound" by the spirit of "party," or "sect,"

that they might emerge into the sun-light of the liberty with which Christ makes those free who follow him. I have been assailed, of course, in every form by the supporters of both church and state. But, having obtained help of God, and enjoyed the companionship and guidance of angels, I am able to say—"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear," that I may labor and suffer for poor humanity.

I send you for publication in your next issue, if there shall be a spare seat for a new passenger in the Chariot, the following article:

Peace versus War.

Having been permitted to present the following Preamble and Resolutions to a large meeting, recently held in this city, and to support them in a brief speech,—and as the meeting was unprepared to adopt them,—I submit them to the consideration of such of your readers as believe with us, that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual," and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds of sin.

"Whereas, it is a principle as fixed as the laws which rule the universe of matter and of mind, that 'what a man sows that he shall also reap,' and, whereas Jesus of Nazareth, in harmony with this principle, declared that 'all who take the sword shall perish by the sword'; and, whereas the New Testament, which the church acknowledges to be final as authority, declares that 'the man (every man) who will not hear (or receive) the teachings of Jesus Christ shall be cut off from among the people.'"

Therefore resolved, That the American clergy, church and people, by recognising a distinction between the international and civil war, by which, while they disapproved of, and deprecated the former, they have justified the practice of the latter,—they have practically arrayed themselves against Christianity as taught by the Saviour and his apostles, and exemplified in their lives, have forfeited to Americans all claim to be regarded as a civilized and christian people."

If any of your readers who shall examine this Resolution, shall think they see in it anything that is inconsistent with the clear teachings of the gospel, they are respectfully invited to make such criticisms as they shall deem proper, which shall receive the careful consideration of

Yours very sincerely,
RICHARD THAYER,
13 Brattle Street.

P. S.—I send you, enclosed, a copy of a Poem which I published in the midst of the Rebellion, for daring to do and distribute which I was ejected from one of the largest and most fashionable churches in our city.

Make such use of it as you please.

I am expecting to address the people wherever I may have the opportunity to do so, upon the vitally important questions:

"Who is responsible for the late Rebellion, and the war which has grown out of it?"

"What disposition does the welfare of the country require us to make of the leaders?"

I hope to have the pleasure to speak to some of the people of your State upon these stirring themes.

R. T.

Father, May I Go? With the Father's Reply.

BY HUMANITAS.

A son of the writer,—a member of an Evangelical Church,—having asked his permission

to enlist in the service of his country, as a soldier, he felt it his duty to withhold his consent, his reasons for which are given in this little Poem. He has published it in this form at the earnest request of esteemed friends, and sincerely hopes it may induce to more careful thought on the subject of which it treats, and throw some new light upon the path of those who are anxiously asking—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Go, my son! No, never while shall beat this heart of mine,
For I hear a voice from heaven, all whose teachings are divine,—
It bids me "love my enemies"—it bids me "bless my foes,"—(1)
To "pray for those that hate me," and my wishes who oppose:
Should I say go, my darling,—cause your brother's blood to flow,—
The Savior, whom I love so well, would be displeased I know;
No "patriot" blood ran in his veins—He loved, and died for all,—
I'd rather you would follow Him—THAN HEED YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

What if the world shall place the brand of coward on your brow,
Because you will not buckle on your Country's armor now?
And say that with her enemies you are in sympathy?
'Twere better so than you to God a "traitor" e'er should be:
Then ask me not if I'll consent—that I can never do,
Since man to man has proved so false—and God alone is true:—(2)
God is no "patriot"—His love extends alike to all,—(3)
I'd rather you would hear His voice—THAN HEED YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

A little while, and we, my son, must at the judgment stand,
With all whose lot has e'er been cast in this most favored land,—
Where each must give a strict account for his part in this war,
And every life he's helped to take must answer, then, therefor:
O how could we the Judge confront in that most solemn day,
If on our hands is found the blood of one we've helped to slay?
The thought of such a scene as that my spirit doth appal,—
O hear the voice of God, my son,—NOR HEED YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Remember He has said, my son,—"Vengeance belongs to me,"—
And I'll avenge each deed of wrong which men may do to thee"—(4)
O then commit thy foes to Him, who knows what they deserve,
And He will surely punish them—while He will thee preserve:
Then ask me not, my darling boy, if I will let thee go
Where brother, daily, brother meets, and deals the deadly blow;
I'd rather you would follow Him WHO DIED TO SAVE US ALL,
Than disobey His gracious words—AND HEED YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

'Tis true as when 'twas uttered—eighteen hundred years ago,—
"No man can serve two masters," (5) son,—and we shall find it so:
And if we choose to follow men—'tho'll sure lead us astray,—
Then we to God must answer for it in the great reckoning day:

'Tis better we should hear His voice who'll always lead us right,
 Who'll keep us, if we trust in Him, e'en in the darkest night;
 "Without whom not a sparrow, even, to the earth can fall,"—(6)
 O love and trust in Him, my son,—**NOR HEED YOUR COUNTRY'S CALL.**
 Boston, Jan. 1864.

(1) Matt. 5: 44—(2) Romans 3: 4—(3) Matt. 5: 45—(4) Deut. 32: 35—Romans 12: 19—(5) Matt. 6: 24—(6) Matt. 10: 29, 30, 31.

The above Song is for sale by Richard Thayer for One cent each copy or Sixty cents per hundred. Let those who are able send them into every family.

CALVINISTIC HALL.

A Hymn.

When I was a youngster a friend handed me a Calvinistic Hymn Book, calling my attention to a particular hymn. I read it twice over at the time, and its sentiments seemed so horrible that every word seemed engraven on my memory. This morning it has been strongly impressed on my mind to give the hymn a place in the Chariot, for the special edification of Parson B. of Ohio and others who need to be warmed up at so hot a fire. It will also show the truth-loving people of this age, why our forefathers wore such long, doleful faces in their religious meetings. No wonder they looked glum and solemn, and thought it a sin for a mother to kiss her babe on the Sabbath, while the laws required them to listen to, pay for, and believe in such horrible sentiments. Here is the Hymn:

The Death of a Sinner.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 — Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed.

Lingering about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast;
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frighted ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains:
 Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish, and their blood,
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love!

Awful subject, surely, if true! Yes, what horrors! and the greatest horror of all is that all this eternal torment which has fiercer pains than keen despair to these *endless crowds* is the fruits of transgression committed by the

first parents long before these sinners were born, and to clap the climax and make the blasphemy complete even God whose name is love, and whose power, mercy and goodness are unlimited, will not listen to nor relieve them!

If Parson B. or any of his dear brothers or sisters there or elsewhere want anything more on original sin or total depravity, we can furnish them—can tell them of one of their popular divines, who declared that one of the *pleasing* occupations of the inhabitants of heaven is to look down on and witness the torments of lost souls!

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

A Query Answered.

FRIEND HACKER:—Can you tell me what is meant by the terms Light, Life, Word, Grace, and Sword, spoken of in the New Testament? Our minister does not appear to know anything about them; at least, I have never heard him speak of either of them except the Word, and he calls that the Bible; but the Bible says that in the beginning the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and that can't mean the Bible, for it was not written then.

Your friend,

MARY.

REPLY.

The Light the Life, the Living Word,
 The Grace of God, the Spirit Sword,
 All mean the same—a Power within,
 To purify the soul from sin.

He who obeys the inner Light,
 Is guided out of barbarous night;
 He who accepts the proffered Life,
 Is raised above all war and strife;

He who obeys the Living Word,
 Is heir to Love, the Living God,
 And in him dwells the matchless Grace,
 Sufficient for each time and place.

The Spirit Sword is used within,
 To slay each fleshly lust and sin;
 And thus equipped, from day to day,
 Thou'lt walk a bright and flow'ry way.

Angels will guard thee day and night,
 Will guide thee 'ever in the right,
 In Wisdom's ways—the paths of peace,
 And death will all thy joys increase.

Thus armed, thy foes will disappear,
 Thy soul will triumph over fear,
 Thy path will be a lighted way,
 Through beauteous scenes to endless day.

The Light, the Life, Word, Grace or Sword,
 Is that which cometh from the Lord,
 The faithful *Monitor within*
 Which shows what act would be a sin.

☞ The more people think and practice their best thoughts in their daily lives, the less need they will have of teachers. All the instruction in the world never will improve a man unless it is united with practice. People who spend six days in a week in slavery to their earthly passions will look in vain for spiritual enjoyment on the Sabbath. We should make the things of the world our servants, not let them be our masters.

Rules for Doing Good.

Do all the Good you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 To all the people you can,
 In every place you can,
 At all the times you can,
 As long as ever you can.

☞ READ THIS.—My intention is to issue the next No. of the Chariot from Hamonton, New Jersey, unless something unexpected occurs to prevent. All letters, exchanges, &c., intended for me may be directed to this place, Portland, Me., until the 20th of August, and on and after that date to Hamonton, Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Sixty-three cents will pay for the last half of the current volume of the Chariot, and we hope the old subscribers of the Boat, whose term of subscription has expired, will continue with us to the end of the volume and bring along their neighbors and friends. Very likely this Volume will close my labors in this direction, and now is the time for any who desire it, to secure the whole Volume of the Chariot. We can supply a few more back numbers from the beginning. Those who will send six new subscribers to the last half of this Vol. at sixty-three cents each, shall receive an unbound Vol. of the Pleasure Boat.

☞ HORRIBLE.—A wicked, cruel man—too cruel to have the care of any living creature, tempted, probably, by the love of money and wishing to get it without earning it, got up a wager of \$1000 that his horse would travel from Boston to Portland, a distance of 115 miles, between sunrise and sundown on a warm day in June! He found other men wicked and cruel enough to accept his bet, and outside bets were made to the amount of 15 or 20 thousand dollars by the same class of miserable beings in Boston and Portland. The horse was driven about 110 miles when he faltered, fell and expired. We do not believe in penal laws to punish even such outrages as this; but if those who do believe in them and pretend to have laws for the protection of dumb brutes, do not make this man *feel* the sin he has committed, they had better put away the guns and swords with which they defend their government, stop shedding blood to save it, call it a humbug, as it really is, and make no farther pretense of law and order. But the right way to treat such a criminal would be for every man, woman and child to pass him in silence, to give him nothing more than a look of reproach, and let him feel that he is an out-cast from society until he repents, confesses his sin and forsakes it! Let pictures of the monster be circulated in every direction, that all who meet him may know him, and treat him to a dish of silent reproof wherever he goes, until like Cain, he is ready to exclaim, that his torment is greater than he can bear.

On Silent Worship.

Let deepest silence all around,
 Its peaceful influence spread;
 So shall the living word abound,
 The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord,
 In stillness and in prayer!
 What, though no preacher speaks the Word,
 A Minister is here.

A Minister of wondrous skill,
 True graces to impart,
 He teaches all his Father's will,
 And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
 And bids the coldest glow;
 He speaks, and lo! the softest tears
 Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
 He bows the loftiest soul;
 O'er all we think and all we feel,
 How matchless his control!

And ah! how precious is his love,
 In tenderest touches given!
 It whispers of the bliss above,
 And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
 The holy influence spreads;
 'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy,
 For God that influence sheds.

A TORNADO.—An awful tornado nearly destroyed the village of Viroque, Wisconsin, Thursday week. One hundred and seventeen persons were killed and wounded. A correspondent of the N. Y. World gives the following particulars:—

"The southern part of the village for a strip near eighty rods in width, was swept away.—Where stood handsome white houses, neat barns and out-buildings, nothing now remains but ruins. Gardens, garden fences, orchards, grape vines, floral shrubbery, well-curbs, buggies, wagons, cutters, &c., &c., were caught up, whirled, shaken, dashed to fragments, and the pieces taken for miles beyond. Never was work of destruction more rapid or complete. The track of the whirlwind is as if some mighty river had rushed over the course, leaving thousands of odd fragments strewn with liberal yet spiteful power.

Trees were torn up by the roots and thrown rods away. Roofs, sides, doors, floors, chimneys, underpinning and furniture of houses, were pounded together, broken into fragments, and fairly sown over the land. Long chains were twisted apart, stoves and plow castings broken, ready for the smelter's furnace. Tree tops were loaded with clothing, bed-clothes, feather-beds, carpets, chairs, harnesses, calves, sheep, dogs, cats and poultry, dead; or writhing on points of branches which had themselves been broken. Timbers have lodged in the tops of tall oaks, or from their weight, bore sapplings to the earth, and the sapplings left covered with fragments of household goods as if hung out to dry. Doors, partitions, roofs and floors of houses are found from five rods to three miles from where they belonged. Horses and cattle were killed or so badly maimed as to make their death an act of mercy. Fence rails, for ten years lying on the earth till embedded therein, were whirled out. Stumps were torn up. Great rocks of twenty tons weight, were rolled, lifted and broken by the mighty power.

Near the residence of John Gardiner stands a tall oak rising about 60 feet from the ground. The wind whisked every leaf and small twig from the tree, leaving it looking as if dead. The house—a large white one—was taken so high in the air that it was seen above the tree-tops, dashed to the ground, lifted again higher than before, whirled around and dashed roof down upon the earth a few rods from its foundation, and all but a few timbers borne away. Mrs. G. was in the house all the time; was spilled out in the second tumble and but slightly hurt, while an infant who was clinging fast in her arms escaped without a scratch or bruise.

In a school house were twenty-four children and a young lady teacher. The building was lifted high into the air, dashed upon the ground some distance from its foundation, again lifted about forty feet and dashed bottom up to the ground, and the fragments swept away. Eight children were killed and every other occupant badly injured. One little ten year old girl, whose thigh was lacerated and broken, when found in the fields, begged the people to look for the others who were worse hurt than herself. The school house is not to be found.

Mr. Bennett was blown from his own demolished residence into a cellar near by, from which a house had been torn away. In a few seconds a little girl was thrown in by him for company. At the same time a horse was hurried in, striking Mr. Bennett and badly breaking a leg. The horse kicked and struggled to release himself from the rubbish which was "spilling" in upon the party, when Mr. Bennett tried to get a knife from his pocket that he might cut the poor animal's throat, and thus save the life of himself and the girl. At this moment a span of horses with part of their harness on, were hurled in upon him, and killed. The wagon to which they were attached went—the box to the west—the running gear into fragments and away over the field. The man who was in the wagon driving when the storm begun was thrown like an arrow into an oak thicket thirty rods south from where he started, with fatal injuries."

Of all the thousand forms of religion known among men, only one enjoins upon the innocent the duty of forgiving the guilty. The religion that does this is that inculcated by him who prayed for his murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We copy the above scrap from the Portland Press, edited by a man who was once a professed minister of the gospel. It appears that he does not approve of this one form of forgiving religion, for his paper is most cruel. It not only countenances blind, furious mobs, but tries to excite them. It pretends that it does not countenance the mob spirit, O no, not at all, but then it has approvingly given accounts of all the mobs committed by members of its own political party, and in several instances has given its judgment in the emphatic words, "Served him right," when shameless, brutal outrages were committed; and not long since tried to incite mobocrats to cross the line into Canada and give some one there a sound thrashing, in the same breath hypocritically pretending it was not in favor of mob law. Out upon such hypocrites. Nearly every day the Press calls for vengeance on the leading rebels—no *forgiving* religion for them if ever so penitent; nothing but the old revengeful law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and blood for blood, will satisfy the Ex-Parson.

If he misquotes or misrepresents any other papers as he did an article in the first No. of the Chariot, he never will correct his errors or misrepresentation; and in other ways evinces an unscrupulous meanness that we have never seen exceeded in any other paper in Maine.

A POOR WOMAN.—In the February No. of the Chariot, I made mention of a poor woman with three small children, (the youngest then but two or three months old, who were then in destitute and suffering condition,) saying that if any who were able and willing to aid her would forward their gifts to me I would hand them to her. One person in this city and several distant subscribers, one in California, others in the New England States, New York, Delaware, &c., kindly responded to the call, and the sums received have been handed to her, and by prudence and economy with very little help from others, have supplied her with fuel and food, and paid several month's rent. She had a hard winter notwithstanding, for her children were troubled three months with whooping cough, and the younger one was several times thought to be dying, and for several weeks she scarcely had it out of her arms day or night.—Her children are now well, but she is weary and worn, and nearly discouraged. She is now somewhat in debt for rent, and in a destitute condition, and has been warned out of the house and has no place to go to. She is willing to work, and though worn and thin, and with three small children to care for, she thinks of taking boarders, if she can get enough means to commence with. Three of us have secured the house for her for one month, and if any who read this are able and willing to contribute to aid her in commencing business again, and will forward their gifts to me, I will see that she receives them. She is worthy and deserving, and every farthing would be received with deep gratitude and used economically. I ask no one to give, but simply state her circumstances, and leave all who know their own circumstances best, to the dictates of their own consciences. I cannot expect much for her here, where religion is so prevalent and expensive, and theatres, mountebanks, jugglers, white negro min-

strels in smut, &c., are so well patronized. It costs so much to administer to the world, the flesh and the Devil, in the various forms above named, and others not named, that there is little left for the poor; but some who live less expensively may see this, and feel that it would be more blessed to give a trifle to this deserving sister, to put her in the way of supporting herself and little ones, than it would be to spend it on their lusts.

SOMETHING NEW.—Dr. George Haskell from Illinois, and several other persons, have purchased a tract of land and organized "THE MALE AND FEMALE INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE," at Vineland, N. J., and invite the co-operation and aid of all who are in favor of such an institution. Both sexes are to share equal advantages and be instructed together. Both pupils and teachers will work a portion of the time at fruit growing, for which they will receive a just compensation. Labor, study and amusement will be so combined as to aid each other. In other colleges instruction is given to the mind without much regard to the body, but here it will be the aim to unfold and develop the physical powers and promote health. The stock is divided into shares of \$50 each, and smaller sums are received as donations. Those who feel an interest in this movement can obtain further information by addressing either of the Trustees as follows: John Gage, George Pearson, C. D. Campbell of Vineland, N. J.; George Haskell, Rochford, Ill.; Warren Chase, Cobden, Ill.

THE NOTARY'S BIBLE.—Some few years ago, there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table, picked up a small, old leather-book, which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the Notary—

"I see you have a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw here."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw" was the reply,— "what do you mean?"

"Why, this is a copy of it."

"Thaddeus of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and then cried out "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was a Bible! All those oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

That very day he patronized the Bible Society Agency, and got a finely bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

REMARKS.—The whole nation has been making the very same plunder. They pretend the Government was founded on Christian principles, when it is no more like a Christian government than Thaddeus of Warsaw is like Christ's Sermon on the mount.

By hanging Mrs. Surratt our Government and the priests and churches that support it, have confessed that they have not grace and godliness enough to convert and save one old woman; and that proves the truth of all we have said of their worthless character.—Thus it has always been. They are all the time grumbling at the truths we publish, and all the time proving that they are truths!

JAMES BOWERS.—Information is wanted of the whereabouts of James Bowers or any of his family. He was a printer and lived in Boston some thirty years ago. Any information of him or any of his family or their address, communicated to the Editor of the Chariot, would be thankfully received by a large number of their friends. Will Masss, and N. Y. papers please copy?