

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER, CONDUCTOR.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

We are washed from the stains
Of these mountains and plains;
We are clothed in a raiment of light,
In a CHARIOT OF LOVE
We are drawn by a dove,
Which is PEACE in its plumage of white.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

Thoughts on Immortality.

Who is there on all this broad earth that has not seen friends who were near and dear to them—friends whom they love as their own life, pass onward to the grave; and who among all that live or ever have lived, who have not had intense longings for immortality and a reunion with the loved and lost ones that have passed from their sight? Probably no mortal, except idiots, ever lived who has not had this experience. Of all their aspirations, this desire for endless life and the society of loved ones has been the deepest rooted in their minds? And can it be all vain? Is man to die like the beast and know no more forever—never more wake to consciousness? If so, then there has been “great pains for very little gains” in the workers of nature.

To think that man was designed and created with capacities to accomplish such wonderful works as we behold all around us, and with a spirit capable of holding communion with the divine nature, and with such high and holy aspirations for immortality and the society of celestial beings, only to spend a few brief years here on earth, in mistakes, disappointments, sorrows, griefs and a vain longing and yearning for higher life, only to die and know no more, is crushing beyond expression to all the pleasures of his existence. It cannot be thus,—there must be a place and a state in which his fond hopes of purity and goodness, and the intense desires of his soul will be realized. Were it not so, man of all animals, would be the most miserable, and his brief existence here the least desirable. Better to be a moth that changeth to the butterfly and sips the sweets of a thousand flowers, free from toil and care, than to be the crowning work of nature, to die and know no more forever. Happily there are some who know that their existence is not to close at the grave, and who are not under the necessity of waiting for death to reunite them again to those they love, for they can feel their presence now—can commune with them and enjoy their society without a veil between.

And what can give more joy to sorrowing mortals here on earth, than this internal evidence that our friends still live, and because they live we shall live also, and enjoy the perfect realization of all our highest, purest, holiest desires. It changes the bleak selfish world to a paradise of pleasure, opens the mind to celestial sunshine, bears it above the deepest sorrow, shields it from the storms of adversity, and enables it to bear cheerfully the burdens

under which it would otherwise sink to rise no more.

Oh ye who are sensible of the presence of those whose outer forms have passed away, seek—*strive* ye to be pure and good in all your lives, that the spirits of the pure and good may hover around you and bear you up, protect and guide you in the hour of temptation and the days of tribulation. Make yourselves worthy of the society of spirits of the highest order, for like draweth like unto itself, and the purer your daily lives, the purer will be the spirits that delight to visit you in this lower sphere. Rise above the world and its vanities, errors vices and sins; use all things of earth not as gods nor idols, but as stepping stones to a higher condition, as servants and not as masters, for then ye have the earth and all its allurements under foot and can dwell with the angels of light ere ye leave your tabernacles of clay.

Go not with the multitude unless the multitude go in the ways of wisdom and the paths of peace, for better will ye be alone in the presence of the just made perfect than with the multitude, surrounded by spirits of the lower spheres.

Letter from Wm. Williams.

BROTHER HACKER:—You are the most inconsistent Reformer that I ever heard of—preaching and writing against war and bloodshed, with the most pertinacious vehemence, and still going on slaying one after another, with a cruelty so merciless and refined, that all feel instinctively that it never can be beat. I refer to poor Mitchell and Flagler. One innocently asks, “Will Bro. Mitchell reply?” For conscience sake can one inch of a man, and that eaten by the dogs, ever do anything more? But peace to their ashes—’tis hoped they have gone to glory, in that great “Infinite Republic,” a gain to them and no great loss to this mundane sphere.

But that is not what I intended to write about; but of certain thoughts that I have connected with spiritualism, upon which I solicit your opinion in the Chariot. We read in Revelations that three unclean spirits like frogs, go out of the mouths of the beast, the dragon and the false prophet, at some time, and nobody knows but now is the time. They were to work miracles and to deceive all but the very elect, kings among the rest, and nobody ever thought them among the elect, doing the work so well, that all are drawn into the fight, that last crowning battle, which is to give the quietus, both to all war and the makers of war forever.

Now the deception performed by these spirits must be consummate—must baffle all human wisdom—in a word, must profess to come from God, and be so received, or it would never do this work. Does Spiritualism answer to this thing? Kings have received it—Bonapart, Victoria, President Lincoln, and a host of statesmen, and what effect it is having on them God alone knows as yet. It may effect you and me well enough, for we are to act but a small part in this tragedy, but what the messages are that are brought to them they alone know; but judging from our President’s movements, they do not augur much good to humanity.

You say that the spirit of your mother accompanies you. How can you know that it is her spirit? It says so, but does not every spiritualist know that any quantity of the messages that come, are proven to be false, and in no other department are they known to be so numerous as in that of ideality, confessing it themselves, when charged with it on detection, saying they did it to more readily gain attention.

Now in this world a notorious liar might just as well lie all the time as one half of it, for nobody can tell when to believe him and when not to; and I contend that when it is proved that spirits do lie, that moment their testimony, the whole of it, falls to the ground; and all that remains to us is, that some kind of a spiritual being or beings are there, or here, communicating with us, but who they are, or what they are, is wholly unknown.—But you say, and others too, that you have seen them and identified your friends, but that proves but little, as they have shown that they possess the most inconceivable skill. I have seen a drawing made upon eight sheets of paper, by a medium who knew nothing of what was being done; each sheet, as it was finished, she placed away in a drawer, and when all were finished, she was told to place them in order upon the table, and it was found that circles, part upon one sheet and part upon another, came together with a geometrical correctness truly wonderful. Parts of animals and every other conceivable thing, (for they were all there) united with the same exactness. There an animal was all upon one sheet, except perhaps a horn, or a part of the head, yet still, when the sheets were brought together, the form was faultless. Could any but a God or a demon possess such skill? And could not such skill personify, in person, in speech and in every other way, your mother or mine? They heal the sick—that is good. Jesus’ argument that Satan’s kingdom, divided against itself, must fall, is of immense value to us now. But do they not deny Christ? Perhaps they do not, but they certainly do, as we were taught to receive him. His blood, on which we once placed our hopes, they count as nothing. They extol his example, but the Rock on which we were to stand is gone. Would not a shrewd deceiver do just as they have done? In short they have taken away all the religion that we had twenty years ago, and upon which we plumed ourselves—exalted to the skies, compared with heathens—all gone, every particle of it, and we have Spiritualism in its stead. Are we prepared for this?

The fact that some kind of spirits do exist, make it at least possible that we may exist after the death of the body, and can it be that this is the last great tactic of Satan to get us down to perdition?

I have been at times a firm believer, and tried hard to live a good life, but have found that I could be savage upon occasion, and did not stick at language once considered much unbecoming a saint; and so I find it with my brethren,—all terribly tinged—an oath does not choke, nor has pride given place to humility. I expect my brethren will “poh! poh!” at weakness that is still swayed by the Bible, but I can’t “poh!” at the religion of our Fathers;

it served them well and I can but reverence it.
WM. WILLIAMS.

REMARKS.—Don't worry about the Brothers you lose sight of in the Chariot. We have not slain them, only removed them to the hospital and applied a little of the eye-salve of Truth to their eyes, and think they will come out all right when the smoke of battle clears away.

There is no mistake but what there is more activity among evil spirits now, than at any former period of the world's history. The war has aroused and called them all into action—we see the visible proofs of their existence everywhere. Whether they come out of the mouths of the dragon or beast, it is not necessary to inquire; the fact that they are here is certain; and the fact that they are every day coming out of the mouths of the false prophets and false priests is certain; and the fact that all but the very elect follow them, is also fixed. They may deceive, or lead without deceiving, priests and churches, Kings, Queens, Presidents and Statesmen, who fancied themselves to be of the elect, but they have not nor will they, deceive the very elect, who are scattered one in a place all over the universe, and know in whom they trust, and can distinguish the voice of the Shepherd from that of strangers. "My sheep know my voice," saith Christ,—they do not guess at it—are not liable to be deceived, but know whom they follow.

Yes, we have the proofs of the existence and activity of false spirits everywhere. Look as you pass the streets at the hand-bills, placards, and posters of mountebanks, jugglers, minstrels, necromancers and every describable spirit, from the lying war spirit that comes out of the mouths of the priests in the name of the Gospel of Peace, down or up to the spirit of the deceiver who cuts off his own head and puts it under his arm and then puts it on again, for the edification of professed Christians, the self-styled elect!

Go to the churches on Sunday and see how willing the people are to be deceived by the lying spirit of the priests, who tell them that the most fierce, ferocious, barbarous, unnecessary and bloody war ever heard of, is part and parcel of the mild, forgiving, loving Gospel of Peace.

There are good and evil spirits, and the more the good spirits work, the busier will the evil spirits be, for their craft and kingdom is danger.

Wherever good spirits are at work, evil spirits are always busy. Every truth has its semblance or likeness in falsehood. But we are not left in the dark—it is not necessary for us to be deceived. The ear-marks of all evil spirits are visible and sure, if we will but examine them.

We know beyond all doubt that every tree is known by its fruit. If the fruit is good the tree must be good; if the fruit is evil the tree must be evil, in spite of all the good names the owner may give it. By their works ye shall know them, and therefore there is no necessity for the honest to be deceived. All that tends

to bless mankind, by making the world better and consequently happier, must be from a good source; while all that would tend to make people worse and more unhappy, must be from an evil source. We are not to receive teachers nor doctrines, nor yet to reject them for the names they bear, for the greatest rogue may attach false labels to his wares; but we are to examine the fruits or goods themselves, and see what their effect would be if received and partaken of. The existence of false spirits proves that there are true spirits just as much as the existence of counterfeit money proves the existence of the genuine, for if there was no genuine money, there could be no counterfeit.—Now what does the trader do, when money is offered him? Does he reject all money, because there is a danger of the counterfeit? No, but he has his counterfeit detector at hand, and examines the money offered, and receives the good and rejects the bad. Let us do the same. We have an unerring counterfeit detector, by which we may try all spirits—their suits—if the message brought would bless the world, if received, the messenger is true; if the message would curse the world, the messenger is false.

Again, if old Sam Hyde, the noted liar, calls on the trader for credit, he is refused because the trader knows his word is good for nothing; but the trader is not foolish enough to believe all men are liars because Old Sam is, but takes measures to understand their character. Let us be as wise and cautious as the children of this world, and we shan't be deceived.

If the grandsons of Old Sam come to us as spiritual mediums, we must examine their works; ascertain what effect their doctrine, if received, would have on the world, and we receive or reject them accordingly; and if we find the pretended medium is a real Sam Hyde a true chip of the old block, we have no right to conclude that all professed mediums are Sam's relatives. We commend brother W. for his caution, for nearly all the priests who have been teaching this nation from the day of its birth, have proved themselves Sam Hydes, by the part they have taken in the war. Yet it is possible there may be one truthful man who has been a priest. If ninety and nine prove by their works that they are the real descendants of old Sam, the hundredth one should not, therefore, be condemned till his fruits are examined.

If there is a true and real spiritualism, of course evil spirits will assume the name; but all spiritualism is not to be condemned because so much that calls itself so is false. Each medium and each spirit is to be examined separately and known by its fruits.

You ask how I know that the spirit of my mother accompanies me, and how I know that it is the spirit of my mother. I have never said that the spirit that has been with me most was the spirit of my *Natural* mother, but call her my Spirit Mother.

How did you know your own natural mother? By her works. She did not starve you, but fed you. She did not put you out in the cold as some step-mothers would have done, but gave you a comfortable bed, clothed you, and in all things proved herself your mother.

And I have as positive evidence that I have a spirit mother attending me, at least a part of the time, as you ever had that you possessed a natural mother. There is no room in my mind for doubt on this point. So many things she has told have proved true, and she has so taken care of me, and verified her promises to me that I am as certain of her existence and presence as I ever was of the existence of a natural mother. Many tests she has given me are private—not to be revealed to any one. Some are withheld because this adulterous generation are seeking for outward signs and wonders, when they ought to be at work subduing the beasts in themselves, and preparing themselves to have an experience of their own. The more outward signs and tests they have, and the more they can get of the experience of others, to amuse them, the less will they labor to subdue the evil in themselves, and gain experience of their own. Far the larger portion of professed spiritualists are of this class. They have seen outward signs and tests and wonders, on account of which they have said "We believe;" but not having gained a victory over the beasts, birds and fishes in themselves, they have no experience of their own—no fixed principles, and this is the reason why they are always running after mediums and outward tests, and lying wonders, and are drifted about by politics, led by war spirits, and overcome of every evil spirit that comes along. I am forbidden to minister to such, to keep them in the outer court, but required to give them that which, if reduced to practice in daily life, will prepare them to come into communion with spirits, and gain an experience of their own.

Hence I am not at liberty to send out broadcast, what I have seen and heard, though I do sometimes have liberty to disclose them to honest individuals, when I have evidence that they are seeking truth in the love of it. But as I said before, I have just as satisfactory evidence that I am watched over by a spirit mother, as I ever had of being cared for by a natural mother, yet all this evidence if disclosed, would not help others any more than telling the hungry that I have just taken dinner, would appease their hunger. We must all have spiritual food of our own, or go hungry, and we must labor for it too, not run about trying to beg or buy it of mediums! All that true mediums and papers can do is to direct and aid people in their efforts to obtain spiritual food. When all labor to have wisdom and love rule in themselves over all things else, they will find good at home.

If evil spirits can personify your mother or mine, and do us all the good our own mothers

would, let us receive them. I am willing to receive good of Satan himself, (if there be such a gentleman) if he be the bearer of it.

True Spiritualism will never put aside the truths and good that Christ and our Fathers or others have taught. There, have I not answered all? And yet I would say much more, were it not for extending this to a greater length.

Now, remember, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and need not be deceived. Does the farmer throw away all the contents of his threshing floor, because the larger part of the pile is chaff. No, he winnows and separates it. And all temporal things are figures of spiritual. The outer world is a figure of the inner world. We can raise and gather temporal food, avoiding the thistles and the tares, and all things poisonous; and spiritually we can do the same. Truth has provided us with threshing and winnowing machines, spiritually, and fans and sifters to separate between the good and the evil, if we will but use them, and when we are willing to labor for our own spiritual good, raise and prepare it by our own works, instead of buying adulterations from peddlers, we shall have less danger of being poisoned, and meeting will not be closed for lack of interest.

South Thomaston, Dec. 25, 1864.

FRIEND HACKER: The inclosed beautiful poetry, (beautiful because so truthful,) I tore from a book the title page of which was torn off.

Yours Respectfully,

WM. ROWELL.

Immortality of Influence.

BY REV. JAMES HOYT.

Man was immortal made;
Thought of all thoughts, most glorious, most sublime!

When angel-trumpets sound the knell of time,
And plants have decayed;
Transferred to other spheres,
On, on, unmeasured by the scale of years,
This conscious being shall forever run,
Like Him from whom it came—the uncreated One.

Mind lives again in Mind:
We each on other set our living seal;
Each act, each word, what'er we think or feel,
Is in some heart enshrined;
'Twas in its birth our own,
Yet lives without us; lives when we are gone,
Shall live when we are gone,
Shall live forever, or to bless, or curse,
This vast domain of life—this peopled universe.

A stone dropped in the lake,
Sends circling wavelets to the farthest shore;
Each fluttering leaf, each moving wing has power
The realms of air to shake;
Each rain-drop in the waves,
Stirs every drop in ocean's boundless caves;
The lightest footfall jars the solid earth;
So mind reacts on mind, so thought to thought gives birth.

And is it, is it so?
From all my heart indulges, shall I see
Issues momentous as eternity,
Forever, ever flow?
Be watchful, then my soul!

Thy deeds, thy thoughts, thy wishes so control,
That each done, thought, or wished for myriads more,
Shall prove a type nor thou nor they will e'er deplete.

INQUIRERS' ROOM.

Questions about the War.

A correspondent asks, how this war could have been avoided; and also, how it should be conducted now?

The first of these questions comes rather late. Had the inquiry been seasonably made by all Northern people, and kept up until wisely solved, we should not have been troubled with war so unnecessary, for there were several ways in which it might have been shunned. It did not come suddenly, without warning, but the people were told of its approach, and had time to prevent it, some years before the cloud burst; but "like the deaf adder that stoppeth its ears," they refused to listen to the warning; they were also at the same time told how to prevent it.

There were three ways in which it might have been avoided.

First, good men should have gone to the South in the spirit of wisdom and love, and labored with the slave-holders privately, to convince them of the injustice of oppression, and that slavery was ruining their own children, and that wrong finally brings its own punishment. Had this been done by the right kind of men, actuated by love, every slave might have been liberated without firing a single gun.

Second—Had Garrison and his friends, when they commenced their labors, gone quietly to the South, purchased but one plantation and the slaves, then liberated the slaves and hired them, they would have worked so much better as freemen than while under the lash, that the plantation would have shown the results of the system, and in less than ten years every owner of slaves would have been convinced that it would have been for his own interest to set them free. They would have been convinced that by freeing and hiring their slaves, they could have got more work done for the same money, besides being relieved from fears of insurrections and assassinations.

Third—The North had been benefitted by slavery as much as the South, and were partners in the guilt, for they had constantly encouraged slavery by purchasing the productions; and it was therefore unjust to require the South to abolish slavery, bearing the whole loss of the money invested, while the North had been sharing in the income. The North should have offered to bear part of the loss; and had this plan been pursued in the right spirit, before irritating the South, slavery would have been abolished quietly, without war or hard feelings.

Here are three ways in which the cause of the war might have been pleasantly removed,

all of which, the friends of the war will deny. Yet their denial is only whistling against the wind—only proves how prone people are, when in the wrong, to close their eyes to every avenue by which they might have avoided the wrong, and thereby escape censure. In either of these three ways this war could have been avoided, if the right kind of men had labored to that end in the right spirit, before hard language had irritated the South, and the denial of any or all who labor in justification of the war, will not change the truth. To deny these facts is to deny the power of Him whose name is Love.

How should the war be conducted now. It is better to do right late than never, and the North should say to the South, We are all wrong. We as well as you are guilty. You held the slaves because we could not make their labors profitable; but we encouraged and sustained you by purchasing the productions of slavery, and now we have all been drunk with passion, and in our drunkenness have slain hundreds of thousands of our brothers and squandered hundreds of millions of money; now let us get sober and reason together, and see if this matter cannot be settled without more bloodshed!" Let the North do this, and if a way is not opened to make an amicable settlement of the troubles, then let the government go to destruction. A government that cannot exist without fighting to save its life, is not worth fighting for, and the sooner it goes to ruin the better.

The above is the *only right way* to do now; yet the people will not do it, any more than they would take either of the three ways that were once open to avoid the war; but they will do worse, for the wrong course will always prove worse than the right one. Now if you have any objections to what I have said, send them along and let us examine them. We are men and not beasts, and it is time we were beginning to behave like men. We profess to be civilized, and it is time for us to cease acting worse than barbarians. Yea, the nation has been some years drunk with passion and party spirit, and it is time to become sober and to begin to act like rational beings.

A Place for Good Homes.

In October last I made a visit to the State of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for the purpose of finding a warmer climate and better place in which to spend the little remnant of my days; and after careful examination and inquiry, taking all things into consideration, I decided to remove as soon as I can get the "wherewith," to Hamonton, New Jersey; and as I am daily receiving letters of injury about the place, this is intended as a reply, for I have not time to answer each inquirer by private letter.

Hamonton, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, is a new town, the settlement of which was commenced six years ago.

CLIMATE.

The climate, is mild, pleasant and very healthy. The deepest snow for the last six years, was eight inches; the longest time the ground has been covered with snow in the last six years, fourteen days; the thickest ice for six years, ten inches; last winter only four or five inches on the pond. In the coldest weather the ground is frozen a week or two, but plowing can be done every month in winter, and the soil is such that it may be plowed at any time when not frozen.

In spring there is no waste of time in waiting for the frost to thaw out, and the land to dry, before it can be worked, but all the plowing may be done in autumn and winter, and be ready for the seed whenever the frosts are over. Early potatoes and peas are planted in March, and planting is usually finished in April. The summer is long, and autumn, winter and spring are so mild, that much more work can be done than in the colder States.—All whom I conversed with pronounced the climate the most healthy they had ever lived in.

SOIL.

There are some drawbacks in New Jersey, as in all other places. I have never yet seen nor heard of any one place where all desirable conditions exist; and therefore the proper course is to consider all the circumstances and choose the place that possesses the most advantages and the fewest disadvantages.

The soil in all parts of New Jersey that I visited, is what I call poor; either sandy or gravelly—more like our New England plains land than any other, and few farmers from the fertile fields of the New England States, New York, &c., would take the gift of it to cultivate, until they have seen what can be done there. It is poor land for grass, though I saw good fields of clover there, yet I would not advise any one to settle in any part of New Jersey with the expectation of raising or keeping many animals. The land is better for other uses.

Another drawback, is the lack of cities near where stable manure can be brought. Yet these drawbacks are in a measure counteracted by other circumstances; the light, sandy character of the soil, which makes it what may be called poor land, renders it warmer and earlier, so that early crops for the market, such crops as bring the high prices, are brought forward much earlier than they would be on soil of stronger quality, which must be colder and later. Again, the winters being so open to work, a man can cultivate much more land with the same kind of crops, than where the climate is colder.

The want of manure is also in some measure counterbalanced by favorable circumstances. There is plenty of muck to be had, and this, as a basis, mixed with charcoal, plaster, bone-dust, fish-manure, and other fertilizers, which are always for sale in the cities,

makes a good dressing, and as all crops raised there find a ready market at good prices, the people can afford to purchase fertilizers. More than this, a man who cultivates land there does not have to manure fifty or a hundred acres, for five acres, is as much as one man can take care of, and from his five acres, after it is well stocked with fruit, he can make more money than farmers in other States usually do from one hundred acres, and be free from the hardest part of all the labor on large farms, such as mowing, raking, pitching, &c., in the hottest season of the year.

Another drawback is the lack of building materials. There is little of any timber or lumber of any kind suitable for buildings. This must be purchased at Philadelphia, or some other place. Nor is stone plenty, but lies in quarries, and must be bought. Yet not so much stone is needed for building there as here. The climate is so mild I can make a good cellar there with less than half the stones that are necessary here. And in some places there is coarse gravel which, mixed with but a small quantity of lime, makes an excellent material for building, not only the walls of houses, but the partitions between the rooms; all the walls and partitions in a house may be built of this, with no wood except for door and window frames, and be rat-proof and mouse-proof to boot, and will not need laths.

These are the principle drawbacks, and I have represented them quite as bad as they are, for I wish those who go there, to know the truth before they go, as far as disadvantages are concerned. I am not a speculator in land, and have no selfish motive in view in writing this, and wish not to make the place appear better on paper than it will when you get your eyes on it.

THE NATURAL GROWTH.

The natural growth, as it now stands on the wild land, is chiefly white oak, chestnut oak and in some places hard scrub pine, together with scrub oak, and in some places swamp maple. The size of the growth varies according to its age, the old growth having been cut off, longer in some places than in others. On some tracts there is little except scrub oak bushes; on other tracts, the white oak, pine, &c., is from under three to six inches through, and on other tracts larger. The roots of the trees there, do not run out from the stump, spreading just under the surface, as in the New England States, but run pretty directly downwards, so that after cutting off the wood and grubbing out the bushes, you can plow quite near to the stumps without being troubled with the roots; and after the ground has once been plowed, one horse or mule will plow it as easy as four oxen do our heavier land; and a man can cultivate much more of it and do it easier.

WATER.

There are but few streams or springs, but water of the purest quality is found from 12 to

20 feet from the surface. Some wells are stoned, some are bricked, and some are dug small and left without stoning, the ground being firm, and not frost enough to freeze the walls of the well, they will stand firm for years, or might be plastered with cement, without stone or brick.

PRODUCTIONS.

The productions are, sweet and common potatoes, (the former sometimes yielding 200 bushels per acre) corn, rye, buckwheat, garden vegetables, melons, peaches, pears, grapes, cranberries, raspberries, blackberries, and other small fruits. Strawberries and blackberries are considered the most profitable crops. Many a man will point to an acre of strawberry vines and say, "There, I sold five hundred dollars worth of fruit from that acre last summer."—One man took me into his cellar and showed me two thousand dollars worth of wine, chiefly blackberry, made last season, which he sells to apothecaries for medicine; though there is no need of making the berries into wine, for even if there was not a market for them when picked, they could be canned. I saw one man who filled thirty-six hundred glass quart cans with peaches and blackberries. Another man told me he took forty-seven dollars for seven barrels of early sweet potatoes. Chinese sugar cane ripens there, and there are mills where the canes are taken, ground, pressed and reduced to syrup, on shares.

I saw many women at work out of doors.—Some were clearing the small roots from newly plowed ground; some were digging sweet potatoes, and sorting them into barrels for markets, and the weather was so pleasant and the soil so easy to work, they seemed to like the employment. I saw a number of females in the reform dress, and did not see any person silly enough to laugh at them as they would here.

One woman pointed to her acre of strawberry plants, her acre of grape vines, nicely staked up, and much other stuff growing, where but little more than a year before, the natural growth stood, and all the work of her own hands. She had also dug holes and set posts for a fence in front of her lot; had picked much fruit for her neighbors, and in the fall had set out fifteen thousand strawberry plants, for her neighbors, for pay. Girls, let me ask you if you had not better do thus, and in two or three years be prepared to raise five or ten hundred dollars worth of fruit, than to work in factories, cellar-kitchens, or shops, or marry some clodpole for the sake of securing a home, and then have to work like slaves and be abused besides. This woman had a husband, but he was in other business, and she worked like a heroic woman, doing more good than all the armies of Abe and Jeff.

MARKETS.

Hammonton is thirty miles south or east of south, from Philadelphia. The Camden and

Atlantic Railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, passes through Hammonton, and whatever you have for sale there, may be put on board the cars and sold for you by agents in Philadelphia. The fruit picked any day, may be in Philadelphia market the next morning. The Rariton and Delaware Bay Railroad from Brooklyn, N. Y., joins this some 9 miles above Hammondton, and you can send what you have to sell to agents in Brooklyn and New York, if you choose. So there is no lack of markets, and large ones too, for those three great cities contain more people than most of us ever saw, and they have the cash to pay for what they eat.

THE PEOPLE.

The people of Hammonton are from the New England States, and New York and Pennsylvania, chiefly, though there are some from Minnesota, Iowa, &c. I saw one family who had lived in several States, and the woman told me that in other places she and the children were always sickly, but in a residence of several years at Hammonton, they had all been healthy. They are an intelligent, honest, industrious, temperate people; in favor of improvement, and progressive; are liberal and reformatory, social and friendly, have good schools and their children are well behaved.

There is no rumshop in the town, no loafing place; their Hotel is as neat, quiet and orderly as a private family. I did not see even a pipe or cigar in the hotel. The stores are quiet and orderly, and there are no fruit-stealers as there are here, to strip trees and vines before the fruit is half grown. I saw in the vineyard of one of my friends and farmer subscribers, from Minnesota, several grape vines loaded from top to bottom with large ripe clusters of delicious grapes, which he had left when he gathered his fruit. They stood near a low lath fence that one might jump over, and so far from the house that any one might have taken the fruit in the evening without much danger of detection,—yet there they hung day and night, after the middle of October, when I left the place and none to steal them. I have since written to know whether the grapes were not stolen before he gathered them, and his reply is, "No! fruit-stealing is not tolerated here!"

In New York State, three miles from a city, I saw an apple orchard surrounded with a picket fence eight feet high, which must have cost several hundred dollars, to protect the apples from thieves. Had there been grapes instead of apples, they would probably have needed a fence twenty feet high.

I have tried to tell you the truth in relation to Hammonton—at least I have tried not to make it appear better on paper than it really is; and if any one wishes for further information, let him say so.

The wild land, which is plenty, may be had for \$25 or \$30 per acre. One who goes there needs enough to purchase or build with, and

enough to live on a year or two, till he gets his fruit started, if he does not hire out; and then, after that, he can get a living much easier than on a New England or New York farm, and have many luxuries that he cannot have in other places.

The inducements for me are—climate—soil easily worked—society which is good—good markets—and fruits that I cannot have here, which blessings alone outbalance in my view, all the drawbacks I have mentioned. I would advise my friends who think of settling in New Jersey, to examine Hammonton before purchasing in any other place, for I found much speculation in land, in various parts of the State, and much exaggeration in various places, in relation to the quality or capacity of the soil, and many of the purchasers, who are unacquainted with Jersey land, appeared to me far too credulous for their own good. Let you purchase in what part of Jersey you may, if cultivation be your object, keep clear of coarse red gravel, and land where the roads are as hard as brick pavements, for in some parts of the State much of the land is of this character, and appears to me not worth fencing, for I found all the crops growing on such land, showed for themselves that they were sustained almost entirely, by the manure applied, drawing very little sustenance from the gravel.

Hammonton is an excellent place, comparatively, for children. Freer from bad examples than most places, the weather is so pleasant and most of the work so light, that children can be employed there more than in most places, and in winter do not have to wade through deep snows and suffer from cold on their way to and from school.

The lots being small, will, when the township is fully settled, bring the people near to gether, so that they can enjoy greater privileges of meetings, lectures, lyceums, social gatherings, &c., than if on hundred acre farms; and when we of the colder States are blocked up with snows, or shut up in close rooms, of an evening, to keep from freezing, the people there can enjoy their meetings.

Good people, who can manage their families, will be welcome there; but those whose boys run at large, and commit depredations on gardens, like many whom I know, are not wanted, and would not find the place very comfortable for them unless they reform. I speak this on my own responsibility without the advice or knowledge of the people.

If any one is well situated and satisfied where he is, I would advise him not to remove to any other place; but if one is not satisfied, but wants a warmer climate, I would advise him to try Hammondton, New Jersey, before any other place. Yet I would not advise one to sell out elsewhere and remove to that place, on account of what I have said, (for he may not like the place as well as I and others do.) But go first and see for himself. He can find plen-

ty of wild land there, as good as any under cultivation: and as some of the men there have been killed in the war, there are a few improved places with buildings for sale, for from six or seven hundred to two thousand dollars for five or seven acre lots, with buildings.

Go first and look for yourselves, not move at once, and then blame me if you are not satisfied.

I find that some have a mistaken idea in regard to this movement—they suppose my wish is to form a *community*, to live together and to hold all property common. I have no such wish—an not personally acquainted with so many as ten persons who are prepared to enter a community, and work together harmoniously. My highest hope at present, is to get into an honest, civil, temperate, progressive *neighborhood*.

FAMILY HALL.

Abusing Children.

BY J. HACKER.

"There! you brat! you've broke that tea-cup!"
Screech'd a mother to her child,
As she cuffed the trembling creature,
With a fury fierce and wild.

"There! you scamp! take that and mind me!"
Cried a father to his son;
As he cuffed the boy in anger
For some little error done.

There are thousands in this nation,
Daily treating children thus,
For such little faults and errors
As are often seen in us.

In the name of all the graces,
Is it lovely, just or wise,
Thus to crush the young immortal?—
Will it fit for earth or skies?

If you speak in love and kindness,
Wisely counsel and reprove,
You will reach their better nature,
And secure respect and love.

If you scold and cuff in anger,
For the little faults they do,
They imbibe the same foul spirit,
As it floweth forth from you.

Naught is surer in creation,—
Mark it wheresoe'er ye go,—
Than the simple words of Jesus,—
"Ye shall reap whate'er ye sow."

If ye sow the seeds of anger,
You will reap its fruits in shame;
If ye sow the seeds of kindness,
Ye will surely reap the same.

Father! Mother! all your actions,
All your words,—even their tone,
Mould your child for joy or sorrow—
Make your love or hate its own!

All through life 'twill bear the impress
Of your wise or foolish hand;
And will show the marks you give it
When it gains the better land.

Will you mar these young immortals,
With your works of sin and shame,
Or in love-lines write upon them
Your own pure celestial name?

NATIONAL HALL.

An Address

BY J. HACKER.

To Presidents Lincoln and Davis, and the Congress and Members of their respective Fac-tions.

How happy that nation—if we could but find it,
Where strife and contention have never had
sway;

Where Love like an angel e'er guardeth the er-
ring,
To clasp and to save them, the moment they stray.

Each one finds a parent, a sister, a brother,
A friend or a savior in all whom they meet,—
No fraud nor deception—no evil surmising,—
But love and compassion all full and complete.

There, each as a member of one perfect body,
Performeth in wisdom, his own proper part,—
No dissimulation, but all pure and holy,
Springing in love from the purified heart.

The Banner of White, all unstained by trans-
gression,
Waveth in Peace, o'er a nation like this,—
Each member is marching to music celestial,
With perfect assurance of consummate bliss.

Compare such a nation to yours, where dread
slaughter
Has piled up the dead on the hill-top and plain,
And you'll see without glass for what prize we'r
contending,
And would scorn to complain of plain dealing
again.

Oh, would each and all behold the bright halo,
That Wisdom and Love might yet shed o'er this
land,
You would bow to their scepter, all evil re-
nouncing,
And joy in a nation so noble and grand.

But you say "All won't come to this blissful
condition,"
Then let such as would come, oppose them no
more,
For angels from Heaven are guiding their foot-
steps,—
And were you but wise you would love and
adore.

You show, by opposing the truth and its mis-
sion,
How deep you are sunk in the barbarous night,
How far you have wandered from Christ and
his gospel,—
How distant ye are from the regions of light.

In all opposition to what we are doing,
You injure not us but declare your own shame,
You pour out your wrath at the truths we have
uttered,
Just proving how foul is the source whence it
came.

Would you join with the Truth, and toil with
us in earnest,
Be guided by Wisdom and Love, which can save,
You'd yet see your nation redeemed from cor-
ruption,
True "land of the Free, and true home of the
brave."

But continue your folly, your carnage and
slaughter,—
Meet hatred by hatred when any rebel—
You'll remain as you have been, a nation of mad-
men,
As deep in your guilt as your Devils in Hell!

You will say "You are dealing in rather plain
language"—
The times now demand it, God's truth is a
sword,

To be used without scabbard, not slaying the
body,
But conquering sin with a "Thus saith the
Lord!"

You may hear or forbear, if you choose, at your
peril,
For to what we here utter, God's seal is now set,
Return and be saved, or rush on to destruction,
For no other issue is now to be met!

EVANGELICAL HALL.

A Song for the Churches.

BY J. HACKER.

I was impressed to write the following song
for the use of the Evangelical Churches of this
nation, both North and South, to be sung after
battles, that they might have something more
appropriate to their spirit and practice, and con-
sequently more truthful than any now in use.—
It is a small and truthful mirror, in which they
may see themselves as they are and as God and
all true Christians see them. J. Hacker.

Play the Jewsharp! blow the trumpet!
Fire the guns and ring the bell!
For our pious, godly arms have
Sent ten thousand more to hell!
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
Full ten thousand more in hell.

Ring the news throughout creation;
Shout it loud from hill to plain,
We, the pious, godly churches,
Full ten thousand more have slain!
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
Now they squirm in endless pain!

Let that Foggy, called the Savior,
Preach Peace, nonsense if He will,
What's the use of being pious,
If we can't our brothers kill!
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
We shall slay them when we will.

James has told us whence war cometh;—
"Blow" his nonsense, "let it rust!"
What's the use of being pious,
If we can't revel in lust!
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!
We will "go it" if we're cus'ed!

THE NURSERY.

Feeding Children.

A friend in another State, very honestly and
innocently inquires at what time children
should begin to be fed with other food than
what nature provides for infants; and says,
some say at three or four weeks of age, others
say at three or four months, and others at ten
months.

Now, as I never happened to be a mother,
nor yet so much as a nurse for children, ex-
cept spiritual ones, whom their dry nurses, the
step papa priests, were starving, I think the
above question might have been more appropri-
ately put to some old lady. However, as I am
at work for the world, and the whole world,
and as people will persist in making me a jack
of all trades, I may as well be in the nursery
as anywhere else, and perhaps better, for if we
can find the right kind of children and manage
them right, we can have better men and wo-
men, and I have often thought that if the
priests of this nation generally, had wit and
wisdom enough to nurse children properly,
they could do more for the world, by tending
babies, than they ever have done in the pulpit.
The ministers of this nation, get together
churches or families, whom they call their chil-
dren. These poor children have no mother, for
these self-made ministers have not yet discov-
ered that there is a female as well as a male
principle in what they call the godhead or di-

vine nature. So like children without a moth-
er, these churches are nursed by their fathers
who prove to be more like step fathers to rob
and starve them than like true loving fathers
to nurse and nourish; consequently, there are
many poor, hungry creatures among them, and
I have had something to do with feeding these
spiritual children, and I have learned that age
is no criterion by which to judge of their ca-
pacity for receiving and assimilating food.—
Some at seventy years can receive nothing but
such weak milk and water, or water and milk,
brimstone or gunpowder tea, and other strange
slops as they have been accustomed to receive
from their clerical step-daddies, while others
not one-quarter as old, could receive the sin-
cere "milk of the word," and many of them
strong meat; and as all things in the spiri-
tual world have their semblance in the material
world, I conclude it will be discovered by the
careful observer, that the age of a child will
not guide us aright in administering temporal
food, for some children will be much "forward-
er" as mothers say, in almost everything, than
others of the same age, and while one will re-
quire bread, fruit, &c., another of the same
age will find sufficient nourishment in the food
which nature provides for infants.

In judging of the wants and capacity of
spiritual children for food, I watch them care-
fully. When I see them going regularly to
the church, and swallowing down whatever
their step-papas give them, I conclude there is
not much call for anything else, and leave them
till they shall become hungry, though many
of them are so injured by the slops they get
there that they never have an appetite for any
thing better.

But when I see any exhibit an uneasiness, a
hungering and thirsting in spirit for other
food, which is often manifested by their attend-
ing other meetings than their own, and search-
ing for good books, good papers, &c., I con-
clude their spirits feel the need of something
more than they get from their step-daddies,
and usually find such willing to receive the
pure food of the kingdom without regard to
age. These signs of uneasiness show when
they are prepared for stronger food than they
have been receiving.

So in the material world, if we carefully ob-
serve children, we shall find that some appear
to have no call for artificial food, if I may so
call it, while other children of the same age,
express an uneasiness, a hankering for some-
thing more than they get, by putting their
fists, finger or playthings in their mouths, and
nibbling at them as though they were trying
to eat. If these little signs are carefully ob-
served, the mother or nurse or father may be
guided in feeding something more than milk,
without regard to age. But if the child is in
the care of a step-father, like most spiritual
ones, I have met with, and he too blind to ob-
serve the signs of hunger, and too ignorant to
supply the right kind of food, the poor little
thing is in a bad condition.

Some one who is capable, ought to write a
book for the nursery, teaching parents how
and when to feed children. I once saw an ig-
norant mother put a lump of clear fat pork in-
to the mouth of a child a few months old.—
The poor little thing's stomach rebelled, and
the abominable thing was spewed out, and put
back by the mother, and spewed out and put
back several times, before the mother gave up
the struggle; and I have seen clerical step-
daddies treat their motherless children still
worse, threatening to roast them in fire and
brimstone if they did not swallow their spiri-
tual swine's flesh and broth of abominable
things. The conclusion of the whole matter

is, watch your children and you will learn when there is a hungering for food, without counting their months or years, and then see that you give them the right kind of food—an apple, a piece of good bread, a cold boiled potato, for either of these is better for them than flesh of any kind or rich cake and pie.

A friend at my elbow suggests that I am rather severe on the spiritual stepdaddies; but I am certain I am not. See how the brimstone and gunpowder tea on which their poor motherless children have been fed has "broken out," covering them from head to foot with miserable war scabs and running sores! What more proof need we of the quality of their spiritual food than this war furnishes!

QUAKER HALL.

Good Works.

I am always glad of the opportunity of giving anybody and everybody the credit of doing good, whenever the opportunity presents; for it is only by good works that this or any other nation can be raised out of the horrible pits into which their sins have led them. Here is a glimpse at genuine Quakerism, proving that there are at least two who bear the name of their worthy predecessors, to honor it by their fruits, and we could name several others of that sect of the same sort, notwithstanding there are so many dry stubs and dead trees in Quakerdom. The following is told by Mrs. Stowe, in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"I will tell you what I saw the other night, girls, in the parlor of one of our hotels. Two middle-aged Quaker ladies came gliding in, with calm, cheerful faces, and lustrous, dove-colored silks. By their conversation I found that they belonged to that class of women among the Friends who devote themselves to travelling on missions of benevolence. They had just completed a tour of all the hospitals for wounded soldiers in the country, where they had been carrying comforts, arranging, advising and soothing by their cheerful, gentle presence. They were now engaged on another mission, to the lost and erring of their own sex; night after night, guided by a policeman, they had ventured after midnight, into the dance houses, where girls are being led to ruin, and with gentle words of tender, motherly counsel, sought to win them from their fatal ways—telling them where they might go the next day to find friends who would open to them an asylum and aid them to seek a better life.

As I looked upon these women, dressed with such modest purity, I began secretly to think that the Apostle was not wrong when he spoke of women adorning themselves with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; for the habitual gentleness of their expression, the calmness and purity of the lines in their faces, the delicacy and simplicity of their apparel, seemed of themselves a rare and peculiar beauty. I could not help thinking that fashionable bonnets, flowing lace sleeves, and dresses elaborately trimmed, could not have improved any their outward appearance. Doubtless their simple wardrobe needed but a small trunk in travelling from place to place, and hindered but little their prayers and ministrations."

Now, it is true, all women are not called to such a life as this; but might not all women take a leaf at least from this book? I submit the inquiry humbly. It seems to me that there are many who go monthly to the sacrament,

and receive it with sincere devotion, and who give thanks each time sincerely that they are thus made "members incorporate in the mystical body of Christ," who have never thought of this membership as meaning that they should share Christ's sacrifices for lost souls, or abridge themselves of one ornament or encounter one inconvenience for the sake of those wandering sheep for whom He died. Certainly there is a higher economy which we need to learn—that which makes all things subservient to the spiritual and immortal, and that not merely to the good of our own souls and those of our family, but of all who are knit in with us in the great bonds of human brotherhood.

CHRISTIAN HALL.

Great Pains and Little Gains.

Reader, did you ever think of the immense sums of money, and of the untold sums of hours that have been spent for what is called Christianity, and of the small sum of genuine Christianity that now exists on the earth?

If you have not, do so now. Think of the hundreds and thousands of millions that have been spent in building and furnishing churches, of the millions that have been paid to men for preaching what has been called the gospel of Peace; of the time that has been spent, in what has been called divine worship, and then tell me, where are the fruits of all this expenditure! Not a single Christian nation on the face of the earth! Scarcely a single Christian church. Not one nation can I name in all Christendom, falsely so called, that does not believe in war! Not a church, except the Shakers and a few other small organizations, whose members may not fight and still hold communion with the body as saints or consistent Christians! Is not this great expenditure and pains for very small gains?

Millions of money have been spent for professedly Christian papers, yet who can point me to a single paper in all this nation which does not either directly or indirectly sanction human slaughter. There may be some, yet I know of none—not one!

Then look at the professed ministers of the gospel! How many there are in this nation that possess enough of the genuine Christian spirit to reprove this fighting nation, which has for nearly four years past, been engaged in one of the most unnecessary and most ferocious wars ever heard of. Small gains for great pains! Will those who hunger and thirst after righteousness ever again run after these priests of Baal for instruction? ever again enter the whited sepulchres called churches, to look for the living among the dead; to seek a living Savior among dead men's bones? One good thing at least will come out of the sin of war, it will show to all honest inquirers after truth, that they might as well look in the old fashioned orthodox bottomless pit for saints, as to run to the popular churches and their priests to learn the ways of Christianity, and find a living Savior. Were I now dying, and were all the priests who believe in war around me, offering to pray for me, I could say to them in all sincerity, "Get behind me Satan, I care no more for your prayers than your curses." Yes, this war shows as plain as daylight, the true character of the clergy and their goat pens and wolf dens, for they are nothing else, so that no soul hungry for the bread and waters of life, need ever be deceived by them again. The wolves have crept out of their sheepish covering, and stand forth in broad daylight before the world, covered with blood. Their power

of deception is gone, and none again will ever run after them, save those who wish to float with the popular current, and have not principle enough to make them honest. To all who are sincerely seeking truth, such churches must henceforth be known as dens of hypocrites, for no fact on earth is plainer than that the true Christian cannot destroy the lives of his fellow men.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Passengers Leaving.

HOPEDALE MASS., Dec. 16, 1864.

J. HACKER—DEAR SIR:—Mr. Geo. Bowers and myself have each received five numbers of your paper styled, "Chariot of Wisdom and Love," and as we fail to find either *Wisdom or Love* therein, prefer to have you keep your papers, and not send them to us any more—in closed I remit you 50 cts in payment at 5 cts. per No.

I have been formerly interested in your paper the "*Pleasure Boat*" and have (as you will recollect) made you at times small subscriptions to help you along, when I thought you was bearing more than your share of the burden. But now, when our country is in peril, and beset on every hand by a Slave Oligarchy, and doing all in their power to overturn and destroy one of the finest and best governments that ever existed, I find your paper now called "Chariot of Wisdom and Love," mostly devoted to a system of general fault finding, and most terribly down on the present war in this country, without the slightest condemnation of this accursed rebellion, instigated and carried on for the perpetuation of slavery.

Any intelligent New England boy ten years old, has sense enough to know that this rebellion is simply a struggle between barbarism and Civilization; a barbarism on the part of the South, unparalleled in history for its atrocity in confining in damp dungeons and starving by thousands our prisoners who were engaged (through patriotism and a love of country) in defending that glorious Freedom which you now enjoy, and of which you seem to have no just appreciation, and until you have sense enough so to view the matter, and see the difference between a set of lawless ruffians engaged in the destruction of our government, and those through the love of country, who have voluntarily given their life and treasure as needs be for its defence, I do not want the reading of your paper; it is just what the Rebels, rebel sympathisers and northern "Copperheads" are pleased with. Yours for unfettered freedom, and the right,
W. H. DUTCHER.

REMARKS.—Has it come to this! Can it be that men living under the very drippings of the sanctuary of the Hopedale Community of PRACTICAL CHRISTIANS, are in favor of a government whose foundation was human skeletons, whose walls were built of human skulls, cemented together by tears and blood, whose whole history has been full of oppression, wrong and outrage, and whose very life must be guarded by the sword—a government which has from the beginning, sustained and protected the outrages of which these men complain; a government which must surely sink forever, if *practical Christianity* ever prevails! Men who have had in their community periodicals of the highest pretensions, the *Practical Christian*, the *Practical Spiritualist*, &c., &c., and are now basking in the sunlight of the *Progressive Age*—men who a few years ago called themselves non-resistants and peace men! have they too been swept into the mire and blood of carnality and barbarism by the war dragon's tail! It appears so from this letter; and if these men, with their high and holy profession, with their high-sounding *Radical Christian* and *Practical and Progressive* bibles, have thus fallen like Lucifer of old, where are we to look for the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to

Baal nor licked the dust and blood from the feet of Mars, the god of war! Can it be that these men are members of the Community of *Practical* Christians? We have always thought so, if we are mistaken, we wish to know it; and if they are members we wish to know if Bro. Ballo and the rest of them are in the ditch, and if we have been in error in relation to their membership, our readers shall know it.

If men who have lived all this time with *Practical* Christians, have not yet learned that Christians cannot fight, they cannot be expected to see wisdom in the Chariot nor anywhere else.

Yes, Bro. D., you were a long time a subscriber to the Boat, and the Boat was all the time just as much a peace paper, just as much opposed to war and to all governments sustained by war as the Chariot is now; yet you uttered no complaint—you thought yourself a Christian, you had not had war in your own dish, then, and did not know your true character—now war has come home to you, and if you could find wisdom enough anywhere to illuminate your own mind, you would learn that you are far from being a Christian in theory, to say nothing of the *Practical* part, which is the life, the *all* of Christianity worth naming. Yes, Bro., I believe you did give the Boat a little extra aid, and if you will be kind enough to tell me how much, I will try to refund it, for I never did and never will consent to have my pen nor tongue bound by favors from any source, especially from those who can favor the most unnecessary, the most wicked, ferocious war that ever cursed the world. You have changed wonderfully, or rather, circumstances have wonderfully revealed your true character, since you thought yourself a Christian and approved so heartily, the same principles of love and peace which you now condemn.

"One of the freest and best governments that ever existed!" A blessed government which, for near a century, has robbed every man of his birthright to land on which to raise bread; has robbed and destroyed millions of Red men, enslaved and embroiled millions of Africans, selling human babies at auction like pigs—blessed freedom, for the strong to oppress the weak.—But to be brief, Brother, let me say that it is time for every man who has a thimble full of brains, to stop this everlasting fourth of July nonsense about our blessed free government.—If it is or has been the best on earth, that is no reason it should still exist to crush humanity, at the expense of hundreds of thousands of lives, and hundreds of millions of money, when we might have a government of Wisdom and Love, a real *Practical* Christian government, to bless each and all, and without money or price.

If I find fault it is only to point to the fault that it may be removed, and give place to something better. All I say against the war condemns the rebellion just the same as the other party, for both are actuated by base selfishness and sin, and have been from the beginning.—Both are equally guilty—both are reaping what they have sown, and the crop is sufficient to keep them all busy for some time to come. If I have not uttered any condemnation of the rebellion whose fault is it? The government will not let my letters pass on to the rebels, and of course I need not preach to the North what belongs to the South. I challenge Bro. D., or any one else to name an instance in which I have unjustly found fault with any thing, or condemned anything that might not be replaced by something better.

Any intelligent New England boy ten years of age, who has been properly instructed, knows that all wars which destroy the life and property of men, are wrong—that both parties who fight are wrong—that this war is an angry strife between two companies of barbarians, notwithstanding their high pretensions to civilization. I want no man to defend freedom for me, by destroying the life and property of others. I ask no freedom that cannot live without the sword. I never had any protection whatever from the government, and only ask for it to do its own fighting, pay its own bills, and restore to me the

natural rights it has robbed me of; but this it will not do, but taxes me two dollars on every dollar I spend for food, and then boasts of protecting me! As well might the fox while eating a goose, boast of protecting the goose from some lesser animal that would only pluck a quill or two from its wings.

Will not those who love truth and right, and peace and good will send us ten or twenty subscribers in the place of these two? It could be very easily done, these long evenings, by showing the Chariot to your neighbors, and sending them to distant friends.

As an offset to the letters from the few who are blundering out of the Chariot into the ditch of mire and blood, we have letters from some hundreds, of which the following is a specimen.

FRIEND HACKER:—I hail each arrival of the Chariot with joy and pleasure, and always find it to contain Wisdom and Love enough for a rich feast to the soul. I rejoice with joy unspeakable that there is one man in these troublesome times, who dares to stand forth boldly before a wicked world, and proclaim without the influence of fear or favor the principles of love and peace which Christ preached to the fallen world and sealed with his blood.

Go on, Bro. H., you are not alone—many a weary soul hails the arrival of your Chariot with joy—many a tear of gratitude is shed over it—you are doing a good work among the isolated souls, who are struggling for the higher life, and thousands will yet bless you for your labors of love. Fear not, for even if the enemies of truth destroy your body, you have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and spiritual body which the enemies of truth cannot reach.

Enclosed is \$2, to renew my subscription, and you may consider me a passenger the whole route through to the Canaan of rest. Yours for Wisdom, Love and Peace. WM. JAMES.
N. York, Jan. 1, 1865.

THE TRUE CHURCH.—By his Church our Savior did not mean a party, bearing the name of a human leader, distinguished by a form of an opinion, and on the ground of this distinction denying the name or character of Christians to all but themselves. He means by it the body of his friends and followers, who truly imbibe His spirit, no matter by what name they are called, in what house they worship, by what peculiarities of mode and opinion they are distinguished, under what sky they live, or what language they speak. These are the true Church—men made better, made holy, virtuous, by His religion—men who, hoping in His promises, keep His commandments.—[Channing.]

How could a man who believes the above, preach year after year to a congregation of mere worldlings, while the members of Christ's church are scattered, one here and another there, all over the country; why not seek and teach them as the apostles did instead of settling down to preach so long for so much, to people who care more about the fashions, friendships and riches of the world than they do about Christ?

Kind friends who have not received replies to their private letters, are reminded that I am constantly busy—see work enough before me each day to employ a thousand men, and must do that first, which appears most urgent. Write as often as you feel to; your letters are appreciated; and leave me at liberty to reply when I can. The kind letters I receive from friends, are worth more to me than gold, and my silence arises not from indifference. Write often, I need all your love and sympathy, and can read letters when too weary to write.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—[Exchange.]

A very improbable story. How much of a ballad would hold together by the time it had gone through all this blood soaking and washing. And suppose this to be a fact, the evidence was not conclusive, for another person might have loaded the gun and thrown away the other part of the ballad, which this man might have picked up, and he might have borrowed the gun of this man after it was loaded.

FRIEND PARMLY.—The change in climate which you propose, is greater than I desire, the fruits are not so desirable to me as those that grow farther North, and the distance from friends is too far. I do not wish to live where there is never any frost, and from the place I have chosen, I can reach my old home in a day and a half, or two days.

Will Father Lincoln please pass on the paper I have mailed to him, for his Brother Davis? And will they both be warned by the address in the National Hall. I was called up at midnight to write in season for this issue, and it is of more importance to them both, and to the people, than all the documents both of them ever issued, and they will find it so in the end, whether they will believe it now or not. They are both and all in a ditch, and the more they struggle the deeper they will sink!

MEDUSA, N. Y., JAN. 1st, 1864.

BROTHER HACKER:—Thinking, perhaps, some of the readers of our *Chariot* would like to know how the cause is prospering in this vicinity, I embrace the opportunity to render the information to such.

I am happy to inform you, dear readers of the *Chariot*, that these "glad tidings of great joy," are finding their way into the hearts of some of the most enlightened minds of this vicinity. I am lecturing to good audiences, and find that all the people need is to have our philosophy properly explained for them to partake of its many blessings.

Yours for humanity,
M. H. HOUGHTON.

An excellent system of gardening for ladies;—make up your beds early in the morning; sow buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.—Exchange.

Not all excellent. The human system is constantly throwing off impurities through the pores of the skin. These impurities lodge more or less in the bed and its covering, and instead of making up beds early in the morning, the woman who understands the laws of health will spread out her bed clothes and shake up the bed, open the windows and leave the bed unmade as long as she can, that it may part with the impurities.