

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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PICNIC HALL.

This is the season for Picnics. Everybody must go on a picnic excursion. Congressmen, military officers and other rogues. Churches, too, have their picnics, or call them so, but a friend says *they* should call them Nick Picks, for she thinks Old Nick picks them more than they do him. And why have we not a right to have a picnic as well as others? If our bodies can't meet our spirits can; so here we are and here is JAMES FLAGLER from N. York city to address us on

Reform.

"Seize upon truth, where'r 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian, or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'r it grows."

FRIEND HACKER:—I see by the Chariot, that you are at work again, reforming the world. A hard task is before you. Human nature is prone to evil as "the sparks to fly upwards," and the world appears to be getting "no better fast." Yet it probably seems to you that the "stones would cry out if you did not speak in the midst of so much wrong. I hope a satisfactory result, during your life, may crown your efforts. War troubles you, as it does the most of us, in many ways. The powers that be have it in hand to control, and we must wait the "good time coming," when "swords shall be beat into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

God, man, or the evil spirits govern the world. Pray, work and weep as we may, time rolls on, and we can only hope that truth and right will eventually prevail. The world will act its destined course and die, leaving all its truths and errors for its successors to work upon, as has been the case from time immemorial.

Our duty is to set the best example we can in our lives and conversation that a clear conscience may add its consolation to our last expiring breath.

Progress is seen among the nations when compared with ages past. Art, science, civilization and comparative security for life and property are among the cheering prospects for the future. We may not despair amid the surrounding gloom of the day. Light is coming from the dawn of creation that will break upon us in all its beauty and love.

War hath its uses no less than peace among a corrupt people. Like the cleansing storms of nature, it does purify the moral atmosphere of man. Freedom will follow in its train, and the world will be the better for it. Believe this and feel at ease, although grim-visaged war hath just now chased away the weeping evangel of harmony and peace. She will come again like an indulgent mother to her undutiful children to bless and reform.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;—
He plants his foot upon the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

—There shall never be a "wreck of matter or a crush of worlds" while our Father stands

at the helm. The universe in all its vastness shall swing clear and roll on forever with mathematical exactness. Changes and progress throughout the endless years of His universal power and wisdom will mark the ages. General laws govern from the minutest atom up to the most stupendous planet. Nothing goes wrong or contrary to natural law. Short-sighted mortals imagine vain things, and often get crazed about, so called, temporary evils, which their puny efforts avail nothing in removing. Almighty wisdom acts with definite ends in view, and had a plan to consummate in perfection from the beginning of time. All nature often appears to us as antagonistic. Geological discoveries disclose awful destruction of sensitive life in ages past. Animals prey upon one another—destroy life and happiness. Earthquakes, volcanoes, lightnings, pestilence, famine and wars change, remove and destroy, causing temporary misery and death throughout all the world in different ages. All of which are in accordance with natural law and the will of God.

A few short years will pass us beyond the immediate things of time and sense, to "float on the breeze, or walk the liquid sky." Immortality seen in the distance lends enchantment to the drooping spirit. The exhilarating music from the Eternal City shall sooner or later attract us in. When in the onward development of light and knowledge, untrammelled by the passions of the flesh, we shall comprehend the relations of cause and effect in the consummation of harmony and peace.

"For the future be prepared,
Thy utmost done,
Welcome that, thou canst not shun."

You desire an Association of congenial spirits to locate on land for the development of a better life. All very beautiful in theory, but all experiments of the kind have failed in practice because of their wickedness and folly. We are greater sinners in practice than we seem to be aware of, or are willing to acknowledge. Facts are stubborn things, and persist in proclaiming the folly of sinners. Mankind have not in any age in any considerable numbers, been disposed to sacrifice present indulgence for future good.

Working men and women might control the world and have all the comforts of life if they would practice self culture, industry, economy and temperance in all things which alone gain the mastery. False pride, vanity, extravagance and debasing indulgencies, as a general rule, with a few honorable exceptions, have ever kept them in poverty and distress. Reason and judgment must control or we sink below the brute creation.

An Association of correct and well disciplined minds might increase their happiness and independence. The weakness of human nature demands restraint and law. As reformers our duty is to act by precept and example for the benefit of ourselves and others. If none will improve through such influence, let them enjoy their idols and the consequences, while we go it alone.

"In the battle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, rely on yourself;
Whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can go it alone."

Success to the "Chariot of Wisdom and Love," may its reformatory mission be crowned with all the anticipated good of its project-or. It promises well—let its fulfilment meet all expectations. Let us have the whole truth fully demonstrated upon all subjects pertaining to the good of mankind in this and all other worlds.

"Never give up when trials come,
Never grow sad and blue,
Never sit down with a tear and a frown,
But paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Sweet and blooming for you;
There are rose-hued dyes in the autumn skies,
Then paddle your own canoe.

Up this world and down this world,
Over this world and through,
When drifted about and tossed without,
Why, paddle your own canoe."

REMARKS.—A few words in reply to that, Bro. F. Though human nature is somewhat prone to evil, yet the race might be much improved if parents would attend to the subject. Adam and Eve were good people, but they commenced to multiply too soon—before they were prepared for it. Cain was begotten under the influence of animal passion, and was a murderer. Abel was a child of love and was different. Like begets like. Some children are born murderers, some are born thieves, some drunkards, others liars, tale-bearers, slanderers, &c., &c. They came honestly by these propensities, inheriting them from their parents. Hence parents by reforming and elevating themselves, might improve their offspring. Let all parents read "Hereditary Descent," by O. S. Fowler, of New York, and practice on the instruction there given, and the next generation of children will be far in advance of the past and present, physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually. We should be careful never to charge human nature, nor the Devil, nor Divine Providence with the fruits of our own transgressions. The priests have been doing this for ages, thereby clearing or trying to clear the guilty, and placing the blame on the innocent.

A certain part of the world—that portion who allow the animal passions and lusts to rule, are surely growing worse extremely fast. Are becoming more thoughtless, reckless, daring, extravagant and unprincipled, and God has given them up to reap the fruits of their own wickedness until they shall become humbled by misery; but at the same time there is a remnant scattered one here and another there who are seeking the truth more earnestly than ever. It is with and for these that we labor in much cheerfulness and hope, having daily proof that our labors are understood and ap-

preciated and are doing some little good. We know what we are doing and have great encouragement, notwithstanding ninety-nine hundredths of those who ought to aid us stand scoffing at the same truths which they themselves profess but never knew.

While we are waiting the good time coming we must not be idle but work, for nothing but the labors of the faithful will ever bring the good time. If we sit idly down to wait for it we shall never see it. We can more than hope, Bro. F., we know that truth and right will eventually prevail; therefore let the sinner not feel too confident.

Yes, war hath its uses; it humbles men and brings them nearer to the truth; but then, men have no right to live so as to need and generate war. Freedom should come without the bloody sacrifices of war, and would, if men would heed their best teachings. Though war may be said to be necessary to humble men, yet it is not necessary for men to be where they will need such means to humble them.

We can't say with Bro. F. that nothing goes wrong. Take this nation, for example. It has known it was going wrong during all the long years it has been robbing and destroying the Red men and enslaving the Africans. There is not a man in the nation that did not know it to be wrong, and yet they permitted selfishness to lead them on in direct opposition to their convictions, and are now reaping the fruits of their transgressions. War is not among the things that are necessary; it might be avoided by well-doing.

If associations have hitherto failed it is not proof that they always will fail. "Try again" is written on all things. Go, learn of the spider who tries forty times to construct his web only to see it destroyed. At last success crowns his efforts, and he reaps his reward.

Here comes friend OBED, of Iowa, formerly of Ohio; let us hear him.

FRIEND HACKER:—This week we received your new paper and all felt something like rejoicing over your belief in life beyond the death of the body. Although I, for one, oftentimes have serious doubts, surely it must be a great source of consolation. Nothing could be greater than to have an assurance that we shall be permitted to meet with true and loving friends in a better and happier state of existence than this, where worldly troubles and vexations shall not annoy. Such an assurance ought to be enough, certainly, to bear us up firmly, amid all the trials and disappointments that we may happen to pass through in this life. Yes, give me a firm belief that there is such a state of existence prepared for the whole human family, and I should be a happy man in spite of all the ills of this world.

I understand you have had poor success in farming, and wonder if you had not better come West. Land is cheap and of the very best quality. The country is very healthy, beautiful in summer but very cold in winter. I might say something more of the country, but likely you have no notion of leaving Maine; but surely, we should like to have you come and see Iowa. We do not think much of the change in the name of your paper; but however are

not very particular how we ride, whether in a Boat or on wheels, and even if you should decide to run the thing on runners, always count on us among your passengers. If you should ever conclude to collect a few friends of like sentiments together, give me an early call.

REMARKS.—What is there, what has there ever been in the imagination or hopes of man that he has desired, hoped, prayed and preached for, more than he has for an existence beyond the grave, a re-union with the loved and the lost, where sickness, pain and sorrow, death or separation can never enter? What has he pined and panted for more than he has for some assurance that the departed still live, and that he will yet meet them in the realms of perfect bliss? In all ages this has been the first and foremost thought of all. How many weary hours, days, months and years has the soul of the thoughtful waded through for want of this assurance—days, months and years that might have been cheerful and happy, had he known that when the trials of this life are ended, he would be again with loved ones to part no more forever. Yes, all have longed, pined and panted for a knowledge of the future. And then, to add to their anxiety and render life still more gloomy, along came the designing priest with his bugaboo stories about an endless hell, an angry, vindictive God, and a malignant and crafty Devil; and for ages and ages past, the souls of men have been tortured with fearful forebodings of the future. Thousands and millions have had their whole lifetime embittered by the scarecrows invented by priests to frighten the people into their gull-traps, and shearing pens. Millions have spent their lives in anxious, torturing fears about the future, thousands have been driven to insanity and death. No wonder Bro. Obed says "Nothing could be greater than to have an assurance that we shall be permitted to meet with true and loving friends in a better and happier state of existence."

Bro. O., I have that assurance; the smoke of priest-craft has passed from before my spirit eyes. I have not a doubt but our friends live; and, though they have left the body they come and go, traveling from place to place as quick as our own thoughts can travel, and often visit us, see our condition, read our thoughts and love us still, and try to impress us with a sense of their presence; and were we sound and healthy in our organizations, and our minds in right condition, instead of being clouded with sin and error, and the things of time and sense, we should be as sensible of their presence as we were when they were with us in the body. I am satisfied of this beyond all doubt, having seen the spirits of those who have died and had numerous outward proofs of the truth of what they have told me; and when I can not see them, I feel their presence and am impressed and influenced by them. I also see the spirits of absent, living friends and, on writing to them, find that they are thinking

of me, and feel themselves in my presence at the moment I see their spirits. When in Massachusetts last June, I observed to a friend that I had written a letter to her just before leaving home, but had forgotten to put it in the office. No more was said about it; but several weeks after my return, I was impressed to forward that letter, and did so. The next day I received a line from her requesting me to forward the letter I had spoken of. At the very time that she was writing her request for the letter, I felt her wants and was impressed to send it, and when her request was coming to me by mail, the letter that she wanted was going to her. I frequently feel the desire of friends at a distance, for advice, counsel or encouragement and write; and at the very time I am writing they are writing to me for the advice I am giving. They receive my reply before their letter reaches me; and there are several with whom my spirit holds intercourse without the trouble of writing. People at a long distance from me have sometimes felt my wants and supplied them.

If our minds were not so much filled with the spirit of the world and beclouded with the errors and mists of priest-craft we should know more of this spiritual communion, both with those in and out of the body; but so long as our minds are full of houses and lands, flocks and herds, dollars and cents, merchandise and traffic, and withal beclouded by the erroneous teachings of a lifetime, we cannot expect to see nor enjoy spiritual things. Why was it so hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, in the days of Christ? Simply because their minds were on their riches. But had they been using their riches for wise purposes as good stewards, instead of cramming them into their hearts, they would have enjoyed spiritual things.

I have also seen the spirits of strangers, and described them so accurately that others knew the persons when they met them for the first time. It has not entered into our hearts to conceive or imagine how much we might enjoy here in this life, if our minds were in a right condition. I do not feel now, that I have lost any friends. My mother who passed from my sight when I was 17 years of age; my father who followed her a few years later; my sister who fixed her eyes on mine, and there kept them till the soul had ceased gazing at me; my four brothers that went from my sight; all these have come back to me, and I often feel their presence. Both at home and when walking the street I have their company. For long weary years they were hid from my sight and I wondered where they were—wondered and inquired if they still had a conscious existence; wondered if they were in heaven or in hell, in purgatory or in the grave, in misery or in bliss, but no answer came, and my soul was desolate. That dear brother nearest my own age, who had been my companion, my school mate, my bed-fellow in childhood and youth—

the sharer of my sports, my joys and my sorrows, but whose body was buried alive in the broad, deep ocean, where was he? O the yearnings of the soul through weary years to know the condition of his spirit? I could not bring him home—could think of him only as gone and lost forever. But he, too, has returned and is often present with me. A few months since while writing a letter to one of my sisters I felt the spirit of this lost Brother present—was influenced by it, my hand felt the influence, and the following was written :

Dear Isaac says :

"My spirit the ocean could not bind,
I was home before the vessel,
And long have tried to find
Some friend that would believe it,
And "Jerre" knows 'tis true,
And now his hand I'm shaking
While this he writes to you."

And here my hand was shaken by him as sensibly as it ever was by him while here in the body. There was no imagination nor deception about it ; and from that time to this I could never think of him in the ocean as formerly, but often feel his presence and have many times been cheered and encouraged by him in my saddest and loneliest moments. It is, indeed, a consolation and encouragement to believe that all our high and holy aspirations for immortality and the society of the loved and lost, in the regions of bliss are not to be disappointed. The soul craves immortality—a home with the dear ones it has lost, in a land where cold and hunger, weariness and pain, sorrow and grief, death and separation from the loved can never come ; and I now firmly believe that these aspirations will be realized in the fulness of enduring bliss.

I believe that to die is only to breathe forth our spirits into their element, Love, where they will be surrounded and recognized and welcomed by those who have passed through the curtain before us. They are all around us now, but our tabernacles of flesh with its infirmities, passions, lusts and idols, shut them out from our spiritual view, and we must remain insensible of their presence until our spiritual eyes are opened, and this must depend more or less on the course we pursue. If we separate our minds from the things of time and sense as much as may be, cease to make idols of the things of the world, making them servants rather than masters, we may come to see and hear, or at least to be impressed with the presence of the invisibles that are constantly with us. But if we choose to permit the things of earth to occupy all our attention, our spirits must remain in Egyptian darkness, while dwelling in the midst of a world of light, and love and beauty, with living spirits all around us. And if we give our minds to truth and come into communion with spirits, the purer we are the purer will be the class of spirits that attend us, for all like best to associate with those nearest like themselves.

It is not *place* or *location* that gives man

happiness, either in or out of the *body*, but *condition*. If our spirits are in a condition to receive and enjoy love we are happy ; if not in this condition we cannot be happy either in or out of the body, and if we leave the body in an impure, unhappy condition, though we enter the presence of happy spirits, we cannot be happy there any more than here, until we travel into a higher and purer condition.

Here is a little song for little folks.

Bose and Other Folks.

When my good neighbor J. moved off,
Old Bose was left behind ;
Shut out of doors, no bones to pick,
And crumbs were scarce to find.

The poor old dog grew lank and lean,
And drooped his tail and head,
And moped about as lone and sad
Like all his friends were dead.

I took him to my humble cot,
And dealt full rations out,
He soon looked thankful, cheerful, gay
As any dog about.

He wagged his tail and seemed to say,—
"You'r very kind to me,
To furnish all this food for nought—
And I'll be kind to thee."

And when I lost my little all,—
Became extremely poor,
Still poor old Bose his rations got,
At my wide-open door.

At length his house was occupied,
And he got food at home ;—
He soon grew fat—"looked mighty big,"
And hither would not come ;—

And when I meet him in the street,
And say—"Bose, how d' do?"
He looks insulted, seems to say—
"Old *stranger*, who are you?"

Who dare to speak *familiarly*]
To *genteel* Dog like me?
I take no insults, I have teeth,
Old chap, you'd better flee!"

But I forgive you, poor old Bose,—
You know not what you do ;
You've learned this pride from older folks,
Who know no more than you.

And if, again, your grub should fail,
Remember my old cot,
And bring along the other folks
Who have their friend forgot.

Here is a letter from a woman who has passed her three score and ten years. She is as bright, cheerful and active in spirit as a girl of sixteen. And why? Because she has not given herself to the destroying allurements of fashions, pleasures and passions that are consuming the world ; but has from youth up, and all through her life, pursued the path of temperate, quiet industry, making her body the servant of her rational soul instead of permitting it to rule and run riot at will. The Boat brought me into acquaintance with many such, and I am in hopes to have the pleasure of publishing letters from others of this class. How many females of this age are there, who can write a letter like this? and how different are her enjoyments from those of numerous old

crones who have given their lives to fashionable amusements, and now find their souls barren of spiritual life !

—, MAY 30, 1864.

"Work while the day lasteth ; for night will come wherein no one can work."

This, Dear Bro., is my motto, and I mean to improve the time while it is allowed me, and I think you will believe me when you receive my package.

I know not but you will get the idea that I have nothing to do but to write, but this is not exactly the case. I can work at something else for a short season, and then I must rest, and instead of sitting still I take up my pen and wield that till I get recruited so that I can go to work again. I suppose that some would think it as hard to write as it is to work, but it is not so with me. It costs me but little effort to write, as I do not move my arm above my wrist joint. So this will explain why I can write so much with so little exertion. And then when I find that anything from my pen can give the smallest degree of comfort even to a child, it stimulates me to write, and I many times feel inspired to do so.

I have a little girl friend in Middleboro, Mass., with whom I correspond, and it seems to have a very good effect upon her, as it draws her mind from the vain allurements of the world. Her mother informed me in a communication I received from her that her daughter read my letters almost daily, and wished I would write to her more frequently.

I have many friends to whom I often write, and I think my time much better spent than in dreaming over the infirmities of old age. I know not but my spirit is as buoyant and I feel as much enjoyment in rural scenes as I did at sixteen years of age ; but alas! when I try to put some of my youthful feelings to the test, they prove a total failure. But I am not cast down at this, for I shall soon renew my youth after passing over the river ; till then I must wait with patience to be rejuvenated.

And now, Bro., after this lengthy prologue, I have much more to say and but little time to say it. I suppose you will hardly credit this assertion after all I have written ; but I wish you to know how much interest we feel in your present labors. I wish I could be where I could attend some of your lectures ; it would certainly give me much pleasure to do so.

I hope you will not have any further embarrassment in your temporal concerns, and I believe you will not as long as you are dictated by your spirit Mother, for she is a capital financier, if I may use the term and not have it seem irreverent. She was a woman of more than common ability in temporal things as well as spiritual, while in mortal form, and I don't think she dropped this faculty with her body. I believe we shall retain every faculty with which we were created with the improvement we make of it while on earth. God never endowed man or woman with faculties to be lost or dropped with the mortal part. And it stands all in hand how they use them. I think Christ's parable of the talents has quite an allusion to this subject. [See Mat. xxv., commencing at the 14th verse.] I believe we may increase our talents by using them to the best advantage, and they will not only prove a great blessing to us while here, both to ourselves, and others, but in the world to come where every faculty is as much needed as it is here. Could we see the millions of souls now in eternity that scarcely know their right hand from their left, we should all become confirmed in this belief, for it must take many enlightened spirits to teach and lead them into all truth.

I do not know as you will concur with my sentiments on this point, but I think if you give the subject a candid investigation you will see it as I do.

With regard to this murderous and bloody contest, which is now going on in the fairest portions of our land, I must own my inability to even portray it in its faintest colors. I cannot think of it without feeling keen distress. How beings created in the image of God can have become so sunken, so debased, so lost to every feeling of humanity as to stain their hands in their brother's blood, is more than I am able to account for. Desolating homes and firesides, making widows and orphans and still they continue to slaughter each other without discrimination or mercy, just to glut the vengeance of a bloodthirsty demon whose end and aim is to destroy every vestige of the Divine likeness in man, that he may become like himself a fit inmate of the regions of darkness.

And then, to think that those professing the Christian faith can be so blinded as to advocate this fratricidal war is far beyond my comprehension. Can such claim any relation to Him whose mission on earth was peace and good will, teaching his followers not to resist evil, or in other words, not to render evil for evil but to forgive men their trespasses? I think it high time for those pretended christian ministers to study the character of Him whom they profess to follow, and not go back to the law of Moses for a plea or sanction for bloodshed and murder. But this is a theme too soul-sickening to dwell upon. I do not pretend to read or hear the war news, for a mere recital of the battles is more than I am able to endure; so I withdraw my mind as far as I can from such barbarity, seeing it is not in my power to stop its progress. But God will arrest those blood-stained sinners in a way they little look for. So in him I trust as in all things else to bring this devastating war to a close. O the lovely and promising youth who have been cut down in the morning of life and their blood-stained souls sent wreaking into eternity with every malignant passion of their nature excited to the highest pitch! All this has come by false education, training them up from childhood in the arts of war and how to murder each other. O Lord! how long, how long shall this be, that the fairest portions of thy creation must be deluged by the blood of the slain? O, Heavenly Father, do in thy love and tender mercy look down in pity upon thy poor fallen children and grant peace once more to our ill-fated country! for thou, O God, hast promised to erect thy standard in this our land, and that his wildernesses and waste places should bud and blossom like the rose, and that each should sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make afraid. Yea, and I know thou wilt perform this thy gracious promise however distant its fulfilment may appear, so I will trust in Thee, and Thee alone, for not one jot or tittle of thy word shall ever fail.

And now, Brother, what more shall I say? I can say that I bless you and shall continue to bless and pray for you, that all your labors of love may be crowned with success, and that there may not one word or seed fall to the ground without its producing its hundred fold of good fruit. I thank God for every soul like you who is a willing instrument in his hands in spreading light among our poor, benighted race, and showing unto them a more excellent way. How my spirit blesses such ones. Could I stand on the Mount and with the voice of a trumpet proclaim to the ends of the earth the way of Life and Salvation, how gladly would I do so; but we must wait for the

ice to thaw which incases the hearts of the people, before even those within the sound of our voices will be warmed into life sufficient to feel the efficacy of Divine Love, which flows from the lips of God's messengers. So we must let patience have its perfect work, and toil on in faith and hope for the consummation of our most ardent desires.

I have one thing further to add before I close. I have been impressed of late that you would never be left to feel that degree of loneliness and want of companionship that you have heretofore done, unless for a short season, as a dark cloud passes over the sun previous to its shining forth with far greater effulgence than is usual. This is often the harbinger of good, as the grossest darkness precedes the dawn of day. And to feel yourself alone as you have formerly done you never will unless I am misdirected. And should all outward communication cease for a season, there is a chain which encircles you that is fastened to the hearts of friends which will never forsake you, and on whom you can draw for support, when other sources seem to fail.

In much love and true gospel affections I remain your sister and friend.

EUNICE BATHRICK.

A little friend at my elbow says, "Friend Hacker, give us a song—a real new one never heard before." Well, here it comes:

Love Makes the Home.

A quiet home, where love and peace are found,
Where each in love performs his willing part,
Where sweet content and cheerfulness abound,
Such is the home that wins upon the heart.

A home where shade tree and luxuriant vine,
And shrub and plant, in all their beauty grow,
And bright birds sing, and fond affections twine,
Ah, this is Home—a paradise below.

Seek ye, Oh mortals, for the pure and good;
Oh, seek ye Love above all other prize;
For this possessed, and rightly understood,—
Ye need not wait for bliss beyond the skies.

And here comes the DAUGHTER of Obed to give us a talk.

FRIEND HACKER:—Not many days ago as I returned from a short visit to a friend, my mother met me in the door with the expression, "Don't you think, Celinda, that Mr. Hacker is a spiritual medium, and has become a spiritualist." I asked her how she knew, and she handed me your little paper, which I took and seating myself on the door step, I read page after page of that new and strange paper, which looked so much like my old Friend, the Pleasure Boat, and yet it was not, wondering all the time, could it be that spirits had appeared to my Friend Hacker! Of your sincerity I could not doubt, but was you not mistaken? Could you be deceived? These were the questions that came to me as I read, and how I wished I could see you and converse with you as I have often wished in days gone by, but alas, long miles intervene, and the thought came to me never in this life can we meet.

But notwithstanding all my doubts, that little paper had the power to cheer me as nothing had since that terrible day that my only brother first told me his country called and he was going. Oh! that terrible day when I prepared him for his journey and wished, (God forgive me,) that I could bury him out of my sight, (since death must come sooner or later,) and save him from the unholy strife.

Yes, O yes, hearts are bleeding all over our land, and those to whom we would look for

light have joined the excitement;—for 'tis war from the pulpit, war in our social circles, and war in our Sabbath schools, and we weep in vain, for there are none to comfort, for

"O'er the land in every hamlet wails are on the morning air,
Every hearth hath lost a loved one, who will fill the empty chair?
And the Fiend of War is rushing on his wild steed, fierce and fast,
And his trumpet's shrieking clamor echoes on the midnight blast."

O how often since we left our home and friends in the old Buckeye State and meet no more the old, familiar faces, we have thought of the days of our childhood, when free and happy we tripped to school to greet school mates and friends in that old school room, and that never to be forgotten Teacher.—Where is she now? We know not; perhaps she may be sleeping where the sound of war shall never reach her. Yes, those sunny hours are with the years gone by, but we remember them—yes, with a kind of sad pleasure, and we think sometimes that all the light that lights our pathway is borrowed from those happy hours, for we live more in the past than in the present.

But if it be true that spirits of the departed are with us, and we can be assured of it, then shall we take up a new song, for though our friends pass from our sight in this life, we shall have the blessed assurance that we shall meet again. God grant that it may be true.

There, Friend Hacker, I have written a long, tedious letter, but you will forgive me if I have wearied you; and I must close by asking you to write to me—please do.

Mother sends her best wishes to you and yours. She is very much pleased with the paper.

Your sincere friend,

CELINDA J. DREW.

Well, Celinda, is not your letter answered in my reply to your father? I do not expect to convince you nor any one else, that I am not deceived in regard to seeing and conversing with spirits; but if I doubt it I must also doubt that I ever saw my own mother with whom I lived the first seventeen years of my life,—yes, I must also doubt that I see my neighbors when they pass my window or stop and speak to me, for I have just as positive proof that I see and converse with spirits out of the body as I have that I see and converse with people living in the body. If your Bro. should die in the war, the time will come when you will see him again, in a state or condition where war cannot harm him. You will yet meet your old teachers and school mates. They come and go, and can see you, and know you when you think of them.

Here comes sister DORCAS with a Song for the doubting, down-hearted and discouraged.

The Angels Told Me So.

All the trials and afflictions
That we meet with here below,
Are but stepping stones to glory,
For an Angel told me so;—
And I think he told me truly,
Though my soul was full of woe.

All the cruel disappointments,
All the cherished hopes we know,
Pave the way to coming glory;
Yes, an Angel told me so.

And I *feel* he told me truly,
Though our tears like fountains flow.

All the missiles of destruction
Which the wicked at us throw,
Make our spirits *braver, stronger,*
Angels, Angels tell me so,
And they never have deceived me,
As earth's children do below.

Long I've journeyed faint and weary,
In this desert world of woe,
Meeting scoffs and persecution;
But the Angels with me go,
And I *know* they'll not forsake me,
For they've surely told me so.

O, for strength and perseverance
To o'ercome each mortal foe,
That I may with joy and gladness
Meet the trials as I go;
Always feeling Angel presence,
As I journey here below.

Ever conscious that each struggle
With the enemies of right,
Brings the jewels to the surface,
Which have vainly sought the light,
Trusting still to Angel guidance,
To conduct me through the night.

Yes, all shall work together for good to
the sincere in heart, whose whole aim is to live
pure and righteous lives.

God and his Angels will be as a wall of fire
around about them, and though they may pass
through painful baptisms on account of the
wrongs committed by others, they rise out of
these baptisms into a higher and purer state
than they had before attained—rise from glory
to glory, and go on from conquering to conquer
until the perfect day. Courage! then, thou
tried and tempted. The sun shines behind the
cloud, for Angels tell me so.

Here is a letter from one who was once
spiritually blind, but can now see.

DEAR FRIEND HACKER:—I understand you
have launched another Boat, and if you advocate
such principles as you did in the other
Boat, I will subscribe and enclose the money.
Please send back numbers.

When you were Captain and Crew of the
Pleasure Boat, I took it awhile, and when I
commenced taking it I belonged to a sectarian
church, and voted under the Government; and
it was the truth through the Boat that brought
me out of those hells, for they are nothing else,
when seen with the eye of truth. I have seen
so much craftiness in the church and govern-
ment of this nation that I can't go with them
any more.

We want you to come this way with the
outer form and preach to us; we should be so
glad to see you that I would meet you at some
point on the railroad. Come if you can.

Yours, N. C. L.

REMARKS.—We hope this brother will be
firm and steadfast in the truth, and not return
to wallowing in the mire from which he has
escaped, as some others have done.

I am receiving invitations from all parts of
the State to hold meetings, but am not able to
own and keep a horse, and have not funds to
travel, and for this reason sometimes am pre-
vented from going where I desire to. The en-
emies of peace and righteousness squander so
much on their various lusts, there is but little

left for those who would promote peace and
good will; but it will not always be so. God
will turn and overturn the wicked, and a bet-
ter condition of things will take place. He
has given up the wicked of this nation to pun-
ish themselves and each other—given them up
to reap the fruits of their own doings, and is
working by his spirit in the hearts of those who
love truth, and the time will come when those
who are willing to go into the wicked world
to proclaim truth will find friends to aid them.

Here is a song written by EUNICE WYTHE,
a woman who devoted her life to truth and
righteousness, for which she made great person-
al sacrifices, and has now passed on to her re-
ward, May it inspire others to imitate her ex-
ample.

The Good Believer's Character.

How blessed are those who're alive and awake,
Who daily their journey renew,
Who right all their wrongs and correct their
mistakes,
And life everlasting pursue.
They feel it their duty to bear a full cross,
And zealously run for the prize;
They put off the old man, the dregs and the
dross,
And with the new man they arise.

In strict imitation of Jesus they live,
And build on the chief corner stone,
The faults of another they freely forgive,
But never make peace with their own.
The precepts of Christ are the tenets they hold,
With kindness their bosoms are warm,
They feel a true sense of the value of souls,
And show them the way to reform.

They are watchful and careful to set a full guard,
And keep up a warfare within,
They never complain that the cross is too hard,
Their aim is to conquer all sin.
They walk in obedience, in virtue and truth,
They are thankful and humble and kind,
The woes of all others they labor to soothe
And cheer the disconsolate mind.

In some useful calling their time is employed,
No slander e'er poisons their breath;
They are always careful to shun and avoid
Whatever might mar their good faith.
All base, selfish motives they truly discard,
They are patient to suffer and bear;
To those in affliction their hearts are enlarged
To soften their sorrow and care.

Sweet peace is a jewel that shines in their breast,
A treasure they value most dear,
Their spirits partake with the heavenly guests,
They drink where the fountain runs clear.
O Lord, may I labor with all my whole might
To be thy disciple indeed,
To live in the spirit and walk in the light,
In union with Christ and his Lord.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

DEAR BROTHER:—I had been thinking of
writing for some time past to learn where Bro.
Hacker was, and what doing, when the Char-
iot arrived; I think it a very good title for the
paper.

I must say that I was agreeably surprised
to find your views so much changed on the sub-
ject of Spiritualism. I am sorry to hear that
you have lost your property in striving to be
faithful and doing your duty; but never mind,
Brother, I verily believe there is a home be-
yond the skies. A home where pleasure never
dies—a home of many mansions for all those
who are trying to do their duty.

You have had wonderful gifts and manifesta-

tions from the spirit land; I would say to you,
be faithful to the light given.

I have taken the Chariot to several of my
neighbors; some say it is humbug, and some
are astonished and do not know what to think
of it. I found but one man that said he must
have it, and he was one of your former sub-
scribers. He is one of our best neighbors.—
“When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find
faith on earth?”

I enclose \$5.25 for papers as follows * * *
If you do not publish any more take this as
a gift. If you and sister H. could at any
time feel your minds free to come to our part
of the country, I should be happy to have you
make your home with me. Here is a song
which I feel impressed to send:

A land of glory lies beyond old Jordan's stream
Where no one ever dies, where fields are
ever green,
A happy realm of sweet repose,
Where pain or death no entrance knows,
And Life's fair Tree forever grows.

There fruits of generous growth hang bending
on their vines,
And springs of living water send forth their
streams divine;
How sweet are Eden's peaceful streams
That glide along the vales of green;
Of such delight the world don't dream.

There saints and angels drink and lave in seas
of love;
No bliss of which they think shall be with-
held above;
For all the blessings of the Throne
Do freely flow to every one,
Secured to them through Christ alone.

Soon shall our toils be o'er, our sufferings and
our pain,
We'll meet upon that shore and never part
again;
And sing the song, Redeeming Love,
While we stand round the Throne above,
And all the joys of heaven prove.

Accept my best wishes for yourself and
Mate. Your sister in the Lord,
MATILDA R.

Thanks to truth, here comes another Spirit-
ualist on the side of Peace. It is astonishing
that all are not peace men who believe in spir-
itualism.

Providence, July 7, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me, although personal-
ly unacquainted, to congratulate and thank
you for the earnest, heaven-born detestation of
war to which you gave expression in the last
Banner. The barbarism of the old ages seems
to be upon us. Nothing more hellish and un-
christian could be devised than our present
system of human butchery. And I blush for
those who, professing to believe in the minist-
ry of angels, and the bringing of heaven on
earth, advocate views compatible only with the
existence of a fiendish God and endless hell. O,
Sir, how our poor brothers on Southern battle
fields suffer intolerable anguish, working as
the dupes of vain, heartless and ambitious
leaders. Their poor bodies wrecked, God save
their souls! I know no higher law or allegi-
ance than the promptings of my own heart,
and by its highest light I utterly abhor and
detest the whole war system. For this cause
I may suffer the death of the physical body, if
the powers that be so will it, but the soul is
unapproachable, its sanctity inviolable. Mrs.
M. S. Townsend, now speaking with us, advo-
cates the higher law of love, overcoming evil
with good and universal peace principles. So
also of Bro. I. G. Fish, of Michigan, now

here, and we have a number of local men and women who are awakening to a higher light.

If you publish an uncompromising peace journal, please send me \$1.00 worth for gratuitous distribution and I will remit the same.

Yours for truth and progress.

L. R. JOSLIN.

Here is LENA HERDNA HUNTER with a Song.

The New York Orphan.

Oh! who cares for me 'mid the troubles of life,
Who asks if I'm hungry or cold?
Who knows if I'm sheltered from tempest and storm,
Or if by temptation I'm sold!

Oh! lone is the orphan with none to protect!
'Twere better I had not been born,
Than left without parents, or friends or a home,
And treated with soul-crushing scorn!

Oh! sad have I wandered from morning till night,
Seeking vainly in tears for employ,
While lures and temptations on every side
My body and soul would destroy!

Not a crumb nor a crust have I tasted this day,
My body is famished and weak,
And now in some out-house or shed I must sleep,
For all vainly a better I seek.

Gay ladies flaunt by me in giegaws and gems,
They are blind or my soul they would read;
Oh! is there a saint on the face of this earth
Who can pity an orphan in need!

Young men often tempt me with glittering baits,
Aye! husbands and fathers the same!
But I'll die ere I pander to lust for my bread,
And tarnish my spirit with shame.

All pure will I go to the regions of Love,
My Mother will meet with me there;
She will plead with our God to forgive the rash deed,
Then adieu to the world and despair!

A plunge and a splash, and her body was found
Next week in an eddying shoal,
And the story went round that her *sinning to hide*,
She had ruined both body and soul.

But when the Archangel his trump shall sound,
And *unfaithful stewards* appear,
The sin will be shifted to whom it belongs,
For the record of truth will be clear.

Oh, fearful the state of the stewards of earth,
To whom God committeth his trust,
Who scorn the poor orphan and store up God's gifts
To pamper their pride and their lust.

The temples so gaudy, with loud chiming bells,
And organs so noble and grand,
Are food wrung from people who perish of want,
Their graves are all over our land!

Rich dwellings are stored with the treasures of God,
And *Christians* the plunder secure,
Wherever we go is extravagant waste,
All stolen from God and his poor.

☞ To the Editor of the Banner of Light, A. J. Davis, and all other Spiritualists:—I can approach a live wolf, standing at liberty, in an open field or in the woods, in broad daylight, take him without gun, dog, trap or snare, and tie his mouth up with his own tail, so that he can neither bark nor bite. How is it done? All spiritualists are requested to reply without consultation with others.

Extract of a Letter from Betsy J. K.

Much esteemed BRO. JEREMIAH:—Your kind and brotherly epistle has been received with much satisfaction, and I thank you most heartily for taking the trouble of writing to me. A short time before leaving Maine three Chariots were received from you. As I had not time to acknowledge the receipt of the papers before leaving, you will forgive all seeming neglect on the part of your sister, for it is my wish to do by my Brothers as a good sister should; and if I had the ability to comfort every heart on this earthly plane, and heal the wounds caused by sorrowful separations, no one could do so with more thankfulness than myself, for I feel as keenly as any can, the separation from my dear friends, whom I have left, and would willingly, yea, cheerfully have tarried there still longer for their comfort and prosperity, but Father felt that his mission was ened there for the present, and was not willing to let me remain; so in obedience I sacrificed my own feelings, took up my cross and bid adieu to my good friends in Maine, but though separated in body, in spirit I am there. This is one of the hardest things I have to submit to, to become strongly attached to friends, have my whole heart united to theirs, in labors both spiritual and temporal, and then be compelled to "dissolve partnership," as far as outward things are concerned, lose their society, and only by the pen give utterance to the heart's best emotions. Such is life; we meet, find congeniality of feeling—soul responds to soul—then comes a separation; but, thank heaven, it is not to be thus forever. And even now, to-day, we are not as strangers, all who love the cause of humanity and wish the truth to prevail above all things else, are in an eternal *oneness*; and while you maintain that spirit of justice, mixed with mercy for erring man, and that love and sympathy for the needy and distressed, which now characterizes you, surely you are *My Brother*, and "let all the people say Amen!" The truths you proclaim in the "Chariot," and out of it, however closely they may fit me or others, will not lessen you in the estimation of those who really desire to be made better, or to advance in the work of reformation; and I will here say that the 2d No. of the Chariot was very interesting throughout. My eldest sister, widow Mary F. Perley, died on the 27th inst., aged 49 years. She was a true believer in spiritualism, and a practical Christian, according to the best of her understanding, and consequently had no fears of death, but longed for the summons, and when it came, cheerfully and quietly took her departure. Though we miss her pleasant society here, we feel assured that with her "it is well," and we should be reconciled to all which cannot be avoided or bettered in our condition, if others are made happier by what brings sorrow to us.

Why cannot you come and end your days with us? I mean when you feel satisfied with your work where you are. We should like you and sister M. for social companions the rest of life's rugged journey—will willingly divide our bread and butter with you. Your friend John is quite smart—holds onto the truth with one hand and his beard with the other, sends love in copious drafts to you and Mittie, so does E. J. S., H. K., and all who know of my writing. Farewell in the bonds of sisterly affection for yourself and M.

BETSEY J. K.

Thank you, sister B., for your kind letter and good wishes. Tell my friend John, that when he holds on to the truth with one hand and his beard with the other, he is holding on to the *truth with both hands*, for his beard is a part of the truth, as nature gave it to him for a wise purpose, and it would be wrong to part with it.

Now a word to the reader. I saw the *spirit* of the sister who wrote the above, some weeks before I ever saw her person, and described her peculiar form, features and meek, humble countenance so accurately that the person to whom I described her recognized her at first sight as the person whose spirit I had seen.

Here is a letter from Michigan:

Laphamville, Aug. 30, 1864.

BRO. HACKER:—I have seen the 2d No. of the Chariot of Love, and it was a feast to me, and I want you to send it to me, for I believe it to contain the right principles, and am glad that there is one that is bold enough to step forth and dare to do right, though the Heavens fall. Go on, and God speed the day when mankind may step forth from all shackles and go upon the principle of right and justice to all, of every nation or color, and not be confined to our little circle of neighbors, but take in the whole world, and consider them as our brothers and sisters. But it has been our church, our State, our Government, against the world, and all outside of that was predestinated to damnation. But when mankind take in the whole world and acknowledge them as brethren, then he is upon the right track, and has established himself upon a foundation as broad as the universe, and acknowledged that God is the Father of all; and when we work for the good of the world, we are working for our own good and infinite happiness.

Enclosed I send you \$1.25 for the Chariot of Love, and wish you to send the first No., as I wish all the Nos.

Respectfully yours,

LOVINA H.

☞ DRINKING.—We have heard of many persons who have been injured, and of some who have been killed by drinking cold water in hot weather; and if every one will read and practice the hints we are about to give, such occurrences will never be heard of again.

Learn of Nature and live in accordance with her laws and teachings, and you will escape many diseases that flesh is falsely said to be heir to. The beasts of chase—those that live on other animals, and have to run down and worry

out their prey, and are therefore liable to be heated in the chase, all lap up their water making a sort of spoon of their tongue. In this way you will perceive they take their water much slower than if they drew it up in large draughts, and it does not require half so much water taken in this moderate way, to cool the mouth and throat, and quench thirst as it would if they swallowed it faster in larger draughts.

On the other hand, animals that get their food by grazing with moderate exercise and are not liable to become heated, instead of lapping up a little at a time, draw it up in large draughts. Now, guided by these hints, let us find how man should drink. He was not born with a quart pitcher in his hand, neither was it intended that he should go down on the earth and place his mouth to the water to lap it up like the dog, or draw it up like the ox. By curving his thumb and fingers, and holding them near together his hand forms a dish just large enough to drink from. This dish was provided by nature; to dip up water in his hand is the way nature designed that he should take it; and taking it in this moderate way his thirst is quenched with less than one half that he would swallow if pouring it down his throat from a large, full dish; and being taken moderately it is not injurious. Let no one drink faster than he would if he dipped up his water in his hand, and we should never hear of injuries and death by drinking cold water.

Keep thou, thy conscience pure,
And wrong thou canst endure;
And make thy calling sure;
Then happy angel bands
From the bright summer lands,
Will bear thee in their hands,
To where the Master stands,
Where thou'lt receive a crown
In love divine,
Worth more than earth's renown
To thee and thine.

Well, we have had a good Picnic, have we not, better than you get on a dollar excursion to the Islands or the city? And all for five cents, with three or four hundred letters and songs left for the future; and now we will close our Picnic feast with an extempore song from the Conductor.

The Present and the Future.

Shall strife and war forever reign,
And God's fair earth be stained
With life-blood of the robust youths,
To deeds of slaughter trained?

And vengeful passions fire the soul,
Where God's pure love should dwell,
And earth outdo in sin and shame,
The clergy's fabled hell?

And widows' wails for e'er be heard,
And orphans' sigh of grief,
And aged parents, 'reft of sons,
Fade like the autumn leaf?

And cripples hobble o'er the earth,
Aided by crutch or cane,
And all the skies seem clothed in black,
Mourning the early slain?

And pauper houses e'er be crammed,
With victims made by war,
And crimes that follow in its train,
Which all the pure abhor?

And courts and prisons still remain,
To crush the erring soul,
That should be washed at Wisdom's fount,
And by our Love made whole?

And slander, like the venom'd asp,
Sting all the good and pure,
And blood hounds hunt the wounded ones,
To make their ruin sure?

And man defraud his fellow man,
In hoarding filthy pelf,
And strong ones crush the poor and weak
In guilty greed for self?

And each live wrapped in selfishness,
A slimy, shell-clad snail,
Regardless of the widow's woe,
And orphan's piteous wail?

And temples rear blasphemous spires,
In mock'ry, to the skies,
And heartless words be mumbled o'er,
Where living praise should rise?

And godless priests, all fat and sleek,
Stalk o'er the sin cursed land,
Proclaiming War instead of Peace,
A worthless, locust band?

And debts by millions multiplied,
Poor toilers to enslave,
And change, by force, the honest few,
To murd'rer, thief or knave?

And sin and lust at noon-day flash,
In gemmed and jewelled pride,—
Ten thousand dollar Bishop robes
Float in the motly tide!

And whoop! and hoorah! (for the church
That shows most pride,) go round,
And priest and deacons with their dupes,
All chuckle at the sound?

Great villains sit in choicest pews,
Whov'e bought the church with gold,
And gamblers, shylocks, jugglers, too,
Are pillars of the fold!

While here and there a threadbare coat,
Or shawl with faded ray,
Covers an honest, saintly heart,
But sadly led astray?

Such is the fashion of the world,
And must it ever be?
Will man e'er 'merge from barb'rous night,
And in the light be free?

Ah, yes! the truth will yet prevail,
And man will yet arise,
And own his kindred to the good,
The just, the pure, the wise;—

Then sword to ploughshare will be changed
And spear to pruning hook;
And nations cease to lift up swords,
As written in the Book;

And Peace and Love will reign o'er earth,
As waters o'er the sea;
And earth will ring from end to end
With songs of jubilee!

Then struggle on, ye faithful few!
Your toil your vict'ry seals,
Though earth and hell around you rage,
Roll on the Chariot wheels.

And oft we'll drive through sunny climes
Of beauty rich and rare;
And gather golden fruits of Love—
Rewards for toil and care.

And when our mortal forms we leave,
Bright Angels hovering near,
Will welcome us with songs of joy,
Into their deathless sphere;

Where we may visit quick as thought,
The friends we left behind,
And breathe the sweet thoughts and holy hopes
To their desponding minds.

And thus we'll spend our time in Love,
Forever doing good;
Until we see this wicked world
One Loving Brotherhood.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Impossible to Please All.

It would be impossible, utterly so, for a man to publish a paper that would suit every body, even if his aim were to please. I have often wished my subscribers could read only one bushel of the letters I have received while I have been publishing the Boat and the Chariot. One writer says, "Don't say a word about the war. Let all alone, and give us something else." Another writes, "If you will write in favor of this righteous war, we can send you two hundred subscribers from this town, and probably, some who are rich, would make you handsome presents besides." A strong argument this would be to a poor man, who had no assistance, and whose whole aim was to obtain money, but as a pure Spirit from a higher sphere has promised me that if I will do right, I shall not starve, and as the promise has been verified during the past six months, while constantly traveling or writing under the direction of this and other spirits, without having had time to earn a dollar by manual labor, I do not feel the temptation, as I am not publishing the paper for the purpose of obtaining the greatest possible number of subscribers, but to communicate truth to the few who are prepared to receive it. This writer says, "If all other wars have been wrong the present is a righteous one, and every christian ought to be in favor of it;" but I have failed to discover any righteousness in this or any other war, and must be true to my own convictions. The trouble must be settled in calm, sober earnestness, after all the fighting, and this could have been done better before the war commenced than now, and better now than after there has been more fighting.

Another writes for me to denounce the war in every paper, and assures me if I will do so, I can have subscribers enough to make me rich." Am I not rich enough now? Have I not nearly half a barrel of flour, given me by a friend whom I never saw but once or twice; and has not my guardian spirit Mother moved on the minds of various people to send me little sums for my own use, just sufficient for the last six months, to furnish the plain necessities of life, and what more do I want? What! offend and lose a friend like this, who comes to me in my darkest and most lonely hours, and cheers my soul with the sweetest music, and tells me to go on and be faithful and I shall not suffer more than I am able to bear; and then goes right off and impresses, perhaps some stranger who never saw but one No. of the Chariot, to send me the very thing I most need! Swap a friend like this for filthy lucre! No, never! And this is not the only guardian spirit I have. Many visit me, and their promises are sure, so glittering gold has no temptation for me more than the dust I walk on.

One writes that the Chariot will surely stop if I do not engage in politics. But this is a

great mistake. If my life and health continue the Chariot will surely make its 26 excursions though it may be slow. If I cannot have regular subscribers enough, who love truth, to support it, I shall ask *rich sinners* to help—those who have been squandering hundreds, thousands and millions on their pride and lusts, on politics, and war, and Sanitary fairs, &c., &c., and they will help, for the Angels tell me that God is turning and overturning, and that God's substance shall not always be spent so lavishly in the service of sin, while hungry souls are pining and fainting for truth.

One man thinks I had better not mention the subject of temperance at all. He, probably, wants a drop, now and then, and don't want to be tormented; but he had better let the stuff alone, for his nose shows the marks of it now.

Miss Flora McFlimpsy dislikes what I say about female dress, and thinks that in meddling with that subject I am out of my proper sphere. Mrs. Partington is grieved at what I say about the Clergy and the church. She admits there is a great deal in the church that is not pure, but then she thinks the *Paradox* churches have done some good, for when boys are there they are not robbing hen roosts and gardens; and "Ike" wants me to have a "hennery" or at least a "hen coop" in the Chariot. Poor boy, he has probably contracted the habit of sucking eggs, and *them's* very high now, and scarce at that. Another one writes, "Dear Sir,—As you have run your craft into the quicksands of Spiritualism, I can go no longer with you." Poor man, what will he do when he slips out of his house of flesh and finds himself *all spirit*, and in the presence of none but spirits? He had better stay in the Chariot, and try to get some glimpse of the country and inhabitants he is going to, before he gets there, or he may feel himself a stranger in a strange place.

Thus every one who is selfish wants the Chariot to serve him in some selfish scheme, while, blessed be the truth, there are a goodly number of darling friends on board who say, "Tell the *truth*, the *whole truth*, and *nothing but the truth*, let it cut or hit where it will;" and this agrees exactly with my views, and it happens that this class are the very best people I am acquainted with. And now we come to that very *delicate* subject

MARRIAGE.

One dear sister whom we have never yet seen in the form, says that she was in company with some of Mrs. Grundy's friends when the Chariot arrived on its first excursion, and had it not been for what I said about Marriage or generation, she could have obtained a dozen subscribers, but as it was she only got about one quarter of that number. Good! I'd rather have three sheep than a dozen goats any time. But why are people so opposed to hear a word on the subject of marriage? Simply because they and their offspring are so full of Inst that they cannot endure the sight of themselves in the mirror of truth. They live in such a way, and beget such animal natures in their offspring, and keep them in such ignorance on this most vital subject, that they dare not have the ulcer touched or uncovered for fear of the infection.

And must we always be silent on this subject because Mrs. Grundy and her friends cannot bear the sight of their own deformity and impurity? Reader, did you ever turn over an old board or slab in summer time, that had been lying some time on the ground, and notice what swarms of all sorts of worms, bugs and other insects were nestling there, and observe what a scampering to some hiding place when sunlight fell upon them? Well, that is

marriage,—not as God ordained it, but as it exists now. Marriage as it is now, is an old slab, under which every kind and degree of impurity nestles—every sort of impure reptile has a hiding place there, and if any one attempts to turn the old slab over and let in the sunlight of truth, O what a bustle there is, what a monstrous and terrible outcry! and those who are blinded by their impure thoughts reason just as though the true marriage must be destroyed if the false one is! Must we be silent and let this nest of poisonous insects and reptiles alone, because exposure will cause them to hiss, or create a disagreeable smell? No. Love without wisdom, to save the patient present pain, will put a smooth plaster on a wound, or pour on the ointment without probing it, and leave the patient to perish, but wisdom probes the wound to the bottom, even though the patient does writhe with pain, and his friends cry "What a cruel or indecent surgeon!" and then, when Love pours on the ointment a cure will be certain. People have always been opposed to having their wounds probed. The drunkard wants to hear nothing about his drunkenness; the thief wants to hear nothing of stealing; the man of falsehood wants to hear nothing about lying, and so on to the end of the long chapter, not excepting those who pretend to take refuge under the command of God to multiply, and then fill the world with untamed and untamable animals, instead of men and women in the image of God.

Our most intelligent farmers go to Europe with full pockets, and spare no pains nor expense in purchasing and transporting animals, even to the swine for the improvement of their herds and flocks. Then these animals are placed in the most favorable circumstances, and conditions to accomplish the designs of their owners, and the result is published to the world, and exhibited publicly at the Agricultural fairs, and even Mrs. Grundy has been known to be present with her daughters and to express her admiration of the improved animals and make invidious comparisons between them and the unimproved scalliwags; but when a word is said about improving the human race, a whole menagerie of wild beasts is stirred up, and O, what a howling, quacking and hissing!

Is there not need of improving the human race? Look at them! One half die before they are seven years of age! What would a farmer think of such mortality among his flock? Would he not seek for the cause? And one half of the other half are so miserable, pindling & unpromising, that if a farmer's stock were in such condition he would knock them on the head and throw them over the wall. Consumption, scrofula, rickets and almost every conceivable disease in young people, inherited from the lusts and vices of their parents—rotting before they are ripe—their teeth gone before their bodies are grown! In fact their bodies never get their natural growth, and each generation is more diseased than the last, and their minds as far from a true, natural condition as their bodies! All these things and more are true—we challenge denial! We say then, there is need of improvement. Nay, it is a sin and a crime not to improve the race. We say also, that improvement can be made, but how can it be done unless people's minds are called to the subject? How shall they know these things unless they hear? and "how can they hear without a preacher?" and how can any preach if they obey Mrs. Grundy?

We shall from time to time speak on this subject, "as way may open, and ability be given." If people would become Shakers, or stop breeding till they are prepared to improve the race, we might keep still; but so long as they go on filling the world with diseased bodies and discordant minds that make public pauper houses, courts and prisons necessary, it is every

one's business and duty to speak out on the subject, to reprove, exhort or instruct, and he who withholdeth committeth a great sin; and he who refuseth to aid in sustaining a paper simply because it treats on this subject, will repent of his error when it is too late to correct it.

Children should be correctly instructed on this matter, not left in the dark to fall into the pit of misery; and were they properly instructed in regard to *every organ* of their bodies, their uses and abuses, and of the terrible consequences of abuses they would be in no more danger in reading of these matters than on any other subject. It is a mistake—a terrible mistake for parents to bring up their children in such utter ignorance of the use and abuse of any of their organs. *Physiology in all its parts and bearings*, should be taught in every family and school. Young people should not be left to turn loose a cage full of wild beasts, or to touch fire to a mine of powder without knowing it.

This subject lies at the foundation of all reforms. Men have been trying for ages to make the world better, while it has been all the time growing worse. True, it has advanced in what are called civilization, arts, sciences, &c.; but physically, it has been growing more diseased, shorter lived, less moral, more unprincipled, dishonest and reckless, simply because the reform or its efforts has not begun at the beginning. The axe has not been laid at the root of the evil tree, but efforts have been made on the branches. If children come of sound, healthy parents, under the influence of love, there would be no need of regenerating or remodeling them. They would naturally incline to good and need only to be led and instructed in good, and they would willingly follow. But being the offspring of lust, like some spoken of in Scripture,—conceived in sin and prone to iniquity as the sparks are to fly upward, you may try to regenerate them till their heads are grey, and they will be at heart the same carnal creatures they were before—nothing but the death of the body will prepare them for real improvement. There is as much difference in the disposition of children as there is in sheep and goats, or hawks and doves, and all honestly inherited from their parents. Children are born thieves, liars, drunkards, &c., and receive these mental diseases from their parents as surely as they do physical diseases.

Finally, we advise all parents, and all who expect to be parents to purchase Fowler's Book entitled *Hereditary Descent*, if they have not read it, and study it thoroughly, and then purchase the most thorough work they can find on *Physiology*, and teach their children the legitimate use, as well as the *effects of abuse*, of every organ of their bodies. When all have done this they will not be quite so fearful of necessary truth as they are now.

People, now, think Esau was very foolish to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, and then away they go and vote away their birthright, and have to work for their pottage, paying an extra price, too, and that is just the difference between Esau of old and the Esau of to-day. One got something to eat for his birthright, the others get nothing, but have to pay a double and treble price for it!

I shall occasionally send parcels of papers to particular friends, which I wish them to circulate where they will be likely to do good. Do not war them to ministers, nor to sectarian bigots, nor war demagogues seeking office, for such persons usually destroy or hide truth;—they are farther from grace and godliness than publicans and sinners;—have got the *little a'mighty self* between them and the light; we must leave them till others are gathered, for they will be the last to come in. Give the papers to honest, inquiring persons, who will read them and then pass them to others;—thus they will do good. Many have expressed a wish to circulate the paper, and some have bought from 10 to 100 for that purpose. All such are entitled to many thanks.

The CHARIOT is picking up the best class of passengers wherever it goes—those who are striving to rise or have risen above the brutes, and are striving to be good and to do good. Pass it round and let the number increase.

The CHARIOT will be published Monthly for a short time, till we can get ready to settle down for winter.—TERMS \$1.25 for 26 numbers.

Please not send me Western bills, if you can get "Greenbacks." New York money, and all bills outside of the New England States, I have to sell to Brokers at a discount. Greenbacks pass anywhere, and though they are not worth much, they are as good as any.

It is hard work to get a paper printed now, even when I have the money to pay for it, for politicians have the control of the few printers who have not been killed, and of the press.

Some one in a letter dated Portland, enclosed money for the CHARIOT, and a gift besides, but omitted name. Who was it?