

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

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J. HACKER CONDUCTOR.

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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.

[For the Chariot.]

DEAR BROTHER:—Having heard you speak and read some of your writing against our Government, I, like Elihu of Job notoriety thought to show *my* opinion also. I can not from my stand point, see as you see, but quite the contrary way. I see the Government much ahead of the people. I see the arms of humanity stretched out through the Government in laws and ordinances, compelling the rich to educate the children of the poorer, and supplying food and clothing to the aged poor and extremely destitute of all ages, so that none may suffer for food nor raiment. The law makes provisions for all such, and more, even providing a home at public expense for juvenile offenders on that beautiful farm near Portland, and to grown up children, men and women, gives each land for a farm if they will only occupy it, makes large exemptions from creditors—none any can be stripped by creditors. It endows common schools, colleges and academies, and compels primary schools to be held and children to attend them; does not allow men and nor women to slide off either into Mormonism free love, and compels the youthful swain to fulfill his engagements or dance to a smart tune for his recklessness; and what the Government can do more is beyond the ken of my vision. The Maine Liquor Law prohibits the sale of the "Ardent," and there are fines and imprisonment for all and every immorality. I also very well know that through the cupidity of man, all of these provisions are abused; but it seems more the fault of the people than the Government; and if we could set *aside* the Government the *people* would be left to themselves, and if they will abuse themselves with the restraints of law about them, it would seem morally certain that worse abuses would follow the abolition of law.

Why any one should think the destruction of the Government would reform the people, is more than I can comprehend; and if it did not the people would only have to live over the past, by instituting Patriarchal or vigilance laws, and doubtless *slavery* and bigamy would creep in, at least for the spice of this new order of things, for if such can hardly be restrained by law outside and in, the common Legislature and the Higher command, I can hardly conceive the probability or even possibility, of an entire absence of such things without any outside restraint.

All nations in all time have demanded of their subjects that which they could not re-

store, in taking the lives of the erring. This I cannot conceive to be other than a low condition that we can be rid of only by educating the people to a higher standard. The Government is soulless and cannot be reached except through the people—educate and reform the people and these abuses will cease to exist.

The Government by encouraging the franchise, cultivates our individuality, and by organizing school districts, towns, counties and States encourages consociation; and in enjoying the advantages Government affords, we are compelled to suffer some inconvenience through over-doing or Legislative abuses, which will cease to exist as soon as mankind cease to abuse themselves.

REPLY.—The above communication without name or date, came to me a short time since through the post office. As the writer has heard me speak it appears that the article could not have been written by some benighted brother before the flood or in some other dark age of the world, nor by a native of some heathen country of the present time, as such articles should be, so I must try to believe it possible for a man to be in such gross darkness even here in this "christian land" in the middle of the nineteenth century of the christian era, and amid primary schools, academies and colleges endowed by our "blessed" Government, and above all in the full blaze of the glorious gospel of wisdom, love and peace which is sending forth its effulgent rays from so many churches, and whose mission was to be the swallowing up of all other laws and governments by the law and government of Him whose name is Love, and accordingly labor to enlighten his benighted mind.

You must understand, my poor blind Brother, that though Elihu was very zealous in showing his opinion, and very confident he was right, he was found in the end to be wrong and had to be accepted at last through the intercession of poor, simple old Job, the very man whom he so zealously undertook to silence and confound. Are you prepared for such a result? If so, then you are partially prepared to listen to me with candor.

From your stand point you can not see as I do respecting our Government; and Elihu from his stand point could not see that Job was right. The trouble was that he was at the wrong stand point, and that is just the trouble with you. So long as your stand point is under the midnight darkness which the Government has cast over the world, you cannot be expected to see the truth. But if you will change your stand point—come out from under the Government into the light of truth, then you can see clearly, and will discover that like the priests and politicians of our day you have been putting light for darkness and darkness for light—calling sweet bitter, and bitter sweet; good evil, and evil good. You see the Government compelling the rich to educate the poor, feed and clothe the needy, &c., but I, on a higher stand point can look far into the past and see that the Government is the *cause* of the poverty that needs help. The first act of the Government was to claim all the

wild land which nature had spread out for all men's use, to be as free as sunlight, air and water, thus turning every young man who had not a rich father into the high way to starve, unless he could find some one who could make a profit from his bones by hiring him. To this one first act of the Government may be traced more than three-fourths of the poverty, vices and crimes that have ever existed in this nation. Men who hewed down the forests had to run in debt for land which should have been free, and very many of them toiled hard and fared hard, selling the best of everything their labor produced till they were 40, 50, 60 or 70 years of age to pay for their farms. Had the land been free as nature intended they would have had time and means to educate their children much better than they are educated now, and without the aid of rich men or the Government. The sons of these hard-workers, seeing the hard time their fathers had, were disgusted with agriculture, which is the natural employment of men and the only true source of wealth, and went to sea or crowded into cities with the hope of gaining a living easier than their fathers had done. This overstocked the labor market so that one man had to underbid another to get employment, and threw all under the grinding heel of capital, making the rich richer, and the poor poorer. Had land been free, it would not have been so. The working classes could have set the price on their labors—could have said to capital, "if you are not willing to give us a fair price for our labor, land is free and we can draw subsistence from the soil." But necessity was upon them, they had not the means to purchase back their birth-right to the soil, of which Government had robbed them, they were forced to take such starvation wages as they could get, and this is the principal reason why one man lolls in idleness and luxury while another is bearing a double share of the burdens of life, and you, instead of cursing or opposing the Government for this enormous sin, are down on your knees thanking it for the few crumbs of *your own stolen* food that it drops into your porringer to save your life! Oh blindness! Talk of Egyptian darkness! What is darker than the mind that can thank a Government for a few dry crusts from the whole big loaf of which it has robbed him! Nor is this all; but while the men who had been robbed by the Government of their birth-right to land, and driven into cities or to the ocean to procure bread, were constantly toiling for a bare subsistence, their children were growing up in idleness and exposed to vice; so that the larger part of all the idleness, vices and crimes in the nation may be traced to the Government as their source or cause. The records of eternity alone, can unfold the amount of poverty, toil, suffering and crimes originating in this one act of Government—robbing the people of their birth-right to land.

How does the Government endow academies and colleges? By giving them tracts of land stolen from the people, to be sold to speculators; and then those who have the advantages of those institutions are chiefly such as are able to board away from home, while the poorer classes derive no benefit from them, and such as do share the advantages, too often be-

come ministers, lawyers, doctors or politicians, whose chief object is to keep the working classes in ignorance and ride on their necks. If all that the Government gives for such institutions which only the few can attend, was given to common schools, so that all could share the benefit, there would be some show of benefit in return for robbing them of land; but the majority receive no benefit from such funds, and then have to buy of speculators, at a high rate, the land that was stolen from them and given to the college! The more you look into the apparent blessings which you credit the Government for, the rotter you will find them. How grudgingly is support provided for the aged and infirm poor, even the industrious and virtuous who have been kept poor by the robbery and oppression of the Government, and the grinding of capital under whose iron heel the Government placed them! Instead of being provided for in the families of relatives or friends where they would feel at home they are trundled off in some rickety old cart, to a pauper house, buried alive from relatives and friends and the outside world, obliged, if ever so virtuous, to live in the same room and eat at the same table with drunkards, thieves and prostitutes, to be nursed by them when sick, if nursed at all, to have their eyes closed by their polluted hands, if closed at all, and be buried by them in a pauper grave yard! One of my greatest horrors in spending my life as I do for others without income to insure me a home in infirmity or age, is and ever has been the belief that when I can do no more I must close my days in a pauper house. May heaven or something else deliver me from this kind of government charity, of which my friend is boasting!

"A home for juvenile offenders." Well, who originated that? The idea was conceived in my own mind, without knowing at the time that there was any such institution on earth, while on my visits to the old Cumberland jail, which I visited weekly for four years, and where I saw boys from 11 to 18 years of age locked up in small, filthy cells, playing cards with aged thieves and drunkards, and listening to their obscenity. Mine was the first and the only paper in the State that even named the subject until it came before the Legislature. It is a noble institution for the times and the condition of society yet it is only a *necessary evil*, after all, made necessary by the government itself, which by robbing the people of land and taxing them besides, overburdened them with labor so that they had neither the time nor the means to train up their children as they ought to—a necessary evil that must pass away when the people enjoy all their natural rights and come into a condition to breed human beings instead of wild animals in human form, and have time, means and wisdom to train them aright—and that will be when the government gives place to the law of God or the golden rule.

"Government gives all men" (not women) "land for farms if they will occupy it."—That was another measure advocated in this State by the old "Pleasure Boat" alone but what does it amount to? Why not say the Government has *stopped its robbery in part*, instead of giving it credit for a *humane act* in giving people land. The Government had no more right to the land either to withhold it or to give it than it has to withhold or give sunlight; yet as it claimed the right, we plead week after week and month after month, for it to relax its hold on the public domain and let the people occupy it, and what was the result? Why, instead of making the whole domain free to actual settlers, they have set off

a township here and there, free to those who will make roads through it and settle it, and then when adjoining townships are doubled and trebled in price by the improvement of the *free township*, Government sells them to speculators; and those who come next for free land must penetrate the wilderness and commence a new settlement instead of joining themselves to the town already settled and enjoying the blessings of civilization. This *benevolent, humane* homestead law is precisely like putting a little water in a dry pump by which the Government draws more out than it puts in, by getting three or five times as much for adjoining lands as the free township was worth—another *rotten* case of Government humanity!

True, Government does exempt some property from the demands of creditors, but it is taking property from the *individual* creditor to *save itself* from maintaining the family, which it must do if robbed by the creditor!—another rotten Government *charity*!

"Government don't allow men and women to slide off into Mormonism nor Free Love." That is decidedly rich, when everybody knows that there is a whole Territory of Mormons under the General Government, whose Gov. is the head Mormon, with more wives than any other man in America; and not less than half a score Free Love establishments or neighborhoods in various States where the people ignore the legal marriage and raise children at pleasure!

"Compels the youthful swain to fulfill his engagement, or dance," &c. All the Governments in creation, except the Government of God in the soul cannot compel him to fulfill his engagement. He promises *love* for the purpose of gratifying his passions, and then forsakes his victim. The Government may bind them together by law, but cannot force him to love her, nor prevent him from keeping her in life-long torture by secret abuse, and both of them had better dance separate than in such cruel bonds. How much better it would be to teach him to be honest by higher instruction.

So then the ken of your vision is bounded and satisfied by a few rotten acts of a rotten, corrupt and corrupting Government. This proves what I said about your occupying the wrong stand point. Come out from under the thick, black Government cloud—*come up here* into the sunlight of Truth, to the true stand point and you can look down on the Government and all concerned in it as one can look into a slimy pool festering with filth and swarming with loathesome reptiles.

Where does the Maine Law prohibit the sale of the ardent, except *on paper*? Here in this city under the nose of the reputed Father of that Law, there are scores if not hundreds of places where the ardent may be had every day in the week. How much better to teach people not to use it than to vainly pretend to prohibit its sale by means that never can prevail.

"Fines and imprisonments for every immorality," says my friend, and yet Washington itself, the head quarters of the Government, is one of the most immoral dens on the face of the earth. Crammed with rum-shops, gambling houses and brothels, all patronized by the majority of those who make and execute the laws! And in this city I once saw the High Sheriff of the County enter a notorious rum shop, give the keeper a bundle of votes and ordered him to give two glasses of liquor and a ride to and from the polls, to each man that would vote that ticket. The private carriages of politicians and church members were constantly running between the ward room

and that rum hole on election day to carry and return those who would vote! This is but a drop to a bucketfull of what I might say did space permit, but it is sufficient to show that my friend is wrong in saying all immorality is punished by law; though it may be there are statutes to that effect; but if so, what are they good for?

The people have but little law *inside*, and never will have while trusting to the miserable worse-than-nothing outside law. If the whole Government were swept into eternal smash to-day and the people knew they never could have another statute law, their moral and spiritual powers that are now lying dormant within them, would be awakened and aroused, and in one month from this we should see thousands of men with moral and spiritual power enough to *look* a sinner into repentance—men whose silent presence would be a hell to transgressors until they were reformed, and all the thieves, robbers and assassins would not destroy a hundredth part so much of life and property in the next hundred years as this Government has destroyed in the late war simply to save its own accursed life, to say nothing of the destruction in former wars. I say accursed Government because I mean it. It was founded in blood in the beginning, has kept itself alive by shedding blood; it was accursed of God from the beginning and as the truth of God finds place in the hearts of men and is practiced in their lives, the Government must pass away to the same receptacle of all barbarities and abominations that have gone before it.

We do not ask that the Government shall be abolished; but we do ask that all christians, all spiritualists, all men and women everywhere who are honest and disposed to practice the Golden Rule come out and be separate from the Government, leaving it to the beasts in human form who need it, *let them do their own fighting*, pay their own bill, and work out their final salvation through destruction, if they will not through honesty, truth and love. By coming out thus, separating themselves entirely from politics and Government as far as in their power, and living in the truth, they will become a light in the world to enlighten others, and draw them to the truth, and the world will progress in goodness till all outward laws can be dispensed with. But so long as the most enlightened portion of society remain under the carnal Government and unite with it, their light is lost to the world and all will continue to wade on through darkness, mire and blood.

Patriarchal laws were much better than this Government is. As for talking about what little *inner* law people have now or ever will have while trusting in the carnal outer laws, it is next to nonsense. The less outer law they have to trust in the stronger will be the influence of the inner law.

My friend thinks if the people can be educated to a higher standard, the world will be improved. That is just what I am aiming at, and now let him leave the carnal laws and Governments which, as he confesses, have no souls and come up here from his dark stand point, into the light of truth, and aid me, instead of standing under dark clouds spending his time in vain efforts to trig the Chariot wheels with rotten Government pumpkins.

Legislative abuses will cease to exist as soon as Legislatures themselves cease to exist, and *not before*, for they are all founded on the *word* and gun and cannot exist nor enforce their laws without them, while the "higher law" or law of right within may be enforced without the shedding of blood.

If there was no political Government, slavery could not exist. It is that alone which has kept it alive so long in this nation, and as for bigamy I will leave that to be considered in the next No., for I have not yet said half that I intended to in reply to the article in question, but must now close for want of space, after pronouncing our Government an unmitigated curse to the people, and calling on politicians and their papers, together with the President of the United States and all officers down or up to the gate keepers of the pauper houses, to defend it from the charge, if they can, in any rational way.

In summing up the benefits for which my friend credits the Government, we find it gives the poor a few crusts from the loaf it takes from them; educates rich men's sons on the proceeds of land robbed from all, and a few other favors of like character.

WORKERS' HALL.

A Talk with the Workers.

How long will the farmers, mechanics and other laboring classes in this nation continue to be deceived, cheated and swindled by a miserable swarm of politicians who are not worthy to black their shoes? That is just where they are now, and how long will they consent to be thus ridden like donkies?

Ho! all ye workers, listen to me and then strike if ye will, but first hear me. I speak for your good and not for myself nor my pocket. Look at this miserable Government of yours which has destroyed hundreds of thousands more victims than all the Juggernauts and other idols of heathen lands! It pretends to protect your life, liberty and property, but does nothing of the kind; but on the reverse is constantly destroying and devouring all three to save its own miserable existence.

The highest officer in the nation with a guard of armed men to protect him day and night, is shot down in the very capital of the nation, in a place of amusement, in the midst of hundreds of his fellow citizens, with his wife on one side of him and high officials with swords by their sides all around him! This is the way it protects life! What a humbug! It pretends to guard your property, but takes a thousand times more of it to support itself than all the thieves and robbers would take if there was no Government at all!

Look at the late war with all its cost of blood and treasure! What was the war for? Why, to save the life of the Government and nothing else! And what was the Government good for? Just nothing at all, or more properly speaking, much worse than nothing. It was like a hungry wolf in your barn yard, destroying your flocks as fast as you could raise them. What endangered the life of the Government and brought on the war? Why, the miserable demagogues, to be sure—the very men to whom you trust for protection. With few exceptions they are the most worthless, useless, miserable, unprincipled class of rascals in the nation. They are men too lazy to

work, too proud to beg, extravagant in their habits, want the best of every thing and more than their share, and profess unbounded love for their country and the people, while their sole object in all their professions is to obtain place and power, and large pay for small services. It was this miserable class of men who brought on the war by a scramble for office. There were, not offices enough for all, so they must quarrel over them like wolves over a sheep, and you are left to foot the bills after having lost your sons and brothers in the deadly strife, and now to blind your eyes still farther, they tell you what glorious things they have done by the war. They have saved the "blessed Government"—saved the life of a monstrous wolf to destroy and lay waste in the future as it has in the past—saved a wolf to guard the flock, which will devour a thousand times more than all other beasts, if the flock was not guarded at all. Glorious work to save such a beast! But this is not all. They have liberated the slaves, is another cry to deceive their dupes, when the real fact is, they could scarcely have contrived a way to curse the slaves worse than they have done by liberating them *in the manner* in which they have done it. The slaves had a right to liberty. The North and South both owed them a heavy debt for labor; the North and South had shared in the productions of their labor, and should have united like brothers to liberate them, sharing in the loss, and given them land to settle on if they had chosen it, or permitted them to remain and be hired where they were, and this might have been done without the loss of a single life, if taken in hand *in the right spirit* thirty years ago, when everybody that had eyes saw that the war must come if something effectual was not immediately done to remove the cause. But instead of this peaceable adjustment of the trouble, or removal of the cause of the strife, the slaves have been liberated by war—turned out without house or home like cattle in a cold climate in autumn to die of exposure, starvation and every species of vice and disease. Thousands have died for want of suitable shelter and clothing; thousands have become homeless vagabonds, and thousands on thousands more will die from the same causes. Nor is this all; but being liberated without the consent of their former owners, at such a loss of life and treasure, undying hatred is kindled against them in the breasts of their former owners, and as they are no longer *property*, they are now and will continue to be wickedly and wantonly shot down like wild beasts. Away with all your patriotic talk about saving the Government, for you have only saved a wolf to destroy your flocks, and children and substance in the future as it has done in the past! Away with your talk about the glorious thing you have done in liberating the slaves. You have cursed them beyond estimation, not by liberating them, but by the manner in which it has been done.

Farmers, Mechanics, Workers, are you aware of the craft by which demagogues deceive and cheat you? No, not one in a thousand of you sees the workings of their wiles in private. You are at work while the demagogues are setting snares for you, and they draw you into the snares, and spring them over you, and even when you do not know that instead of being enlightened freemen, you are deluded slaves. Let me tell you as a friend how elections are gotten up and carried through:

One man says to others, "You make me President of the United States, or Governor of the State and you, Tom, shall have this office, you, Dick, shall have that, and you Harry, shall have the other."

"Agreed!" cry Tom, Dick and Harry, "we'll do it." So off go Tom, Dick and Harry in different directions and privately collect around them a set of scapegraces as unprincipled as themselves,—miserable sponges who, with few exceptions, never earned a mouthful of bread honestly, and say to them, "We, Tom, Dick and Harry, are going to try our best to elect the Hon. A. as President or Governor," as the case may be, "and if you will help us, you Pete, shall have this office, you, Joe, shall have that, and you, Sam, shall have the other."

"Agreed!" cry Pete, Joe and Sam, "we'll do it," and off they go in turn to offer their favors to others. And thus before a word is said in public about an election, everything is privately cut and dried, and all the offices are dealt out from President or Governor down or up, it makes no difference which you call it, for they are all of one body, just as much as the head and tail are parts of the same wolf. Then caucusses and conventions are called by these rogues who take the lead and carry out their plans, while the working classes look on. At length the nominations are made just as they were privately planned and the workers are called on for cheers, which means "st'boy, bosc and towser." The rogues stomp it thro' the country deceiving the workers and crying "st'boy." Election day comes round and the workers, who have trusted the whole matter to these office-seeking knaves, go to the polls and vote as their deceivers direct, and everything results exactly the same as if the workers had remained at home and permitted the knaves to divide the offices among themselves. And what is the result? Why, the country has by such means been for more than half a century in the hands of men not one in twenty of whom is fit to be trusted with the care of a swine yard, and by them your sons and brothers are slain, your country is involved in debt which you or your children can never pay, all the necessaries of life are doubled in price, your daughters, wanting for companions, leave home and friends to wear themselves out in cellar kitchens, shops and mills, leaving you to totter down the declivity of life in desolation. And all for what? Why, to keep alive a Government whose business is to work out

this same waste and ruin and which cannot live without it!

And what can you do? You can at least stop voting, testify against such a Government, labor to open the eyes of your neighbors on the subject, and leave human beasts to do their own fighting.

PREACHING ROOM.

A Hungry Soul.

If California's golden mines
Twice o'er, were mine to-day,
To feel God's pardoning Grace and Love
I'd give them all away.

Hungry souls are scattered up and down in every direction, with none to teach or guide them to the fountain that is higher than they. They find within them an immortal part that cannot be satisfied with the good things of this life, which are prepared only for the wants of the body, and with which most people are so eagerly engaged that they are hardly aware of the needs of their spiritual nature, and the popular teachings lead to the husks and chaff of creeds rather than to the bread of life.

And yet the pardoning grace and abiding love of the heavenly Father for which they would give all things, may be had without money or price. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me who am meek and lowly of heart and ye shall have rest to your souls," is the language held out to all such desiring ones. And what is this yoke which we are to take upon us? It is not to join a church and have our names written in a book; it is not to have our bodies dipped in water or our faces sprinkled; it is not to taste a little bread and wine now and then in the church; it is not to build splendid temples, call them God's holy houses and there sit on soft cushions an hour or two each week, while a rose-scented divine, in flowery language, echoes the thoughts of the people who employ him;—no, this is not the yoke though ninety-and-nine in every hundred of all who profess to be the ambassadors of heaven convey this idea. What then is the yoke? You find within yourselves selfishness and evil passions, which, if indulged, will lead you into grief and sorrow, or into wrong-doing which would bring grief and sorrow if your consciences were not hardened. You will also find within you light and truth which teach you to deny your selfishness and evil passions, and call on you to reject the evil and choose the good which always lies before you in all your words and acts, not only on one day of the week called holy time, but every day and every hour, and to obey this truth rejecting the evil and choosing the good, is to bear the yoke or cross. Where there is no cross there is no crown. Where the cross or yoke is heaviest, the crown is lightest; and if thou willingly bear the cross the cross will be the lighter and at length bear thee.

Lct us hear the conclusion of the whole matter which is, that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness need not run after Lo, here, nor Lo, there is Christ, nor look to any man for instruction, for the universal truth-teacher is within them, and able if they obey it to guide into all truth.

J. HACKER.

YOUNG MEN'S HALL.

To Young Men

No man is safe in the streets of New York or any other large city in the evening. The last time I was there rogues tried to play a game on me in the day time before I had been on shore three minutes. I arrived in the Stonington steamer just after sunrise, and on reaching the head of the wharf I paused a moment, looking up and down the street for the sign of a hotel or eating house, for I was cold and hungry, when a well-dressed, smooth-faced and very bland looking man overtook me, and paused a little as though he anticipated my want and was willing to give me information. I asked him if he could direct me to an eating house or hotel. "O yes, sir, I am going right by one, come along." We had got perhaps a rod when a wallet dropped at my feet just before me, as though it had fallen from my pocket, and instantly a man who was behind me grappled it, and run into an open shed. The bland looking man at my side said to me, "That fellow has got your wallet." I had put my hand to my pocket and satisfied myself that mine was safe, and suspecting a trick, took no notice of what he said, when he spoke again, "That fellow has got your wallet, go with me and claim it," and turned toward the shed. As it was day, and people passing, I had no fears of personal injury, and wishing to see more of the game, I turned and followed my *new friend* into the shed where the rogue was snug up in one corner examining the contents of the wallet as though he had really found it. Said the bland looking man to his confederate, "you have got this gentleman's wallet, I saw it drop from his pocket; give it to him at once." The rogue held on to it. Said the other, "open it and let him see if it is not his." He opened the wallet in two places displaying in each place a roll of new, bright looking bills, and the outside bill in each roll was folded face out, displaying the figures 20 in the corner. "Give it to him," said the bland man. "Not without he will pay me well for finding it," replied the other. I then spoke for the first time saying, "The wallet is not mine, and I'll call a policeman to take care of it." At this they both fled together through or into the crowd of hacks and people, and I passed on. Very likely the rolls were brown paper with a counterfeit bill outside, and they thought my selfishness would claim it and give them ten, twenty or fifty dollars in good money for finding it. Or they might have dropped it to see which pocket I would feel at for my wallet, in order to know where to search for money if they had an opportunity to garrote me in the evening; but this hint was worth money to me, making me cautious where I spent the evening, and I relate it for the benefit of the inexperienced.

I have often seen green young men from the country, when in the city display their money very foolishly. When only purchasing an apple or an orange, they would contrive to show all the money they had. Such a course is foolish and dangerous. There are rogues in all cities that would get into cars and steam boats and follow such a "green horn" all day and all night, to find an opportunity to rob him.

When you are traveling or in cities with money about you, keep only what you want for immediate use in your wallet, and the rest in a shirt pocket, or some other safe place, and when you have an occasion to use money show as little as possible.

Be careful of forming the acquaintance of strangers, and in no case accept an invitation

to eat or drink with men that are so easy to get acquainted with as to invite you to an eating or drinking house on ten minutes' acquaintance. Many a man has been drugged and robbed and not a few murdered by such rogues. And above all keep clear of strange women, who smile upon you and are easy to get acquainted with. Many a young man in a strange city has been decoyed by a finely dressed woman into a den of infamy, and murdered and robbed and no one outside of the den knew what became of him. If mankind were what they should be, strangers would be brothers and sisters when they meet; but in the present condition of society we must travel with caution.

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Appleton, November 12, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—I am going to write to you, but I can't write very well; perhaps some time I can write better. I had a good time when you were down here, and would like to have you come again before you go to New Jersey. I am going to school pretty soon. We have had two snow storms here.

The little birds come down our chimney in the summer time. When they come down we catch them and let them fly out the window. I like to see the little birds fly in the air and light on the trees. The little chimney swallows are all gone away now. I like to read the Chariot very much. Would'nt you like to go out in the woods again with Dr. Clark and gather herbs. I guess I won't write any more this time, but perhaps I will write more next time. Please write to me. I am 8 years old.
ADA A. SMITH.

Thank you, Ada, for your letter; and am glad you wrote to me. I, too, had a good time when I was with you, and think of it very often, but do not know as I ever shall be there again, though I would like very much to be in that meeting house once more on a pleasant day, and again call at the houses where the people were all so kind. Yes, it is pleasant to see the little birds and hear them sing. How dull the world would seem if there were no birds, nor pretty butterflies and insects to fly about and make music for us. Yes, I would like to go into the woods again with Dr. Clark and see him go round stumps and stones, climb over fences, leap over brooks and find plants and roots with his eyes closed all the time. Give my respects to all my friends there and write again.

Albion, Nov. 4, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—O how glad I am that you will let me write to you anything I want to; and it is so good about the kisses; and I don't mean to lose one; but I rather you would give them to me yourself.

I have just washed me and combed my hair, and put on my new net, and got my noon kiss. I am sitting on the settee, and Mother is sitting in the corner sewing. I expect to go to Mr. H's in a week, to a meeting. I had a letter from Nellie last night. Father is getting ready to make some cider. I was going to tell you how to play sixty, but Mother is laughing at me, I don't know as I can. One girl blinds her eyes and counts sixty, while the rest run and hide. Then she goes to find them. If the others get to the goal before she does, she must blind again, but if she gets to the goal first, the first she catches has to take her place,

but if she can't find them she has to give them up. Bert and Fred have got Ellery tied on the floor for their sheep. They are as full of fun as ever.

MONDAY NIGHT.—Mother and Fred are playing "horse." Fred is the horse and Mother is the driver. We have got a nun girl. Her name is V—H—. She is real pretty. She has black eyes and red cheeks, and she is real good. She is 15 years old; says she would like to get as good letters from you as I do. Can't big girls love you as little ones do? The other day the boys found a squirrel up in one of the trees in front of the house. They tried and tried but could not get it and I was glad they could not. We all went to meeting Sunday, and a long-faced man preached a long sermon about a young man who was rich and would'n't sell his property and give it to the poor, and he said the young man had gone to such a bad place that I don't like to write it. Mother looked very sober and I guess she was sorry she went. Any way I didn't like it much. I must go to school now.

Nov. 14. I love to ride in the Chariot so well that I mean to go in it every time. I ain't [am not] afraid that Nellie and I or any of the little girls will fall off, for you put us in the middle with big folks on each side of us. I am glad you put Nellie in, for I hope now she will write again. I have been to see her, and we had a nice time sliding on her little sled. I should like to see Mattie and Lizzie, for I know I should love them. Good bye. Your little Friend,

ADA MAY CROSBY.

An account of the young man who was not willing to sell all that he had and give to the poor, may be found in the 19th chapter of Matthew, and the 10th chapter of Mark.

Mark says; Jesus beholding the young man loved him, and we would like to know what positive authority that *long-faced* Minister has for saying that young man, whom Jesus loved, is even now, after eighteen centuries, in a place of torment so horrible that a child seven years old cannot write its name. If this be a fact, I know scores of ministers, doctors of divinity and pillars of the church, who will never see the heaven they are dreaming about. Millions in this nation have given, not all they had, but a portion of it to aid insane men in destroying their brothers and increasing the number of the poor and the miseries of all; but where is there a rich man who has sold a tenth part of all he had and given to the poor? Is it not time for churches either to stop patronizing such preaching, or else act in accordance with it.

I don't wonder that this little girl thought her mother looked sober and sorry that she was there; I would rather be alone in the woods or at an Indian *pow-wow* than to sit in silence under such preaching.

Staring.

We have read somewhere that it takes two pair of eyes to make a perfect stare. In most cases this rule will hold good, but there are exceptions to all rules, and *sometimes* people get most unmercifully stared at without the least provocation, unless, perchance they are

lame, deformed or in any way unfortunate. The dainty little Miss, whose wide-spreading crinoline brushes unfortunate kittens, children and masculines from off the walk—whose little boots with their high heels strike the pavement with such consequential little taps which in themselves seem to say "boots," "boots," complains of the impudence and presumption of a certain young man—name unknown—who, persisted in keeping his eyes fixed upon her, while she traversed the whole length of the street, adds by way of parenthesis, that he was *splendid* looking—*litt'e* bits of fret with just the cunningest *little* patent leather boots, splendid eyes—such a *heaven'y* moustache!—Then follows a minute description of said young man. Query: how many pair of eyes were there in that stare. Girls, girls, consistency is a jewel. C.

Ridgefield, Ill., Nov. 17, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—I am a little girl eleven years old. My father takes the Chariot and its monthly visits are looked forward to with great delight by all. We read your good letters to little children over and over again, and are never tired. If we would only be as good as you teach us, how happy we all would be. I am going to try and follow your good advice that I may grow up a useful woman and do some good in the world.

I have three brothers and one sister. We went to the district school all summer. This winter we are going to study at home. It is too far to walk in the snow. My oldest brother has gone to war. My father was very much opposed to his going, and felt badly about it, but all the neighbors' boys were going and he could not be contented. His time won't be out till next fall. I think he will be glad to get home and lead a peaceful life on the farm. My Pa thinks it is very wicked to go to war and kill men as you would wild animals.

We live on a farm three miles from Woodstock, McHenry Co., Ill.; it is too cold to have any very nice fruit. We have plenty of apples, currants and strawberries. We have some pear trees but they don't do very well. This summer we had a great many roses and pretty flowers enough to share with our friends that had none. How much I love the pretty flowers. Every morning we carried a bunch of roses to set on the table in the school room.

I send you a dollar and only wish I had more. Will you please give me your Photograph? I would like so much to have the picture of such a good man and one who loves little children so much, in my nice new Album that Ma gave me. We all send ever so much love to you. WINNIE SIMMONS.

So I have found another new sister. A good spirit told me many years ago that if I would do right, and try to do good, I should find Fathers and Mothers, and Sisters and Brothers everywhere, and I have found it true. When I go from home among strangers, I find many as kind to me as though I were a brother or son just returned from a far country. Little children play with me and many are the kisses I get from them, and I sometimes wish I could see them all together. Wouldn't they have a good time?

How came you to send me this dollar at such a time when I wanted it so much. I am receiving letters from a great many people asking me about things that they want to know, and if I had to work for all I need I should not have time to answer one in ten of them, but this one dollar will enable me to reply to the letters of several poor orphan girls that have written to me for advice. One of them lost her mother when a child and has no friends, and wants me to find a good home for her, and who knows but that this dollar will be worth more than any sum of money to her, by giving me time to find her a home. I have as many as one hundred letters, now unanswered, many of them from poor people not able to subscribe for a paper. They all want me to write to them. If one hundred people write to me it costs each, one sheet of paper, one three cent stamp and one envelope, say four cents and an hour's time. Now if I answer the hundred letters it will cost me one hundred times as much as it did either of those who wrote to me. It will take 100 sheets of paper, 100 envelopes and 100 stamps, costing four dollars, besides one hundred hours, which would require 10 days, reckoning 10 hours to a day, and yet I have spent more than half the time for nearly the last two years in replying to private letters. Again, not less than 50 letters ask me for my picture. If the pictures cost 25 cents each, it would cost me \$12.50 to supply all. Do people know what they ask of me when fifty or a hundred request me to write to them or send them a picture? On looking over my memorandum for October, I found I had written twenty-five private letters that month, using thirty-four sheets of paper, and about ninety cents' worth of stamps and 25 envelopes, besides all the time spent in writing, which I think was not a fair average of what I have written each month for nearly two years. I thought then that I would write no more private letters, and the first week in November I wrote only six sheets, and those were written in three mornings between 2 o'clock and daylight while others were sleeping, for I had other work in the day time. Then I received a letter from a good friend who told me how much good my letter had done him, and enclosed a dollar to buy paper and stamps. That gave me time to write to several others, and as I went on others felt my wants and instead of writing no letters in November, I have written 60 sheets, besides a No. of the Chariot. I shall send you a private letter and a picture. The picture is rather homely, but you can put it in the garret to look at by moonshine.

A Short and True Sermon.

"If we do right *here*, we shall do right *there*, And I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

All who reduce this sermon to practice in all their sayings and doings, as they pass on through this life, need have no fears for the hereafter. If ministers would teach people how to live and be happy here instead of harping about another world which does not concern us till we get there, we should not be the miserable, sickly, selfish, warring animals that we are now.

Oh man, O woman, look within thee for the kingdom of heaven. There thou canst find a fountain of love springing up to water the soul.

Days, months and years pass away, but truth remains forever.

A Plea for Erring Woman.

Sisters, Brothers,—Are we faithfully performing our duty toward that unfortunate class whom the force of circumstances and uncontrolled passion are hurrying onward to perdition? Are we doing what we can for their reformation and restoration to society, or are we by *neglect*, crushing them still lower? I plead for my fallen sisters, for I believe that society on its present false basis, is largely the cause of this degradation,—treading under foot the *victim*, while it sustains and even *caresses*, the demon who has wrought the ruin. Do not condemn her too harshly, until you have learned her history. Could you trace the path in which she has travelled, you would often *pity* rather than blame; you would feel that even you might have fallen, if beset by like temptations. We who were shielded by a mother's watchful love and care, can well afford to exercise charity toward her, who, bereft of that Guardian, or by poverty was driven forth into the world, in *confiding*, unsuspecting childhood, to take up, unaided and alone, the life of which she knew so little.—Without parents, brothers or sisters on whom to lavish her wealth of love,—yearning for the sympathy which is withheld by those who *might* be her refuge, how easily she falls a prey to the base man, who, under pretense of undying love, so wins her confidence that he holds her *destiny* in his own hands—for every true woman *knows* that when she *loves truly* she *trusts implicitly*. That trust he uses, not to *exalt* and make her more lovely in person and character, but for the gratification of unholy *passion*, little caring if it plunge her into a life of infamy and shame. Betrayed and forsaken, how much encouragement she needs to help her rise above that first false step, and make herself worthy of the place she might have occupied, but for that cruel man. And now her *own* sex step in and complete the ruin. She sees and feels the sneers of those for whose *greater* sins wealth has a gilded covering. The *virtu* us pass her by *unnoticed*, save as they gather up their skirts lest her touch contaminate them; while they receive into their society and cordially grasp the hand of her seducer who unblushingly goes forth in search of new victims, while *she* is looked upon by society as a thing too vile to live.

Thus branded by those who *might* save her—exposed to all manner of temptation from those old in crime, what wonder that her course is downward until beyond the reach of mortal aid.

Oh, my sisters, who pride yourselves on your spotless lives, let me ask, if you have been so *tempted*. Were you not tenderly guarded thro' early womanhood against those very sins which met and overwhelmed your sister?—for sisters they *are* to you and me, and we *cannot*, if we *would*, conceal our obligations to them. Strive as we may to creep out of the relationship. God still recognizes them as *His children*, and as such we are required to aid them; and if we deny their claims upon us *here*, they will be presented for settlement *hereafter*.

The kind word and smile of recognition has saved many, but the cold glance of contempt, and *cooler* reproach, has crushed *thousands*. Think you she does not constantly enough *feel* her degradation, and feel *reproved* as well as encouraged by the gentle smile of pity? The loving hand clasp and advice fitly spoken costs you little, and it may be the redemption of her who is just now walking on the verge of the fearful abyss. She sees and in her soul, *loathes* the dreadful whirlpool into which she is being

drawn, but if those who *might* save her turn coldly from her, and the wicked bear her onward to destruction, she goes on until she is swallowed by the raging, maddening waves of sin. But if with God's blessing and the help of angels we have turned even *one* from the error of her way, into the path of virtue and peace, how sweet it will be to meet her, washed and purified, singing the songs of the redeemed in heaven. Happy indeed will it be for us if *our* hands have helped to wash her sin-stained soul, and present her pure to her Father in Heaven.

GERMAINE.

PUBLIC HALL.

[Written for the Chariot.]

Pictures from Nature's Gallery.

Nature presents many beautiful varied pictures, some of which far excel the works of the old masters in depth of expression, and delicacy of outline. In the soft twilight hour we find the thinness and delicacy of colors that Raphael gave to his Madonna of San Sietus. That season of buds, and blossoms, "merry laughing Spring," presents many charming scenes, with rare tints, shading and nice harmony of colors that the old Italian artists never dreamed exceeding. A celebrated artist at one time painted a dish of fruit with such nicety and skill that the little birds came and ate it. Rare connoisseurs of art are the little birds, and well may they be, for Nature is their teacher, and Nature's gallery their home. With what sweet twittering do they announce the first glimpse of that charming picture—"Sunrise." From the first rosy glow in the east until the sun has drunk the dew from leaf and bud, they are in a flutter of delight, evincing their keen appreciation of the beautiful scene by many a chirp and queer little nod of their glossy heads. This picture is on exhibition any fine morning, and it is strange that so many persons who profess great love for the beautiful, seldom if ever trouble themselves to witness this great master-piece of Nature. One is never troubled to obtain tickets, or pine at their loss. All that is required is an early rise, and a fresh bath to clear from the brain the cobwebs of sleep.

(Boxes for the exclusive can be obtained in the branches of the trees.) Unlike the usual creations of art, the colors are constantly changing, displaying new beauties each moment. At first a faint glimmer of light, until gradually the whole East glows rosy red. Faint, delicate pinks are most exquisitely blended with the deeper colors until from their midst the sun rises clear and bright, announcing that the exhibition for the morning is over.

The companion picture is "Sunset," most beautiful in the golden-hued Autumn, when the forest trees shake out their flaming banners, and the wind sighs a requiem for their departing glories. Rich banks of purple-hued clouds rise one above another, mingling with the lighter colors until the sun sinks behind the horizon leaving a long, low line of light—

"the last blush of sunset." Finally the whole scene blends with the dreamy hour of twilight, the time for sweet memories and holy communion, when our thoughts and fancies are busy with the past or forming bright pictures for the future.

Nature is full of poetry and music. The "poetry of motion" is fully illustrated in the graceful swaying branches of the forest trees, or in the airy motion of the little birds that dart in, and out of the thick foliage. The music of the waterfall, the ripple of the wave as it breaks upon the shore, the crescent moon, the clear, star-gemmed sky present greater charms to the observing ear and eye, than all the works of art. C.

A Good Time.—No. 2.

On the morning after the Sabbath, so called, feeling too unwell from the effects of a severe cold, to ride ten miles in the damp, cold wind, I concluded to stop two days longer and take the next Boat, and this decision will always be remembered with pleasure, for to me the best wine was at the last of the feast; or performing the heavy labor and treading the wine-press first, we had time by tarrying to partake of the wine, or after sowing in tears were permitted to partake of the increase. The four friends who had come so far to the meeting, left for home in the morning, and I went forth to form acquaintances and have a good time. Called on a friend at the store and was respectfully and kindly treated, then went to the house of Bro. S., and though they were strangers, and I thought of stopping only a few moments when I entered, I felt such perfect freedom—such a home-like feeling, I was unwilling to go forth again but remained until next morning, and had my cold kindly cared for by the good family under the direction of that singular Medium, Dr. Clark. In the morning Brother and Sister S. took me in their carriage several miles to see sister Morse, the lecturer, where I had a brief but pleasant visit and gathered some important hints, which may be useful to the world at a future time.

Returning we found a Physician at Bro. S's, who had no faith in Spiritualism, with whom I had a pleasant conversation. He was very pleasant, not at all like some ministers who, when they get into an argument and can see no way out, flare up and show temper. He bore all that was said in good nature, thereby proving that he possessed a good spirit even though he might be in error. I asked him if he believed the Bible and received it as a revelation or book of truth "O yes, he could not do otherwise." Do you believe spirits that have left the body can return to earth, and communicate with friends? "No." Do you believe any people can see the spirits of the departed? "No." Do you believe spirits can control living persons and speak or write through them as mediums? "No." Do you believe the spirits of those who have died are here on earth round about us? "No." Where are they? "With God," said he, casting his eyes upward as tho' to direct attention yonder far above. Where is God? "He is everywhere." Then if he is everywhere he is here as much as anywhere else. The Bible, which you say you believe, says the kingdom of Heaven came to earth eighteen hundred years ago. It did not come without a King and subjects, so if the Bible is true, the spirits of just men made perfect are here. The Bible says a certain prophet of ancient times saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and angels ascending and descending. It says if I mistake not, that the same prophet wrestled with an angel till the break of day and would not let him go until he had received a

bleasing. It says angels appeared to shepherds and announced the birth of Jesus; that the disciples when on the mount with Christ, saw the spirits of Moses and Elias, and that John the Revelator, saw the spirit of a prophet, and there are numerous similar accounts in the Bible. You say you believe that book and yet do not believe spirits are around us here nor that any of us can see them! You can believe that a spirit spoke with man's voice to Balaam through the organs of a beast which were made only for braying, but do not believe a spirit can speak through the organs of living men! You can believe that the fingers of a hand were seen writing on the wall, the doom of the old king, but cannot believe a spirit can control a living hand to write, &c., &c., to which he did not pretend to make much reply. Thus it is all over the world; people will disbelieve this, that or the other thing that is new to them, or that appears different from what they have been accustomed to hear and at the same time profess to believe other things far more improbable, because they have been accustomed to hear it from childhood.

I wish here to say a word for myself, that I may not be misunderstood on the subject of Spiritualism. I have always from a child believed all true religion spiritual—springing from a divine spirit which takes up its abode in those who are prepared to receive it, and, that all religious acts that spring not from this divine spirit, are vain and worthless to the doer—only the work of the creature, and the stream can rise no higher than the fountain. A prayer uttered in the time, will and strength of the creature, and springs not from the Divine spirit, can rise no higher than its source. I have been sensible from childhood, of being impressed by an influence or influences higher and superior to anything I possess in or of myself, and now have good reasons to believe that the spirits of our deceased friends are round about us, in a conscious state, and come and go from place to place, as quick as our thought can travel, and often meet together, and when we are in a suitable condition of mind, they would impress us with their presence, and communicate with us. Yet in expressing this belief I would not be understood as endorsing all nor half that has been said, published or performed in the name of Spiritualism.

At the house of Bro. S. I also met with Dr. A. B. Clark who professes to be a Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, controlled by the spirit of an Indian doctor. When I was done conversing with the other physician, Dr. C. took up the subject, and he was certainly aided by some power which was not of himself, for that portion of his testimony which I heard through my trumpet was beyond his own power of expression when in the normal state. There was something really surprising to me in this man. While under the influence of what purported to be the spirit of the Indian doctor, he told me every ache and pain to which I am subject as well as I could have done. His eyes were closed so close that his eyelids were wrinkled and no chance for him to see at all, yet when I raised my trumpet to hear his reply to a question, he seemed to see the trumpet and took hold of it as readily as though his eyes were open. I asked him if he could see. "Oh yes, me see well." How can you see with your eyes closed so snug? "Me see here," said he, placing his fingers on the middle of his upper eyelids. With his eyes thus closed he went out in the yard directly to his carriage, placed his hand on his medicine trunk just as well as though his eyes were opened, overhauled his medicines, roots, herbs, barks, &c., just as well as though he could see, mixed different kinds together for me and gave directions about preparing and taking. Then said he must go to the woods and get me some canker root to chew, and if I would go with him he would show me how he got his medicines. When we got into the road he turned round, his eyes still closed tight, with his arm and finger raised, while I watched his eyes. As he was turning round, his finger

pointed, he said "Me go there." He had pointed to the woods, and for the woods we started, climbed over the fence, went round stones and stumps, gathering a specimen of each plant, weed or bush, telling me the name and what disease it was good for. Arriving in the woods he turned round as before, and while turning, his finger pointed, "Me find 'em there," said he, and walked directly to the plant he wanted. Gathering that, he would turn round again, and again his finger would point, and he would go straight to another plant of the kind, and thus he went on till he had gathered what he wanted. He seemed to see the plants from where he stood sometimes one rod, sometimes six or eight rods distant, with bushes and trees intervening to obscure his sight had his eyes been open, and yet they were firmly closed from the time we left the house till we returned, and he appeared to be entirely a different man from what he is in his normal condition. I state these circumstances just as they occurred, and let them go for what they are worth, leaving each one to form his own opinion, being myself satisfied that he did all this without seeing at all, unless, as he said, he saw through his closed eyelids.

I asked him while under this influence, why there were so many Indian spirits controlling mediums, and speaking to white people. He replied, "Indian the true child of Nature, and better fit to tell truth,—when me live here in the body, me all the time give priest money to guide me to heabin, but all dark, all cold, no fire in de wigwam, no wa m blanket for de soul, no sucatash in de bowl; soul all de time cold and hungry, and pale faced priest give Indian nothing, but when me leave the body, me find Indian nearer to the Great Spirit than pale face." Why are there more Indian spirits controlling mediums in the country than in the city? Why do not Indian spirits come to Portland and speak through mediums there? "Because people in country nearer to God and more like children of Nature than people in city." This I have long known to be a fact. There is far more true piety and spiritual life in the rural districts than amid the tall steeples of the cities. In cities they have more showy edifices, softer cushions to sit on, priests more learned and popular than in the rural districts, but less honesty, less real piety, less spirituality, and the priests generally in the cities are less spiritual than many of their deluded dupes.

Bidding adieu to Brother and Sister S and their lovely children, whose kindness I shall never forget, I returned to Bro. W's to spend the night. Some twenty or thirty men, women and children collected in the evening, and to me it was a harvest of joy and pleasure. I was led to relate some of my experience from the tenth year of my age for the instruction of the children who seemed to feel a deep interest in it; then to encourage parents in the performance of their duty to their children, then to speak to all, and love flowed from my heart like waters from a fountain. The meeting closed with singing and we separated in much love, never to meet again, perhaps, until we meet on the sunny shore of the spirit land, which lies just outside of these perishing bodies, and where sickness, sorrow, suffering and separation will be known no more; where—

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days for love and praise,
Than when we first begun.

After retiring I suffered great distress in my right lung in consequence of having talked so much under such a cold, when I felt a hand laid on the place of suffering as distinctly as I ever felt a human hand in my life. I reached forth my hand to grasp it to ascertain what it meant, and it was gone; as I withdrew my hand it returned and rested on my right lung and in a few moments all pain and distress left me and I distinctly felt the hand removed. There was no person in the room but myself, and no deception nor imagination in what I have stated, nor was this the first experience I have had of this kind. I had a sweet night's rest, felt when

awake that there were happy spirits around me; was as sensible of their presence as though I had seen them in human form and conversed with them, and may at some future time say more on this subject.

In the morning, bidding adieu to the friends who had so kindly entertained me, and the aged mother of 93 summers, with a bouquet of beautiful flowers in my hand and a whole world of beautiful things in my heart, I rode with a couple of pleasant lads to Camden, feeling more true joy than any military conquerer ever experienced at the head of his army.

Camden, a picturesque and beautiful place, with the Bay on one hand and the village hills and mountains on the other, has an excellent Hotel, the Bay-View House, and is a place of much resort for tourists and pleasure seekers, in the warm season. Apparently almost without gunshot of the village, mountains rise from 80 to 1400 feet above the water level.

While waiting on the wharf for the Boat, in the bright sunny morning, my spirit went up to the top of the mount, and there danced and sung with the spirits of the Red Men, who pursued their innocent pleasures there before their tribes were corrupted and destroyed by the "Pale-faces." The innocent, artless creatures came around me as confidently as little children, crowned me with wild flowers, sung and danced around me, gave me food sweeter than I had ever tasted before, and sparkling waters from the River of Life. For a half hour or more I was as one in celestial groves and gardens—Oh, so happy that words were vain in the attempt to express it. When the Boat came in sight and I was wondering how I could get down the mountain in season to save my passage, I awoke and found myself seated on the top of a pile on the wharf, full and overflowing with a pleasure too deep, too pure, sweet and heavenly for language to express. Went on board, where one of the little papers or plums given me by the sweet little girls the night before, drew the children in the Boat around me, and I soon had them on my knees, pulling my beard, pinching my cheeks and kissing me as though we had always been friends, and this opened the hearts of the parents to receive the Chariots I had reserved for the occasion. When the Boat touched our wharf at dark, I leapt ashore and hurried home to my cabin, and thus ends my visit to Appleton.—Ends! No, no, the end is not yet; only the shadow has passed, the memory, the soul of it remains as sweet as the reality, and will often be a source of soul-full joy;—and seed sown there will bear fruit an hundred fold, when the hand that now writes is silent in death, and the spirit that now dictates awaits at the golden gate of the Summer-Land, the coming of the loved ones left behind.

SERMONIZING.

[For the Chariot.]

Free Will

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"God gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill,
And binding nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will."

Doubts have arisen in the minds of many intelligent persons in all ages as to the freedom of the will; but the practice of all has ever been on the principle of free will, and held each other responsible for offences and crimes, and affixed penalties for the violation of laws made to deter the evil disposed from invading the rights of others.

Free will is self-evident to every thinking mind. Each condemns himself for various sins and follies, in the consciousness that he could have done differently. Will is a property of mind that needs cultivation to become effective on all occasions. Self-government is an art to be learned in the school of practical life from the dawning of reason to the tomb. Will may be

weak or strong, as we may use it, more or less, in energetic struggle for the mastery. There is a proverb saying "where there is a will there is a way." An intelligent will can make its way through mountains of difficulties to the end desired. When opposition and discouragements arise, put on the will power in determination to overcome the obstacle, and generally we shall succeed.

Nature is bound in fate by fixed laws, but the will is left free to act in accordance with such law for our good. We suffer in neglecting to observe natural law. Such is the wisdom of the Great Spirit in governing the universe. He that wills to do right will not be beaten with many stripes, but the wrong doers shall suffer for their folly. Self-respect demands a free will. If impressed with inability, we degenerate into dispondency. We may collectively and individually change our drifting course by willing to act in harmony with nature, and thus move on progressively in virtue and wisdom toward the goal of perfect human development. We must will to reason and act in the nature of things around, and stear clear of the breakers in our passage across the great ocean of time if we desire prosperity and happiness.

Plain Sermons.

BY J. HACKER.

"He eateth with publicans and sinners."

This was one of the charges that the Jews brought against Christ, but they forgot or neglected to say that he was under the necessity of eating with such persons or starving, for his accusers never gave him an opportunity to eat with them. He came to his own; that is, to those who made the highest pretensions of goodness and professed to be looking for his appearance, and they received him not, but were continually seeking occasion to destroy him. Who then could he have eaten with but such as were counted publicans and sinners?

And thus would it be if He should re-appear at the present time. The clergy and Doctors of Divinity would have no more affinity for him than the Jews had; they would regard him as a vagabond, or insane or possessed of devils and keep aloof from him. A few of the very best of them might have a curiosity to converse with him in private, but would not risk their reputations by inviting him into their dwellings unless they could do it very privately, or when it appeared that they were doing an act of pity to a demented being; and the laymen, seeing their pastors standing aloof from him would not dare to invite him to their homes if they felt disposed to, for fear of a church mauling, and he would again be under the necessity of eating with those outside of the churches, and regarded as publicans and sinners; but who are, in reality, nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the Doctors of Divinity.

These are hard sayings, but we know they are truths and therefore give them to the world in all sincerity and candor. This paper is the only one I know of in the country that advocates peace and good will, and it receives its chief support from people outside of the church—those that are counted by the church as publicans and sinners, but who, as far as my personal acquaintance extends, are among the best people in the nation. The few in the church who take the paper do so *privately*, or are constantly dogged by their preacher for taking a paper that opposes war.

A THREE LEGGED COLT.—There has recently been an exhibition in this city of a living, last spring colt, that was born with only three legs. It was brought from the Province of New Brunswick and has gone to the city of Notions. Perhaps Barnum will have it yet. It is called a freak of nature; but nature never plays such freaks, her works, when not marred by *unnatural* circumstances, are all perfect. It would be interesting to know the real cause that produced this effect. It must have been some

stumble in the dam or other unnatural circumstances to her that produced this effect.

EXTRAVAGANT WASTE.—The miserable wretches at Washington, who have the care of National affairs, have, it is said, imported from England a carpet for the house of Representatives at an expense of seven hundred dollars. If they were what they should be they would not want a carpet; and if one was really needed, had they been what they should have been, they could have found one nearer home.

It costs an enormous sum of money every year to keep that Robber's den in repair.

I have had so much to do the last month it has been impossible to answer all orders and letters;—am doing the best my limited means will permit.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Skaneateles, Nov. 21, 1865.

JEREMIAH HACKER, Dear Friend:—

I here inclose \$1.25 with a view of taking one more trip in the Chariot of Wisdom and Love; and having just read thy Plain Sermon entitled "Every tree is known by its fruit," I felt as though I wanted to say something by way of encouragement. Although I am well aware of my own weakness and inability, yet I will venture to say that I rejoice to find one talented man on earth that has honesty enough to expose idolatry, and particularly where it has the sanction of nearly all that is called Christendom. I have long been fully satisfied that there was scarcely anything even among savage nations, that I know of, that is more deified than the Bible is by the high professors of Christianity. That book, when spoken of as a volume, is almost without exception, called the Word of God, the Lamp of Life, the Book of Life, the Rule and the only Rule of Faith and Practice. When a Baptist minister that I conversed with exalted the Scriptures as above described, I asked what would be the fate of the many millions that never saw nor heard of a Bible. His reply was, "they must all perish." I was truly shocked with that idea, and made to exclaim, "if you profess to be a gospel Minister, for heaven's sake do not preach such stuff."

Although this took place near thirty-five years ago, I was then as I am now, thoroughly convinced that image worship was to be found not only among Pagans, Jews and Mahomedans, but in the midst of so called Christendom. I am satisfied beyond doubt that there are many talented men that have the same views that thou hast, but lack of honesty and courage prevents them from expressing their views.

And now I say, "Cry aloud, spare not, but show unto the high professors their errors; fear not man whose breath is in his nostrils."

This from thy well wishing friend, G. S.

REMARKS.—A great deal is said in this nation by ministers who are collecting money to send the Bible and Missionaries to preach the gun-powder doctrines of the Old Testament to heathens, about the victims of ignorance and superstition that are crushed under the idol car of Juggernaut and burnt on the funeral piles, &c. Long, affecting stories about those sacrifices are told to weak old ladies and little children to draw from them their last dime or copper, and yet the war doctrine of the Old Testament, which God never did nor ever will sanction, has been the means, in professedly Christian lands, of destroying more life than all the idol worship of the heathens; and we challenge the whole universe to disprove this fact if they can. While whining about little idols abroad, the ministers are teaching people at home to idolize a book, some parts of which do more mischief than the idols of other lands.

A COSTLY CHURCH.—It is said that the spire alone of Dr. Tyng's church which was recently burnt in New York, cost seven thousand

dollars, and that the Dr. pines over the ashes, saying the labors of his life are all lost. Poor man! Had he labored to prepare the hearts of the people to become the temple for God's spirit to dwell in, instead of puffing them up with pride, and extravagance and folly, he would have had such a church as Christ spoke of, against which the gates of hell could not prevail. He ought to have been warned by the experience of that wise old simpleton, Solomon, who after building the most costly temple ever heard of, and trying to feed his soul on pride and pomp and human glory, cried out in old age "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" Had Solomon and Dr. Tyng prepared only one soul to receive God's pure love, the one never would have cried "all is vanity," nor the other pined over the ruin of a temple devoted to pride.

East Elmore, Nov. 24, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER.—Through the kindness of my Dear Brother P., I have been a reader of your excellent paper for the last year, and am pleased with your "Plain Sermons," and my children are pleased with the Children's letters. I am a poor widow, made so by the cruel war that has caused so much suffering the last four years. I have done my work on the farm myself three years—have not felt able to pay for a paper, so have not taken one till Bro. P. sent me the Chariot. I used to hear Henry C. Wright talk when he advocated peace principles, and would like to have you send me one of his books for children—"A Kiss for a Blow." I do not know the cost, but will send you fifty cents. If it is more than the price you may let it go towards the Chariot. Please send me an extra copy of the Number that speaks of H. C. Wright, and that "Good Old Man."

Yours, &c., P. M. WHEAT.

REMARKS.—It is very evident that this poor widow does not think that her husband was a martyr in the cause of God, and there are thousands that can not be comforted by that falsehood, notwithstanding that H. C. Wright and the host of other professed non-resistants of 10 years' ago, have declared that *non-resistants* can be *consistent* and advocate and defend a war like that which has recently filled so many hearts with woe and so many homes with poverty and suffering. What a reproof to H. C. Wright for a widow like this, made so by the cruel war, to send for a book of his writing which contains sentiments as much higher than his present teaching as heaven itself is higher than—that other warm place we have heard so much about.

A Meeting.—The Editor of this paper will hold a meeting in the *Free Meeting House*, at "ROUND POND, Bristol, Me.", on Sunday the 17th of this month; and honest inquirers after Truth, are invited to attend. Please circulate the notice at least 20 miles in every direction. I have held no meeting out of the city for many months without meeting some who traveled more than 20 miles to attend, and after each meeting have heard of others who regretted that they did not hear of the appointment in season. I wish to see at the meeting, such persons as are desirous of hearing the truth, on *any* and *every* subject relating to the happiness of the human race; and who, on learning new truths, will have the honesty and courage to *practice* them. Such as can say with one aciently, "As for me and my house, *we will serve God.*"

READERS OF THE CHARIOT.—I want more subscribers—means to publish the paper—the evenings are long—people have time to read, and why cannot each subscriber procure one more for the remaining eight months of the Volume. Forty cents will pay for the remaining eight months, or sixty-three cents for the last half of the Vol., including this and four previous numbers. It remains for the readers of the paper to decide whether the Chariot shall go on or not, by aiding as above requested or otherwise. Don't wait! Now is the time to act!