

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER, CONDUCTOR.

TERMS.—The Chariot will be published as often as means will warrant, not exceeding once in two weeks, at \$1.25 for 26 numbers paid in advance, or 5 cents for single copies. Persons forwarding five subscribers and the pay, will receive one copy free. Newsmen supplied. All communications must be addressed to J. HACKER, Portland, Me.

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.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

Reply to Inquirers.

I have, during the last few months, received letters from many of the former subscribers and borrows of the Pleasure Boat, inquiring, among other things, what I think of Spiritualism now—whether I have yet received satisfactory evidence that our spirits will exist after the dissolution of the body, and if so, whether I believe that the spirits of our departed or deceased friends are ever here present with us, in a conscious state, observing our actions? &c., &c.

To all these questions I must answer in the affirmative. After what is called modern Spiritualism came about, I undertook to investigate the subject, with a fervent desire, which I presume all feel at times, to know the destiny of the loved friends that had passed from mortal view, and my own destiny also, when the time comes for me to lay down the mortal form. In my investigations I saw much that appeared to me like willful intentional imposition,—much that seemed like fanaticism, and many things which appeared to me to be performed by an unseen intelligent power, but at the very moment when I thought I was about to receive positive proof of the existence and operations of spirits, and was the most interested in the subject, circumstances occurred that destroyed my confidence in some of the mediums, and my investigations were, for a time, suspended. After some months I again turned my attention to the subject, but the manifestations and tests which I witnessed, and the practical life of certain mediums were so unsatisfactory, that I was driven further from belief in the existence of spirits, instead of being drawn nearer to it.

I had lost parents, a sister, four out of five brothers, and numerous other relatives and friends, whom I had sincerely loved, and when I thought of the intense desire I had always had to know something certain of the state and condition of those friends, and of my own future condition, I concluded that if the spirits of those friends did really exist in a conscious state, and could possibly communicate with me either immediately or through mediums, they would have done so long since, in reply to my intense crav-

ings for such information, and as they had not communicated anything positively satisfactory, I came to the conclusion that one of two things was positive, either that spirits did not exist after the death of the body, or, if they did exist, they had no power to communicate with us in the flesh.

I had been many times told by the believers in the Spiritual doctrine, that I had received enough tests to convince the whole city, or the whole world, and that I was obstinate, mulish, and was determined not to believe, that the proof that would satisfy others was no proof to me. I wanted to know for myself, and was not willing to accept a "probability," or a "may be so," for a fact, but wanted a "know so," a surety beyond all doubt, and intended to accept of nothing short of that.

I had never, up to this time, had any settled belief about a future state. I could not believe that a Supreme Being, two of whose attributes were Love and Justice, could create, or suffer to be created, beings for the purpose of being eternally punished, or suffer them to fall under eternal condemnation and suffer misery without end, when he had power to kill or annihilate them, and if he had not that power, he could not be omnipotent. Such eternal suffering, permitted by one who had power to annihilate the sufferer, would not only impeach his love, but would also exceed the bounds of justice.

In all I had ever spoken, written, and done for my own improvement, or the welfare of others, I had never been actuated by a fear of a hell fire in another world, nor for the sake of obtaining a place in a distant heaven. I saw enough in the result of practical goodness here and now to secure my attention, and cause me to perform what I could for the well-being of myself and others, here and now, without any regard to a heaven or a hell beyond the grave. I saw wrath enough to escape from here, and happiness enough to secure here, without troubling myself about the concerns of another world, believing that if we did well here, we should fare well there, and hence, as I have already stated, I had never had any fixed belief about a life or state beyond the grave.

But when the longings to know the fate of the loved ones who had passed from my sight became intense, then I tried to investigate Spiritualism, as I have described, and at length gave it all up as unsatisfactory, and dismissed the subject from my mind.

Yet I had been conscious all through my life, of being at times influenced by a spirit, or power, separate from, and higher than myself, but knew not what that power or influence was, nor whence it came. I had traveled many years and held hundreds of meetings, in which I had spoken under the influence of this mysterious power.

When I was not under its influence I could not speak in public, and when I was under its

influence, and it prompted me to speak, it was hard work and sometimes nearly or quite impossible for me to refrain from speaking. I published the Boat through the fifteenth and half of its sixteenth volume, and a large portion of its contents were written under the influence of this mysterious power, yet I knew not what that power was, nor whence it came. I knew that when I obeyed it I found peace and happiness, became stronger in my desire for goodness, and saw others made happier through the efforts I made; and when I did not obey it, darkness and misery was the result to my own mind, and I seemed then to be a hindrance rather than a help to others. These results proved, beyond doubt, that the influence, whatever it might be, was safe to follow. Some told me it was God; some, that it was Christ; and some called it the Holy Ghost, but as for myself, I knew not what to call it, but oftener called it my Guide than by any other name.

After I gave up the investigation of the new manifestations called Spiritualism, I began to reason on the future state of man, and finally concluded that when the brain was destroyed all conscious existence must go with it, and that man could know no more after the death of his body than he did before its birth,—that body and soul or spirit must end together, as far as any consciousness to either was concerned. That as the body was decomposed and returned to the various elements of which it was composed, so would the soul be dissolved, and know no more than the decomposed body. Yet in this belief I saw just as much need of trying to do right and encouraging others to as I ever had, for as I have stated, I had always been working for this world rather than one beyond the grave. And here I was fixed, as I thought in the above belief of annihilation, when

SPIRITS APPEARED TO ME.

While publishing the Boat I saw the present war approaching, and warned the people of it; told them it would be the most ferocious and bloody one ever heard of; told them how they might avoid it, and continued to warn the nation and people of their sins till the black cloud of strife burst upon them, and as nearly all, old and young, imbibed the war spirit, and commenced to devote their energies and means to the bloody strife, there were not enough left in the regions and kingdom of peace to sustain the paper, and it was discontinued. A few hundred of my best subscribers stood firm in the truth, and I trust most of them do now, but there were not enough left on Zion's holy mount of peace to defray the expenses of the publication and I retired, like certain men of old, who had warned the wicked world, to wait for the storm to pass. By hard labor on a small lot of worn-out land, I succeeded in supplying our temporal wants so far as to keep soul and body together, and on looking round upon the world, and selecting one here and another there, who loved the truth, I could

see scarcely enough of honesty left in the balance to fasten a single truth to. I considered my public labors at an end, and having lost my little all of property, I was looking about in February last to see what to do to obtain the necessities of life, and finally had about decided to enter the city and try to obtain wood to saw for a living, when my former guide appeared, saying, "Write! Write! Write! The people are beginning to recover their senses. They went into the needless war drunk with passion on both sides. The warriors of both armies have been fighting, drunk with passion, the people have been looking on, drunk with excitement and passion; but heavy wounds have been inflicted, — aged parents have lost their sons, the stay and staff of their declining years; women have lost their husbands; children their parents; sisters their brothers; all have lost friends; hearts are bleeding, the more thoughtful and sober are coming to their senses; hundreds and thousands begin to see the war in its true light, and to abhor it; they feel their wounds, they cry for wisdom and love, for sympathy and consolation, and there is none to give the blessings; the professed ministers of the gospel are rebels against God; they have denounced the Gospel of Peace, Love, and Good Will, and are drumming up recruits for the army from the pulpit — have made the houses that should be God's, dens of murderers; are shouting men on to battle and trampling the gospel truth under foot; there are none left to comfort the wounded souls! Write! Write! Write!"

What shall I write? I inquired, and what shall I do with my writing? I have not money to publish it to the world, I have nothing to supply my own temporal wants — all is devoted to the war god—he drinks up blood and money as the flame does water, and there is nothing left for the truth. What shall I write? "Write private letters as you are inspired," said the voice.

I sat down to my pen and commenced a letter to a friend whom I had not heard from for more than a year. I had written half a page when M. came to inform me that we had neither flour nor meal in the house. What encouragement to spend my time writing! thought I, with no food in the house. I must take my saw and start out in search of work. "Write, and trust," said the voice. "You have trusted me hundreds of times; you have gone from home with but three cents in your pocket and traveled three months without ever asking for food, and have been supplied. I am the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Write, and trust!" But where am I to get food for to-day? I was told where and how, for I could think of no one that would be likely to loan me a dollar, and I was not willing to ask further credit at a store.

I did as I was directed and in ten minutes the two wants were supplied, and I was again at work with my pen. Six letters, some of one sheet, some of two, others of three sheets, were the result of that first day — more than I had written before for more than two years. I put them in the office that evening, and then went on writing to others, day after day. The answers to the first two letters I wrote contained two dollars each, as friendly gifts, making the exact sum I had borrowed while writing the first letter. "Here," said my guide, "you have

proof tangible that you were right in obeying. This sum is as much and more than you could have earned in the time, had you been fortunate enough to obtain labor for your saw, and then, had you obtained labor, you must have taken it from poor men, that could not write, and they must have suffered; and then, the replies to your letters show that those who sent this money esteemed your letter more than money." Reader, these were not *my thoughts*, they were words spoken to me by the unseen mysterious influence or power which has accompanied me more or less from childhood. Was it a spirit?

I went on writing private letters several days, under the direction of this unseen guide, when one morning, on coming down from my chamber about daylight, and when about to kindle a fire, I saw standing by my side, a female form, as distinctly as I ever beheld that of my own mother. So majestic a form I never before beheld, and such a countenance I had never before had any conception of. There was grief, sorrow, hope, fear, doubt, anxiety, reflection, pity, tenderness, benevolence, love, in short, every divine emotion I had ever seen in all human countenances, mingled in the surpassing face before me. I was looking for no such manifestation, had no thought of ever witnessing anything of the kind. It was all new and entirely unexpected, and unthought of, and yet I was no more startled nor surprised, and no less calm and quiet, than if some one that had always been living with me had appeared at my side. It was not the form of my natural mother, and yet I felt that it was my spiritual mother and guide that had long been with me. Her name is in history though I knew very little of her character at the time she thus appeared to me, but have since discovered that she was the most perfect embodiment of the female principle of the God-head I have ever read or heard of. She stood some seconds, apparently in deep thought, then with all the affection, kindness, and love of a mother, called me by name, and told me she had a work for me to do; that my public labors were not over; that there were thousands of wounded hearts and weeping souls calling for light, for love, for sympathy, and the professed ministers of the gospel were nearly all in the war spirit and could offer only stones and scorpions when the wounded children called for food.

She confirmed my former testimony concerning this war—said God had nothing whatever to do with it—that the nation, with here and there an individual exception, have forsaken God, have given themselves up to the dominion of selfishness and lust, and would not have the true God in all their thoughts — that nearly all their worship was vain and worse than worthless, for it kept the minds of thousands from finding the true God and the true worship. She declared that Christians cannot fight, nor in any way knowingly support or countenance war; and that this war came wholly in consequence of the wickedness of men—they had sown to the wind and were now reaping of the whirlwind, harvesting the field themselves had sown—were left of God to punish each other, and much more which I am not at liberty now to write.

She spoke of certain people—their spiritual condition, and the private messages she wanted me to bear to them, and promised to be with

me from time to time, and said I should no longer suffer the deep sense of isolation and loneliness I had so long endured, but should have the company of spirits, both those in and out of the body—told me that we who live may visit each other in spirit, when personally far separated, and this I have proved to be a fact. I have silently impressed my thoughts on certain minds, whose bodies were hundreds of miles from me, and have had those thoughts replied to by letters. Others far distant have silently impressed their thoughts on my spirit, and I have replied to them by letter.

My spirit mother gave me messages to a certain individual in high standing, and told me at the time of writing what his reply would be—which part of the message he would receive and which he would reject. His reply was exactly what she informed me it would be—he received what she said he would, and stated that nothing could be better than that part of my message. He rejected just what she said he would, which was the most important of all—of such vital importance that his family will eventually be broken up and distributed in consequence of this rejection of the truth, and this truth was rejected in consequence of a want of spirituality, and a bigoted adherence to points which had been misunderstood.

She told me, among other things, that I must travel some to hold meetings and declare truth publicly, and also publish a paper, and said certain ones, when they heard or read, would feel impressed to aid me, and if they withheld the pecuniary aid they were impressed to extend, through selfish motives, they would, through the same selfish spirit, in some way lose a larger amount. She told me to ask for no funds, but to go right on from day to day, performing that which would be made plain to me as my proper work.

Several weeks ago she told me to prepare matter for a paper, saying the means to defray the expense of publication would come by the time I wanted to use it. I believed it, and immediately commenced writing, and after I had written several articles that will follow this, I received gifts from two individuals, sufficient to pay for this number of this paper. The truth of her testimonies has been and is daily confirmed by outward proofs, which, if related, would surprise and confound the most skeptical.

I have heard a spirit trumpet repeatedly, as loud and distinct in its sounds as I ever heard a tin trumpet, and it was explained to me. I have been too deaf for more than twenty years to hear a clock strike, or even to hear the ponderous church bells ring when passing the churches, and have wished hundreds of times that I could hear a clock strike, that I might know when to arise in the morning; for I often awoke and waited for daylight, and dropped into sleep again, and awoke to find the sun up, not only wasting time in bed, but feeling that I had slept too much, and was sensibly injured thereby. Now if I am not up at 4 o'clock, except very weary, I hear a hand bell rung at my deafest ear. You may laugh at this, call it imagination, insanity if you please; it is reality to me, and answers my purpose better, for this bell I hear without a trumpet, which I have to use when conversing with spirits in the body.

I often hear sweeter music than I ever heard with the material ear, both by day and by night. Often while writing, my spirit is charmed—enraptured a whole hour at a time, with sweeter music than mortal ears ever heard. There is no deception, no imagination about it,—no excitement, but real, calm, quiet, pure, and holy.

One morning I awoke early and wrote the Pilgrim song in another column, under the influence of a spirit, which, when it dwelt here in the body, was one of the most pure and thorough reformers I have ever read of. In the evening I took up the song to read it silently. The moment I commenced reading, I was in an assembly of spirits, each one of whom commenced singing the song at the first word, my spirit sang with them. I could see them as distinctly as I ever saw a congregation of people with my material eyes. Every word of the song thrilled my whole being. When it closed, I saw the spirits depart just as really as I ever saw a congregation leave a meeting-house; and arising from the table where I had been sitting, I seated myself by the stove, and felt the same emptiness and loneliness of the room that all have experienced after good company have departed and left them alone. I began to think what all this could mean. On looking round, I saw one spirit sitting behind me on a low stool—the spirit of an infirm female, whom I had never seen before. Said I to her, “Where are all the people who were here singing with me a few moments since?”

“They have gone to another meeting, and to visit the sick, and on messages and errands of love and mercy,” she replied.

“And is it a real positive fact that spirits do really exist as I have seen them, and that they come and go, and hold meetings as I have seen?”

“Yes, Jeremiah, it is a positive truth.”

“And how came you here in my room?”

“When they left, one of the sisters asked me to come in and stop with you while they were absent.”

“What reason did she give for wanting you to stop with me?”

“She said, ‘Jeremiah may want something, and if no one is with him, he will not know where to find it.’”

“Well, I do want something—never in my life wanted anything more than I do now. I would gladly give all the world, if I possessed it, to know if these things are real—if those whom I have seen and heard singing here are really living spirits.”

“What else can they be?”

“Is it not imagination?”

“Were you trying to imagine anything of the kind? Were you thinking of anything like it? Or was it all new and unexpected and unthought of?”

“It was certainly unexpected and unthought of.”

“Then how could you imagine it, if you never even thought of such a thing but saw all those spirits unexpectedly? Go and read the song again, now while the spirits are absent, and see if your spirit will sing it as it did before; see if that multitude will be present and sing with you.”

I arose, returned to the table, took up the song, read it three times over, and might as well have been looking at a basket of chips. I could see only words, could not feel in the least degree the spirit of the song, nor see any one present except the spirit with whom I had been conversing. I was astonished beyond measure, and turning to the spirit I said, “I give it up—it cannot be imagination.”

Soon after, I retired to rest, and when I awoke in the morning, I saw sitting beside my bed a female form or spirit, her elbow resting on the bed and her cheek on her hand, and three other females were seated in a row at the foot of the bed, facing me. The one that was leaning on the bed arose when I awoke, told me what they had called for, and I replied. Then I stepped the spirit I had conversed with the evening before, and said: “Jeremiah, is this imagination? Did you imagine these friends were here?”

“No,” I replied, “for I saw them the moment I awoke; before I had time to imagine or even to think of anything, they all arose and left the room.”

Soon after this I lay awake, as I then thought, all night, was not conscious that I had closed my eyes in sleep at all. The room was as light as day and filled with happy beings coming and going, and all the time conversing or singing, and my own spirit sang with them. I inquired why they were thus in motion, coming and going in the night—what they were doing.

They told me they were ministering spirits visiting the sick and wounded all over the land, that they could go to the battlefield as quick as my thoughts could go, that they bore kind words and messages of love to the weary spirits of those who were then awake and pining on beds of sickness and pain, and comforted the mourners who were weeping the loss of dear friends, by breathing good thoughts and encouraging hopes into their souls.

I inquired how my body could live to work all the day and not sleep at night, and was told that my body had been sleeping and was sweetly sleeping even then, and that I was in the state that Lazarus was in when the ignorant people thought him dead and buried him, and Christ felt his condition and went to release him. They told me hundreds had been buried in the same state, and reminded me of what I had read at various times about people, who, on being taken from the grave to be removed to tombs or other places, were found to be turned over in their coffins, some on the side and some on the face. The physicians explained this by saying that when the corpse began to decompose, a gas was formed in it, until it became so charged with gas that it burst, and that bursting threw the corpse upon the side or face. The spirits told me this was a falsehood and invented by physicians to cover up their own blunders in permitting people to be buried while yet living—and that those persons whose position in the coffin was changed had really been buried alive, and had turned themselves over on coming out of the trance state. They said it was impossible for a corpse to be so charged with gas as to burst with such violence, for the gas would force itself through the pores of the skin first, and more than that, the internal membranes were not strong enough to retain such an amount of gas.

I was then carried in spirit to a battlefield, and saw the soldiers burying the dead. They threw them hastily into ravines and trenches one upon another, and I could see that some whom they threw in were yet alive, only faint from the loss of blood or stunned for a season. I saw their arms and legs move feebly in pain as others were thrown upon them, and many such were buried alive. I was then told that there was to be a war between true spirits and false, of which this outward war was a type or figure; that there was to be a greater visitation or outpouring of the spirit than ever before; that God had his seven thousand as of old, hid away in the mountains, who had not bowed the knee to Baal the god of confusion, nor to Mars the god of war, and these were coming forth with the pure testimony, that nearly all the professed ministers of the Gospel were rebels against God and on the side of war, and they would rise up against those who declared the pure testimony of truth and peace, and there would be a greater war between the true servants of God and the popular priesthood and their rotten churches than had ever before been known in this nation, not a war with literal swords and guns, but of truth and error, and if the priesthood could enlist the State in the cause of their rotten churches, the fires of Smithfield would be rekindled, or prisons be filled with the victims of their hate, and there was great danger of Church and State becoming united in the persecution, because the messengers of God must cry aloud against this war as well as against the false religion and the false priesthood that sanction and aid it. And when this spiritual war rages, hundreds will enter the trance state and be buried alive as I had seen the soldiers buried, and a command was given me to publish these things as a warning to all people against hasty burials. Hear O heaven, and give ear O earth, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it, and the word *heaven* here means the servants of God, and the word *earth* means the wicked world, the wicked priesthood and their wicked churches, so that the warning against hasty burials is to all; for even in the blind, ignorant, war-supporting church there are individuals who will be operated on by the spirit and chosen by God, and will see visions and have trances, and the priests, fearing their power, will be glad to see them plunged into the grave in a trance state, to get rid of them, even as the rebels plunge our wounded but still living soldiers into graves! So, therefore, all in the spiritual war that is coming are solemnly warned to look out for their own friends, and see that the priests do not bury alive those whom God is preparing by visions and trances to rise up against the false, war-supporting church. The priesthood, by their participation in the present bloody war, have shown what they are—have proved to the world that they are rebels against God and utterly unworthy as preachers; for the Gospel remains still, and ever must remain a Gospel of Peace and good will to men, and utterly condemns and forbids the shedding of human blood.

I am not now alone, but have spirits near me, and often converse with them as I walk the streets, and daily receive outward proof of their presence and of the truthfulness of their teach-

ings—proofs so plain and positive that I cannot doubt them any more than I can doubt the existence of the sun when I see its rays and feel its warmth. They influence my hand when writing, give me thoughts new and unusual, and sometimes throw me into an unconscious state as sudden as a flash of light, and when I recover consciousness, I find new words and truths written which I had no knowledge of writing, and the handwriting resembling that of the different ones who influence me; and sometimes, when about to write a word, my hand is arrested as if by the grasp of another hand, and a different word is given me.

I was influenced to write the following song by one whom I lost sight of more than thirty years ago—knew not what part of the world she went to, nor whether she was living or dead, till a few days before this song was given me, and it contains ideas about the seal on the ring being in the centre of the ring, about each soul being in the centre of God's love, and each moment of time in the centre of eternity, as each bead is in the center of the string, and others as new to me as they will be to those who now read them for the first time.

What I have here given in relation to spirits, is but a mere sketch or outline of what I have experienced. I have omitted to name numerous outward proofs of the reality and presence of spirits, which have been almost daily given in my outward or temporal affairs—proofs as plain and positive as the child has of the existence of its mother, when that mother is daily sending him forth on chores and errands, and he finds everything just as she had told him he would.

And now, friends and foes, (if I have any,) you have a hint as to what are my present views of Spiritualism.

My Angel Name.

BY FLORENCE PERCEY.

In the land whence I am going,
When my earthly life is o'er—
Where the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tired heart aches no more—
In that land of light and beauty,
Where no shadows ever come,
To o'ercloud the perfect glory,
What shall be my Angel name?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will their welcoming begin?
Not the one so dimmed with earth stains,
Linked with thoughts of grief and pain,
No, the name that mortals gave me,
Will not be my Angel name.

I have heard it all too often,
Uttered by unloving lips,
Earthly care and sin and sorrow
Dim it with their deep eclipse.
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism,
I shall have another name.

For the Angels will not call me
By the name I bear on earth;
They will speak a holier language,
When I have my holier birth;
Sylabled in heavenly music,
Sweeter, far, than earth may claim,
Very gentle, pure, and tender,
Such will be my Angel name.

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams,
But its beauty lingers with me,
Only like the morning beams;
Weary of this jarring discord,
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I with joy and rapture,
Answer to my Angel name?

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Once more we come to you, good friends, though not in the Boat, for that has fulfilled its mission and given place to a higher dispensation. The Boat was a water craft—its mission was to a guilty world and its guilty churches, which are often in Scripture and elsewhere compared to water. We read of the minds of the wicked being like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. In many other passages the same idea is advanced, comparing the wicked portion of the human race with the unstable waters, and whoever looks upon the world now will see a fitness in the comparison. Look at this nation! foaming! rushing! surging! dashing! splashing! rolling! tumbling! raging! roaring! boiling! like the angry billows in a mighty storm, and in its angry strife swallowing up men, money and means like ocean waves. The greatest sinner and the priest go hand in hand, to pursue their angry and bloody work! The grog-shop and the church unite like twin brothers, for they are all of one family, all of the world, the flesh and the devil! Hand in hand they go to the reeking carnage, mingling and mixing like the waters of two foul streams in one to swell the mighty wave of wreck and ruin.

The mission of the Boat was to this wicked world. We told them, church and all, for they are all one, of the approach of this storm of blood and tears, of its causes, and how to avert it and escape the ruin, but all in vain. The priests scoffed at the truth, and their dupes joined the chorus. Even their children were taught to mock at us and whoop at our heels in the streets; and more than this, we were often threatened with fine and imprisonment for publishing truth and foretelling events which have now passed by. All this we bore in patience and continued to warn the guilty till the storm of wrath and blood and ruin, which their own sins had caused, burst upon them, and then hauling up the Boat, which had fulfilled its mission, we retired, like greater prophets of other times, to the shades of Mount Evergreen, and their toiled with our hands, being sometimes fed as by ravens and sometimes by angels.

Nearly all were drunk and maddened by the war spirit, and there were but few to hearken to the truth. The world and its churches had utterly forsaken God and were divided in two, and given up to work their own destruction, while the true church of God, composed of one here and another there, were commanded to retire and remain quiet, like the doves hid in the clefts of the rocks, where the hawks could not reach them.

The sword has slain its thousands—its hundreds of thousands. A wail now comes up from millions of wounded spirits, and there are but few to comfort them. The professed ministers

of the Gospel are mostly rebels against God, and the wounded in spirit look in vain to them for light, hope and consolation; we are baptized anew, have received a higher dispensation, and now come to you the heirs of the kingdom, in a land carriage, for our mission in the Boat to the unstable world is mainly at an end. As the wicked world and its churches are compared to the unstable, shifting, roaring, foaming waters, so those scattered up and down the land who possess the spirit of Christ, are compared to the firm, stable land; hence we come to them in a land carriage, a Chariot instead of a Boat, and our Chariot is not made after the fashion of the world, a mere lumber cart for the conveyance of the corporeal body, but is built after the pattern shown us on the Mount of Salvation, to convey the spirit from the regions of darkness and doubt, or the field of blood and carnage, to the sunny regions of purity and love.

We have already picked up Bro. Mitchell, who plunged headlong in a pool or ditch of blood, after he left the Boat, and if he is willing

To be washed from the stains
Of these foul blood-cursed plains,
And be clothed in the garment of white,
He'll be borne far above,
In our Chariot of Love,
And will dwell with the angels of light.

We hope we shall find no more of our old friends so stained with blood and filled with the more than demon war spirit; yet if we do we shall try to save them, if they are willing to be saved, for the children of Wisdom and Love can have no hand in this bloody strife. If they are not willing to be saved, we must leave them weltering in their blood and wounds, till pain and sorrow restore them to their senses, and then they will cry aloud for help.

We oppose all wars, on the ground that they all come from our lusts, which we are commanded to crucify and restrain—and this war in particular, because the voice of both Wisdom and Love teach us that evil instead of good will result from it, to all concerned—to the colored as well as the white race,—for neither Wisdom nor Love would liberate the African race by means and in a manner by which thousands and tens of thousands of them must perish.

It is my wish that this paper be supported by free gifts. Many who read it will be impressed to subscribe for it, or to aid pecuniarily and otherwise in its circulation, and if from selfish motives they neglect to extend aid as their minds are impressed to do, they will lose more in some other way. This has been the case, as far as I have been informed, with all who withheld aid from the Boat when their minds were moved to do so. Millions and hundreds of millions have been given for this wicked war by those who should have regarded themselves as stewards of God, and appropriated the money to a better use; something is now demanded of them for the promotion of peace, demanded too by a power which is not to be trifled with. Some millions have been given for the comfort of wounded soldiers; and something is now demanded as a means of sending light, truth, aid and comfort to the wounded in spirit, and the demand must be heeded. Then let all watch their own impressions of duty, and aid this paper accordingly. For the satisfaction of those who

are very particular, I have set a price on the paper, \$1.25 for 26 numbers, which is as low as the paper can be afforded at present prices, and no income from advertisements, but those who are impressed to give more can do so, and then some of the poor, who are not able to pay for a paper, can be supplied free. All money received will be conscientiously expended.

The wicked are treading the wine-press—are mangling and mashing each other as the vintners do their grapes. God has given them up to punish each other for their sins; at the same time judgment has begun at the house of God—that is, with those scattered here and there in whom his spirit dwells; all are called on to stand in their lot and place. God and his truth, which have been so long trampled in the dust, are to be exalted. Those who will not bow in mercy will bow in judgment. Such as obey the voice of truth will be made strong, and will rejoice in the truth; those who reject the voice of truth will be given up to punish themselves and each other. The cause is not mine,—I am only an instrument,—I tell you the truth, and then leave all to Him who has power to cause every knee to bow before Him, or if they choose, before their own wrath.

It may be some weeks before another number of this paper is issued, which will depend on others to whom we come for means, but I have the firm belief that the means will eventually be furnished for its publication, for a while at least, even though they must be wrung from the selfish by suffering. God is not to be mocked forever.

Let all those who are in the kingdom of peace stand firm in their testimony, and fear not what man can do unto them. The servants of truth and right have had to suffer, in all ages, by the wicked; and it will always be so till the world is reformed. Let us, then, not covet an easier berth than those who have gone before us, and while we avoid courting persecution, let us not fear to declare the whole counsel of God, as far as required, and stand firm in the truth and the liberty which it gives, for though our bodies may be sacrificed, our spirits cannot be slain by man, and if they are cast out of our own bodies by violence, we shall still live and influence others to declare the same truth.

How should this war be ended? how should the difficulty be settled? are questions that many will ask. These are questions that the righteous have nothing to do with. The mad fighting world has forsaken God, and he has given them up to humble each other and themselves. Let them do so; let them fight to the bitter end. But ye who are of the kingdom of peace, have no concern in the matter. Obey the truth and the right for yourselves. Labor to be pure and good and to promote goodness among those who will receive it, and leave the beasts in human form to fight their own battles.

I shall send this paper to some who owe me for the Boat, as a reminder of the debt, and then leave them to settle with me or with a higher power, for all runaways will sooner or later be overtaken. I had several hundreds of excellent subscribers to the Boat, who always paid in advance, and some who did not. I involved myself to publish the paper, thinking I could

have the money when I got time to send the bills. When the paper stopped, I sent bills, but did not receive enough in return to pay the postage, and in an effort to redeem my property I lost all. Some of my friends have made me small presents of money, with the hope that I may receive enough to redeem the little farm, and have shelter for my head when too aged to work. If all who owe me would pay now, I could secure a home, and when too old to work, could sit under the shades of the vines and pear trees I have planted. This is the last dun I shall ever write. I now leave all debtors to God and their own consciences, knowing that those who withhold honest dues from selfish motives, will see cause to repent of it.

There will be no calling for money for the Chariot. Those who pay will receive it as often as it is published, and the paper itself will be a sufficient receipt. No one is invited to subscribe who is too selfish to give a dollar or two to the cause of truth and right. All who have been squandering God's substance on this war and on other lusts of the flesh, are required to consider how much truth and right demand of them for the support of this paper, or any other work of truth and righteousness, and to give accordingly, for God is about to judge all. He has given the wicked up to destroy or punish each other and themselves, in this war and in slavery to lusts, and the righteous are required to perform their whole duty.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The dupes of priest-craft, ignorance, and superstition, having commenced their characteristic work of traducing me at a certain place where I recently held a meeting, in order to stop their mouths and make short work of it, I hereby bind myself to pay one dollar a line for all they may forward to me, against my moral character under or over responsible signatures, and also agree to publish it to the world free of expense.

Slandering can crawl about in the dark like slimy insects, and destroy the reputation of those who declare the truth; and this is, the method the false church takes to defend itself and crush the truth, since the outside world has become too much enlightened to allow them the use of fag-got or rack for the body; but turn over the rotten boards under which they conceal themselves, and let in the sunlight, and how quick they disappear. We uncovered a nest of these slimy insects some years since, between the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, and tied a whole den of wolves at one time together by their long tails, so that they could neither scratch nor bite, and the same power can perform the same work anew, if necessary.

I could name forty old ladies within the circle of my acquaintance, any one of whom could have headed our army and prosecuted a more vigorous war than Lincoln has, and at much less expense and loss of life.

Invalids will generally trust their lives where they would not trust one dollar, in employing traveling quacks and boastful pretenders to medical knowledge.

HALL OF PEACE.

A Testimony to the Righteous.

We formerly had many readers who believed in the doctrine of universal Brotherhood—in Peace, Love, and Good Will, and hope the Chariot may find the majority of them unchanged; and for the encouragement of such we shall say a few words about war, and especially this wickedest and most unnecessary of all wicked and unnecessary wars.

We are told by the advocates and apologists of this bloody strife, that there was no way to avoid it—that the rebels struck the first blow, and if we had not opposed them all of us would have become slaves. This is a great mistake—the war did not begin at Fort Sumpter, it commenced when the first African was stolen from his native land and forced into bondage. That act was a war on human rights, and all past history inform us that however long justice and judgment may be delayed, they will finally triumph over injustice and oppression. We had not only history reproving us for the sin of oppression, but Christ taught us that wrong could not always prosper, and in addition to this, each and all of us had the spirit of truth and justice teaching secretly in our own consciences, and good men have, in all ages, been calling on us to let the oppressed go free. To all these witnesses, and their commands and admonitions, this nation turned a deaf ear, and the war between the two races was carried on in spirit from the enslavement of the first African till it burst forth at Fort Sumpter. The nation was called on to repent of its sin and cease from oppression, and long weary years did justice wait for repentance, but all in vain.

God then gave the people up, in consequence of their sins, to work their own destruction, and most effectually are they doing it. The idea that God has anything to do with this strife, is entirely false, and a dishonor to his name and character. It is the whirlwind that men themselves have raised by sowing to the wind—it is a harvest of what they have sown in opposition to the will and teachings of God, who is wisdom and love, and who never placed man in battle array against his brother.

The war might have been avoided and the cause of it removed for one-fourth of the money it will cost, to say nothing of the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, and the cripples and the widows and orphans it will leave in its train. Years ago we notified the nation of the approach of the war, and pointed to the means by which it might be avoided, but all in vain.

It is the natural result of the state of the public mind, whence it came, but the nation had no business to be in such a state. It is the result of unbounded selfishness and lust, but men had no right to indulge selfishness and lust.

Some justified the war at first, on the plea that it would kill off the dissipated, worthless class of men, who hang around the grog shops. But this plea must be abandoned, for all can see by this time, that it will make two dissipated and worthless for each one that it found so.

Others justify the war because it will liberate the slaves; and the dragon has, by this sweep of his tail, brought down such stars as Garrison, Phillips, and Wright, who, before the commence-

ment of the outer strife, professed to be non-resistants, — even Whittier has been so near the old dragon, that his poems now all smell of gun-powder.

But this justification of the war must be given up, for wisdom and love never kill one man to save another — never destroy the master to liberate the slave, but labor to save all. And furthermore, wisdom and love would not liberate slaves in a way and manner by which thousands of them must perish, as they have, by hunger and nakedness.

We owe a heavy debt to the slave, and justice demanded that we should, in some degree discharge that debt by educating and preparing them for liberty, and to procure homes for themselves, instead of turning them at once into the highway to perish.

Again, admitting it now right to liberate them by war, those without sin should cast the stones. The North is just as guilty as the South in regard to slavery. We had slavery here once, and should have it still if it could have been made profitable. It was not abolished here by people who had a principle against slavery, but died out because it would not pay; and the North encouraged Southern slavery by purchasing their productions, for the partaker or purchaser of stolen goods is as bad and as guilty as the thief, and therefore the North was as deep in the guilt as the South, and not the right persons to chastise the South.

And then, how has the war been conducted? Who ever heard of such a miserable failure! Father Abraham has had men and money poured out to him as free as water, and they have disappeared before the rebels like fog before the sun—have been led by incompetent officers to the cannon's mouth, to be shot down in winrows, where there was not the most distant prospect of victory. Scarcely half a dozen of all the officers in the army have proved themselves competent to command a single company; and when an officer has been found who appeared capable of accomplishing anything, his army must be divided, or he must be transferred, or something else done to prevent him from becoming popular and being run in as President, ahead of some one in Washington who is fishing for the office.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Why, this—that the war did not commence at Fort Sumpter, but when the first slave was stolen from Africa—the people, both North and South, are equally guilty—they were warned of the sin and reproved and called on to repent and do justice, and thereby escape the woes—God is not in it, it is wholly the work of man—was unnecessary—has and will produce untold harm and no permanent good—and no righteous man—no one who wishes well to his race can do anything to aid it. This testimony is not to the wicked—they are given over of God to work their own and each others destruction; let them fight to the bitter end; but the righteous are called on and commanded to stand aloof from the strife, and afford it no voluntary aid in any shape nor manner. Let wild beasts fight if they will, after being warned and ill-treated—let them chastise each other and themselves if they please, and prove themselves worse than devils, who have never yet been accused of slaying each other—

but let true men hold up the standard of truth and peace to the world, for they belong to a kingdom of peace—a kingdom whose servants cannot fight. Let them show a guilty world that wisdom and love yet dwell upon the earth. All governments founded on or supported by the sword and gun must be dashed in pieces or ground to powder by the truth—by wisdom and love, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, before the millennium day can shine forth, and may God grant that that day may be hastened.

Look at the land covered with churches; whose ministers have been preaching for ages about a gospel of Peace—praying constantly for the reign of righteousness—now all engaged, from the priest of the sanctuary to the door-keeper, in marching men, drunk with passion, onward to the carnage! Such a government—such priests and such churches let all good men trample under foot—let them become a cause of hissing and derision—let all good people stand aloof from them till they have humbled themselves and each other and become willing to be taught of God. False governments and false religions have shed more blood, a thousand times over, than all other causes, and the only way to overthrow them is, for those who see the truth, to walk in it—bear their testimony in its favor, till men are convinced that there is a better way. Since these States attained to what they term Independence, all Fourth of July orators and political papers have poured out floods of praise on our free institutions, among which the liberty of speech and press were conspicuous.—Where is that liberty now? President Lincoln and his advisers have, in many instances as far as they dared to go, exhibited as rank a spirit of tyranny as was ever exercised under the monarchies of the old world.

But enough about this miserable government, the salvation of which requires millions of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars. Let none who profess to be followers of Christ or friends to humanity ever raise a finger to save it; let it fall if it will and perish under the weight of its own iniquity, and then there will be room for a moral and spiritual government—the government of wisdom and love to be established in its stead.

“He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword,” saith Christ; but the clergy and the church do not believe Him. In years past, when I repeated this passage to those who believed in war, they always pointed to the United States to prove that Christ did not speak the truth. “The colonies,” said they, “took the sword and gained their liberty, but have not perished by the sword.” I told them to wait till their measure of iniquity was full, and then see the result. Now look at this war—see what the nation is receiving, and if it does not perish now—if God sees fit to give it another space for repentance, then wait till the other vial of wrath which they have been filling—the colored vial is poured out, for then the nation that took the sword will perish by it.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

Generation.

The world is now so spiritually blind that probably seven-tenths or more of all the people in civilized nations, believe that war, under certain circumstances, accords with the Gospel of Peace, Love, and Good Will.

And is this blindness surprising when we consider how the generative power, the highest and holiest gift to mortals, has been abused?

The command of the Father was, “Go forth and multiply and replenish the earth.” And the act of generation was as pure and sacred as any other required of man, but so vilely has this generative power been abused, that the purest couple when about to exercise it, slink away into darkness like the assassin, when about to commit a deed of guilt and shame. And can it be expected those begotten under such circumstances can be otherways than blind?

Place a company of young people amid beautiful groves and gardens, surround them with bloom and beauty, teach them that generation, under right conditions, is as innocent and commendable as the exercise of any other gift or organ, and let them generate amid this bloom and beauty, under the broad sunlight of heaven, and you will see a generation of children so superior to those begotten in darkness, that the parents of the latter, will from sheer shame, desire to take their ill-begotten representatives and slink away with them into the same darkness in which they were begotten.

And then, again, have not the motives that bring people together, something to do with their offspring? The judicious farmer of America fills his purse and travels to and all over Europe, to select the most perfect animals for the purpose of improving his flocks and herds, and then marries his only daughter to almost anything in human shape that happens to be rich. Marriage, which should be the blending of two souls in one, under the influence of divine love, has become as much an article of trade and traffic as anything else.

People, with few exceptions, are actuated by any motive except the right one. The instruction and training of females in this nation is such, that a large majority of them marry from no higher motives than to secure temporal homes. Hence we see millions mismated like animals. The lion and the lamb, the tiger and the goat, the goat and the wildcat, the swine and the sheep, the hawk and the dove, the sparrow and the bat, and so on to the end of the chapter of beasts and birds, for they are all represented by human beings, united in legal marriage, tied together by their tails to worry and torment each other, and give to the world a race of non-descript spirits, that have no semblance in heaven nor on earth.

These are mere hints; when they have accomplished their mission in opening blind eyes, we may give a full chapter on generation, under the influence of wisdom and love, for the world can never fulfill the designs of its Creator so long as it is replenished by human beasts instead of real men and women. Christ was called the first born of many brethren. Where are those many brethren of whom he was the first

born? Where is even the second one, begotten as he was, by a pure and holy love through the mediumship of passive instruments, pure and holy? Can all the learned divines in the universe point us to the first of Christ's promised brethren, the offspring of divine love? When we do find such children, it will not be said of them as of the present race, "They are conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, and as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward." They will need no regeneration, but only to be led and instructed in good, for they will, like Jesus, possess an inherent love of all that is pure and holy.

SINGING ROOM.

"Let him who is merry sing," and who have a better cause for singing than pilgrims, who are saved from the spirit of the world? Here is a song for such, contrasting the daily life of true pilgrims with the miserable life of the wicked world and its wicked churches. Let those sing who can sing with the spirit and the understanding also.

Pilgrim Song.

We're on our way to Canaan,
The land of love and peace;
And as our Guides we follow,
Daily our joys increase;—
Our path is one of pleasure,
Of purity and love,—
We feed on unseen manna,
That cometh from above.

The world hath tribulations,—
Care, sorrow, grief and pain;
For self is there triumphant,
And lust allowed to reign!
There many die of hunger,
And nakedness and cold;
Many by overtoiling,
In mad pursuit of gold.

And millions die of vices,
And sins that we abhor;
While millions fall untimely,
On bloody fields of war!
There, many slay their fellows,
And plunder, rob and steal,—
Many are crushed and ruined,
By strong oppression's heel!

Some die upon the gallows,
Thousands in prison pine:
Most all by sins are tarnished,
While few in virtue shine!
But God, alone, recordeth
The full extent of sin;
For, surely, none else knoweth
All that is known to him!

That world we've left behind us,
With all its sin and lust,
We're striving to be holy,
As God has said we must;
Our passions are all bridled,
Our lusts we crucify,
Besetting sins we banish,
And selfishness deny.

We've left the threatened Sodom,
To walk the narrow way,
Peace proves our path is holy,
Love cheers us day by day;
And as we journey onward,
The way shines more and more,
Each step reveals new beauties
We never saw before.

Pure spirits hover round us,
We feel their presence near,
We see the crowns before us,
And hope has banished fear.
A band of happy sisters,

And brothers sure are we;
By deathless love united,
And from the world set free.

Bound on our way to Canaan,
The Summer-land so blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest;
Where grief can never enter,
Where tears are never known,
Where all can sing God's praises,
In love around His throne;

Where birds and beauteous beings,
Of every form and hue,
Proclaim to the enraptured,
What God, in love can do;
The use for which he made them,
Their fitness to their place,
Mysteries which men have studied,
But never could fully trace.

That land of sparkling fountains,
Whose waters floweth pure,
That land of fruits and flowers,
That ever must endure;
Where fields, and groves, and gardens
Forever charm the eye,
With their celestial beauties,
And naught can ever die.

The sin and misery described in the above song belong not to Christians, but to the world and the false churches of the world.

Christians have no war. They suffer wrong rather than do wrong, and have courage enough to be called cowards, and they have their reward in happiness that the world knows not of. They do not overreach each other in trade, grind the faces of the poor, devour widows' houses and orphans' bread, and squander their gains on their lusts, while for a pretense they make long prayers. All these things they leave to the world and the world's church.

A nation of true Christians have no pauper-houses, no poor. All are willing to perform their share of life's labors, and then, if any are poor, their wants are supplied, and they are not buried alive from the world in a pauper house, but permitted to dwell with their friends. None starve in a Christian nation.

A nation of Christians have no jails nor gal-
lows. Offenders, if there are any, are reformed and saved, not degraded and crushed.

Warriors breed warriors, and peace men breed peace men, just as naturally as wolves breed wolves, and sheep their own kind. The children born in the Revolutionary war were the fighters in the war of 1812; those born in the war of 1812 were the fighters in the Florida war; and those born during the Florida war are the fighters in this war: and now the people are breeding a larger nest of warriors than ever before in this nation. The women take a greater interest in this war than in any that has gone before it, and are impregnating their unborn children with the war spirit. Woe to the country when this nest of vipers are old enough to fight.

TO THE READER.—On the last page of this paper, in the first paragraph of the article headed "Prophecy," after the word prediction, the following words were omitted:—"that the colored race are to be the next to rule this country—that the white population will disappear before them as the red men have before the whites. This prediction has been laughed at, sneered at, and treated with contempt, as was the prediction in relation to this war."

The Editor is now free to hold Meetings any day or evening in the week, in any part of the country where the "bright cloud and the pillar of fire" may guide.

MARINE OFFICE.

Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

On the 22d of February last the British steamer Bohemian, on her passage from Liverpool, was wrecked in the moonlight evening, on a ledge at or near the entrance of this port, and over forty lives and a large amount of merchandise were lost. I had seen a brief account of it in the paper, and read that several of the bodies had been recovered.

I awoke one morning, soon after the wreck, before daylight, and a voice with which I have long been familiar said to me, "Arise and be prepared to go into Sodom." I inquired for what purpose, as I had intended to go in another direction. I was informed by my guide that a coroner's inquest was to be held over the recovered bodies, and the truth was intended to be suppressed, and I must warn the officers against a sham trial. I was told by my guide that rum had something to do with the affair, and that part of the testimony would not be drawn out. Had this been the first time of receiving information from my mysterious informant, I should not have believed it. The idea that a steamer, bearing goods to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and a large number of precious lives, could be hazarded in such a manner, seemed too much to be readily believed. However, I obeyed the command, and started on foot for the city. Stepping into a store on my way, I picked up a paper, and the first article that I saw was about the wrecked vessel. It stated that the company to which it belonged had been signally unfortunate, having lost eight vessels in the space of seven years,—one of which ran upon a ledge in broad daylight, and two hundred souls perished at one time. This, thought I, looked rather rummy. Think of our line of steamers running on this dangerous rocky coast, between Portland and Boston, a boat running each way five times in a week, always in the night, and never lying by, except occasionally in the very worst storms, and more than twenty years, and not a vessel nor a single life lost in all that time! But here are eight steamers and hundreds of lives lost on the line to Europe in seven years!

I called at the coroner's office, and he was not in. I went to a wholesale trader on Commercial Street, and inquired of the trader if he thought strong drink had anything to do with the shipwreck.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "no doubt of it."

"And are you merchants making any efforts to have a fair and thorough investigation of the matter, in order to present the truth to the world?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, "that would not do—we must not meddle with it."

"Why not? You are one of the leading men of the city; your officers are pretending to investigate the matter, and it can be no harm for you to see that the work is faithfully performed, and the blame, if any shall appear, be placed to the right person."

To this he shook his head, and replied as before, that it would not do to meddle with it.

I left him and called at another wholesale store, and asked the trader if he thought that strong drink had anything to do with the wreck.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was doubtless the whole cause of it." I put the same questions to him that I had to the other, about having a thorough investigation, and received the same replies.

After noon I called at the office where the coroner's jury were in session, and was informed that the investigation was *private*. "They choose darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," saith the Scripture. Why should an investigation that concerns the whole traveling public be held in private? I sought for the coroner after the session adjourned at night, but could not find him—called at his dwelling, but he was not there—but his wife appearing to be an intelligent woman, I left my errand with her—told her I had called as a friend to him and to humanity, to express a strong desire that he would have a thorough examination of the case before him, and publish to the world the true cause of the disaster. I then returned home, and after retiring to rest, inquired why the merchants of the city were so unwilling to have a true investigation. The answer received was, that if strong drink was the cause of the wreck, and they exposed it to the world, it would irritate the owners of the line, and they would change their vessels to Boston or New York; and they rather have an intemperate line bringing money and business here, than to risk losing all by uncertain efforts to obtain a better line.

The morning papers spoke of the sitting of the jury, and stated that their reporters were requested not to publish any of the evidence till the case was finished. The jury went on with their *private* proceedings, and at length published a verdict dividing a little blame between the pilot, the fog and the ledge, and the evidence in the case was withheld from the public!

A day or two later, meeting the coroner, I asked him if he thought rum had anything to do with the wreck. "Yes, the whole cause of it, no doubt of that," he replied. "Then why in the name of Heaven did you sign the verdict of the jury?" "I could not help it." "Are you willing for me to say that you firmly believe and have no doubt that rum was the cause of the wreck?" "Yes."

I met another coroner and asked him if he was present at the investigation of the jury. "Yes." "Do you think rum had any hand in causing the wreck?" "Yes." "Do you think the vessel might have come in safe if there had been no liquor on board?" "Yes."

And now, what are we to think of this? If these things are facts, what deeper pit of selfishness, sin and utter corruption can those possibly get into, than they are in now, who permit this destruction of life and property to go on from selfish motives. The merchants of Portland permit it because the vessels bring them gain. Those who insure on the vessels permit it because they get extra insurance in proportion to the risks. The owners of the vessels permit it because they get extra pay enough for freight and passengers to pay the extra insurance, and all this extra pay comes out of the poor creatures who risk their lives in intemperate ships, or purchase the goods they carry and fetch—run a risk of life and loss, and pay an extra price for it be-

sides! If these things be true, the merchants and authorities of Portland, whose business it is to investigate and correct such matters, as well as the insurers and owners of such vessels, will yet weep and howl in agony, either in time or in eternity; for there is yet a God of justice, and causes will forever continue to produce their legitimate effects. Every wrong will surely produce its effect, sooner or later, on the wrong doer.

QUAKER HALL.

The Living and the Dead.

When'er I think of valiant Fox,
Of Barelay, Howgil, Penn,
And other worthies of their time,
Who loved their fellow men,—
My spirit bows, in humble trust,
And craves the power divine,
The faith, the love, the—everything,
That made those worthies shine.

Prisons and stonings feared they not,
The gallows they defied;
The truth they preached, that truth they lived,
Though scores and hundreds died!
Ay! died of hunger, cold and want,—
Locked up in filthy dens,
Both males and females crowded in,
Like cattle in their pens!

Ay! died of stonings, canes and clubs,
Some on the gallows died,
For preaching boundless love to man,
And death to sin and pride!
But God was with them, for their trust
Was in his arm of might;—
With conquerors' songs of holy joy
They came up from the fight.

They gained a name above all names,
The world had ever heard;
They "bought the truth and sold it not;"
They "treasured up the Word."
Their namesakes sleep beneath the tree
Those valiant men "did give;"
O Fox, O Howgil, Barclay, Penn!
Say, can these dry bones live?

The Quakers and War.

The Quakers, until within the last year or two have been exempted by law from the performance of military duty in this nation; but they have been placed by Congress on the same footing with other societies, and this is right. We do not believe in war under any circumstances; and when the wicked will have war, they should do their own fighting, and never force the righteous to fight with or for them.

All who have a principle against war, and do not want their lives nor property defended by carnal weapons, should be exempted from military sin, let them belong to what religious party they may, or to no party. But when a religious society, however pure and holy it may have been in former times, becomes so degenerated that its members can serve as legislators, to enact penal laws, which receive their support from the sword, and can serve as jurors to execute those laws, and vote for a government which derives all its power from the sword, as the Quakers have done, we can see no reason why a distinction should be made in their favor. Let them purify themselves from political stains, stand aloof from the government that is supported by murder,

and then, and not till then, can they consistently claim exemption from the performance of military duty. They were warned, many years ago, of the approach of their present trials, but like the deaf adder that stoppeth its ears, they refused to listen to what was intended for their good, and now they can only blame themselves.

We have been painfully surprised to find their poet Whittier on the side of war. His poems until the commencement of this strife, were such as would, in time, as people embrace the truth, have placed his name far above all other poets of his day, in this or any other country; and it is a great pity, not only that he is aiding this wickedest of all wicked wars, but that he is tarnishing his own fair name, which must now go down to posterity stained with an unseemly blot. It is surprising, for the time has been when his deep baptism in Wisdom and Love was sufficient to teach him that the right principle would never liberate the slaves in a manner by which thousands of them must perish.

The people of this nation, both North and South,—for both have shared in the productions of slavery,—owe the colored slaves a heavy debt, and it was their duty to first educate and prepare them for liberty, and to secure homes, instead of turning them loose into the highway, in all their ignorance, to perish by thousands.

PROPHETIC HALL.

A Prophecy.

Those who have preserved files of the Boat, by looking them over, will find a prediction in relation to this war. But the very persons who sneer at it are hastening on the event, and are so blind they cannot see it. The arming of the colored race, and teaching them the art of war, is hastening the doom of the whites—it is preparing the colored race to accomplish the prediction.

This destruction of the whites is no more necessary than this war was. It will come in consequence of the wickedness of the whites, as the war has. It is possible, by repentance, a denying of selfishness and the various lusts of the flesh, and by doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly, for the whites to avoid the impending doom, the same as it was possible for them to have avoided this war, but it is not at all probable that they will do it. Write this prediction in your family Bibles and other books that will go down to future generations, for it is possible it may have some influence, before it is too late to avert the gathering storm. You may ask how I know this event is coming, unless a thorough reform prevents it. I answer, I have seen it as I saw the war before it came. The spirit in man can, under favorable circumstances, look forth and behold coming events, as distinctly as the material eye of the traveller can look forth on yonder hill and behold objects far in advance of him, and I reveal this coming event as a warning, and expect to be sneered at in return, as all others have been treated in return for their labors of love, to save a guilty world.