

# 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.

### HALL OF FRIENDSHIP.

I had a nice large strawberry bed,  
Which with much care I tended,  
And when the luscious fruits got ripe  
No man was better *friended*.  
“Our good friend D., they said to me,  
We always loved you dearly;  
Your name is down upon our books,  
'Mong those we visit yearly.”

So year by year, in strawberry-time,  
Their friendship duly proving,  
They came, bringing their children, too,  
And they were just as loving!  
“Our good friend D., they said to me,  
Your wife, we love her dearly,  
Her name stands high upon our books  
'Mong those we visit yearly.”

And then they sometimes strayed to tea,  
How could they well avoid it!  
Among the grass the children ran—  
The little rogues enjoyed it.  
“Our good friend D.” they said to me,  
“What a nice cook your wife is!  
'Tis all so tidy 'bout the house,  
Sure, your's a happy life is.”

They came in the sweet month of June,  
The right day ne'er mistaking,  
And when they saw our bed, they gave  
Our hands a hearty shaking.  
“Our good friend D.” they said to me,  
“You have a fine location—  
Those grand old trees, like sentinels  
Guard well your habitation.”

And as they strolled across my fields,  
And saw my vines so thriving,  
And snuffed the zephyrs as they passed,  
So gentle, so reviving;  
“Our good friend D.” they said to me;  
“Now, really, this is charming!  
Others may boast of what they please;  
But you're our man for farming.”

So time passed smoothly on the while,  
My strawberry-bed I tended—  
My friends stuck by me—sure no man  
Was ever better *friended*.  
“Our good friend D.” they said to me,  
“We always loved you dearly,  
Your name stands high upon our books,  
'Mong those we visit yearly.”

But when my strawberry vines grew old  
And died for lack of tending,  
'Tis wonderful how they dropped off,

Who used to come a *friending*.  
None said to me, “My good friend D.”  
None loved me beyond measure—  
None praised my trees, my farm, my vines,  
Or called my wife a treasure.

### MORAL.

Those who the loss of friends do dread  
Must tend with care their strawberry-bed.

One man thinks if certain ones who read this  
can't take a hint without a kick, he'll buy a  
pair of boots.

### Our Friends.

BY MARY B. HARLAN.

Who are our friends? Are they the crowd  
That throng our courts, when joy and mirth  
Light up with glee a happy home,  
And gladness sparkles round the hearth;  
When life flows on, all tranquilly,  
As summer fountains, to the sea.

But when misfortune clouds our lot,  
And sorrow dims the languid eye,  
Will shun our dark, deserted home,  
And meeting pass us heedless by,  
These are our summer friends, whose stay  
Is like the meteor's transient ray.

But where are those, that faithful few,  
Who then seek out our low retreat,  
With generous hearts and liberal hands,  
Our wants and hopeless wishes meet?  
Our only friends are those who come  
When darkness gathers round our doom.

Go, friend of man, seek the abode  
Of cold neglect and poverty;  
Bind up the broken heart, and raise  
The head, bow'd down by misery.  
Give but a portion of your store,  
And God will bless the deed with more.

### FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

[For the Chariot.]  
The Nature of Woman.

BY MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

We were having a wordy contest—Wallace Gray and I—to which a large part of the company present were listening with an amused expression of countenance. I remember that I was leaning on the carved back of the black walnut rocking-chair, occupied by the elder Miss Morris, and he was lounging, with that mixture of indolence and impudence so peculiarly his own, upon one of the elegant sofas. The younger Miss Morris,—the flippant, chatty and superficial Emma—had just been remarking upon the different positions occupied by the two sexes; and had made a running and puerile commentary about the fragile and shrinking delicacy of woman. He had made reply that probably dame nature intended them for ornament,—parlor fixtures, to whose caprices the stronger vessels did gracefully yield and foster in their weakness.

“Just Heaven!” exclaimed I, in our bold North-eastern English, pamper and foster, especially *foster*! I vow myself an arrant heretic from believing that doctrine. I own that

there is contrast enough in the nature of the sexes to allow us to be called the ornaments, both at home and abroad. We *are* the clear, white porcelain vases, made of the purest clay and filled with the divinest essence.”

“Powers of earth!” said Gray, “have I aroused the lioness—the only strong-minded female in our whole group? I must goad her on to fury, but secure myself from the fatal spring.”

I merely smiled.

Said Miss Sarah Morris, looking up with a pretty, affected air of affright, “do you think I am in peril, Mr. Gray? “Not in the least, my dear; I am able to protect you from danger, and defend myself.”

They here made sundry insinuating remarks, she criticizing her sex with keener acrimony than he. Still I made no hurried remark. I can keep quiet while political demagogues wrangle and disparage our country, although I make bold to say that I love my country with stronger affection than they are ever capable of feeling for anything; but with equal frankness I own, that they have dangerous quagmires in politics, over which they skip with loosened rein, where I should flounder and sink through partial ignorance of diplomatic mire; but the moment that a sling is hurled against woman, my cheeks hoist the red colors of battle, and my eyes flash with angry defiance. “Do you wish to make the matter personal, Mr. Gray? I chose to espouse the cause of the entire female sex.”

“In the main then, my dear Mrs.,” said he, “you espouse the cause of a weak extravagant set.”

“Let me answer the latter accusation first. The press at large and mankind in general, are eternally hurling the charge of extravagance wholly upon us,—they say we ruin the nation, and so forth. They point to the importations of silks, velvets and other things from foreign countries, but in making out the list I would offer my services. It should run: So many *tens* of thousands for *outside* show and pride to gratify the vanity of our women; and so many *hundreds* of thousands to pamper the insidious licentiousness and morbid appetites of men. For our silks, satins, velvets and laces, read diamond studs, Geneva watches, cigars and liquors for them; beside a great proportion of them lose a great deal of money privately, from their pockets, an account of which they would not like to explain to wives, mothers, or pure sisters. The charge of sinful outlay is not parried but well met.

Concerning the charge of weakness, to which, Sir, do you refer, body or mind?”

“Both, of course.”

The Misses Morris tittered and flirted their fans, the elder sniffing her volatile salts as if to keep her from fainting.

“The accusation is almost too contemptible to answer; but lest you say I *can't* answer I will reply: As for the body, the female sex, through love of approbation from the masculine community, torture themselves with the latest fashions, no matter how derogatory they may be to health. Do you smile in that way? Did one of us dare to dress in out-of-date costume, simply because it was comfortable, or in a reformatory, health-promoting style not sanctioned by the fashionable world, where is

Rensselaerville, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—Uncle Isaac said that you wished me to write you a letter. I am afraid that I can't write much to interest you, but I will try and do as well as I can.

Uncle Isaac was up here yesterday, and he and father and mother had quite a talk. I don't know what we shall do if Mr. Hoag goes off next summer—we shall be so lonesome, for Mr. Hoag is here nearly every day.

It is very cold to-day, and the snow flies very bad; nearly every storm we have had, it has blowed. It is very icy now; one can hardly stand. It has been so about a week.

I am attending school this winter. It was so far to the District School that we could not go, so we have hired a teacher, and Mr. Winan's girls go, too. We have a very good school. It is small—only eight scholars. I suppose it seems smaller to me than to others, for I have been used to thirty and sometimes forty scholars; but we all learn very well if it is small.

Uncle Isaac said you wished me to write something about my home in Illinois.

The country there is very level. There are very few hills there, and what there are, are very small ones. The roads are straight and just a mile apart. It looks strange to see them so crooked here. There was very few woods near us. The cars passed back of our farm twice a day from Kenosha to Rockport.

Three miles east of us was a village; the cars came from Chicago there. It seems very strange not to see them here.

Mr. Hacker, I have been dreaming about snakes lately, quite often; what do you think of it? They were worse looking than any live ones I ever saw.

Well, I guess I shall have to stop writing as I have some letters to answer. If you have time I would like very much to have you write to me. From your friend,  
J. HACKER. MELLIE PARSONS.

Well, Mellie, we have got you into the Chariot. How do you like that? We put you in the "Children's Room," intending to make a Teacher of you, if you will be a good girl. In return for your letter I give you my "Cricket Song."

I do not know as you believe that the spirits of our friends whose bodies are in the grave, are often with us, but I do, for I often feel their presence, and sometimes see them and converse with them, and they tell me things I never thought of before. They have kept me busy writing private letters to people in various parts of the country, more than half the time for a year past. Not half of what I write is published in the Chariot. You would hardly believe all I could tell you about them, but I will tell you about the Cricket Song and when and where I got it.

One day of January I went to Brunswick, my native town, 28 miles distant, on business. When I left the cars it rained too hard for me to walk near five miles to my relations, and a family of kind people in the village invited me to stop with them, and I had a very pleasant visit. The storm changed to snow in the night, and in the morning the weather was clear with a very strong northwest wind and the mercury

the man who would escort us on a promenade, or protect us on the fashionable side of Broadway? You wince, I am happy to see; your immense, masculine self-conceit is not wholly invulnerable. My remarks will be plain, perhaps homely, but nevertheless, they will be more readily understood. Any woman who takes upon herself the duties and cares of maternity, proves herself more than a Samson in strength. He was crushed 'neath the falling Gaza, but she marches along with gates, posts and all, staggering and faint, mayhap, with weakness, but yet patiently doing her duty.

As for her mind, I blush for you there. She has none of your advantages. Firstly, she is educated by society to believe man her destiny and matrimony her goal.

You smile again; but I have you cornered. Your remarks to me to-night prove that a self-thinking, educated woman would not find an advocate in you. You represent your sex, Sir. Pretty, waxen-cheeked dolls find husbands in plenty where a strong-minded woman waits long for a mate. In the drudgery of domestic life she displays a persevering patience through her thankless lot that would accomplish any thing which she were allowed to pursue.

Man under afflictions, in debt, left with large families, or laboring under financial difficulties, tightens his cravat and settles his debt of nature, or seeks some muddy stream and goes down therein, shutting the door after him to effectually evade rapacious creditors. This is often the case. When, for like reasons, did woman ever cowardly leave the struggles and trials of this world? The case is so rare as not to be mentionable. If she dies, it is all for love. Blighted and dishonored by the demon she loved well enough to trust as undoubtingly as she does her Saviour, she only flies in confidence to her Lord from the Herods and Pilates here who wash their hands from her blood to allow their likes—to crucify her. This is the darkest view of woman. Think of her either widowed or abandoned by her natural protector, left with a family of little, helpless children, she struggles and starves and freezes and stitches her heart's blood into the seams of her work, and still, with cold, palsied fingers and hunger gnawing at her vitals, turns resolutely her eager, fascinated eyes from proffered gold—gold offered in exchange for honor—gold offered by those wretches who would sell Christ for half the old time price and never repent the crime. I point to this strength of woman's to offset the genius of poets, the talent of statesmen, the eloquence of orators and the sanctity of divines. It proves her forever and ever, beyond all arguments, comments, or traducing slanders, pre-eminent in strength of mind; affinitizing her with Christ, as none other save woman is capable of like temptations and like triumphs. Not through her own body feeling all the suffering, for she loves her children with an affection of which man is incapable—(until her love has become a proverb) she can see them suffer such terrible agony and not sell her religion, her honor and her soul. My Lord! Such as these redeem the whole sex; such as these are the peace-offerings with God for all his last and most perfect work."

"Stop and breathe," said Miss Morris, while Gray carelessly remarked,—“she has a fine oratorical flourish, and great argumentative powers.”

“What!” I answered indignantly, “are there none here who respond to my sentiments?”

“A small minority, I trust,” said Gray.

“Why trust?”

“Because we should thin the feminine ranks

by getting you comfortably into pantaloons. You have a strong masculine way of thinking and speaking that illy suits your garb. Every one in their place.”

“My hand on that, Sir, in their place clothed and in their right mind; but were such the case, the female ranks would visibly increase, according to your standard. I could put my hand upon a score of male bipeds who should be immediately husked out of their attire, as they are weak and vacillating and *Betty* enough to be in the chimney corner.”

“You are coming out of the heroics!”

“Because I found that I was ‘casting my pearl before swine.’”

Mr. Gray went off from this into a windy blast upon the present war. He would go, only he was not strong enough to endure the hardships.

Said I,—“I should think, you have such an interest in the war, that if you had lost your legs you would still stamp into the field on crutches; if too weak to hold a musket you would, to show your good will, go to the front and stand to stop the bullets from a better man.”

He shrugged his shoulders and offered his arm to Miss Morris, and they went out under the elms to walk, he saying something about “Amazon” (the river I suppose), and his companion echoing “*bue*,” doubtless referring to the skies; while I folding my arms upon my strong, broad breast, walked in an opposite direction to enjoy the scene alone.

#### LITTLE FOLKS' ROOM.

##### Little Songs for Little Folks.

Jeff and Abe went to a ditch,  
To fill their pails with water,  
When Jeff fell in up to his chin,  
And Abe went blundering after.

The priests and people in their wake,  
All blundered in together;  
And now they'r in a worsor muss  
Than wrecks in stormy weather.

Their buckets lost, their money gone,  
Each man has killed his brother,  
And all so deep in mire and blood  
You can't tell which from t'other.

Those who attempt to help them out,  
They pelt with mud and mire;  
Then let them wriggle, squirm and fight  
Like serpents in the fire.

They'll all be sure to get enough,  
Before the war is over,  
Though now they'r happy in their sins,  
As hungry pigs in clover.

But hard it is for honest folks  
Who loathe such monstrous doings;  
And seek the fruits of peace and love,  
For they must share the ruin.

But sin and wrong must be endured,  
Till men are wiser—better,—  
Then let us still endure and toil,  
Nor join the angry fretter.

☞ Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner or fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings are its essential characteristics.

down below zero. The man with whom I stopped very kindly offered to hire a horse and sleigh, and take me on my way to the old homestead where I first drew breath, but declining his offer, I started on foot. O, how cold it was! The strong wind kept the light snow flying into my face, and my beard which has not been troubled with razor nor seissors for some ten months, was covered with ice on the outside, but inside was dry and warm. My face did not suffer at all with cold, but with woolen gloves on I could not keep my hands warm in my coat pockets, but had to beat and thrash them to keep from freezing. In some places I had to wade through drifts of snow four feet deep, and my feet were so cold that when I came to a spot of ice where the snow had blown off, I had to stop and stamp to keep my feet from freezing. While thus traveling through deep drifts, and over ice with the light snow blowing in my face, and the mercury below zero, I was *happy!* I felt the presence of many spirits—not only the spirits of those who had passed on to the grave, but the spirits of many living friends; many of them were the spirits of children who were all the time singing to me. This Cricket Song, which I had never before heard, came to me while walking in the cold, and I remembered the most of it, and the next day wrote it down. A young man overtook me in a sleigh and gave me a ride about a mile, and I walked the rest of the way, nearly five miles in all, without calling anywhere to warm, and when I arrived at my Brother's, I was very warm and comfortable—did not feel at all weary, but just right to travel all day in the cold. This is a part of what I call spiritualism, and when people who do not understand it, laugh at me and call it imagination, I ask them to give me something that will answer my purpose better, but they do not, so I intend to hold onto it till I find something that is better. I am seldom alone, but wherever I am I feel the presence of good spirits, teaching, watching and guarding me. They can come and go as quick as our thoughts can: do not feel the cold as our bodies do, do not weary; night is the same as day to them, and I have lain all night when the room seemed as light as day, and full of spirits that were coming and going on errands of mercy, to the sick and suffering, giving them good thoughts and cheering, comforting and inspiring them with hope and courage to endure their sufferings.

One time a spirit came to me and wanted me to write letters to various persons. I wanted to work and earn something, and made many excuses. First, I must have food and clothing, and fuel, and how could I get them unless I worked? The spirit told me I should be provided for, and reminded me of one anciently who was fed by ravens, and of the widow's oil and meal which failed not while she fed the prophet. I replied that I could not expect ra-

vens to feed me, for I was not a prophet, and furthermore, the people had become so selfish they would not allow the ravens food enough for themselves—that what they did spend, was for war, &c. I was then positively assured that I should be provided for as long as I was in my proper place. I then found another excuse—that if I was all the time in the house writing private letters, people would think I was living in idleness, and it would be a bad example to others; so I wanted to work—saw wood or something of the kind, and set a good example of industry. A passage of scripture was then repeated to me, and explained. I had thought of the passage a great many times before, and did not know what to do with it. It was where Christ told his disciples to take no thought for the body, what they should eat, &c., for their heavenly Father knew that they had need of these things. I had many times thought that if people obeyed Christ in that respect, they would all starve and freeze to death, and wondered how one so wise could utter such words. I had also seen the passage quoted in an infidel paper as a testimony against Christ. But the spirit that was conversing with me told me that passage was not given for the people generally, but to certain ones whom Christ had chosen to bear his testimony to the people. That was their work—he had need of their constant labor, and therefore commanded them to take no thought what they should eat or what they should wear, for they should be provided for by those who had nothing else to do but attend to temporal things. The spirit then told me I was chosen for a particular purpose; that I must write, and if I was obedient I need not take any thought for food, clothing, &c., for all things necessary would come. So I went to writing nearly a year ago, expecting every day to get through with letters and go to work at something else; but here I am writing yet. And have been provided for according to the promise. It is true I have not lived so high as some do, and do not get so many new clothes as some get, but have always had something to eat when hungry.

One morning last fall when we had nothing for dinner, I was ordered to write something to a poor person in another State. Giving up all thought for dinner, I wrote the letter, then arose to go out and see if I could get some potatoes, green corn and green beans for dinner, and just as I got my hat on, M. told me some one was knocking at the door. I went down, and there stood a stranger—a man 87 years of age, who had come 15 miles to see me, and brought a bag of potatoes, green corn and beans, the very articles I had just risen up to go in search of. And I could tell you scores of similar instances. I was told by that spirit that the idle would not be provided for; but that there were different gifts and callings, and so long as I was required to write, and was faithful, I need not fear. The other day five of the old subscribers to the Boat, to whom I had been sending the Chariot, became offended at what I have said against the war, and ordered their papers stopped, using hard language and calling me hard names. I began to fear the paper would lose all its readers and have to stop. I thought over all I had said about the war, to see if there was anything I could recall, but saw it was all right. Then the spirit came to me and told me to go on—that what I had said about the war was proper and necessary, and that no one else dared to say it—that most of the people were as blind as owls or bats in the day time; but some could see, and would receive my testimony and spread it among others,

and it would do good; and told me to go right straight onward if every subscriber became offended, and then call on those in the highways and hedges, to come to the feast of peace and love, and the paper should go on as long as was necessary. The next time I went to the office I found a letter from some one containing five dollars to make up for the loss of subscribers who had stopped their papers. Yes, spirits are working in many minds for good, while the blind multitudes, drunk with passion, are slaying each other. They are left by the Supreme to punish each other for their sins—to reap what they have been sowing to the lusts of the flesh, and the crop is corruption. Both sections of the country have sinned, and both must suffer the consequences.

You do not know what you will do when Uncle Isaac goes off, you will be so lonesome. You must grieve and follow him. When you get to Hammonton you will be smart enough to cultivate half an acre of strawberries and half an acre of blackberries, and when you are all there, and get five acres into fruit, you can make as much money as you now do on your large farm, and not have one-fourth of the heavy work to do, and will be away from the cold weather and handy to good schools.

There, Mellie, we have had a good long talk, hav'nt we? and now tell me what you think of it. I love to talk with the children.

#### The Cricket.

BY J. HACKER.

Heigh, ho! little cricket!  
You sing like Miss Fickett,—  
I can't think what holds you together;  
You scream out your song,  
So loud and so long,  
You must be made up of tough leather.

I should think you would *bust!*  
And you certainly must,  
If you tune up your bag-pipe much louder;  
Yes, you'll go all to smash,  
Just as quick as a flash—  
Like a shell filled with Dupont's best powder.

Why, just look at yourself,  
You dear little elf,  
Not so big as one joint of my finger,  
Yet your song is so loud,  
It would startle a crowd,  
That had not before heard such singer.

Then you sing all the day,  
While time rolls away,  
And store up no food—now remember,  
And please tell me why,  
You will not starve and die,  
In the cold chilly storms of December.

"I am not like Miss Fickett,"  
Says this little cricket,  
"For she of her war songs is proud,  
While I sing for peace,  
That our joys may increase,  
And that's why I'm singing so loud.

And I need not store food,  
Nor clothing nor wood,  
For I freeze up and sleep in cold weather,  
Then wake up in spring,  
And though loudly I sing,  
My strong jacket holds me together.

And this "little elf,"  
Just as much as yourself,  
Is fulfilling the plan of creation,  
For all things that move,  
Were created in love,  
And all have a purpose and station,

And if ever you stand,  
In the bright Summer-Land,  
Where all truth is made clear to the vision,  
You will see (and adore),—  
If you do not before,—  
How wise is our fitness and mission.

Providence, Jan 12, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—I am sorry that you sometimes talk of saying less about war and for the cause of peace, in the Chariot. Be brave, Brother! You occupy a noble position. You are to-day the chief defender of principles that will at no great future, challenge the attention and the respect of the world, or there is no true progress or hope for our race. I predict that the next great reformatory movement that will agitate the country, will be for the cause of peace. Words spoken now full of truth, as your words are, will produce great results. Men will grow tired of war sometime, and refuse to sell their sons for a price, as they often do now, to be forced from the parental roof, carried away, wounded and slain, on fields rent with a tempest of carnage and blood. Mothers and sisters have a terrible interest in this question. There is one brave, thoughtless boy dead in almost every house. Woman must think and act if she would save her treasures. It is a hopeful sign that the politicians of the country are calling their countrywomen disloyal. Just so,—women are more loyal to those whom they love, than to the political swindle which demands their sacrifice. When woman votes, her voice will not be for war.

The inalienable right to life must be held as sacred. I oppose capital punishment, the killing of men deemed guilty. War kills innocent men. Does not public sentiment proclaim all Northern soldiers innocent? Yet they are killed oftener. The masses of Southern soldiers are conscripted, and forced into the Southern army, against their will and consent. Are they not innocent? I have scanned the features of Southern boys whom I have seen penned up at Camp Douglass near Chicago as rebel prisoners, to see if I could detect aught in their countenance or bearing that should make them worthy of the prison and death. I could not detect it, but thought of those who loved them as mothers and sisters at the Southern home. They were innocent boys; yet such as they are slain, while the leaders of the rebellion live at ease and are unhurt. Not for my own good, for the good of my family or my country, can I consent to the killing of these men. I say again, Brother, your work is for God and humanity. *Faint not.*

L. K. JOSLIN.

REMARKS.—It is true there never was a time when faithful anti-war testimonies were needed more than now, for there never before was a time when mankind were so willing as they now are to destroy each other. There never before existed on the face of the earth, a war so abominable as that in which our country is now engaged. Fathers and sons, brothers, relatives of all degrees madly slaying each other! The ties of kindred are rent asunder, and each party drunk with passion is doing its utmost to destroy the other. But what encouragement is there for one man who stands almost alone, to bear a testimony, where his voice is drowned by the mad and frenzied shouts of the multitude intent on carnage? Nearly all the professed ministers of the gospel are in favor of war; and not one in a hundred of those who do not favor it has courage to utter a word against it in public. All papers that we meet with, both political and

religious countenance the mad slaughter, and though many people may be found who privately denounce the war, very few of them do so from principle, but chiefly on political grounds. They don't like the war because their party is not in power. Give them the power and a cause to fight and all their pretended peace principles will vanish like the morning dew. Then who is there to talk to? We have never intended nor attempted to say much to the fighters, for they will not hear us; when men stop reasoning they countenance fighting, and so long as they are fighting they are too angry to hear or to reason. They must go on and buy their knowledge, and this nation is now doing so at a high price—buying wit, wisdom and knowledge with the heart's blood of millions of their sons, beside untold sums of treasure. They must stay in the fire till they are severely scorched, before they will listen to words of wisdom.

What we have said against war has been chiefly to the sober, a few scattered here and there—those who have not imbibed the mad spirit; and we often think enough has been said to confirm them in the truth. The fighters must go on until their misery brings them to their senses.

I remember at the close of the Mexican war it was stated in the papers, that the United States and Mexico had agreed, if they ever had another war, to conduct it on *christian* principles. Garrison, then a professed non-resistant, noticed the subject in his *Liberator*, and went on to remind the people how a war on christian principles would be conducted. Swords would be changed to ploughshares and spears to pruning hooks; all deadly weapons would be removed from our ships, and they would be loaded with food for the hungry, clothing for the naked, books for the ignorant, &c. Bags of meal would take the place of cannon, and acts of kindness instead of shot and shell, would find their way into the heads and hearts of enemies, and a victory would be gained without the shedding of a drop of blood.

This same Garrison is now one of the noisiest advocates of war, and his paper a perfect political war craft! The once peaceful society of Quakers, are as far as I am acquainted with them, largely on the side of war.

A. J. Davis, the chief priest of modern spiritualism, who has spent so many years in writing about *Harmonial* Philosophy, and promised us that every family would become a celestial telegraph station for the reception of messages which would soon bring the world into perfect love and harmony, even he has fallen from grace, if he ever had any to fall from; he voted at the last election for the first time in his life, and IN FAVOR OF WAR, and had before that, changed his paper into a regular political war-scow.

A set of demagogues got up a political caucus at Chicago under the name of National

Spiritual Convention, to which hundreds of sincere honest people went, at great sacrifice of time and money, expecting to find a feast for their souls; but instead thereof, found themselves in a political caucus, where all who dared utter a word of true spiritualism—which is love and peace—were denounced as the emissaries of Satan, and traitors to their country. And now the dirty fountain opened there is flowing on, pouring its filthy waters into every part of the nation. The spiritualists, are everywhere organizing for the purpose of ultimately taking the government of the nation into their own hands, not to establish a spiritual government—a government of love, but to take command of the same armies and navies, and carry on the same sham government of robbery, rapine, plunder, slaughter and blood. This is a plot of designing office seekers, backed up by spavined, windbroken demagogues, who have been trying in vain, some of them, till their heads are grey, to gain place and power in other political parties, men who never had any *inward* knowledge of spiritualism, but are supremely selfish, and like swine try every crack and crevice in the fence that shuts them out of the corn.

The better portion of spiritualists, not aware of the designs of these hypocrites, quietly consent to be drawn into their organizations, but will sometime awake to find their beautiful coach sinking in a political quagmire. We have warned them faithfully in their meeting in this city, but the old spavined office seekers, aided by a few crazy colts, are rushing onward toward the swamp, while the *silent* passengers think all is well, simply because the word spiritualism is written on their coach.

In short, Bro. Joslin, where is there a prominent non-resistant or peace man of ten years ago, who is not now full of the spirit of war? I know of none—not one!

Yes, yes, mothers and sisters have truly a terrible interest in this question, but judging from the conduct of many of them, who in their dark insanity, glory over the war and give their brothers and sons to the slaughter as sacrifices to God, their suffering must be terrible before they return to their senses. Not till their own hearthstones are swept clear of sons and brothers, will their eyes be opened to see where they are—how deep in the dark pit of error! But there is a fair prospect of all of them being pierced to the heart, for while many papers are deceiving the people with the false hope that the war is near its close, the clouds grow heavier and blacker every day, and the dregs of the cup are yet to be swallowed; but he who dares say so, and utter words of warning, is denounced and threatened, cast out into the world, and made a target for ninety-nine in every hundred to hurl their missiles at. The honest,

who are for peace, must be encouraged to stand firm, but those who are drunk with the war spirit, whether male or female, will yet be brought to their senses only by extreme suffering. Neither President Lincoln or any one else in the spirit of war, has any just conception of the bitter dose they are yet to swallow; and it is useless to tell them of it; not one of them would believe. Could they but see what is now before them, a movement for peace would be started within one hour.

## RURAL HALL.

[For the Chariot.]

### Country Life.

"Oh, knew he but his happiness; of men  
The happiest he, who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

Life is more or less eventful and checkered in the humblest person as well as in the most conspicuous, bold and daring. None find it a pleasurable sea without tempest or billow. Each one might relate tales of success, failures, sorrows, and hopes—deferred. All are struggling in some way for happiness and luxury. But disappointment rules most in the destiny of humanity. Still we must move on, and ever, while life remains, yearn for gratification. Trials are made on sea and land, in town and country, at home and abroad, in all the various pursuits of the world, with about the average result of disappointment. It is difficult to know in advance of trial, the best thing to do. Experience too often, most sadly convinces us of the mistakes we have made. It is judicious to test our adaptation to any particular change of occupation, if possible, before we have entered a ruinous enterprise. As David Crockett has it, "always be sure you are right, then go ahead."

With thousands of others, who are, from time to time, debating the question of leaving the city for a home in the country, I find myself ever and anon on the anxious seat of that contemplation. Many years since, I left the farm, my native home, with much anxiety, sorrow, joy and hope, for a mechanical pursuit in a then distant village—now a flourishing city. Years have rolled away, experience has taught many a useful lesson most severely, in life's eventful day; dispelled many a fanciful dream, and demolished many an aerial castle. And now as my eyes are turned toward the setting sun, retrospection forcibly reminds me of the short distance, even in the longest life, between the cradle and the coffin: I feel urgently inclined to seek a home again, in the country, amid the beauties of nature, to wind up my mortal cares away from the strife, din, turmoil and crowd of the city; where trees, birds, rivulets, flowers, vegetables, grain, gardens, grass, fields, etc., abound. Where I can wrap the drapery of my couch around me and lie down to pleasant dreams, undisurbed by the cares and alarms of city life. Nature opens a free college to study her sublime mysteries and divine revelations, in her original tongue, free from interpolations or mis-translations; "the same to day, yesterday and forever." All her truths are divine—elevating, beautiful, happyfying and instucting. She ever inspires her devotees with a love for virtue and knowledge; destroying the fear of death in the full assurance of a peaceful immortality beyond the "swelling floods of Jordan." No skepticism

is obtained in nature's self-evident truths. They are super-human and divine; easily demonstrated beyond cavil. Hence the true source of knowledge, progress, civilization, refinement and *consistent* religion. A person of any nation or color, whose heart is just and true, whose principles and sympathies recognize the equal rights, before the law, of all mankind without distinction of sex—color or country, has drank at the fountain of nature's divine revelations; and possesses all the change of heart, and true religion required or known in this, or any other world. Let all who desire salvation in time or eternity, worship at her shrine with honest hearts and investigating minds, looking through nature up to nature's God in the full assurance of prosperity and happiness.

"Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store

Of charm, which nature to her votary yields?  
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields."

"Will farming pay?" is the ever recurring question of the experimenter. This depends upon the circumstances. Business, talent and practical habits are necessary to success in any undertaking. There are many contingencies connected with the paying process; such as good soil, favorable seasons, location, management of culture, market facilities, etc. The average of a ten year's trial will effectually determine the question. Aid should be sought from agricultural books, journals, and from successful farmers in the vicinity.

With sufficient capital and good management farming is a more certain business than any other for most men. Plain habits are indispensable to success and happiness. It should be the aim, to make home pleasant, by comfortable and most convenient surroundings in house and barns for purposes of necessary use. I would have a substantial, dry, airy, clean, rat and mouse proof house, from cellar to garret supplied with all the modern improvements. Such as hot and cold water, bath room, library, meal room, large sleeping rooms, mattress beds, heads to the north, house fronting east to secure the most sunshine in all parts, with piazza all round, overlooking ample grounds—well improved with velvet lawns, trees, flowers, walks, garden and fruits; set back from the road, that "distance might lend enchantment to the view:" complete in all its parts. A sanctorum-sanctorum of purity love and truth; where one could feel at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. Where he could grow in knowledge, science and art, in the communion with books and nature; where he could have that alternate labor and rest, so necessary to health and length of day. I would have a large cellar under an ice house as a stationary refrigerator, made water and rat proof, to preserve all perishable articles of food the year round. Also a cellar under the barn for root crops, and a place for storage of farming tools in seasons when not in use; which should be rat proof, airy and dry, with all the other necessary sheds, stables and fixtures for the comfort of stock, and the convenience and profit of man.

And not the least among these home attractions should be the model wife; such as a bachelor of taste and judgement might choose. She should be of good health and sound constitution, made so by her observance of the laws of health, being a health and dress reformer, A la Austin, M. D.—with kindness in her heart and tongue, and wisdom in her head; that she might look well to the ways of her household, adorn her husband in the

"Gates of the City, among the Elders of the land! that her children may rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and praise her."

Such is an outline of my *ideal* of a country home, surrounded by fifty or more, well-fenced and cultivated acres, including fifteen acres of fine old forests—for romance, birds, and use. Never to be profaned by the sacriligious and ruthless bird-killer; but ever kept sacred for contemplation, song, and ornament to the homestead. No city residence can vie with such a home in the country; may its speedy consumation in all its beauty and perfection, be realized.

"To shining palaces let fools resort,  
And dunces cringe to be esteemed at court:  
Mine be the pleasures of a rural life,  
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;  
Far from the painted belle, and white gloved  
beau,

The lawless masquerade and midnight show.  
From dandies, lap dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,  
Pops, gamblers, tyrants, emperors and czars."

"To and fro in the city I go,  
Tired of the ceaseless ebb and flow,  
Sick of the crowded mart;  
Tired of the din and rattle of wheels,  
Sick of the dust as one who feels,  
The dust is o'er his heart."

REMARKS:—Well, we have got Brother Flagler promoted! He has risen from the low ranks of the War Office, passing through the hospital to the highest rank in the army of peace—has been promoted to the Rural Hall. A wonderful change seems to have come over the spirit of his dreams. He appears to have lost sight of that wonderful "Infinite Republic," the *imaginary* paradise of wonders, gained by wading through carnage and blood, and is now revelling amid the singing of birds and the sweets of rural life. Would to Heaven that the same change might come over all warriors. How happy would this nation be now, if all who are now engaged in the war, and all who have been slain, were living on pleasant farms quietly employed in agriculture. Alas! alas! what mischief, selfishness and the various lusts bring upon the world. May the change in Bro. F. be an example to others. Where is Bro. Mitchell? Must we bury him, or will he yet appear again in the Chariot, clothed and in his right mind?

Bro. F., please read the article about Hammonton N. Jersey, and think whether that would not be a good place for you. It would not cost a large sum to run down and look at the gardens, and now is a good time to clear up an acre or two, to plant in March or April,

Cross the ferry from N. J. to Brooklyn, take the steamer that connects with the Rariton and Delaware Bay Railroad, with a ticket to Jackson Junction—wait there an hour or two, and the down train from Philadelphia, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad will take you to Hammonton. The ground is bare, and was, a few days since, but slightly frozen, and the weather sunny and pleasant. On the coldest day I have heard of there, this winter, the mercury was 12 degrees above zero, while here it has been more than 12 degrees below, making more than 24 degrees difference.

## Letter from C. Hosack.

FRIEND HACKER:—I see much in the "Chariot" to admire and little to regret; but when you say children are born thieves, liars, drunkards and murderers, I can not agree with you in charging the Great Giver of all Good, which is the creating power, with creating evil, as the knaves and orthodox priests do, who say that man is created totally depraved. There is where all the misery arises that afflicts the world at the present time, and will always cause misery on earth till that corrupt charge against the Almighty ends. Friend H., did you ever hear of a child born with a pistol in its hand, or a bag of gold, or drunk? If you ever did, please inform the public through the Chariot; it would be something new. They grow up so, I must admit, because they are taught it by designing knaves and priests, who get their living by charging the Almighty with injustice. Christ, the Son of God, said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and would he have taken them in his arms and blessed them, if his Father had created them such beings as you and the orthodox say they are? I think not, Friend Hacker.

Let reason rule a wavering mind,  
And unto you I'll prove mankind.

C. HOSACK.

Well, Brother Hosack, I am glad to see you in the Chariot. Soon after I came to Portland, I became acquainted with David Buxton, had dealings with him, and his name was written on the tablets within me, with the words "An honest man" at the end of it, and after thirty years acquaintance with my friend B. I challenge all Portland, where he commenced business half a century ago, to say that he ever tried to cheat, or ill use, or in any way wrong any human being. Near thirty years ago I became acquainted with you, friend Charles, and your name with "An honest man," at the end of it, was written by the side of friend Buxton's, and if you ever tried to cheat any man I have never yet heard of it; and I like to see such men in the Chariot, for they do not profess to be christians, reformers, non-resistants, &c., when all is fair weather, and then plunge into war the moment the priests and other knaves shout "st' boy!" I always know where to find them, and to whom I am conversing when I meet them. And now with regard to what I have said about children. I think you misunderstood me—I will try to explain.

The orthodox, as I understand them, believe, or at least formerly believed or pretended to, that in consequence of our first parents eating forbidden fruit, all their posterity down to the end of time, became guilty and condemned before God, heirs of perdition, &c., and must be bought or reclaimed before they could be saved. You seem to charge me with holding the same ideas, whereas, that orthodox doctrine is, and ever has been, as abhorrent to me as to you. I do not charge the Giver of all good with creating thieves, &c., for I believe He has had much less to do with the creation of the

miserable beings that now inhabit the earth, than people generally give Him credit for.

I believe our first parents, as they came from the hands of the Creating power, were innocent, pure and good—they were spiritually in the image of the Creator. God or the Creating power made them upright, but they have sought out many inventions, some of them good and useful, as the shovel, hoe, spade, printing-press, &c., and some of them evil, as the sword and gun. Man has gone out from under the canopy of Love under which he was placed—the paradise of innocence and peace—into the wilderness of selfishness and fleshly lusts, and has given himself up to be ruled by them, some more, and some less than others. The creative power was given to man—the race have the power within themselves to renew their kind; if they were under the dominion of honesty, justice, love, mercy, and other virtues, their children's minds would naturally incline to the same virtues; but being more or less under the dominion of dishonesty, injustice, hatred, &c., the minds of their children would naturally incline to those vices. The souls of such children are innocent in the sight of God; they have committed no sin, and of such is the kingdom of heaven; but the seed of evil lies buried in them, placed there by their erring parents, not by the Giver of all Good; and the children are no more to be blamed for having the seeds of evil in them, than a garden is for having thorn and thistle seed buried in its mould. When the children become old enough to know good from evil, and wilfully choose the evil course, then they fall under condemnation and not before; and even then it is a question how far this, that, or the other individual is in fault for committing any given offence, for the perceptions of some, of good and evil, is much quicker and clearer than that of others, and the propensities of some to evil is much stronger than that of others. Am I understood now? Do you perceive, Bro. Charles, that I consider the child innocent, while he has in him the seeds of evil planted there, not by the Original Creator of man, but by the parents, who, thro' transgression, have made themselves corrupt, and hence impart corruption or the seeds of it to their children?

When I say children are born murderers, I do not intend to say they have the guilt of the murderer on their souls, for they have committed no such act; but do mean to be understood as saying that their parents who possess and gratify the spirit and feelings of the murderer, have imparted to their children the seeds of murder, and a propensity, which, if not watched and checked, will, in time, spring forth and produce the fruits of murder. I think if you now understand me, you must admit the truth of my theory. At any rate, I see abundant proof of its truth every day of

my life, in the children around me, and all whom I meet. There is proof everywhere. I have seen the children of smoking parents hanker for the pipe, and become confirmed smokers at two and three years of age. They were made up in part of what their parents drew from the pipe—made of the same material as their parents, and hanker for what they were made of. I have seen the children of intemperate people hankering for strong drink at the same age. The first four years that I published the Boat, I visited the old Cumberland Jail regularly every week, to give the prisoners Boats and exchange papers, and fruit, &c., to the sick. There I found a lad fourteen years of age, imprisoned for stealing tickets from the office of the Rail-road. When his term expired I took him to my house, gave him his board, and let him work in the printing office and do chores, I found that it was just as natural for him to steal as it was to breathe. He would steal things that he did not want, and give them to the first boy he met. He stole my hand-sled and gave it to a boy, and when I enquired for the sled he said he had left it in the street, and went and got it. I afterwards learned that he had given it away, and then went and stole it from the boy to whom he had given it. He wound up his career here, by staying out one evening until I had retired, (the only evening that he was out at all, while with me) and then entering my office by a false key, while I was asleep, and stealing \$7 in change and other articles. I took some pains to learn the antecedents of this boy, and found that before he was born, his mother was so poor and friendless, that she would slip into the doors or open windows of her neighbors, when the women had stepped out on an errand, and steal food, also stole fuel and other articles; and this boy when but four or five years of age, was such a thief that no woman in the neighborhood dared to leave her house for a few moments, without fastening windows and doors. In all other respects the boy was uncommonly bright, and very active. The history of pauper houses and other places of refuge for the children of the vicious, would abundantly prove my theory. Children born of lewd dissolute parents, have been known to be guilty of *self pollution* at five or six years of age, taking to the vice spontaneously, as naturally as children learn to eat, for lust was the besetting sin and the ruling passion of the parents, and the child *innocently* inherited it. And such records will prove that the seeds of theft, robbery, murder, war, &c., as well as of insanity, covetousness and other infirmities, are inherited by children, not from the Force that originally brought man into existence, but from the real creators of the present generation—the parents, who now hold the creative power, but have abused it in all manner of ways. If my friend will take the trouble

to buy or borrow O. S. Fowler's work entitled "Hereditary Descent," and read it with his usual candor, I think he will understand me fully, and admit the whole truth of my opinion on the subject. I do not believe it is possible for the purest pair of human beings on earth, to give being to a really perfect offspring while living in contact with the world as it is now. So much war, and talk about it, so much news of every kind, theatres, mountebanks, jugglers, showmen, and I may say every conceivable corrupt and corrupting thing, thrusting their advertisements into almost every paper, their bills into every house, drumming through the streets, &c., &c., without end; all of which has an effect, more or less on every woman, and that effect influencing the unborn child.

Though I never saw a child that was born either with a pistol or a plow in his hand, I should not be surprised at all, or consider it at all curious, if children should be born during this war, with the marks of pistols, swords, epauletts, sashes, plumes and war-flags, on their skins, as they will be with the seeds of all these planted in them; for women have taken too great an interest in the war, on the wrong side of it, and the unborn child will be affected by it.

In going through the streets of any city, you may see posters as large as barn doors, on fences and old buildings—the advertisement perhaps, of a strolling company of white men smuttled up, calling themselves "Negro Minstrels." These large posters are covered with full-length pictures, not of Africans, but caricatures of Africans, in every conceivable position of body and limb; some grinning, some strutting, &c., some with legs or arms a foot or two too long, &c., &c., &c. No woman can pass the streets without seeing such things, and it would be no curiosity to me, if children were born of white women looking like those pictures. At any rate I meet people every day, who are mentally quite as monstrous, inheriting it from their parents, not from God. I feel that all should read these truths.

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#### SPIRITUAL HALL.

##### The Inner Life.

The Life? the Life! the Life! the *inner* life! That is what is needed now. The world has lived on husks and chaff—creeds, theories and speculations, long enough. There is life, salvation, victory over self, over animal passions, lusts, unholy desires, to be gained by each individual, before peace can come to the soul. No man can serve two masters. If he serves the lusts of the flesh the demands of the soul must be ignored; if he serves the higher promptings, permits the soul to rule, then the animal nature must be a servant instead of a master. Nearly all the various religions in the world consist of forms and ceremonies, which leave the animal passions to rule, and bring no salvation to the soul.

What signifies the worshipping of one whose body hung upon the cross eighteen hundred years ago, while daily crucifying His spirit in ourselves? What signifies a name written on a church book, while the soul knows nothing of that spirit which overcomes the lusts of the flesh and unites in love and life to the spiritual church? What signifies a sprinkling of the face with a few drops of water, or the immersion of the body, which are at best, in a religious view, only a *type* or *figure* of purification, while the soul remains unwashed? What benefit is derived from tasting a little bread and wine or dyestuff, in a church edifice now and then, while the soul is destitute of that love which should join it to the saints and furnish a spiritual feast? All those things Paul ranked with the weak and beggarly elements of the world, unclean things, filthy rags, &c., and commanded the disciples not to taste, touch or handle. They were all good once as types and figures of what was to come, but when the substance to which they pointed came, then they became like an old garment and are no better than filthy rags, with which the priests are laboring to clothe and feed the naked hungry souls. Hence we have forms, ceremonies, creeds, &c., &c., without end but very little salvation from present sin. I now see before my mind's eye, two deacons of a church, who can pray, and exhort and spout, and shout and roar like the bulls of Bashan in church meeting, and at political caucuses, &c., none are more active. Where money is to be made they are there as eager as hungry sharks about a ship. Notwithstanding all their religious professions, the creed of their souls is, "Get money, get money! get all you can, no matter how if you can only escape the clutches of the law;" and from morn till night, and from one year's end to another they are playing the game of grab as eagerly as ever a hawk pursued its prey. These fellows hold offices, and I sometimes see with them an ex-minister, who a few years since, if he had possessed the power, would have burnt every man at the stake, who would refuse to bow to some religious creed, and aid in sustaining a gunpowder gospel—No hawk ever had a keener eye for prey than this fellow has, no countenance ever wore a more sordid and sinister expression. And thus it is everywhere, the creeds, forms and ceremonies of the fashionable religion impose no restraint on the animal passions—bring no life or salvation to the soul, and hence are utterly worthless. Seek ye the Life, the *inner* Life, which is Love, above all else.

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#### PRAYING ROOM.

[From the Woodstock Sentinel.]

##### I do not like to hear him pray.

I do not like to hear him pray,  
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,  
For that I think the borrower may  
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;  
And in that book we all should heed,  
Which says the lender shall be blest,  
As sure as I have eyes to read,  
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray,  
On bended knees about an hour,  
For grace to spend aright the day,  
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.  
I'd rather see him go to mill,  
And buy the luckless brother bread,  
And see his children eat their fill,  
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray:  
Let blessings on the widow be,  
Who never seeks her home to say,  
"If want o'ertakes you come to me."  
I hate the prayer so loud and long,  
That's uttered for the orphan's weal,  
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,  
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear him pray,  
With face as long as any rail,  
Who never means his debts to pay,  
Because he can't be put in jail.  
For caution asks the written bond,  
But friendship trusts to word alone;  
For he's a knave where e'er he's known,  
Who never comes the debts to own.

I do not like to hear her pray,  
With jeweled ears and silken dress,  
Whose washerwoman toils all day,  
And then is asked to "work for less."  
Such pious shavers I despise—  
With folded hand and airs demure,  
They lift to heaven their "angel" eyes,  
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers—  
If wrong I hope to be forgiven—  
No angel wing them upward bears,  
They're lost a million miles from heaven.  
I do not like long prayers to hear,  
And studied from the lips depart—  
Our Father bends a ready ear,  
Let words be few—He hears the heart.

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#### CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

A SMART WOMAN.—A correspondent at Unity writes us that Mrs. Bethiah Hussey of that town, now in her eighty-sixth year, has, since July last, woven over four hundred yards of domestic cloth, knit two dozen pairs of stockings, besides doing considerable spinning and assisting much about the house. She has also been a constant attendant twice each week at Friend's meeting, of which society she is a member.—[Maine Farmer.]

This smart old lady, beneath whose friendly roof I spent some of the happiest moments of life near twenty years ago, is one of the good *old-fashioned* people, such as were born and raised when people lived in a healthier manner, in regard to food, clothing and general habits than people do now.

She is an excellent woman, and knows what the inner life is. I never shall forget one Sabbath afternoon, when I was at her house with some thirty of her relatives and friends.—A few of us sat down in *silence* in a large room, and the *inner life* silently drew one after another from the other rooms, and from the yard and garden, and soon all were seated with us, even to the children; all in *solemn silence*, without a word being vocally uttered to bring them together, except perhaps to some of the younger children. Near half an hour was spent in this "good old-fashioned Quaker sitting," and all hearts seemed melted and mingled together under the influence of Divine Love. Tears of love and tenderness trickled down the cheeks of those of grey hairs, and of children of five years, before a word was uttered; then came several brief testimonies informing the less ex-

perienced how to keep their minds under this canopy of Love. It was a refreshing season, and I think will be remembered by all who were then present, to the last hour of their earthly existence.

This was an old-fashioned Quaker Feast—the true communion—in comparison with which the usual bread and wine of the churches, were as husks and chaff. Had all who bore the name of Quakers lived under this canopy of Love, we should not now have them advocating this wicked war, nor would the war have taken place, for the genuine Quaker spirit which breathed peace on earth and good will to men, would have leavened the nation so far ere this, that war could not have found support. The cause would have been long since removed.

#### A Plea for the Suffering.

A great deal is being done now for the "poor soldiers" and the poor "freedmen." All this is well, probably, but there are other classes suffering want and misery that the tongue of man or angel can not describe, for whom we hear of nothing being done. I know now a virtuous woman with three little children, the youngest but a few months old, who has nothing to rely on for support but the labor of her own hands, and has worked herself to the brink of the grave, and is nearly heart-broken and discouraged. She is in debt for rent, is nearly destitute of fuel, is not now able to earn a farthing, has not food enough to last twenty-four hours, and liable at any moment to be fruddled off to the pauper-house with her innocent children, and put into the same rooms with thieves, drunkards and prostitutes. Her character is, and ever has been, beyond reproach. She is very neat and cleanly, her room is neat, and her children are kept neat and are unusually well-behaved. In short, she is worthy the love of christians, and the aid of all who can feel for others' woes. Had I the means, I would supply her wants and be silent; but situated as I am, I can do but little; are any who may read this able and willing to aid her? All I have said of her I know to be true, and furthermore, I hear that in consequence of her extreme sensitiveness, she would silently perish with want rather than ask alms; bold beggars less worthy might fare sumptuously, while this sufferer would starve. If any who are able and willing to do unto Christ by doing any favor to this family, will forward subscriptions for her to me, I will see them honestly handed over for her use.

#### SONG.

BY J. HACKER.

I wish I was in Jersey,  
Where snow don't fall so deep,  
Where frost don't pinch folk's noses,  
When they lie down to sleep,—  
That Land of smiles and sunshine,  
Where sweet potatoes grow,  
And melons large and luscious,  
A rich, and splendid show;  
Where grapes, and pears, and peaches,  
And other fruits are fine,  
Fair Hammonton, New Jersey,  
Land of the fruitful vine.

#### CHORUS.

I know it has some drawbacks,  
So has each place I see,  
Yet Hammonton New Jersey  
Has many charms for me.

There, people are too honest  
To steal their neighbors' fruit,  
And fences are not needed  
To guard against the brute;  
There children are too civil  
To "saucy you" in the street;  
And you may find a neighbor  
In every man you meet.  
Their schools are well conducted,  
The children go to learn;  
At home they are well managed,  
And have a manly turn.

#### CHORUS.

We'll overcome the drawbacks,  
By skill and industry;  
Then Hammonton, New Jersey,  
Will be the place for me.

There snow don't drift in mountains,  
To last a month or two,  
Nor do the fierce northeasters  
E'er pierce you through and through,  
Good climate and good water  
With fruits both rich and rare;—  
It soon will be an Eden,  
If people go right, there;—  
Yes, sun and air, and water  
And other things give health,  
Worth more than Astor's millions  
Or all the Girard wealth.

#### CHORUS.

I wish I were in Jersey,  
With clime and fruits so fine,  
In Hammonton, New Jersey,  
Land of the fruitful vine.

No Grog shops are allowed there,  
To shed their blighting curse,  
On time, and health, and morals,  
Or rob the brain and purse;  
No loafing place, to ruin  
The youth of either sex,  
To lure to paths immoral;  
The parents' souls to vex;—  
Their hotel, neat and quiet  
As any in the States,  
And Fosket and his Lady,  
Know how to fill the plates.

#### CHORUS.

I'm packing up for Jersey,  
Where many charms combine,  
Fair Hammonton, New Jersey,  
Land of the fruitful vine.

#### PROGRESSIVE HALL.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 28, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—While traveling last summer on a lecturing tour, we stopped for a few days with a brother by the name of Weight, at Mechanicsville, N. Y. There we saw a number of your paper entitled "The Chariot of Wisdom and Love." We were much pleased with its spicy articles and the boldness and fearlessness with which you confronted error and defended truth. We intended writing you at that time, but did not; now again a September number has flitted across our path, and we hasten to make good the promise to ourselves, to be a contributor to your little sheet, that is, if you think what we write will be instructive and do good to your readers. A banner boldly unfurled, commands respect and almost always success. I am glad there is one sheet tho' it may be small, whose columns are open to a free investigation of thought—of ideas. A free

platform is our motto in our meetings, and rightly conducted leads to the most beneficial and salutary results.

The subject of marriage upon which you have a good piece in your Sept. number, is one indeed of intense and vital interest to the world; and yet, even among Reformers, how few are willing to have this subject handled, save with kid gloves and due respect to Mrs. Grundy. The subject of dress also, especially female dress,—how important, not only in the length of the skirts, but the tight lacing, and wasp waists, which lay our daughters in the grave and make sickly consumptive mothers.

We are glad also to see and read that the New Dispensation with all its gladsome messages, and words of love and instruction from the other side or Spirit shore, have fallen upon your ears, and that you can not only say you believe, but that you know, that your friends live and have power to manifest themselves unto us.

Now friend Hacker as I see by your paper that some of your readers are not full believers in the glorious New Dispensation of God to man, we think, being brought into rapport as we have been with the Spirit world, we could throw a good deal of interest into your paper by relating experiences, manifestations given through ourselves to others and also to ourselves. I am a medium possessing a variety of gifts—a trance speaker, &c., &c., as our card which I will enclose will inform you, and also give you a little idea of what we are doing in this place.

There is also another topic which is deeply interesting to us, and which we would like to have a chance of advocating in your columns, although we know not how you stand or how much you can sympathize with us on this point.

It is *Community of Interest*. We believe that this is the true order of God, that Christ established it, and the Primitive church lived it, until scattered by the persecutions of Herod and the ungodly world. That apostasy succeeded, and that now in this age this New Dispensation, the Heavens are coming forth and seeking to find men and women whose whole lives are dedicated body, soul and spirit consecrated to God and humanity, who are raised above the groveling, selfish lower spheres of beings, and who not only say but are ready to live this doctrine—"all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and we are glorified together. We would like to have your views on this subject. The gentleman whose name is connected with mine on the card, is a bold advocate of reform and his whole energies are more particularly called out in presenting truth and bringing about that order of things as set forth in our card under the name of Commonwealth. We may possibly come your way next spring or summer, hoping to do good in our various gifts and capacities; in the mean time let us hear from you either by letter or through the paper you can send us, and we will do you all the good we can.

Your sister in the Gospel of wisdom and love

E. MARQUAND,

244 Plane st. Newark, N. J.

P.S.—We notice you speak of embarrassments in the way of printing your paper. I would here say that material for printing a paper the size of the Banner, is on hand and can be used as soon as the right persons are found, who can unite in publishing a paper whose columns shall be free to all liberal thought and progressive ideas.

REMARKS:—The above from a stranger sounds first rate on paper, and the question now arises, does this writer try to *live out* the sentiments here expressed, or is she simply a money-catcher, like too many who profess to be Reformers, while they themselves need reforming from head to foot, outside and in. Have not time nor space to say more now, for the paper is full, but will reply in our next.