

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

PORTLAND, MAINE, NOV. 25, 1864.

NUMBER 5.

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.

PREACHING ROOM.

Plain Sermons.

BY J. HACKER.

We find by conversation with the world, and also by certain books and papers, that a new, strange and mischievous doctrine has become very prevalent, not only among those who call themselves spiritualists, but prevails more or less among people of all denominations, and also those who make no pretensions to religion of any sort.

This new doctrine may be summed up in these few words, viz; "All that is, is right," and its advocates contend that all the sins, vices, crimes, wars and misery of every sort are not sins, vices nor crimes, but all perfectly innocent and designed and intended by God, and necessary to accomplish his own wise designs.

Slander, detraction, tale-bearing, drunkenness, theft, murder, robbery, desolation, wars; in short all vices and crimes become virtues according to this new doctrine, and are necessary to accomplish the works of the wise and infinite Being, who with all his wisdom and power could not accomplish his purposes without the aid of such monstrous and abhorrent agencies.

We are gravely told that every man and woman is living up to their highest perceptions of right, and whatever a man thinks to be right is right for him, even if ever so false to one who is more perfectly developed.

Now we have no sympathy at all with such a doctrine or the benighted creatures who promulgate it. Truth is truth the world over, and a lie is not made truth because a man in consequence of transgression remains ignorant enough to believe it. We admit that man is in some degree the creature of circumstances; may be forced by circumstances to do what he does not approve, or prevented from doing what under different circumstances would be his duty, yet he is far from being a machine. He possesses the faculty to think, reflect, consider, he has within himself a spark of the divinity to enlighten his understanding, he has the faculty to remember—can learn from past experience, from observation and the history of others and can, in some degree at least, discern between right and wrong, good and evil, and has the ability in most cases to reject the one and choose the other, and is therefore an accountable being. He has been treated as such in all ages of the world by the most enlightened and upright—has been held accountable for wrong doing, and approved and prospered in doing

right. And thus will it be through coming time, notwithstanding the cunning devices of the sophist to clear man from blame and cast the burden of his sins on the innocent.

The time was when every man was held accountable for his own transgressions against right; but at length it became fashionable for the crafty to try to father their sins upon the Devil, saying the Devil tempted me, or the Devil influenced me; but people having discovered that the only devil in existence is the evil which they countenance within themselves, have now with bold, strange impudence, begun their efforts to father their sins on the Supreme, saying that "all that is, is right"—all intended or ordained by God to accomplish his own wise designs.

Such will yet find that they are accountable, because rational. If they transgress the laws of right, they must suffer the effects of that transgression. If they live so selfishly and unwisely as to gender wars, they must suffer the miseries that war brings in its train, and so of all other sins. But if they desire to be happy and live wisely, the blessings of wisdom and well-doing will be their portion.

Wise men have, in all ages, warned the people of their sins, and called on them to repent. Men, warned by spirit power, have done this; and those who obeyed have been blessed, while those who disobeyed have suffered the effects of evil-doing. *Onward and upward* should be the motto of every son and daughter of Adam. Each moment we should be learning; each moment we should be leaving behind vices, sins and crimes and grasping at virtues and truths, making our lives one continuous journey from darkness to light, from sin to holiness until our bodies become full of light, and we able to discern clearly between good and evil, right and wrong in every act or intention. Now is there one reader of this who desires to advance in the truth, and inquires the way? If so, let him run no more after the cry "Lo! here is Christ," or, Lo! there, but turn to the light within, which gives him the knowledge of good and evil, and obey its teachings, for then his light shall increase from day to day, until he shall walk in the highway of holiness, which the vultures' eyes have never seen, nor the lions' whelps ever tread.

It is argued by the advocates of the new error in question, that transgressions and wrong doing bring upon us misery which humbles us and eventually make us better. They contend that this unnecessary and unholy war will humble the nation, and in the end we shall be the better for it. We admit that God can make even the wrath of man to praise him and overrule evil for good, but we also contend that man has no right to be in so corrupt a condition as to make such medicine necessary, or gender such misery. He has had light and knowledge enough to avoid transgressions, and to make himself pure and good without such abhorrent means, but has allowed his selfishness and the dominion of his low propensities to bring the misery upon himself.

The wicked gender the wars, and they alone should fight them and foot their own bills, while the righteous should stand aloof and meddle not, save to show the wicked how and where the strife originated, and point out the better way.

YOUNG MEN'S SALOON.

Friendly Advice.

In my walks through the city I see large numbers of young men who are in the daily practice of visiting oyster and drinking saloons, where they foolishly spend as much in a week as it costs them for board, besides the loss in time, reputation and morals, which are too valuable to be estimated in money.

For the benefit of this class we have fitted up a saloon in our Chariot, in which we may from time to time, treat them, not with strong drink and unhealthy food, but with wise counsel that will be for their present and lasting good, if they will but heed it.

Young men, listen to me;—I am older than you, and have had abundant opportunities to see where the path you are in leads to, and will endeavor to tell you plain, solid matters.

For six and a half years I kept a school in this city; and on my way to and from my school room, I passed several saloons, and had become familiar with the histories of the young men whom I daily saw visiting those places. Some were young men of leisure, living with wealthy parents, some were the sons of widows, who received their chief support from the industry of their mothers, and spent their own small earnings in the gratification of their artificial appetites; while others were apprentices and mechanics and traders who had just commenced business for themselves.

Time has passed on, and where now are those young men? As many as nine in every ten of them now rest in premature graves!

Those who were in business for themselves, with fair prospects, were drawn little by little from their business by the inebriating bowl and the company they met around it and failed, and becoming discouraged gave themselves up to idleness and dissipation, shortened life and sunk into the grave, leaving their few friends to pity their folly and errors. The sons of the rich had contracted such habits of idleness, that they squandered what their parents left to them, and in doing so hurried themselves into untimely graves, very few of them are now living.

One, the son of a rich man I occasionally meet, who is older and grayer at forty-five years of age than his father was at seventy. Another, the son of a rich man, looking twenty years older than he ought to, gets a miserable living by doing such jobs of the most menial work as he can obtain, but has no regular employment—no abiding home of his own.

Each one whom I allude to spent enough

in small sums at saloons, in a few years to purchase a small farm. Had they saved those small sums for that purpose and spent the time they squandered in improving their minds, they might now be living healthy and happy, in comfortable homes, an honor to themselves and their families.

Young men, you are in the same road to ruin; but many of you have not gone so far but what you may turn and live. Be wise; take the counsel of a friend, turn short about, seek employment, save your spare money to purchase a house, let your leisure hours be spent in storing your minds with useful knowledge; seek the society of the wise and good, for that will elevate you and enable you to overcome evil habits, strive to improve, and the time will come when you will be comfortably situated, and you will look back with thankfulness and pleasure on the wise choice. I now bid you adieu for the present after giving you the following good counsel from an exchange; and if I learn that any of you value my counsel, or prefer the saloon in the Chariot, to those where you have been in the habit of wasting your time, you will hear from me again.

"Get a home and keep it."

A leading object with every young man should be to secure himself a permanent home. And for its great stability, it should consist partly in land, and up to a certain limit, the more of it the better, if paid for. The house should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and purpose to keep possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them through all changes.

Americans are altogether too roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away a half dozen times in a lifetime, in a vain hope. Better to choose a homestead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to abiding there. Even though our gains are less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty should seldom be given up for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Only those who have experienced it know how firmly a family becomes attached to their long-loved homestead. No children love home as well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this will remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will ever be welcomed. A pleasing writer confirms our doctrine thus: "There is a great gain in being settled. It is two-fold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which his labor is lessened.

"The rough channel of labor becomes worn and smooth. A change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid; the wear and tear of removal is no small item;

and above all, the breaking up of associations is often disastrous in the extreme. Parent and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals. Let the man who has a home ahead keep it; let him that has none get one, and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it." To all of which every intelligent, thoughtful person must give a hearty approval."—*The American Agriculturalist*.

FARMERS' HALL.

Friendly Thoughts.

Yes, farmers' Hall! for why should they not have a Hall as well as other people? a place where they can meet and exchange thoughts—where each one can impart to others what he has learned for their mutual benefit; a place where their children can meet, read, write or converse. Would not a Farmers' Hall in the Chariot or elsewhere, devoted to such uses be valuable? We think so, so here we spare you room, and ask you to occupy it from week to week, with the results of your observations, experiments and labors in agriculture, or any thing else that will be useful; and in the mean time I will give you a few hints that may be of service to you.

Wherever I go I find that farmers complain that their children are leaving them to travel the downhill side of life alone. Some, yes, many farmers offer their farms for sale because they are getting too old to labor and their children have left them. Their sons are tempted into the army by the high bounties that are offered, or go to California or to the ocean, or into cities with the hope of making money faster or easier than they know how to on the old homestead. And then, their daughters find the old home a lonesome place, and away they go to factory or city, leaving the parents quite alone in the decline of life.

There is a mischievous and growing disposition in the young people of this nation to obtain money faster or easier than they can by agriculture, and all the comforts and endearments of home and society are too often sacrificed to this end; and are not parents in some degree accountable for this growing evil? Do they not confine themselves and their children too much to mere drudgery—toil too constantly to provide for the outer man or to hoard up money, neglecting the wants of the mind? Do farmers try to beautify and ornament their homes, and make them attractive? Have they not many spare hours in which they might plant shade and fruit trees, shrubbery, &c., and in other ways beautify their home, make them more pleasant to their children, and at the same time increase their profit and value? And is there not a great lack among farmers, in furnishing their children with good books and papers? Young people want amusement, recreation, instruction, occasional relaxation from toil, and food for the mind. Travel among farmers, and you will often find half a

dozen families in succession, all taking the same paper and nothing else to read—a paper perhaps devoted exclusively to political filth and advertisements of quack medicines and the like, a sickening, disgusting mess to a young mind craving healthy food. Sometimes in addition you will find a paper professedly religious, but largely stuffed with the same matter, and an equally disgusting mess called religion. Now, why could not the half dozen families so arrange as to take each a different paper, and exchange with each other, and thus have the privilege of reading six papers instead of one, and all at the same cost; and also so arrange as to have papers worth reading, something that will interest, and instruct the youthful mind, and help to bind it to home? Again, why can not each school district, or two or three districts unite for the purpose, procure a library of good books, and establish a lyceum to be held one or two evenings a week, for the discussion of any subject that might be proper or useful? Farmers and their children ought to make agriculture a science and a study. They should be supplied with the best periodicals and books on every subject relating to the farm. Surrounded by such aids parents may bind the hearts of their children to their homes, for few will run abroad for what they can have under their own quiet roof.

Farmers, think of these hints and see if something cannot be done to secure the company of your children in your declining years; that they may not be scattered to the four quarters of the earth, and sink to untimely graves as thousands and millions have done because their homes were not what they should be.

If any of you feel interest enough to write on any useful subject, the Chariot is open to you; and if not, we must devote the space to something else.

HALL OF FASHION.

[From the Progressive Age.]

Dress Reform.

The following paragraph appears in a recent number of the Home Journal:

Miss Sallie M. Monroe, of New Berlin, Chenango county, New York, a practicing physician of the hydropathic school, has permanently adopted the masculine attire—not merely bloomers—but veritable dress of a gentleman, from hat to boots. So, the *ultima thule* of the dress reform has been reached at last! Miss Monroe, who makes a fine looking cavalier, either on horseback or on foot, usually wears a blue coat and buff waist-coat, with plain flat gilt buttons, blue trousers, boots and hat, all good cut. She is a young lady of irreproachable character, skillful in her profession, brave, energetic, ambitious, and eminently self-reliant. She wears the masculine in preference to the feminine dress, because she conceives the former to be better adapted to the active duties of her profession.

When the new system of horsemanship for women—riding astride and in male attire—was introduced, two seasons ago, many intelligent persons predicted that, if it met with

reasonable success, it would be but the beginning of a radical reform in woman's dress. It is now conceded that the equestrian reform has succeeded quite as well as anticipated, and there is good reason to hope and believe that the prediction above mentioned will be verified. Miss Monroe's suit corresponds precisely with that adopted by the equestrian reformers; hence it is fair to infer that, if she is not one of them, she is at least indebted to them for the style of her costume. It may be mentioned here that Miss Monroe is not the only lady physician who dresses habitually in this fashion. I could mention several others, but do not feel at liberty to make a public use of their names. It is manifest that the world is becoming every day more enlightened, tolerant, liberal, and charitable; and the fact is at last realized that women can wear male apparel in public without the slightest detriment to their reputation, and without meeting with serious opposition from any quarter.

All who take an interest in the dress reforms will hail the success of the masculine riding suit as an important step gained in the right direction, because it indicates the entire feasibility of masculinizing the female dress, to any extent that may be desirable.

The female dress will probably always have its appropriate uses; nothing can be more elegant in the drawing room, nothing more convenient in dishabille. But to women who are engaged in professional, mercantile, and mechanical pursuits, it is a serious drawback; they need a thorough masculine dress, and I can imagine no good reason why they should not wear it. There is no moral question involved in the form of one's dress; it is purely a matter of expediency and taste. Those who hold to the traditional belief that a woman cannot dress like a man without becoming coarse and unfeminine, are laboring under a great delusion. The riding suit, which is purely masculine, is worn by ladies of the very highest position in society—not only by worldly women, but by many who are in the communion of orthodox churches, by clergymen's wives and clergyman's daughters—and no deterioration of womanly manners or feeling has ensued.

Nor do I believe that the assumption of male attire will diminish a girl's chance of marrying. The equestrian reformers, I notice, have no scarcity of beaux; and it has been remarked that among them weddings are more frequent than among the "conservatives."

There are, however, hundreds and thousands of girls in our country who do not regard matrimony as the sole aim of their lives, who are in the habit of thinking and acting for themselves, and who well know that their health and comfort would be largely promoted by adopting the masculine costume. Take the case of an intelligent and respectable young woman who works for her living, and is her own mistress—one of a very numerous class in our country. She has the courage and good sense to adapt her clothing to her occupation, assuming a neat but inexpensive coat, vest and pants, with substantial boots, and cutting her hair short so that it may be dressed quickly. Thus attired she performs her work with more ease and expedition, and goes to and fro in the worst weather with a facility she never knew before. For the Sabbath and other holiday occasions she has a more stylish suit—a blue coat and buff vest with plain, flat gilt buttons, most likely, for nothing can be prettier. After teaching her class in Sunday school, she attends divine service, and, if the weather is inviting, walks out with a friend in the afternoon. During the week she sometimes dons her best suit after her day's work is over, and

spends the evening in the public library or reading room, or hears a sermon, lecture or concert, going and returning just as well without the escort of a gentleman as with it. She is, in the true sense of the term, an independent woman, yet still as much of a lady as ever. She takes rational exercise, enjoys good health, and feels that the world is not a dreary waste even to those whose lot is to live a life of celibacy. Is this not a thousand times better than to draggle one's skirts through mud and rain, to force them through a gale of wind or a crowd of people, and to be oppressed and hampered by their weight and volume all day long? Who says no? Not one in a hundred.

What possible harm can grow out of such a change in woman's attire? If the dress is modest for man, it is certainly none the less so for a woman; if it is the most convenient form of dress for him, it will be found the most convenient for us. It is, I am sure, the most desirable costume for women who act as physicians, public speakers, teachers, painters, sculptors, collectors, book-keepers, saleswomen, clerks, amanuensis, musicians, tailoresses, composers, employees in mills and shops of every kind, agriculturists, florists, book canvassers, traveling agents, etc. etc. The present is a most auspicious time to secure this reform. The riding dress has opened the way and public opinion is no longer in antagonism to such a movement. Sisters! shall we improve the golden opportunity, or ingloriously let it pass?

MARTHA H. BREWSTER.

Phila. 10th Mo., 21st, '64.

REMARKS.—Some six or eight years ago when the committee of the Maine State Agricultural Society were offering premiums to female equestrians, we offered from our scanty purse, the small premium of ten dollars to the female who would perform best astride of her horse. For this monstrous insult to the fashions and customs of Mrs. Grundy, we were repeatedly told that we ought to be placed in the State Prison for life, or receive some other punishment equally severe. A woman astride a horse! and up went the virtuous hands of young and old! Horror of horrors! What would become of female virtue if such a fashion should prevail!

Again, when we, some years since, advised city females, who were dying for want of exercise, to learn to skate, there were similar censure and fits; and several years later, when females began to venture on the ice, and we saw them waddling about, or trying to, like fettered ducks, by reason of their unfit dress, and advised them to adopt a different costume in which they might have the use of their limbs, another course of fits went the rounds.

But the world moves, as is proved by the article above. Even the wives and daughters of clergymen—just as though they were better than others—can now ride astride, on horseback, and in male attire too! And then, people in various cities are taking measures to have skating parks for females as well as males, and who knows but what they will have a skating, as well as a riding dress?

We have copied the above article because we like it, with a few exceptions. We believe, as men cut off the beard, which was doubtless given by nature, in part, as a distinction of sex, that it would be well to have something in the dress as a distinction till the beard is restored; and then after sex is distinguished, we can see

no cause for any other difference in the costume of males and females. We do not believe with Sister Brewster, that nothing can be more elegant in the drawing room, than the present fashionable dress, for in our view the fitness or adaptation of a thing to its use has something to do with its elegance. An elegant baloon or haystack, would not in our opinion give an elegant pattern for the covering to a pair of drumsticks, or the dress of an animal with two legs. With these exceptions, we endorse the letter above, and believe that when the women are sensible enough and independent enough to adopt the new costume, they will begin to feel that they can become useful, self-reliant, good for something, and finally become too independent to contract loveless marriages, and become slaves to tyrants or unworthy men, for the purpose of securing homes. We are learning almost daily that things discovered in our pioneer labors, and thrown up in sight of the world, only to be sneered at twenty to forty years ago, are now being adopted as wise and valuable improvements, and so we will take courage and toil on, hoping that somebody may live to see the day when people can do their own preaching, and pulpit louts in fashionable monkey skin gloves will have to work.

CHIP BASKET.

The War and the Millennium State.

Under the head "National Manufactories," the Boston Bulletin commences an article with the following paragraph:—"Whichever way this war may terminate, it is evident that hereafter we shall be a great naval and military power, until the dawning of the millennium at least."

It then goes on to encourage the increase of navy yards, and the preparation to improve the facilities of manufacturing military appliances more speedily, &c.

Can any one be blinder than the writer of this article? "A grand military power till the dawning of the millennium!" Why has not the millennium already dawned? Simply because of the existence of the military power, military spirit and other minor sins. Christ declared eighteen hundred years ago that the kingdom of heaven had come to earth. A few entered into it in his day and were in the millennium state, and all might have been if they would have turned from the war spirit and other sins; and in all ages since then, a few have been in the millennium state. The universal reign of the millennium, depends wholly on man. God has done his part, heaven has come to earth, the gates are open and all may come in at any time when they are willing to repent of their sins, give up politics, war and the whole system and spirit of retaliation and wrong.

Keep up the military power and you will never enter the millennium state. You can not see the dawning of the millennium day with a fort or cannon in your eye, or the war spirit in your heart—but the moment you are purified and prepared for the millennium, you will be in it whether others are or not.

PUBLIC HALL.

The National Sailors' Fair.

"The weather since the inauguration of the Fair has not been particularly favorable. Still the attendance at the Fair itself and at the various outside exhibitions has been very good. The receipts, so far as made up, are as follows: Partial return of receipts at tables, up to the afternoon of Saturday, \$25,000; receipts at doors of Boston Theatre up to Saturday morning, \$9,000; receipts at Monitor Hall, \$1,320,80; receipts from tableaux given by young ladies of 28th Con. Society, Oct. 31, \$268,58; amount of cash donations, \$27,120,47. The whole amount thus far realized will not fall short of \$70,000. Quite a number of articles were to be raffled Saturday evening, among them the unique arm-chair which we have already described. The list of successful ticket-holders will be published in the *Whistle* from day to day, as the drawing takes place.

In continuing our notice of the different tables, that kept by Mrs. Samuel F. Coues of Boston comes next in order. Here is an elegantly carved chair, wrought in worsted with nautical emblems and devices to be presented to the Admiral who shall receive the greatest number of votes; a devotional chair of unique design; a painting of Gloucester Harbor by Lane, valued at \$200; two paintings by the same artist, of Brace's Cove, and Bass Rocks, valued at \$75 each; a picture of St. Catherine by one of the old masters, after Guido, valued at \$500, contributed by Nathaniel Thayer; a picture of Sheep, by P. Morand, valued at \$100; a parlor chair worth \$150; two superior Affghans, \$160 and \$175; and numerous other very rich and costly articles. The Japanese Admiral's coat, to which we alluded on Saturday in connection with the Dorchester table, properly belongs to that of Mrs. Coues.

On the Lynn table, kept by Mrs. John B. Alley, Mrs. Oliver, and Mrs. Henry Barrett of Malden, we find one of Asheroff's steam-gauges, a fine piece of workmanship, an elegant carved chair and camp-stool, a crayon drawing of Col. Shaw, by Benjamin Porter of Lynn, an infant's cloak of white cashmere, splendidly embroidered, valued at \$100, and other articles of use and ornament, including some very elegant worsted and beadwork.

At the Chelsea table, kept by Mrs. John W. Graves and Mrs. Joshua Loring, besides the volumes of valuable autographs to which we have previously alluded, we find an infant's wardrobe complete, contributed by Mrs. Mayor Fitz, valued at \$150, and some wax flowers made by a lady of Chelsea, sixty-eight years of age. This table also has the elegant shell wherry by Lawler, which is to be disposed of at raffle, and for which there is great competition.

At the table kept by Mrs. Alexander H. Rice are many curious and valuable articles. Here are the original manuscript of Mr. Everett's great Oration in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 19, 1864, to be raffled for in fifty shares at \$2 each; a linen shirt made for the Fair by a lady of Boston who is in her eighty-third year, the widow of a sea captain, who has outlived her three sons, all of whom were sailors, two of them captains in the Navy of the United States, and the last of whom, after serving his country nearly forty years, has given his life for her in the present struggle; a fac-simile of an inscription carved on the wall of a cell in the Tower of London, which he deciphered in English, French, Italian, and in each case appropriate to the prison, whose name was Charles Bailly; a table of an exquisite bit of landscape, "The Mountains," painted and contributed by Joshua F. B. B. B., late of U. S. S. Colorado; and very many other articles of great beauty and richness. Connected with this table also are the miniature steam engine built of picked-up materials by two private soldiers before Petersburg, some weeks ago described in *The Journal*, and which may be found in the Curiosity Department; and a beautiful model of

Burden's machine for making horse shoes—a very useful and valuable invention.

The Indian Department, in charge of Miss Kate Miller, has a full collection of Indian curiosities, baskets, etc., of Indian manufacture, and a belt worn by the Chief of the Wild Cat tribe.

The Philadelphia table, in charge of Mrs. D. Haddock, Jr., Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Hazelton and Mrs. E. S. Hall, is very richly furnished. There are here a bust of Gen. Grant, a portrait of Admiral Farragut painted by Miss Helen W. Emerson of Boston, a very fine collection of Masonic and Odd Fellows' regalia, a splendid Knight Templar's sword and equipments, a valuable collection of minerals presented by Com. Charles Stewart, collected by himself on the west coast of South America, and a rich collection of books.

The New Hampshire table, kept by Mrs. John P. Hale and Mrs. George Hutchins, has a large collection of Swiss articles, presented by Mr. Fogg, the American Minister in Switzerland; also an elegant brace of revolvers by Remington Sons, presented by Gov. Gilmore of New Hampshire, a handsome silver tea service, a number of statues by Rogers, and a fine assortment of Affghans, rugs, and needle work.

The New Bedford table, kept by Mrs. Lawrence Grinnell and Mrs. Geo. P. Stearns, comprises a very large number of elegant and valuable articles, among them a beautiful French model of the Kearsarge, presented by Capt. John C. Gibbs; a magnificent Affghan valued at \$200, said to be the most superb affair of the kind in the Fair; a fire bench and mantel-fall, wrought in worsted and silk embroidery; a sheepskin rug, with border of blue silk and beadwork; autumn leaves in wax, and a beautiful little collection of natural ferns.

REMARKS.—We copy the above, which is less than one-half of an article, all of the same sort, in the "Boston Journal" for the purpose of showing our readers some of the means that are taken to keep up and keep on this unholy war. No means have been left untried, to raise money; even the raffling and gambling peculiar to the rotten churches are dragged in to aid; and since the war commenced more than fifteen millions of dollars have been raised by such means.

Think of it, candid readers! A *devotional* chair of unique design! If there is any spiritual power in that *devotional* chair we hope for the good of humanity that means will be taken to seat every war supporting priest in the nation in it long enough for the *devotional* spirit to get the upper hand of politics and war. And this *devotional* chair to be raffled for and perhaps fall into the hands of some common gambler or blackleg, when those in black coats need it far more.

It appears that these people are fully aware of the scarcity of Saints among them, as the picture of one, or the copy of a picture is valued at \$500. But thus it has always been. Each generation has paid money to garnish the sepulchres of the saints and prophets of the past, while rejecting and starving those of their own time.

A parlor chair worth \$150, while poor widows in Boston are glad to get an old soap or fish box to sit on, in a cold garret! An infant's cloak valued at \$100! An infant's wardrobe valued at \$150. Wonder if this is

the one Jesus was dressed in in the manger, when no more place was found for him at the Inn than there is for him now in this wonderful fair! The rogues divided his garments among themselves when they crucified him;—wonder why they don't bring them forth to this fair for his glory, and to help on the gun-powder gospel which they say is his!

If we could only get these baby clothes and find babies worthy of them, and then get our new religion going in season to supply them with pure milk, what nice saints we could raise! how humble, how free from pride and ostentation! Only \$150 for the wardrobe and a paltry \$1.00 for a cloak! And then Mr. Everett's oration to be raffled for in fifty shares at \$2 each, and does not contain matter that would benefit the world one tenth part so much as any one page of the Chariot which costs only 5 cents. Wonder if any body would buy the Chariot Manuscript and let us use the money to send Chariots to the poor widows and orphans, made so by the war? They are continually writing for us to send them the paper free, as they have nothing to pay for it. They say when they go to the priests for comfort, they are told that their husbands have died gloriously in a righteous cause; but as they can see no glory nor righteousness in war, they want better food for their weeping souls.

But good bye to the mockers, gamblers and murderers; we have seen enough of them to show us that there are millions for war, and but a very small number for peace.

Now, friends of the Chariot! friends of peace! if these people can raise millions of money to help on this bloody slaughter, why cannot you obtain subscriptions enough to have the Chariot published regularly with extra copies to be sent to those who are weeping the loss of friends so wickedly slain?

A New Religion Wanted.

Some one who must have seen the height and depth, if they have any, of the fashionable religions of the day, and who is sensible of the wants of mankind, has expressed his sense of what is needed, as follows;

"We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when dinner is late; keeps the wife from being spiteful when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honey moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom, and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beer root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from

milk-cans. The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, according to Gospel, though it is according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay, and fails to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

We second the motion, and hope those who read this will aid us in our efforts to inaugurate the kind of religion described above. We have read something very much like it, that is said to have prevailed to some little extent nearly two thousand years ago, but long since went out of fashion, and has been almost forgotten by those who pretend to be the leaders of the people. Let us get what information we can of that honest, renovating old principle, and see if we can revive it. It will surely be hard work to effect its reception even by a few; but the heavier the cross, and the greater the labor, the brighter the crown, remember. A religion that will keep water out of milk cans! goodness sake! what joy there will be among the pale, sickly babies! won't they grow fat, and wont their pale cheeks grow healthy?

And suppose this honest thorough-working religion should get among the clergy and be accepted by the churches, what a turning and overturning there would be. Even the valley of dry bones, seen by the old prophet, when coming to life and being clothed with flesh, were not a greater miracle or a more stirring sight. Oh brothers and sisters, let us pray and labor, for truth is mighty, and if a grain of faith not larger than mustard seed can remove a mountain, who knows but a few tons of it might convert a popular priest, and set him to preaching a gospel of peace and love, and honest dealing instead of war and carnage.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

Quaker Evidences.

I have, on my subscription list, quite a number of those called Friends or Quakers, and think the majority of them are Spiritualists; and I can see no good reason why any Quaker should oppose that doctrine; for they have many anecdotes of their people which go far to establish the truth of Spiritualism. I will relate one or two that I have heard from members of that society.

An aged minister was once traveling on horseback with a companion, in what they call *public service*, viz:—holding religious meetings from place to place as *way may open*; that is, as the spirit or spirits moved or impressed them to. One afternoon, riding through a woody tract, they came to a cleared field where stood a barn, but no house or other building within

sight. As they were passing the barn, the minister slackened his pace to a moderate walk, and his head was bowed down as he rode along in silence, as though his mind was under deep exercises. At length he said to his companion, "I must have a meeting in that barn this evening at early candle lighting."

His companion suggested to him that there were no people living near, and it would be an out-of-the-way place to hold a meeting, and it appeared doubtful whether they could find any body to attend it; and inquired whether they had not better go on till they found a better place for a meeting." "No," said the minister, "that barn is the place; I must hold a meeting there." They rode on a short distance through the wood and came out into an old settled neighborhood, and found that they had traveled through a new road, and that it was settled all around the woods, but a short distance from the barn, and that barn was the most central place for a meeting. They put up at the first house, obtained liberty to hold a meeting in the barn and started the appointment. The circumstance was so unusual that the news went fast, and at the appointed hour a large meeting gathered.

After sitting a while in silence, feeling for the fountain of life, which alone, qualifies a genuine Quaker to preach, the minister arose and spoke as the spirit gave him utterance.

After he had spoken a short time another man entered the meeting alone. Before the minister got through with his discourse, he went on to describe the particular state and condition of some one present, who had been under strong religious excitement, had been tried and tempted, and discouraged by the false doctrine, and finally was sinking in despair and strongly tempted to commit suicide, and had made up his mind to do so very soon. He then went on to clear away the false doctrine that had caused this distress, and pointed out the truth, and the path of wisdom so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool need not err therein. After he had closed his sermon, the man who entered the meeting late arose, and stated that he was the person referred to, that he had been tried and tempted and so discouraged that his mind had become confused and so deranged that he had resolved to put an end to his sufferings by hanging, and had that day selected the tree and time on which to hang himself, and while on his way to the spot, for that purpose, he saw the light, and heard the speaker's voice in the barn, when something suggested to him that he had better turn aside and hear the sermon for he could hang himself as well after the meeting was over as then; and here he pulled the rope from his pocket, with which he had intended to end his days, saying he would not need it for that purpose, for the sermon had cleared away his troubles and made his path plain.

Now I am inclined to belief that this story

is substantially true, for I have in my own travels experienced many things equally singular and *know* for a certainty that such things do occur, and not by chance, but under the influence of some power or attraction that always has appeared to me to be higher than any faculty possessed in and of myself.

And now the questions arise,—What was it that fixed that minister's mind on that barn as a suitable place for a meeting, when all outward appearances were so unfavorable? What was it that brought him into such sympathy with the tried and tempted man, that he could describe the state of his mind as well as though the conditions were his own? I leave these questions for each one to answer to his own satisfaction, and I would like very much to read the conclusion that each may come to on the subject.

I will relate one more instance similar to the above, and then close for the present.

A Quaker minister—I do not know but it might have been the same whom I have been speaking of—was on a religious visit among his brethren in a strange place. He sat with them in profound silence until nearly time for the meeting to close, when he raised his cane and gave three loud raps on the rail before him—an act never heard of before in a Quaker meeting—and then without rising from his seat spoke thus:—"Resist the temptation this once, and thou wilt be tempted no more."

After the meeting closed a man came to him and described the condition his mind had been in for a long time, under religious excitements, temptations and discouragements, similar to the former one, and said he had finally become so entirely discouraged, that while sitting in that meeting, he had made up his mind to slip up stairs into the gallery of the meeting house, while the people were going out, and there end his life; but the few words of the speaker broke the spell, and his mind was free. He remarked particularly on the circumstance of the minister's rapping with his cane, and thought it was directed by divine wisdom, for he said he was so deeply buried under a sense of his own misery, that had the minister spoken what he did without first calling his attention, he would not have heard or noticed it; but the loud sudden raps with the cane startled him from his deep misery and prepared him for the words.

Such things I believe in because I *know* them to be facts, and again I ask what was it that prepared that minister to speak to the state of that stranger, and that led him to call his attention by means so unusual.

If all who profess to be ministers of the gospel were indued with this power, we should soon see a shaking among the dry bones that lie in the valley of empty profession, and if Quakers and others were better acquainted with this power, we should hear less against spiritualism.

The COPY RIGHT of the following Song has been secured by a Friend, who may publish it in Music sheets; and if so, it will be advertised in the Chariot.

My Treasures.—By J. HACKER.

In the land which I have chosen
For my future Spirit Home,
Where no moth nor rust corrupteth,
Where no thief can ever come;—

Where my fondest hopes are centered,
And my soul's affections twine,
All my *Wealth* will be *eternal!*
All its *Income* be *Divine!*

And I now, have untold treasures,
In that *safe* and *ample* store,
And am daily adding to them
What I had not there before.

Angel friends are coming, going,—
Bring or carry at my will
What I need or would deposit,
And my spirit hath its *fill*.

I've had glimpses of such treasures,—
Tasted heavenly fruits before,
But so *scantily*, I hungered,—
Thirsted still, and asked for more;

But my soul hath found a *fulness*,
And a *richness* of supply;
And the Angels tell me *surely*,
I shall have it till I die;

And by *death*, they mean the *changing*
Of this mortal form of pain,
For a beautiful spirit body,
Free from toil-mark, scar or stain!

And my hand, my mother guideth,
As I trace these blissful lines,
And will help me show my treasures,
To earth friends in future times.

And she says, "sustain the Chariot,
Work in Wisdom, Truth and Love,
Strive to win some erring mortal,
To the blissful realms above;

Where you'll find among your *treasures*
Rest and pleasure for your pains,
Crowns for crosses, joys for sorrows,
All things earthly changed to gains."

So I'll toil and wait in patience,
Cold and hunger still endure;
For I *know* my mother's promise
Never fails of being *sure*.

And I ask now, where's the mortal,
That my pleadings e'er can win,
To exchange for robes of glory,
The old robes of self and sin;

And receive unbounded treasures,
Stored in mansions safe and sure;
And enjoy through endless ages
Love and friendship of the pure?

Live and Work as you Pray.

BY J. HACKER.

I asked a member of an angel band
If wars were common in the *Better Land*;
And oh! that look of mournful, sad surprise!
What pity gleamed from those deep, lustrous eyes!

Then looking upward with a rapturous smile:—
"All heaven my friend, is free from every guile,
The cause of war can never enter here,
Nor could it earth, if all would live sincere.

"Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth,
Has been your *prayer* e'en from your nation's birth;

Yet with this prayer, so holy and divine,
You've lived for self, and selfish lusts combine,

And gender wars, which have their millions slain;—

You *pray* for *Pleasure*, but you *work* for *pain*;"

Thus spoke the Seraph, and my spirit wept,
O'er bloody fields where mangled warriors slept.

Then rose triumphant o'er each selfish will,
To *work* Loves prayer which Jesus worketh still;

To call on man to cease all mortal strife,
And *work* out prayer, which leadeth unto Life.

MISSIONARY HALL.

A Mission Hymn.—By J. HACKER.

To be sung to the American Churches, by
Turks, Hindoos and Hottentots, with a chorus
of Wolves, Hyenas, Vultures and Carrion Crows.

A *Patent* gospel, sure have ye!
From Wisdom, Love and Mercy free!
Its reason, sanity and sense
But impudent and false pretense!

To battle-field now go with me,
The proof of this bold charge to see;
For works must speak louder than words;—
See here! your *Gospel*—guns and swords!

See proofs that none can e'er deny,
"Till falls the sun from yonder sky!
See headless trunks, and trunkless heads
Lie festering in their gory beds!

And arms! and legs, all scattered round,
Over the brain-bespattered ground!
See skulls, by shells cleft quite in twain
And vultures feasting on the brain!

See hungry wolves gnawing the wounds
Of men too faint to utter sounds!
See hands! see feet! see torn out eyes
Lie blindly gazing at the skies!

See wounded ones to thicket crawl,
Or tree, or fence, or friendly wall
A cold and stormy night to pass,
With entrails trailing o'er the grass!

What! shocked so soon at what you've done!
At fruits of "GLORIOUS BATTLE WON!"
Can't bear to see your *Gospel* works!
No wonder! it would shock the Turks.

Father 'gainst son in deadly strife!
Brother 'gainst brother! husband, wife,
Their children's heart-blood give and sell!
Such doings ne'er were known in Hell!

E'en Calvin's Devils ne'er were seen
In strife like this, and had they been
They would have fled for very shame
To parts unknown, and changed their name.

And Quaker Priests make Army cloth!
And Quaker votes roll on the wrath!
Oh tell us! righteous Fox and Penn
If Jesus still weeps o'er such men!

And yet you roll your eyes above,
And call on Him whose name is love,
To aid you in this monstrous war
Which Angels—Devils too—abhor!

Go, sink away 'yond wiser beasts!
Take with you temples, pulpits, priests,
There found a kingdom of your own,
And live, and die and rot unknown!

What Ye Sow Ye Shall Reap.

You'll surely reap whate'er you sow;—
Rich grapes, or thorns; pure joy or woe;—
Thistles or figs; or hate or love;—
The things of earth, or those above.

Then choose your seed with utmost care,—
Cleanse all of thistle, thorn or tare;—
Sow love, and peace and all that's good
For earthly fruit or heavenly food.

Then will your toils be truly blest,
With present joy and peaceful rest;
And when you gain the heavenly shore
You'll find rich fruits laid up in store.

J. HACKER.

YOUNG FOLKS' SALOON.

MAKING TRACKS.—A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing and was not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from it, and see who could make the straightest track—that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a straight line the path would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, where they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give you a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on the hill, yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others.

It appears that nobody but Henry had aimed at a particular object. They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purpose, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object and go steadily forward to it. Thus only can you succeed.—*Exchange*.

THE "BLUES."—Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are very rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the hazy brain crawls spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs that shut out the light and make it a fit abode for "loathed melancholy." Invite the stout handmaiden, brisk and buis Thought, into the intellectual chambers, and she will soon brush away for ever such unwholesome tenants. Blessed be work, whether it be for the head, or the hand, or both!"

"HOME.—The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feeling the more painful the wound.

A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the

faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced by an uproar of derision."

"Home's Harmony."

The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings she skims along,
To welcome in the rising morn;
Her sweetest song is naught to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods, the nightingale
At midnight hour may tune her lay,
May pour upon the list'ning vale
Her loveliest stream of melody;
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the Spring,
And of the Summer days,
And Autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays;
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But Oh! what cheers the winter night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

Oh! when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power,
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee
From our dear home's sweet harmony."

PRETTY.—A child speaking of his home to a friend, was asked—"Where is your home?"—Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied—"Where mother is!" Was ever question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?

WORD AND DEED.—In some men word and deed are like theatrical thunder and lightening, breaking forth out of separate corners and through the agency of different operators.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS:—I have copied all these articles in your Saloon, from the Boston Investigator. They are all wise and good; worthy of being practiced; and I am thinking what a nice little store of good things you might have in your Saloon every month, if each one of you would send me the wise and good scraps you find in your books and papers, together with little articles and letters of your own. Why will you not do so? Try the plan for once. Send me what you can immediately, for the next paper;—songs or any thing that you think good and useful. If you are not willing to cut articles from your papers, take your pen and copy them, you will thus be learning to copy correctly and improve yourself while you are amusing, instructing, and benefiting others. Try it; do.

THANKSGIVING HALL.

[From the Progressive Age.]

Thanksgiving.

BY CORA WILBURN.

We render thanks unto the Supreme Bestower at certain man-appointed seasons, neglecting the constant, daily payment of that tribute of gratitude that is our Father's and our Mother's due. We have eyes only for the evanescent glitter, not for the perennial beauty of this world; we chase the gold-phantoms coined by human hands, and lose sight of the beautiful sunlight, spiritually typical of eternal riches. We revel in external delights, forgetting the interior beauty that appertains unto the humblest wayside flower. We seek a fitful, transient happiness, and weep because its shallow possessions elude our grasp. Rare seasons of soulful enjoyment are passed over in reckless haste; the glory and the wonders of the every-day world fall upon closed senses, impervious to their spiritual appeals. The creation-loveliness of dawn, the orchestral summer chants that usher in each festive day, the meditative calm of noon, the poetic charm of twilight, the prayerful stillness of the solemn night, receive no tributary hymn of fulness from the sated or the blinded human heart.

At every step in life thy beauty enfolds us with material whispering, Oh, Fashioner Divine! Thy everlasting compassion greets us from the midst of error, sorrow, and disappointment. Thine handmaid, Nature, everywhere and amid all changes, welcomes us with teachings of immortality and progress. All earthly loss is balanced by eternal gain, all discipline is the sweet fostering mother of wisdom, all the mistakes of life lead to purified vision, clear judgment, and the ultimate calm of victory, if retrieved by fervent motive, and sanctified by holier uses of experience. It is time for thanksgiving every day; in planting and in reaping, in darkness, and from illumined fanes of realized joys. In bereavement, and in hours of heart-reunion; in separation and in meeting of the loved; at the cradle and the coffin, wherever ministering angels, disguised or revealed, perform the mandate of that Will whose law is Love.

It is because of setting apart days and seasons, and grasping covetously for ourselves only, the blessings designed for all, that as a nation we are paying in sore tribute of life and sacrifice for the ingratitude and selfishness of the past. We thanked our God for the dear boon of freedom while denying it unto the slave. The Northern hand bribed of Southern gold, subscribed to the decrees that doomed four millions unto perpetual bondage. The Northern heart, grown arrogant and cold in fancied security, of its gained privileges, denied the application of the law of love, while sounding its triumphant strains of festal gladness with the recurring years. Therefore, now, the wail of sorrow that hushes the thanksgiving song; therefore the compelled offerings of hoarded

treasure; the cruel measures of a time of war. Therefore the demanded proofs of loyalty, that should be soul-evidences unto the sacred principle of Freedom only. And yet, there is cause for thanksgiving, even amid the carnage and horrors of the time. For steady as the immutable laws that dwell in God, marches onward the victorious step of Liberty, and hands once manacled are lifted up in praise, and voices once hushed in fear, are vocal with the hymns of the delivered. The dusky children of our God sing Freedom's hallelujah's; the mighty struggle is for the world's emancipation; shall we not thank Thee, Inspirer of all Freedom and all Truth?

Lasalle, Illinois, Nov. 1st, 1864.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS:—I hope my friends, you will exercise all the forbearance you can conscientiously afford to, on account of the delay of the Chariot, and in answers to letters.

When I returned from my late journey, I found just sixty letters from all parts of the country, the Canadas and Lower Provinces, many from friends who are probably wondering why they are not answered; and some forty more have been received since. These of themselves would furnish me with employment several weeks.

And then the Chariot was behind time, and that must be attended to. So with all this before me, together with folding, wrapping and directing papers, I have not been able to reply to letters, and may not be able to for some time to come. Write as often as you feel impressed too, and I will acknowledge the favors as early as I can.

NOTICE.—I have given more selections from other Papers, in this No. than usual, because I happened to find something worth reading; and hope others will see the beauty of them. The article on Thanksgiving, is a precious gem. This custom of holding a Fast, or rendering Thanks once a year, when the soul needs daily food, and has daily blessings to be thankful for, is a very stingy concern, even if the service was sincerely performed. But when instead of feeding our bodies in a rational way, and rendering sincere and reverent thanks for favors received, we make it a day of feasting to gluttony, as most people do, and then forget the thanks or express them only with our lips; we think this custom as well as many other time honored superstitious may be profitably overhauled.

The article on female dress should be read by all. If the young Doctress, goes a little too far with her dress, all the better for the world; for in no reform have the people ever dared to come up to the mark, until some bold, daring pioneer has leapt beyond it, and thus proved that people may safely come to the right point without breaking their necks.

NOTICE.—The time for which quite a number of subscribers paid for the Boat, for which they have been receiving the Chariot, has expired, and as fast as the time expires for which any or all have paid, the paper will be stopped, unless we hear from them. We wish to force the paper on no one, so those who want it must inform us. As it is now supported in part by little gifts, from those who feel an interest in it we feel bound to see that the papers go where they are wanted, as far as practicable.

A long winter at hand, and wood, even in this wooden State, \$11.00 per cord! Hard for poor folks! What shivering there will be this winter! War is a consuming curse, blighting, withering and destroying all that comes within its reach, and leaving pain, grief and misery, and yet many tell us it is necessary.

If it is necessary the sins and iniquities of man has made it so. Dry up the fountain and the stream fails—stop sinning and war will cease

NOTICE.—I wish to see a specimen copy of every paper in this country, that is worth reading. Why will not my friends, who can do so, send me a copy of some good paper, or the name and place of publication when they have occasion to write me.

☞ A friend in Canada wishes me to publish a preventive of, and a remedy for Hydrophobia.

I do not know of any remedy that would cure the horrible disease, but there is a preventive, and the old saying is that "an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." To prevent Hydrophobia, take every *useless* dog and cut his tail off an inch or too back of his ears, and it will be impossible for him to bite. Then if there are any *useful* dogs left, don't leave animals that die of disease in their way, but bury them, or cut up and mix in the compost heap, and nature will take care of them.

I do not undervalue dogs, but believe every species of animals were created for a wise and useful purpose. In or near the wilderness where wild beasts annoy, a *good* dog is useful. In field or garden, or elsewhere, if property must be exposed to thieves, a *good* dog may be useful, also about the water, where people are exposed to drowning; but to have a *worthless* dog in every house is a nuisance.

So much about dogs; and now the remark that all animals are useful in their places reminds me of the swine. Some who abjure pork have wondered what such animals were made for. To me that point has long been clear. They were made as some other animals were, for scavengers, to keep the world cleaner by consuming not only the bodies of other animals that die but even those of their own kind. They may be useful where garbage is plenty, but are not fit for human food.

The October number of the Chariot was behind time, as other Chariots have been for good or bad reasons; and in consequence of the tardiness of the last number, the present will be rather late; but as we are reminded of the good old saying,—"Better late than never," we take courage and are striving hard to make up lost time and hope hereafter to be punctual. And now for the cause of the delay.

For some years past, I have been receiving letters from subscribers in various parts of the nation, of which the following is a sample.

Friend Hacker:—

I am weary of this cold climate and wish to remove to a warmer one. I am weary of toiling through the heat of summer to store up food for animals, and then slaving all winter in the cold, to take care of them. I want some better employment by which to obtain a living. I am weary of hog-eating, for I find that the more people live on the flesh of animals, the more are they, in disposition, like the animals they feed on. I wish to live where I can raise more fruit, and have less occasion to use animal food.

If I raise a few grapes, choice apples, pears or other delicious fruit, I must sit up nights and watch them, or they are stolen before they are ripe;—I wish to live in a community where boys and young men are better governed and taught, where I can have and enjoy the fruits I have toiled so hard to raise.

I live in a community of church goers of various sects, who profess to be quite pious, but whose piety consists chiefly in church ceremonies, missionary works, sabbath schools, &c., and exhibiting very little piety in daily life. I have a young family, and they want company, amusement, recreation, instruction, &c. Here they must attend church and sabbath schools, for the want of something better; and at these places their minds are poisoned by erroneous doctrines, by vain, proud, expensive fashions in dress. They are also tempted to attend circuses, jim crow performances and like exhibitions, with which the young people here, also some of the older ones amuse themselves.

I desire that my sons may become temperate

men, wise and useful. Here they are exposed to temptations. Strong drink is sold at various points in this vicinity, and there are also some places where young men are allowed to gamble. In short, I see so many evils around me, that I imagine I feel something as Lot did, when he began to think about fleeing from Sodom; and as the majority of the people have been, and are still being corrupted by the demoralizing war, my anxiety, on account of my children is greater than ever before.

And now, friend Hacker, as so many of us of similar views have long been reading your paper and are naturally looking to you as a sort of leader, why can't you try to find out where the Holy Mountain or Canaan of Rest is, and call together your friends, or enough of them of the right stamp to form a neighborhood; at least one school district, where we may escape the evils I have mentioned, and there live and train up our children in a rational, honest way. A word to the wise is sufficient. Look at the subject till you think you are right, and then "go ahead," and I doubt not but you will find many to follow.

Yours for a better condition.

Oct. 1, 1864. L. H. H.

Such my friends, are the letters I have been receiving for some years past, and since I commenced the publication of the Chariot, these kind of letters have become more numerous and importunate than ever. All ask me to find a place, yet very few have said a word about means to defray the expenses; yet as my whole soul, and body too, are devoted to humanity, I got together a few dollars, and added them to the promises of two or three kind friends and went forth like Noah's dove, to see if I could find a spot of earth that was not covered with the waters of sin; and after a ramble of several weeks I returned, not with olive leaves like Noah's messenger, but with peach, pear, strawberry, blackberry, sweet potato, and many other leaves mingled with grape vines, leaves from oaks, scrub oaks, chestnuts, oak, chestnut and pine boughs, together with a few small paper bags, containing specimens of sand, soil, clay, gravel, stones, &c., &c. And this journey intended for the good of others more than for myself, (for I have got used to the world and can live almost anywhere) was the cause of the Chariot being behind time.

You will therefore see, that if I have not been all the time seated with reins in hand guiding the coach, I have been none the less at work with the hope of doing good.

My travels into some six or eight different States, have confirmed me in the belief I had long entertained, that there is no one spot, on all the broad earth, where we can have every desirable privilege, and it therefore, remained for me to choose between places according to the best of my judgment; and accordingly, through the kindness of a friend, I have the offer of a small lot of wild land to clear and cultivate for a term of years, at a favorable price, and have decided that as soon as I can, by any honest means, obtain funds to build a small cabin of two or three small rooms, I shall leave this cold climate for a warmer, if not otherwise better place.

Now, if any of my friends, who entertain ideas similar to those expressed in the foregoing letter, desire to know more of my travels, or the place I have chosen for a future home, they can address me here at Portland, until further notice, and I will reply to them as early as my numerous engagements, and almost continual toil will permit. And I will here assure my friends that whatever questions they may ask, in relation to the place, climate, soil, production, society, &c., &c., shall be answered, not under the bias that sometimes attend speculators in land, but honestly, truthfully, according to the best of my information and judgment. But none need expect a reply in a hurry, for I may be overrun with letters, and may perhaps reply through the Chariot, and if I do, I may not reply by private letters.

☞ Why don't the farmers in Maine plant more orchards? No other part of a farm is more profitable. Apples in this market fetch \$5 a barrel, and a medium sized Rhode Island greening—rather sharp for table fruit, sells for 2 cents. I am afraid the speculators in apples have taken the advantage of some of my New York farmer friends, and get their apples too cheap.

One of my friends, once, being ignorant of the price of apples, sold a large quantity for \$2 per barrel when he could have had \$4 just as well.

Every farmer should have some reliable paper fully in the interest of farmers, to give the prospects, prices, &c., of all productions in various parts of the country. Sometimes apples, for instance, are very scarce and dear in Maine when they are plenty and cheap in New York, and sometimes it is exactly the reverse. With reliable information, those who have articles to sell could save themselves much loss. Speculators are always on the look out; they have correspondents in all parts of the country, and know where and how to buy and sell; and if producers had the same information, they would be prepared to meet them.

How is it, Bro. Isaac? I would be glad to give a good price for some of those pippins.—Did they fetch \$5 per barrel?

Good apples, raw and cooked, should be as common in every family as bread. No fruit is more healthful. But now they are considered by a large portion of the people in cities, as a luxury to be indulged in but seldom. I have known people who were rich, to buy a barrel, a bushel or a peck of apples, and lock them up to be dealt out as grudgingly as if they were poison or gold, when their children were suffering for them, and had bread and butter enough to waste it. How quick a child will run for an apple, when offered one!

Parents, please take the hint; farmers, plant more orchards. There are thousands of acres of rocky, rugged land in Maine, good for orchards and nothing else, hardly worth fencing for other purposes, yet covered with orchards would be profitable. In with the trees.

☞ Many of my subscribers have taken a deep interest in the Chariot, and exerted themselves to obtain subscribers. A few others who could not get subscribers have sent small gifts to assist us. If all would take the same interest that some have, it would increase our subscription list greatly—would be like removing stones from the road, and adding to the strength of the team. And why can't you, my friends? There are thousands in this land who would gladly subscribe if they could see but one No. of the paper. The evenings are increasing in length; people will have more time to read, and being less pressed with work, they will feel more keenly the wounds this war has inflicted; and being weary of politics and war news they would take the Chariot. Run in and read it to your neighbors, in the evening when they are quiet, and ask them to subscribe; show it to all people of liberal, inquiring minds, and soon we will be able to go on with fewer difficulties before us.

PORTLAND STEAMERS.—We have, running between this City and Boston, one of the best, if not the very best line of steamers that can be found in the whole world. The Boats are built expressly for this route, and with ample room for freight, nothing is lacking for the accommodation and comfort of passengers.

More than twenty years the Boats of this route have been running, one each way five nights in the week, only occasionally laying over in the very worst storms, and in all that time not a vessel nor a single life has been lost.

The managers are first rate business men; the Officers and Pilots are just what they should be, and all connected with the Boats are strictly temperate; and when we step on board for a passage, we feel assured that all has been and will be done, that possibly can be, to insure safety, and that the pilots will not "see double," nor MISTAKE ledges nor BUOYS or other warnings and signals for PILOT BOATS; so we turn in and sleep without fear as sound as a roach.

We hope the time may come when the same may be as truthfully said of all other lines, for it is shocking, horrible to contemplate the numerous vessels, and the vast number of lives that have hitherto been needlessly and sometimes recklessly sacrificed.

Cheap are the blessings Truth offers to sinners;—
"Part with your selfishness, sin and all dross;
And receive crowns and jewels, and treasures eternal,
And a home in bright mansions where nought can be lost."