

# CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 4.

## J. HACKER, CONDUCTOR.

TERMS.—The Chariot will be published monthly until further notice, 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, Maine.

### 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.

### NATIONAL HALL.

#### Cause and Effect, or the Laws of Compensation.

Mansfield, Ohio, Aug. 30, 1864.

FRIEND HACKER:—Many years ago I used to take the Boat on account of the doctrine there-in promulgated. Often it would conflict with my notions; but the good (I considered) overbalanced the evil. I was pleased to read for the straight forward manner it was conducted, trusting that the time would come when people generally would progress to the plane on which the Captain wrote.

I always considered him to be in advance of his time, as I now do of Socrates, that he wrote as he lived, in advance of his age.

It is right to have pioneers to break the ground in advance, and minds to go ahead in the road of human progress. If they are individuals of humble birth and moderate pretensions they will take better, proving the one point, that the individual has no other motive but the good of all; for he is poor and no ambition prompted him but the love he has for his fellow man. I remember part of a story told by a poor woman who was in distress and want at a particular time, when she first saw the Captain of the Boat.

She says, "on a Saturday evening she wandered into a baker's shop without money, without credit, and without friends, hungry and with children at home hungry, who had nothing to eat. What to do she did not know. The next day would be Sunday, and no means to satisfy their craving appetites.

She says she stood back near the door of the shop as a man, who had just paid for what he had purchased, and received back some change and put it into her hands as he passed out without speaking to her, which afforded food for her and her children over the next day. She afterwards learned that it was the Captain of the Boat."

[May God bless all such men.]

Enclosed is one dollar for a few numbers of the Chariot, beginning at No. 1, and oblige  
Your Friend, S. W. EELS.

REPLY.—Sometimes people have notions that are notions only. When they read they should inquire whether it is their notions or their truths that are hit.

Yes, Bro. Eels, I remember the poor widow well, and her pitiful tale, for I have since learned her history and her fate; and "hereon

hangs a tale." She went out washing and scrubbing for the rich—cleaning clothes too good for her to wear, houses too good for her to live in, and churches too good for her to worship in, and thus provided for the wants of her young and dependent family until her body was worn out and sunk into an untimely grave. Her only son has been killed in this unholy war, and her three daughters, (all once beautiful persons, being left in poverty to struggle with the cold-hearted world, remembering the hard and sad fate of their mother,) became discouraged, and have all been seduced and are now inmates of houses of ill-fame, leading to destruction the sons, brothers, aye, husbands of the very persons who ought to have saved the widow and orphans from ruin!

Her pitiful story was published in the Boat, and circulated over this city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and a score or more of churches, yet not a single soul among them all even inquired for the destitute family, or offered to befriend them, and now they are reaping what they sowed in the destruction of their sons, brothers and husbands!

Thus a law of compensation runs through the history of individuals, families and nations! We were designed for a universal brotherhood. Some with higher capacities than others, are designed as stewards of the family, to accumulate the temporal things of life, and distribute them as they find need and want; but betraying their holy trust, they hoard up earth's treasures, or squander them on their pride and lusts, and in consequence thereof the poor whom it was their duty to befriend, fall into sin, and then drag down to perdition the very persons or families who had robbed them or withheld what they needed. Thus it is and thus it will be. The law of compensation is sure; and when the haughty or selfish, clothed in costly garments, bedizened with silly but costly ornaments, scorn the poor whom they meet in the streets, or leave behind when they tiptoe to church, they are by that same scorn and neglect, preparing instruments to draw down their own children to the pit. This law they cannot escape in any way, but by performing faithfully their honest duty as stewards of God. Every sin, every transgression of the law of right, is sure to be punished in the end; and though the unjust stewards hide under a mountain of pious profession, judgment and justice are sure to overtake them or theirs.

A man lies, and cheats, and grinds the face of the poor, and withholds the necessities of life from the widow and the orphan, to hoard

up riches for himself and children, and those riches prove the ruin of his children, aided by the vices of the orphans whom he might have saved, and whom, if he had saved, might in turn, have been the saviors of his own children!

If a man publishes truth that the world is perishing for want of, and goes into the street to sell or give it away, he is treated with scorn and contempt by the very persons who need it most, and for whom he is laboring; and is hooted at in the street by their children; yet he may live to see those children ruined for the want of that truth which their parents despised. I have lived to see this in hundreds of instances. I remember a youth of 14 years who used to buy the Boat of me in the street, at a time when I was publishing articles on Temperance. I asked him one day why he bought the paper. He replied, "because I want to be a good man, and the Boat tells me how to." His father was a pious church-goer, and could not hear the truth, and forbade his son's reading it. That son is now in a drunkard's grave!

I remember a stubborn boy whom I had occasion to reprove for misconduct in school. His mother "flared up" without inquiring into the circumstances, took the boy's part and justified or palliated his rebellion. That boy afterwards took charge of the old homestead, and was to maintain his parents. He squandered the property and hurried himself into a drunkard's grave in doing so, and the poor old parents were carted off to end their days in a pauper house! Transgressors may call for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the penalty of the law of compensation, but they will call in vain.

We see the workings of this same law in the present war. The people who came to this country under a high and holy profession, to establish a just and righteous government, and enjoy religious liberty, persecuted those whose religious views were different from theirs, and now under the law of compensation their own temples are given to the moles and the bats, and are the dens of wild beasts, not literally it is true, but figuratively. Those who now worship in their temples know no more of spiritual light than moles and bats do of day light, and the action the churches have taken in this war prove them to be on a plane no higher, if so high, as that of ravenous beasts.

The settlers of this country and their posterity, with all their professions of justice and piety, permitted selfishness to rule them, and went on to rob the Red men of their land,—

stole and enslaved Affricans, the South working the slaves and the North, through selfishness, purchasing the productions (and thus upholding slavery) because they were cheaper than the productions of free labor. Thus both South and North profitted by slavery, and now the wheel of compensation has turned round, and the profits of slavery are swept away together with compound interest in blood!

We also see this law executed on the Quaker minister of Vassalboro', Maine, who, when the war commenced begun to run his mill day and night to furnish cloth for the army. Had he adhered to the peaceful doctrines of his worthy ancestors, he would have had nothing to do with army cloth, for to furnish clothing to the army was aiding the war as really as furnishing guns, or leading the army to battle. He has had two mills burnt up, (the last, and a new one, without insurance,) it is said in the papers, by spontaneous combustion. Had he been running his mill regular hours, and in moderation of the true Quaker spirit, the materials in the mill would probably have been taken care of, and not allowed to remain long enough to generate fire; but in the hurry and confusion and neglect of this or of that, which must always be present where things are driven to extremes, caused the destruction. And thus all wrong doing has the elements of spontaneous combustion within itself, as may be seen if we will but open our spiritual eyes, and will eventually destroy itself. There needs no special act of Divine Providence to correct any wrong, for every wrong has within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Selfish men use dishonest means to accumulate wealth, and wealth begets idleness and dissipation and wickedness in their children, and the idleness, dissipation and wickedness contain the elements of their own destruction. The wheel of compensation turns; the second or third generation squanders the fortunes dishonestly accumulated or selfishly withheld from good works; the heirs go down—the wheel of poverty passes over them, they arise and work and are better than he who was rich. If people understood this law they would find it for their *own interest* to be just, industrious, full of good works, and thus that base passion, selfishness, would become really useful, like a wild beast tamed and harnessed to useful employment. It was the beasts, fowls and fishes *within ourselves* that God gave us dominion over; but instead of ruling them we permit them to rule us. We stuff our bodies with the beasts, fowls and fishes of the outer world, thinking we are obeying a command of God which gave us dominion over them; and are all the time becoming more like the brute creation, by reason of our food, and at the same time are permitting the beasts within us to run wild, and draw us into evil, instead of taming and ruling over them. Yes, friends, our evil doings will find us out, for they will

surely produce their legitimate fruits. If we cheat, wrong or defraud our fellow men, there is a seed in that evil which will sooner or later produce its briars or its thorns. If we withhold from the poor or from any good object that which it is our duty to give, the thing withheld will in some way bring us evil. In the first number of the Chariot I stated that if those who felt impressed to subscribe for or aid the Chariot, withheld that aid from selfish motives, they would lose as much or more in some other way; whereat a good old friend, who was in the light when the Boat stopped, but is now very much in the dark, accuses me of saying, that if people don't help *me*, God will punish them! I said no such thing—thought no such thing. I looked only to this law of compensation—of effect and cause, running through all our acts. If untamed selfishness leads a man to withhold what should be given to a good cause, the thing withheld is out of its place, like an impediment in the wheels of a watch! I know this to be a fact, from experience and observation. Have seen it in hundreds of instances.

My old friend filled a large sheet of paper with his false accusations, misapprehensions and grumblings at things, all of which could be clearly explained if I had the time to spare, provided he had light enough to see and understand.

*Selfishness*, which is now doing so much mischief, more perhaps than any other wild beast, if it were tamed and harnessed to the car of real usefulness, would become one of the best, if not the very best beast ever harnessed. If all men could see that it is *better for themselves* to do good to others with what they can spare, than it is to hoard it up, or squander it on unnecessary things, all mouths would be filled.

If the indolent who live without work, could see that a proper share of honest labor would benefit both body and mind, they would be willing to take hold of labor and lighten the burdens of those who are overworked. And thus the wild beast Sloth would be harnessed to the car of usefulness and do good service. We have all the animal creation represented within us, and when they are all tamed and harnessed to the Chariot of Wisdom and Love, we shall soon find ourselves in the Millennium clime. The wilderness within us will blossom as the rose, and barren deserts become fruitful fields.

Ministers sometimes tell us to crucify selfishness, covetousness, &c., &c. I say not so. Do not kill these wild beasts; they were made for our use, and when we are guided by Wisdom and Love, you will see it so. Instead of crucifying selfishness, for example, tame and harness it and let it work for good. Let man see that to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, would give himself more genuine enjoyment than it would to spend the same money for a glass of brandy, and he will deny his ap-

petite for brandy and purchase the loaf for the sake of the enjoyment the good act produces in his own mind; and this is what I mean by selfishness tamed and harnessed, to work usefully; and thus of all other wild beasts within us which the priests call evil passions only because we have permitted them to run wild and draw us the wrong way. They are all good, and given us for our good, and if we hold dominion over them they will work for our good; but if we allow them to take their own course and run without guidance, we shall be like people tied to the tails of wild horses, dashed onward at furious speed, strike on this side and that against every stump, tree or thorn bush near the path; and this is just the state of most of us as individuals, and the exact state of this nation at the present time—tied to the tails of wild beasts *within ourselves*—the beasts that we should curb and guide, and are being dashed onward at a furious rate toward the abyss of destruction. "He that hath ears let him hear"; and such *will* hear and understand; but there are but few in this age who have ears to hear, spiritually—they are begotten in the darkness and silence of sin and shame, under the promptings of lust—are reared in ignorance and lust, in the dark caverns of the flesh, and will buy their knowledge at a dear rate of experience sooner than receive it as a gift.

#### A Sunday Song.

A political Song, written by R., but rescued from the service of the Devil, revised, corrected, enlarged and put into the service of Truth, by J. HACKER.

#### To the North and the South.

You are sunk by transgression in barbarous night;  
You have trampled on Reason and put out her light;  
Turned justice 'way backward, cast truth in the street;  
Are trampling godliness under your feet!  
While thus you are sinning, O say, can this be  
The home of the brave or the land of the free!

You are equally guilty concerning the slave,—  
The South played the robber, the North played the knave;  
The South took the plunder, the North bought the same,—  
You were partners in guilt and must share in the shame!  
While thus you are sinning, Oh, say, can this be  
The home of the brave or the land of the free!

You've committed more sins, and more vices & crimes  
Than were charged to old Sodom in earlier times;  
And this war makes your record of sinning complete,  
You are slaves to the Devil—are washing his feet!  
And with all this sinning, Oh, God! can this be  
The land once exalted to heaven by Thee!

Aye! washing his feet with the blood of your slain!  
And the tears wrung from mourners in anguish and pain;  
Could you wipe them all white with the hairs of your head,  
It would not atone for the blood you have shed!  
And with all this sinning, Oh, say, can this be  
The home of the righteous, the brave or the free!

You have slaughtered two millions or more of your  
braves!  
You are slaughtering, starving and ruining slaves;  
Have made thousands and thousands of cripples to beg;  
Some with one arm, some with part of one leg!  
While thus you are sinning, Oh, say, can this be  
The home of the brave or the land of the free!

And widows and orphans in thousands now weep  
O'er the friends you have slaughtered as wolves  
slaughter sheep!



And yet this mad war is but scarcely begun,  
If either must conquer before it is done!  
And with all this sinning, Oh God! can this be  
The land once exalted to heaven by Thee!

You are taxed for your sinning, on meat and on bread,  
On your clothing, and dishes, your table and bed;  
On your tea, and your coffee, your fuel and lights;  
And are taxed so severely you can't sleep o' nights!  
And 'tis all for your sinning! then say, can this be  
The land of the righteous, the godlike or free!

You are stamped on your mortgages, checks and your  
bills;  
On your deeds and your contracts, and on your last  
wills;  
And your National banners now tauntingly wave  
O'er your ill-gotten plunder, turned into the grave!  
And 'tis all for your sinning, Oh God! can this be  
The land once exalted to heaven by Thee!

You are taxed on your offices, stores and your shops;  
On your stoves and your barrels, your brooms and  
your mops;  
On your horses and cattle, and if you should die,  
You are taxed on your coffins in which you must lie!  
And 'tis all for your sinning, Oh God! can this be  
The land once exalted to heaven by Thee!

You are taxed on all goods by kind Providence given;  
On the Bible that you should have followed to heaven;  
And if you should start for the heavenly goal,  
All heaven would see the black stamps on your souls!  
For they're stamped and re-stamped and so tarnished  
with sin,  
That "Old Rose" would not wash them for all that's  
within.

So wash up your souls, in God's love, if you can;  
And rise from the plane of the brute up to man;  
And come ye, to Zion, with heavenly song;  
Or slink to the forests where blood hounds belong;  
And give up all hopes that such brutes can e'er be  
At home in a land of the brave and the free!

Yea, stop all your sinning; be honest and just,  
And settle this war as you finally must,  
In calm, sober earnest, as you'd be done by,  
And prepare for your change, for you shortly must die:  
And till you've repented you never can be  
With God and his saints in the land of the free!

## MATRIMONIAL HALL.

### Marriage and Divorce.

People are inquiring all over the country what the matter is in the old Matrimonial Go-cart, but very few of the inquirers seem to get at the truth, and how can they be expected to see clearly all at once, when law and religion have been driving the old cart the wrong way for ages and ages, in the darkness of ignorance, and the smoke and fog of superstition and bigotry, and the quagmires of lust and speculation. We are glad to see people inquiring what the trouble is, for the inquiry and the search may lead to the truth, and there may be a reform in this matter, which reform is needed as much as any subject under the sun.

The Courts all over the nation are filled with petitions for divorce from the bands of matrimony, and the question is, Why is there so much trouble in this matter? We find the following in the Boston Investigator:

"DIVORCES.—A Philadelphia paper says, applications for divorce have, it is said, greatly increased within the last few years in our city. It does seem astonishing what a hurry some people are in to sunder this sacred bond, who, a few months ago, were in just as great a hurry to take upon themselves the obligations and responsibilities of married life.

They kiss and twitter like mated birds for a brief fortnight, and the third week are brought up before the Courts for throwing smothering irons at each other, and indulging in other little endearments peculiar to double blessedness. In some late cases, husbands and wives have been off the hooks before the taste

of the bridal cake and ale had been washed from their mouths. There must be a screw loose somewhere. The fact is, the whole preliminary business of courtship is one grand systematic course of mutual deception;—both parties persistently shut their eyes to each other's true character, and insist upon investing each other with attributes which neither possess, and which none but angels ever do.

They picture to themselves for the future an earthly heaven of music, dancing, billing and cooing, gaslight soirees, and pic-nics. This is the poetic side of the question. The prose reality comes the "morning after the revel," and then—look out for cold coffee, buttonless shirts, neglected hair dye, pallid cheeks, abandoned ringlets, and all the other accompaniments of domestic torture."

A screw loose! And courting done wrong! are the reasons given for the trouble, in the above extract. Is that all? It appears to us not; but the troubles appear to arise from the discordant nature of the animals that are shut up in the old cart, or tied together to torment each other.

As the world is now, with here and there an exception, each individual may be compared to a wilderness filled with wild beasts, such as selfishness, lust, pride, love of fashion, of popularity, of power, fame, idleness, sloth. One person has ruling within him the spirit of the lion, another the spirit of the wolf, another the fox, another the polecat, and so on through the whole creation of beasts. All these spirits or passions are right and good in their proper places, and man in the beginning received dominion over them, and was to rule and guide and make them useful; but he has lost his dominion, and permits the beasts to rule him instead of ruling over them and making them his servants.

Is it any wonder then, that when a goat and a sheep, a lion and a wolf, a donkey and a wild cat, a fox and a coon, a dove and a bat are united in marriage, that there is inharmony, contention and strife, and cries for separation?

This I conceive to be the cause of all the trouble in the matrimonial ranks, as it is everywhere else all over the world. People are full of wild animals, are led, ruled and governed by them.

I have had a pretty extensive acquaintance in the world, but cannot now recall to mind so many as a single score of people who had dominion enough over the beasts within them to be fit to enter the marriage state, and the majority of these were mismated. No person is fit to be married until every passion is under the control of pure and perfect love, and all his acts spring from a fixed principle of justice and right. When this is the case even in two who were formerly as different as the lion and the lamb, they may live in harmony; for where they are permitted to rule, pure love, wisdom, justice, truth and right bring every passion, wish and desire into subjection to themselves. They tame the beasts in man and harness them to the car of usefulness, and all work together in harmony. If this is not the case—if the

various beasts must forever rule over us, then if people will continue to marry, let them choose their mates as wisely as the brutes do; let a fox choose a fox not a coon nor a wolf. Let a bear choose a bear not a lion, and a sheep a sheep not a goat, and each choose his own kind, and go into the marriage ark in pairs as they did into Noah's ark; and not mix up as they do now, a donkey and a wild cat, a dove and a hawk, to breed races of nondescripts even more inharmonious, if possible, than themselves.

I have letters from scores of people crying out bitterly about the miseries of married life. One woman undertook to give me a history of one day's experience, commencing the account at the time she arose in the morning, but before her breakfast was on the table she got a d—m—g from her husband for speaking a kind word about recovering a debt due to him. She commenced after dinner to write the history of the day, but after getting to the profane language, she gave up the task in despair, saying it was impossible to do justice to the experience of a day, and then added that she would not live in such misery another day, only that she had spent the best of her life in aiding her husband to secure a home—that he had all her earnings in his hands, and if she left she must go penniless, and no home to go to. And besides, her husband was so pleasant in the presence of others that neighboring women who called on her often said, "What a pleasant, noble man your husband is!" and if she left him while others saw only his bright side, the blame would all be charged to her.

Yes, all the inharmony, strife and war in families, neighborhoods and nations, arise from beasts within us which ought to be bridled and put to useful service, and which it is possible for us thus to govern; yea, we may so govern and control all passions as to receive cruel abuse with a smile of forgiveness, and this would be a thousand times more noble than to contend or fight in vain effort to prove that we have animal courage. They are cowards who fight. A man is challenged to meet another in a duel. If he does not meet him he will be called a coward. Not having courage to be called a coward, he fights;—his cowardice forces him to fight. So with nations that go to war to save what they falsely call honor. Our nation, also the Confederate States, are talking about settling their troubles *honorably*! They need honor bad enough, certainly, for if they ever had any, they have lost it in this war; but it sounds rather ridiculous to hear them talk about honor when they have not a rag of it left.

This war is only a picture on a large scale, of some marriages. The North is mangling the South to make her love him and live peaceably with him; like a man bringing home his runaway wife and beating her as though that would secure a *union*! Heaven pity such forced unions!

Each individual who subdues the beasts within himself enters the Millennium state, and when all have subdued the beasts, each one those in his own self, then the Millennium will be universal, and when people are in the millennium state, if ever, but surely not before that, are they prepared for the true marriage, and to exercise the creative power, the highest ever conferred on mortals. Until in this state, the marriage car will be only a menagerie of wild beasts, and strife will be common, and calls for divorce will become more frequent.

## FAMILY HALL.

**DIED.**—In Eugene City, March 5th, 1864, Rebecca A. Lawrence, eldest daughter of Thomas and Nancy Kincaid, aged 24 years and 26 days. Deceased crossed the Plains with her parents and brothers and sisters in 1853. She was charitable, kind and affectionate, and leaves sad hearts with "those dear friends she loved best."

"Over the river, the mystic river  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatmen cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our visions the gates of day.  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatmen pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land:  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of Death shall carry me."

The above I copy from the Oregon Journal, Eugene City, and feel that in the early death of this noble woman, not only her relatives and friends, but society at large, have sustained a great loss. Though I never had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, she has long held in my affections the place of a beloved sister and friend to humanity—was one of my most valued correspondents, pure minded, independent and reformatory. She loved the truth, and was always ready and willing to do what she could to sustain it.

Early has she passed to her reward, and keenly must her friends feel the separation; but if they live in accordance with their highest convictions of truth, I doubt not that they will feel the presence of her loving spirit, and will not mourn her as lost, nor yet as separated from them, but present, still loving, still cheering them onward in the right. That this may be their lot, is the fervent prayer of one who deeply sympathizes with them in their bereavement.

May she come with sweet songs like an angel  
of light;

To cheer you by night and by day—  
To guard you from error and guide you aright,  
Nor suffer your spirits to stray.

Like her may you live, independent and free,  
Nor shun the whole truth to declare;  
That when you have passed over life's stormy  
sea,

Her home and her bliss you may share.

How blissful your meeting with her you had  
lost!

Where Death never more can annoy;  
Where love takes the place of your dregs and  
your dross,  
And tears become fountains of joy!

Where the Mansions of bliss and the gardens of  
peace,

And the fields of the bright summer land  
Are all free to your use and your pleasures in-  
crease

As you join with the heavenly band.

"I come! Oh I come!" saith her spirit, in love,  
To proclaim the adorable truth  
That *I live!* Oh, *I live!* and am *here!* not  
above,

In the beauty and bloom of my youth!

And all things are changed to my wondering  
sight,

This earth is a paradise still,  
And Nature's defects, when revealed in the  
light,

Are as trophies of wisdom and skill!

*That toad in the door-yard* is beautiful now!—  
I now see its fitness and place;—  
All things are proclaiming the glory of God,—  
His wisdom, his mercy and grace!

And man, *only* man has this Paradise marred,  
Since his passions have ruled o'er his soul,  
And to you in the form, will the earth be re-  
stored,  
When the spirit regains its control!

## SHAKER HALL.

### Shaker Sketches. No. 2.

The government of the Shakers or United Society is more like the best family govern-ment than any other, the ministers standing in place of parents.

Then there are Elders and Eldresses, who may be compared to the elder children of a family, and aid the parents in watching over, counselling and advising the younger, and feel-ing an interest in the spiritual and secular con-cerns of the Society or Family, have a general oversight in all their affairs.

Under these and the ministry or parents, are deacons and deaconesses, whose business it is to do the trading for the whole Family and provide whatever may be wanted for the house-hold, and the private members are relieved from all business with the world, and have no care about their secular concerns so far as trade is concerned, and when the labors of the day are over, are not troubled with business of any kind.

The Shakers do not marry, and no children are born among them. They believe that Christ lived a life of virgin purity, and whatever the world may say or do in regard to marriage, they believe the true disciples of Christ will fol-low his example. If married people unite with them the marriage tie is dissolved—"they are as though they married not," and become as brother and sister.

The Society is replenished by adults who unite with them from choice, and by children taken from among the world's people; and it is the best place for children to be brought up in that I have ever seen. No family outside of Shakerdom, however pure the parents may be, or however anxious to bring their children up well, can possibly do it so well as it can be done there, because the children are all the time under the care of the same persons, who are appointed to that station, and are not ex-

posed to vicious examples as the children of the world are, everywhere in the street and school.

All the officers of the Society, such as El-ders, Deacons, Care-takers of children, Teach-ers, &c., are chosen with regard to their fit-ness for the particular station they are to oc-cupy. So with all the members. One has a natural taste for gardening, and is placed in-charge of the garden; another has a gift for governing animals, and has charge of them. Others have care of the orchards, others of the fields, &c., each one being chosen for the gift he has, or his fitness for the place. If one man or boy has charge of the cows, to drive them to or from the pasture, others have noth-ing to do with them. Certain men are placed in care of the barn, and others have nothing to do with it. Each one has his own particu-lar work and performs it.

The children I have seen in all the families I have visited, look healthy, contented and happy. They seem pleased with their home and their schools. They are always dressed tidy and very clean and neat, and in their stu-dies are in advance of children of the same age in other schools. Their system of instruction is more thorough, no scholar being allowed to pass over or from a lesson till it is understood. Their school rooms and writing books are the neatest I ever saw.

They consider that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, hence their thoroughness in all things.

In regard to what I have said or may say about this singular people, my object is simply to show the world what they are, for they are less known and less understood by the world than any other religious society I have ever known, in consequence of their retired habits of life. They believe they have enjoy-ments superior to those of the world in gener-al, and have no need to mingle with the world to find happiness, and their retirement and separation from the world certainly afford ap-portunities for purity and goodness.

They are not fools, though they may appear so in the eyes of the world. There are many men among them whose business capacity and probity would command the highest price in places of trust, if they were out in the world; and women whose talents would place them in the highest walks of the world; but who have renounced the world and embraced their sin-gular modes of life for the peace and happi-ness they enjoy therein. In spirituality, use-fulness, and love and good will, many of them are exceeded by no other people, and I doubt if the world can show their equals in these re-spects. They are as a family of brothers and sisters, and seem to take more pleasure in serv-ing each other than the people of the world do in serving themselves.

I have never seen the infirm, the sick and aged anywhere taken care of so kindly as by these people. They have rooms for such per-



sons, and the most careful nurses are constantly with them. Every thing is provided for their comfort. The garments and beds of the sick are perfect patterns of neatness. The first time I entered their sick room, everything seemed so quiet, neat and comfortable, that it appeared to me "Dying Made Easy" might have been properly written in letters of gold on the walls. And I hope to show before these imperfect sketches close, that in consequence of their retired, peaceful, temperate manner of life, the longevity of the Shakers is greater than of any other society of people in this nation. Let it be understood that I am writing these articles without their knowledge or consent, and I am alone accountable for the same.

## SPIRITUAL HALL.

### How to Become Spiritual.

People often ask me to publish more of my experience with spirits, but I do not see how it can be of much use to others. My experience is not the proper food for them. Each of us must have experience of our own, if we would be benefited, and it appears to me much wiser to tell people how they may derive experience for themselves, than to labor in vain to feed them on what I have found. There is already too much of this kind of food among those called Spiritualists. Large numbers know nothing of spiritualism at heart. They have seen rappings and tippings, and listened to the experience of others, until they have concluded that Spiritualism must be a truth, yet have never become spiritual themselves, and are in and of the world, and not one whit better at heart than they were when they belonged to the old organizations. Of this class are all professed spiritualists who believe in war as a proper means to settle national troubles. They are always running after the experience of others, but have none of their own.

Everything published in the Chariot, if read, understood, and practiced, will lead the mind nearer to that state in which it can commune with spirits, and I deem it much wiser to prepare people to have experience of their own than to seat them by the way side and feed them on what I have found.

I am daily sensible of the presence of those who have passed from outer sight, and am more or less impressed by them in all I write, and have no doubt but all of us have the spirits of departed friends present with us, and were our minds in a right condition, we should all be sensible of their presence.

The popular idea among religionists is, that those who die are either made pure and perfect at once, or else are banished from the presence of the Lord and his angels. This is not so. The soul enters the spirit world as it leaves this. If in a high state of purity here it begins its life in the new world in that same high state and progress. If the soul leaves

the body in a low, ignorant or impure condition, it commences its life in the same low condition, and must progress gradually to a higher condition, for progress is the order of all creation.

"Birds of a feather flock together," is an old saying often applied to men and women here on earth; meaning that those of the same attainments or disposition like to associate together. So with spirits. Those in the body, who are in a low condition will have around them spirits like themselves. There are bar-room spirits, ball-room spirits, theatre-going spirits and so to the end of the long list of characters, all seeking the company of those like themselves, until others of a higher order take them in hand to guide them to higher conditions; hence if we desire the company of pure, loving, truthful, reliable spirits, we must become pure, loving, truthful and reliable.

The communications I receive are chiefly in relation to my own labors, and though I do not often feel at liberty to relate the interviews, circumstances and incidents, the fruits of all come out in the paper, or in private letters that I am directed to write, and all tend, if received and practiced, to lead people into a condition to have a spiritual experience of their own. None need look for intercourse with spirits while their minds are wholly or mainly absorbed by trade or traffic, amusement and the like. We must make the world and its treasures servants, rather than masters or idols, before we can be in a condition to commune with good spirits. We must eat to live, not live to eat, must make the world a servant, and let spiritual things be first and foremost in our minds, while the temporal things are regarded only as stepping stones to walk on, and to be kept under foot, instead of being stowed away in the heart.

Those who would be truly spiritual and enjoy the presence of pure spirits, must separate themselves from the vain, useless conversations and amusements of the world; must enter into and dwell within themselves. They must give up the fashionable religions that consist of lifeless forms and ceremonies and sophistical sermons; must give up politics; leave the dead to bury their own dead, and to do the drudgery their selfishness and sins impose on them. In short, a man cannot serve two masters at the same time. If the world with all its selfishness, vanity, pride, lusts and sins is his master, he need not expect a spiritual master—might as well fill his stove with ice and then try to kindle a fire. If he expects to be spiritual he must have his heart cleansed of the world and all its idols and make them his servants.

Notice.—The Editor being on a visit to New Jersey and other places, in search of a good place to settle, this No. of the Chariot will be behind time; and as some 60 letters are awaiting his return, at the Post Office, his correspondents may not hear from him as soon as would be desirable.

## WORKER'S ROOM.

### Remedy for Hard Times.

"Hard Times! Hard Times!" is now the cry of the working classes everywhere in this nation. Men who receive two dollars per day cannot support families so well now as when they received but one dollar. This is one of the evil effects of the wicked and unnecessary war—we say wicked and unnecessary because all wars are such. If only those who want war had to feel the crushing effects of it we should not think the subject worth naming, but should leave them to wallow in their misery until they were willing to live in peace. But society is so mixed and mingled and interwoven, that "when the wicked bear rule the whole land mourneth"—the innocent have to suffer with the guilty, though not so intensely, for they have the approval and consolation of a clear conscience, while the consciences of the wicked torment them, unless they have been seared by sin as by a hot iron.

Well, we are in the temporal straights, and what is to be done? It is useless to call on insane rulers,—mad-men will not listen to reason, nor justice, nor common sense. They have no christian principle for us to appeal to, if they had they would not have been in this war. We have, therefore, nothing to hope from the rulers, until their storm of fury has spent its strength, and they cease from strife from exhaustion. Then what can we do in order to keep our families from starvation?

We can lighten our burdens somewhat by a little more industry, and by a more rigid economy? Many in this nation have been extravagant. Those who have built houses have, many of them spent more in that direction than was necessary; many who hire houses have desired more room than was necessary, or more elegant dwellings than their circumstances would justify. Let these errors be avoided in future. Let those who are about to build, do so on a smaller and less expensive scale; and let those who hire too many rooms look for cheaper rents. Sell off your parlor furniture and get rid of the parlor.

Where is the wisdom in the working man and his family, who must hire an extra room or two, to shut up nice furniture in, to be looked at or be used but once a month? It is done simply for fashion's sake—is an expensive, and in nine cases in ten, a vain effort to keep up with somebody else—an effort to appear respectable in the eyes of the world—a wicked world too, that squanders on pride and lust what others are suffering the want of. Have no more rooms than you really need; have no more furniture than you use; and if those who call on you are wise and good they will commend your wisdom and prudence; if they are not wise and good they have no right to complain of your economy.

The same remarks may be made in regard to clothing. Too much has been spent in that direction, especially by mechanics and other

workers in cities. They think they must dress as well as that idle, worthless class of loafers, falsely called gentlemen, who are living on their wits, or on what their fathers or grandfathers earned or ground out of the earnings of others. I have seen many a mechanic who earned his living by daily toil, dressed better than many rich men. Dress is no criterion of merit or moral worth. City mechanics and even some farmers think it would be a disgrace to appear in the street, and some of them even in their field or shop, with a patch on the elbow or knee; and yet a garment nicely patched is just as comfortable, and just as decent in the eye of wisdom as one that is not patched, and many a garment, by a little mending, may be made to wear thrice as long. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The same remarks apply to food. Many families live on diet too rich and concentrated, and on that very account are not so robust and healthy as were their grandfathers, who lived on plainer and coarser food. Animal flesh is the most costly food, and far too much of it has been used in this nation for health.

It has been proved that men can work as hard and as long on vegetable food, at much less expense, and do not wear out so fast. Meat may be entirely dispensed with, and health and longevity will be promoted thereby. At any rate if not entirely given up, its quantity can and should be diminished.

I once heard a hard worker, say that a good healthy appetite, produced by temperate living and labor was the best sauce and gravy he had ever known. He could make a meal on rye and indian bread and cold water and toil hard. And why not? Do not the horse and ox live on plainer food and toil hard? Many things we have been using daily, are called for by our artificial appetites, such as tea, coffee, &c.

Not long since I saw a woman, I know not her age, but she is old enough to be a grandmother, who planted and takes care of the largest and best garden I have seen any where this season, except at the large Shaker establishments. Before she commenced this garden in the spring, she was living on another farm, where she dug up with a spade and planted a garden of decent size, and then removed and planted the large one, and kept it free of weeds through the summer. She had potatoes, sweet corn, squashes, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips &c., in abundance, looking better than any other I have seen, and many a bag full has she sent free, to poor people in the village. In addition to this, she sat on a mowing machine that was worked with oxen, to tend the machine, to mow the grass on two good sized farms, raked hay, stowed it on the cart, held the cultivator to work several acres of corn and potatoes, and assisted another woman in cooking and other house-work, including a dairy of five cows, the women milking the cows, and much other work besides. This woman uses no tea nor coffee, and consequently saves the sweetening to boot; eats no meat, butter nor cheese, but lives on plain bread, puddings, vegetables, milk and pure water.

What think of that, ye tea and coffee drinkers, and rum suckers, and flesh eaters? How many of you can do more work than this woman, living at one-fourth or one-third what it costs you? Yes you can curtail your expenses in various ways, and lighten your burdens enough to slide over the bar of poverty that the war has thrown up and escape ruin.

Some have begun to curtail their expenses, but have begun at the wrong end. The first thing was to stop their family paper and starve their minds, while keeping a big, useless dog to feed; the next act was to stop their children's schooling, while giving a dollar a pound for tobacco to blow away in smoke. Such people should turn about and begin at the right end. If a family is fortunate enough to have a paper worth reading, and a good school, they should hold on to them to the last. Better clear out the parlor, sell the furniture, and let the room; better get rid of useless dogs, too, tea, coffee, tobacco pipes, and even butter and meat, than to banish a good paper and close up the school room; for the flesh then will get more than the spirit to feed on.

Several of my subscribers have written that the times are so hard they cannot afford to do without the paper, so they decide to stick to that and dispense with something else, and we hope to find many more of the same sort.

And now, brothers and sisters, as the times are hard, we advise you to be industrious and economical; cut off unnecessary expenses first, and when you come to the necessities of life if any of them must be sacrificed, think candidly which you can spare best, and do not let your artificial and unnatural appetites and habits triumph over the natural and necessary wants. Many have written me that they rather live on two meals a day than give up the paper, and I will add, that, paper or no paper, two meals a day in winter are better than three.

## HALL OF PEACE.

LETTER FROM SEWARD MITCHELL.

*Friend Hacker*:—As you continue to send me your Chariot, (I cannot see any wisdom in it,) I feel that I must write you a word, which will never see the light. My object in writing is to say to you that you need not go to the expense of sending me your paper, for I shall not support a paper that is fighting against liberty. Every copperhead scoundrel will welcome your ignorant cry for peace. It is strange that you have not, at this age become wise enough to know that this nation must become pure before it can become peaceable. In opposing this war, you are opposing God's method of salvation for this nation, and you will yet, either here or hereafter find that this is true. Not one word of sympathy for the slave is to be found in your paper, either by you or your nameless correspondents. What little influence your paper will have will be against true, real peace. Friend H., I am not for peace, i. e., your kind, but war, stern, relentless war, until freedom is given to every slave in the land. I have no sympathy with your brainless correspondents, they know not what they are writing about.

My former letter like nearly all I wrote for the Boat you never published, for it contained truths you could not answer. Your paper will do for silly girls and old women, but is not the kind of food for hard working reformers.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

Cornville, Sept., 1864.

REPLY.—Brother Mitchell, try to calm your excited brain, and come into a quiet state

wherein you can see this matter as it really is, and be prepared to decide and act correctly. Let us reason together.

I know not what reason you have to believe your letter will never see the light, if by that you mean to say that I would refuse to publish it. I do not remember that I ever refused to publish any communication from you when you expressed any wish to have it see the light. If I did it was because I had not room for everything that was sent to me. I have no interest of my own to contend for in the Chariot; no private opinions to defend, am laboring to disseminate truth, and if you or any one else can show that what the paper contains is not true, it will be for my good as well as for the good of others to have it exposed and overthrown. Let it be tried as by fire, and if it won't endure the test let it perish, whether written by me or others.

You cannot see any wisdom in the Chariot. I am sorry for this, for it speaks not favorably of your spiritual sight. I think it would be a hard matter for any one to fill a paper the size of the Chariot without getting a little wisdom into it, when so many subjects are treated on. Look it over again calmly and candidly and see if there may not be somewhere a few words of wisdom.

No, my friend, I am not fighting against true liberty, but have spent nearly all my life advocating liberty for all human kind, striving ever to expose and overthrow selfishness and all other sins which are enemies to liberty and the sole cause of slavery of every kind; and many of my greatest enemies have confessed to me their belief that if the whole nation had taken my writings from the commencement, and read and practiced them, that not only would this war have been avoided, but all slavery, physical, mental, moral and spiritual would long since have had an end.

"Every copperhead scoundrel will welcome your ignorant cry for peace." Very well, let them, if they will. If I know I am speaking truth, and that which will be for the good of mankind, it is not my business to turn aside into error for what others do or say. Even if "scoundrels" cry "amen," it does not prove what I say to be false.

I have always known this nation must become pure before it can be peaceable, and for that very reason I would oppose this war, which is destroying what little purity there was when it commenced. Is the war purifying the nation? You appeal to the Supreme. Am I opposing him? Does he not say he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that they would turn to him and live? Is he not Love, and will he choose means contrary to his own name and nature to accomplish his works? Does God stir up the wrathful passions and arm brother against brother, and father against son, and son against father, and send them forth in wrath to mangle and slaughter each other? Is this the course a wise Being, whose very name is love, and who is represented to be Almighty in power, would take to purify people?

Look again at the hundreds of thousands of young men, most of them honest, industrious, virtuous, inexperienced in sin, who have been enticed or forced from their quiet homes to the battle field, to be polluted with every species of vice and crime. See these same young men returning after a year or two in the army, the majority of them polluted with obscenity and sin, brought together from all parts of the nation into one common sink of iniquity, in which they have been steeped and dyed, until their very breath literally and spiritually, is laden with corruption! See them



returning to all parts of the nation to pollute the rising generation with vices and obscenity that whole ages, under the best instruction will not eradicate! Is this the way in which a wise and gracious God purifies a nation!

"Not one word of sympathy for the slave," is another erroneous accusation. If there were no other reasons for opposing this war my sympathies for the slave would most surely prompt me to do so, for the war is ruining the slaves faster than it is the rebels, as you will find in the end if it is not soon closed.

This nation, both North and South owe the slaves a heavy debt—are both equally guilty, for while the South has made money by robbing them, the North has saved money by purchasing the fruits of robbery. Even you have had your back covered with the slave-raised cotton, from your infancy, and have fed on rice and sugar that was taken from the slaves! And after having so long had the labor of the slave, it is now the business of the North and South to unite like penitent brothers, and each bear a share of the expense or loss of liberating them peaceably, and allowing them to be employed for wages or provide themselves homes. This could have been done peaceably, and though you and others may deny it, you will be denying God and his power, which you have no right to do till you have made a fair trial of them.

You are now fighting to liberate the slaves, and what will be the result? Why, their masters are driven off, and they are turned loose in their ignorance and helplessness as dependent children. They have never been accustomed to manage for themselves. Thousands and scores of thousands of them have died of hunger and nakedness and the various *maladies* gendered by idleness, vice and herding in large masses; and hundreds of thousands more will die the same way; while untold numbers will become homeless, shiftless vagabonds! Nor is this all; if slavery is abolished by *force*, without the free consent of the owners, whether the Union, so called, is restored or not, it will create such a feeling of enmity against them in the minds of their former owners, that they will be shot everywhere like wild beasts; boys will shoot them in the same spirit, and with the same freedom that they shoot coons, polecats or other animals here. Nor is this all; for notwithstanding you acknowledge their right to freedom, and clear them from all blame of inaugurating this war, you put them into battle when you know that when taken, they are either murdered at once in cold blood, or carried into slavery farther South! I will not call you a fool nor wonder that at your age you are no wiser than to attempt to liberate the slaves in a manner that will utterly destroy at least six tenths of them; but I will say that you have allowed your brain to become unduly excited on this subject, and are skimming along in the surface current, without seeing how the deep, strong undertow is sweeping the slaves to destruction. Moreover, Brother, remember this one fact, that true love, true philanthropy, the true principle of reform never destroys one man to save another; never kills the master to save the slave, but seeks and strives to save all—for all are alike precious—and will save all if it can have suitable instruments to work with; but if those who should be wise and faithful stewards and servants, become impatient and say that "the Lord delayeth his coming, and rise up and beat the other servants, the Master may come in an hour that they know not of, and appoint them their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers." This will

be the fate of Garrison, Wright and all others who have made shipwreck of faith—if they ever had any—denied their professions of non-resistance, distrusted the mighty power of truth, and rushed into the mad whirl of politics to shout on the excited multitude to carnage and slaughter that would disgrace the inmates of the clergy's fabled hell. Even Whittier, whose poems before the war, would in time have placed him far above all other poets of this age, in this or any other country—even he has been swept down by the war dragon's tail, with Garrison and others, and his recent poems smell of gun-powder and brimstone, Quaker though he be, in profession!

Speaking of *sympathy*, permit me to ask as a friend and brother, what that kind of sympathy is good for which seeks to liberate the slaves in a manner in which the majority of them must be destroyed! What is that sympathy good for which will allow you to remain safe in Cornville while colored men, for whom you entertain all this sympathy, are going to the war surely to be shot or sold into slavery if taken prisoners? Why not show your sympathy by your works as well as your words?—by shouldering your musket and taking the place of one of the colored men? If you are taken prisoner you may be exchanged or finally liberated, but if a colored brother whose place you might take, is captured, he must be shot or sent back to slavery! Again, permit me to ask what that sympathy is good for which embraces one race of men and shuts out all others? You express no sympathy for the million of your brothers who have fallen in battle, and by accidents and diseases incident to war,—no sympathy for the poor wounded creatures who crawl over the cold, wet battle-field to some thicket to die, with a gory eye shot from its socket, hanging over the cheek, or with torn and festered entrails trailing on the ground!—no sympathy for these! nor for the bereaved, aged parents, widows and orphans whose wailings of woe may be heard and felt without hearing them, in every hamlet in the land. Finally, Bro. M., be calm and quiet, and see if a spark of false fire has not caught and kindled up a blaze of false zeal, without wisdom or knowledge.

Your former letter which you speak of, was sent before I published the first No. of the Chariot, and you expressed no desire to have it published. Nevertheless I prepared it for the press, and wrote a reply to follow it. They were handed to the printer for the first No. but crowded out for want of room, and then after reading it again, out of sheer pity to you I laid it aside, hoping the time would come when you would thank me for withholding from public view such a specimen of insanity from your pen. And now, Brother, as we have each had our say, and set forth our respective positions on the War and Slavery questions, and on sympathy to boot, and as you are not willing to have the Chariot stop at your door, let us part with as much love and good will as possible, hoping yet to see eye to eye in the truth.

## LADIES' ROOM.

### A Friendly Talk.

You see here we have a Ladies' Room in the Chariot, and when we say Ladies we do not mean those misguided, useless butterflies of fashion who spend all their time in adorning their miserable, useless bodies, and running after pleasures unworthy of immortal beings; but we mean real women of common sense, who are willing to be useful, who desire to be self-sustaining, to do their proper share of life's labors,

and strive to make the world the better for having lived in it. True, this class may be small—like angel's visits to the wicked, few and far between; yet there are a few such on earth, and we happen to know that a goodly number of them would rather ride in our humble Chariot than in one like Mrs. Grundy's; so we have a brotherly affection for them, and desire to advise and counsel them in our weak, imperfect way, always hoping some little good will come of it.

And now, Sisters, as we are fairly and comfortably seated let us have a little chat about the future.

This wicked war has deprived many of you of fathers, husbands, brothers or sons, to whom you were looking for pecuniary aid, as well as for food for your souls. Some of you have had those as dear to you as your own life, torn from your presence, and slain in the terrible and unnatural strife wickedly gendered by sin and transgression, and brought forth by miserable, unprincipled, designing knaves, too lazy to work, honestly for support, too proud to beg, and therefore willing to ruin the nation for the sake of office in which to receive large pay for small services; for this is the real cause of the strife. And now, being thus wickedly deprived of friends from whom you expected aid, and being sure to suffer farther losses, if this needless war continues, many of you will find it necessary to rely on your own exertions for sustenance, and in nearly all occupations be under the necessity of competing with men. It behoves you then to arise in all your energy and strive in wisdom and truth, for your right to such positions as you are prepared to occupy, and to prepare yourselves for advancement in positions which you are not now capable of filling.

You have too long been deprived of your rights to perform whatever you could make yourselves capable of doing—you have been treated either as pets, dolls and playthings, or else as menials, and being thus cut off from business and left too much to solitary hours, to idleness, or to drudgery, you have tried to satisfy your cravings for soul food, or seek release from loneliness and isolation, by spending your time in adorning your outer persons, and consequently have floated into the vain, frivolous, foolish fashions of an ignorant, misguided trifling world that can please itself with the baubles of pride and vanity, while the joys of immortality hang unseen within its reach.

Pause right where you are, ask yourselves seriously and honestly how much real enjoyment you find in floating in the popular current, in the one article of dress which binds, hampers, fetters and utterly unfits you for nearly all that you might be capable of doing, and makes what you do attempt to perform two or three times as difficult as it would be if you were in a more rational costume. Think of the labor of getting up and down stairs with both hands full of hoops and skirts; especially if you want your hands for other use. Think of passing through field and garden in the dew with long, broad, mopping skirts, of getting over fences or wall, of mopping up the filth in the streets, of the trouble and danger of getting into or out of a carriage—of the slavery that your unnatural, foolish mode of dress imposes on you everywhere, and ask yourselves seriously whether you are not *sinning* in thus abusing your bodies, destroying health and shortening life, and at the same time unfitting yourselves for the duties of life. Then again, think of the extra labor in earning such costumes, and keeping them in repair—of the precious time or money spent in altering and changing to keep in the fashion, and of the waste and loss in garments when the fashion passes on and leaves you behind; and of the anxiety, care and surfeiting attending the selection of materials, and the whole getting up of fashionable costumes.

I am certain that, could any sensible woman live five years in the best, most convenient, comfortable and healthy dress that could be invented, she would about as lief die as return to the slavery of fashion.



And now let us say to all females, who desire to become self-sustaining, let your first step be to discard fashion entirely and forever; and invent a dress that shall best combine the advantages of economy, comfort, convenience and healthfulness, and hold onto it as you would onto a life-saving treasure—as you would to a life-preserver in the ocean. What if Mrs. Grundy does throw up her hands in holy horror, or the Misses McFlimsy look at you askance with scorn and contempt? What if fools, block-heads, clowns and the whole tribe of the thoughtless and ignorant slaves of silly fashion and erroneous customs, do laugh at you? What harm can they do you?

Then when you get your bodies so dressed that you can use them, go into any business you are capable of conducting, and at the same time fit yourselves for something higher and better. If this war continues much longer, as it surely must, if either party persists in conquering the other, thousands and hundreds of thousands more of the youth and vigor of the country must be slain, and their death will open the channels of business to you. You will be wanted in stores, not done up in hoops and long swaddling clothes; but so costumed that you can exercise your limbs as freely as men. You will be wanted in printing offices in large numbers, not to sweep over cases, ink-pots and other articles with your balloon-like dresses, but so dressed that you can move and work. You will be wanted as good penmen or *penwomen*, book keepers, copyists and accountants in counting rooms and other places; and how many of you are prepared for it? How many of you will ever be prepared for it if the chief end and aim of your life is to keep in the fashionable current. There are hundreds of places where female help will be wanted at good paying prices when this war closes if not before; and how many of you will put this advice in practice and prepare yourselves for real live work?

Last and best, and should have been first, far most healthy, honorable and noble of all employments your services will be wanted in fields and gardens; so many men have been killed that all the products of the soil command the highest prices and more help is wanted in that direction, and much of the work can be performed by women as well as by men, and it would be far more healthy and pleasant, after becoming accustomed to it, than being shut up in close shops or factories; and it is the most honorable employment in the view of wisdom. Your Grandmother Eve when fresh from the hand of God was in all her purity and loveliness, placed in a garden to keep and dress it, and though she is said to have made a sad mistake in plucking fruit before it was ripe, there is no testimony showing that she was not as honorably employed in the garden before her error as ever a queen was, and she needed no fashionable dress till she had sinned; then her garment was made to hide her shame; and you, her daughters, are so proud of the badge of her shame, that a large portion of your time is foolishly and sinfully devoted to dress, as though that would compensate for the lack of mental worth or useful attainments.

I am now inquiring for a suitable place, where females who desire to rely on their own efforts for support, may come together and procure, each a few acres of land, near good markets for garden purposes, and if there are any who are willing to be guided by the foregoing advice, or similar principles, who would like to secure such a home and employment, I would like to have their names.

## CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

**SHAMELESS.**—A man who has sent me 12 subscribers, says he introduced the Chariot to the people at the close of a spiritual meeting, and offered them the opportunity to subscribe; when a man cried out, "Hacker is a Copperhead." Nothing could express the character of that man plainer than these four words, and such a mind is as much out of place in a spiritual meeting as a dung heap would be in a parlor. A man who cannot go to a religious meeting without having politics, and political nicknames and slang uppermost in his mind, had better remain at home, for there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Thus it is! A man may advocate the peace doctrine all his life, and in the end be denounced as a Copperhead! As for myself, when I was old enough to be warned to appear at a military training, I refused. Never trained,—never belonged to a political party; never was in but one political meeting, and there saw corruption enough to curse a nation; never voted for any political officer,—have always advocated the doctrine of Peace, Love and good will. Care no more about one political party than another; regard them all much as I would dogs and wolves fighting over a fat sheep, when the worst ones got the food; and if this makes me a Copperhead then so be it. I will glory in the name. Then Christ who was called the Prince of Peace, and who laid down his life rather than permit his servants to fight, was a great and good Copperhead; and so was James who declares that all wars come of lusts that ought to be crucified. And in addition to these nearly all the martyrs and holy men of all ages have been Copperheads.

Go on, my good friends, and obtain all the subscribers you can, heeding not the slang of men who are in the gutters. Let them be; the war or some of their other sins will humble them, so leave them till they are prepared to receive truth.

**SEVERE.** A friend writes that some who are seeking truth for the truth's sake, think the Chariot would be more extensively useful if it were less severe. People who have this idea are deceiving their own souls. They are not seeking truth for the truth's sake, for all such want the whole truth and nothing but the truth let it be ever so severe.

There is no severity in the truth unless it comes in contact with error, and then the contest ought to be severe enough to destroy the error, for that is the object of truth. Where there is no wood the fire goeth out, and where there is no error nor sin the truth cannot kindle. Where the severity is felt there is error, and it should be the aim of truth-seekers to have the error consumed, even though the fire be hot enough and the heat severe enough to make them squirm. The Hebrews, it is said, came out of the furnace without the smell of fire on their garments, because their spiritual garments are so pure that truth cannot burn them. Remember, my friends, that love without wisdom covers over the wound to save the patient the present pain of probing, and the patient dies. But wisdom probes and cleanses the wound, even though the patient writhes with pain; and then, when love applies the ointment the wound is healed. "Search me, cleanse and purify me from the last and least remains of error and sin, let the operation be ever so severe and painful," is the cry of every truthful soul who is really seeking truth. I can remember, in my feeble, imperfect experience, in the days of youth, when alone in the wilderness, the cry of my soul was, "Save me from error and sin, even though my body must be blown instantly into atoms or ground to powder. We are sorry that any who profess to be seeking truth, cannot bear the fire of our little furnace without crying "Too severe," as we are only a pioneer, and those who come after in the same work will have furnaces much hotter. It is true, we publish some plain, cutting truths; but they are not written in a severe spirit, but in love

and good will; and on looking over the three numbers of the Chariot we see nothing that we would care to recall. It is true, that if less truth were published the paper would have a much wider circulation, but we do not believe it would be so extensively useful. It is better to get one in a thousand into the high way of holiness, where they can travel safe and sure, than to get ten of a thousand within a rod of it, and try to lead them along there, through briars and thorns. Those who complain of severity, have either had the fire kindled on their errors or sins which they are not willing to relinquish; or else they are scringing for others in that condition; and such we must leave to themselves till they are hungry enough to have their "hay, wood and stubble" consumed or exchange it for the truth. Our work is with those who are willing to relinquish all things else for the truth, and these are like angels visits, few and far between. Those who are willing to be stripped of error and sin enough to ride quietly in the Chariot, will not complain of severity; but such as get their toes under the wheels when they ought to be inside, will of course, grumble when they are hurt.

**A WARNING.**—Pride, vanity and reckless extravagance are the order of the day. The war has flooded the country with paper currency, and there are many people thoughtless enough to believe the nation is flourishing in proportion to the circulation of these paper rags. We know not how it may be in the rural districts, but in large towns and cities the people generally have become so extravagant that they spend five dollars with less care or consideration than they formerly did one dollar. Mountebanks, jugglers, strolling minstrels, showmen, theatres, &c. have increased four fold at least, since the war, and have met with a corresponding increase of patronage. The people never before run after amusements so eagerly as now, notwithstanding the war has brought death into almost every family. It sometimes seems that if one half the people in a city were dead, three quarters of the other half would want to bear them off to the grave at a dog trot, escorted by a company of negro minstrels, that they might return as speedily as possible to their debaucheries and money getting.

The people are so corrupt that a corpse in the house reminds them of their latter end, and creates such disagreeable feelings that they must be hurried out of sight. But a trying scene is before us; dark, heavy clouds are yet to burst upon this nation, and it would be well for people to be a little more thoughtful and try to be prepared for it. This war has more vials to pour out before it closes, and then when it does close, what trying scenes will follow! Nearly all the armories, iron works, factories, &c., that are now employed by the war department, will stop; all they have been manufacturing for some years will become dead and useless property; thousands and scores of thousands of people will be thrown out of employment, the soldiers will return home, many of them destitute; the country will be full of cripples, widows and orphans in penury; money will be less plenty, food scarce and at the highest prices; and all these and other circumstances operating together, will cause distress and suffering such as was never known before on this continent. It is, therefore, time for those who are so extravagant and wasteful, to take in sail, and prepare for a storm, or they may find themselves amidst wreck and ruin before they are aware of it.

We told you, at least a dozen years ago, of this war then approaching, and that it would be the most ferocious and bloody ever heard of; and also told you how to avoid it; but all in vain. You laughed at the truth and defied the coming effects of your own wickedness, and are now reaping the bitter fruits; we now, in the same light and truth, warn you of more ferocious bloodshed and a famine near; if you will hearken to the truth and obey it, you may, in some degree escape or lighten the suffering, but if you scoff at the truth as heretofore you will reap the fruits of your folly.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:—  
Act well your part,—for there the honor lies."

A plain substantial fact. The man who cleans the street, if he performs his work faithfully, is as honorable as the king who rides by in his splendid coach. No station is more honorable than that of the honest, faithful tiller of the soil, for on the success of that employment the success of all others depends.

Wherever you are, act well your part, and if the world does not honor you, Truth and Justice will.