

HACKER'S PLEASURE BOAT.

"Bound to no party, to no sect confined, the World our Church, our brethren all mankind."

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TERMS.

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SPIRITUALISTS' HALL.

A Free Platform.

We do not like pulpits. They have become cowards' castles. -The coward who has a creed that will not bear examination, ensconces himself in his castle, the pulpit, and pours out his spleen, his anathemas, and sometimes the dregs of his selfishness, lust, and bigotry on his neighbors, who differ from him in sentiment, and then refuses them the liberty to reply; and if they do reply in the church, they are sometimes dragged into Court and fined or imprisoned under the false pretense of having disturbed *divine worship*! And as pulpits have become cowards' castles, and must pass away with the creeds that invented them, and as we believe Truth and Error should have an open field to grapple, an equal chance and fair play, we have got up a FREE PLATFORM in the BOAT, where our opponents may have an equal chance with us, and our motto is, "Let Truth and Error grapple." Truth never hides, never dodges nor skulks—never tries to silence its opponent by compulsion, never fires upon him and then skulks behind a pulpit, but stands out openly and boldly, in the light of conscious innocence and right, to conquer or to die by fair means. A FREE PLATFORM, on which we shall lecture and preach, reprove, advise and exhort, as the spirit may move, and then permit others to reply if they choose in all freedom, if they behave civilly and decently.

But here comes S. H. Johnson, a priest after the order of Balaam, who ran when God had not sent him, to curse a people whom God had not cursed, and abused the beast on which he rode because he saw, and stopped before a SPIRIT in the way,

which Balaam himself was too blind to see. I must attend to him.

The first week we were here in Berlin, as we met this priest while passing to and from our work, he bowed very politely, but no words passed between us, and all was quiet. I came hither among strangers with the determination while here, to speak no word, to perform no act that I would wish to recall in the hour of death—no word nor act that any reasonable person would have just cause to reprove or censure, and hence had no conversation with any one except what business made necessary. But by some means the evil spirits that usually surround the priests of this order, gave this man the knowledge that I believed in the Truth, and not in creeds, forms, and worthless ceremonies that produce nothing good; and very likely these evil spirits thought that while here alone, among strangers, and shut out from the world by deafness, they could use this modern Balaam to destroy or silence me, and thus accomplish a work that they had vainly labored more than forty years to accomplish on their old hunting ground where I was known, and had many friends.

When Sunday came and I was not at church, the Reverend bows ceased entirely, and on that day he gave notice that he would preach the next Sunday on Spiritualism. Accordingly when the day came he got off a harangue, which one of his most intelligent and candid hearers says was "a ridiculous mess of falsehood, misrepresentation, slander, low ridicule and mischievous admonitions." He classed all who profess to be Spiritualists in one body, accused them all of the errors and sins of each, said they denied the Bible, were infidels, ignored the marriage covenant; that the mediums were all outcasts from the Christian churches; that the Spiritualists here in Berlin were smart would-be ghost-hunters from the land of Wooden Nutmegs; and advised his hearers to go not near them for hell was not far from where they held their circles; that he had a chicken die last night and they might consult its spirit if they wanted to. Said Spiritualism was a

doctrine of necessity, and attempted to prove it by a medium in a court, who said she was sometimes controlled to do things contrary to her will. He said Spiritualism was all humbug, and to prove it, brought the juggler Blitz into the pulpit with all his gim-cracks, ridiculous allusions and comic attitudes called all the Spiritualists freelovers, and tried to prove it by an extract from the book of one Harris, which book, he said, spiritualists had adopted, and said Harris had renounced Spiritualism and returned to the Church. He said that Spiritualism was older than Christianity, and was the demonism of the New Testament.

Now, in dealing with this poor benighted, weak-brained and weaker-minded Balaamitish brother, we admit, as many others have stated to us, that his ignorance, his greenness, his falsehoods, misrepresentations, bigotry, impudence, insolence and other vices so prominent in his disgraceful harangue, place him far beneath all consideration or notice, except on the score of Christian pity, discipline and love; but on this score we can notice him, can reprove, rebuke, chasten even with ridicule if his case demands it, and thus labor to save him from his errors and vices, whether he will hear or forbear, and while laboring with him, we have also the opportunity to shed some light on the minds of his honest dupes, if there are any simple enough to be duped and misled by his harangue, and we shall at the same time refute the same aspersions against spiritualism, from the same class of priests in hundreds of other places between Nova Scotia and California where the BOAT circulates, so our labor will not be lost.

First, then, the word Spiritualist includes all people who believe that the spirits of the deceased are here with, or around about us on earth, and that they can, and do, under certain conditions, communicate in various ways with those now living in the body. A thousand or million of people may agree in this one belief, and in all other things in belief and practice, no two of them may agree. And to charge the errors and crimes of each and all upon each and every

believer in Spiritualism is just as unjust as it would be to charge upon this priest, all the errors and sins of the whole universe who profess to believe in the same Bible that he does, or to charge upon all the Apostles of Christ, the sin of Judas.

The Spiritualists have no Church organization, no adopted creed, nor articles of faith, and therefore if one of them holds an error or commits a sin, it does not affect any other believer in Spiritualism.

In charging upon all, the errors or sins of the few, this priest is guilty either of ignorance unpardonable in the ministry, or else a spirit of injustice too malignant to be expressed.

With regard to denying the Bible. True Spiritualists, and I speak only for such, receive truth wherever they find it, whether in the Bible, an almanac, or anything else, and reject error and falsehood, whether it be in the Bible or any other book; and that there are errors and falsehoods in the Bible, I challenge any candid man who has read it attentively, to deny. The Bible in many places, contradicts its own words and therefore, cannot be true,—one part of it convicts another, and proves for itself that it cannot all be true. The Bible contains passages that no minister could be hired to read to his congregation, and no decent father would read them to his children on account of their vulgarity and obscene filthiness. The Bible holds up for our example, men, who if they lived now, and were to receive their just deserts according to our laws, would be hung, or sentenced to the State Prison for life. Some parts of the Bible approve of slavery, and even give the slave-holder liberty to beat his slave to death. Some parts of it forbade the Jews eating the flesh of animals that died of disease, but gave them liberty to sell that filthy flesh to other people. The Bible calls the Jews God's *holy* people, when they were actually wickeder than the nations they plundered or destroyed. Some parts of the Bible sanction injustice and cruelty that would disgrace thieves and robbers, and some record scenes that would equal the records of savages. All these things I shall prove as the Boat goes on, but have not the time nor space to do it now. The various books of the Bible were written by different persons, at different times and places. Some wrote Truth, some wrote error, and binding these books in one volume does not make them all true because some are, nor all false because some are false. True Spiritualists are well aware of

these errors in the Bible, and reject them, and have a sure, unerring test by which they determine which passages are true and good, and which are not, and this test I will give at some future time. Spiritualists reject the errors and falsehoods of the Bible and receive the true and good. But thou who condemnest others for not believing all the Bible, dost thou believe and obey it? "Thou shalt not kindle a fire in thy house on the Sabbath day," says the Bible. Do you obey that? "Six days shalt thou labor." Do you obey that? "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Here you are dreadfully guilty. "Thou shalt not round the corners of thy hair nor mar thy beard." Look in the glass, brother. See how nicely the hair is rounded, how smoothly a part of your beard is shaven, even the poor striving goatee on your chin so mangled and mutilated a goat would hardly own you for a brother. I might give you much more scripture which you practically reject, but am reminded of a circumstance of my boyhood. I undertook to destroy a large nest of worms on a young, tender apple tree, by firing a charge of powder into it, but had so heavy a charge it stove and ruined the tree. Now as I am only aiming to destroy the monstrous nest of worms on you, such as ignorance, bigotry, falsehood, impudence, insolence, vice, and have no wish to destroy or injure the Rev. sapling itself, I will not repeat more at present.

THE MARRIAGE COVENANT,

as it is called, has been prostituted to the basest purposes. Many men, and among them ministers, select their wives for their supposed capacity to minister to their animal passions. Many choose their wives as they would choose a horse or ox, selecting those which they think will perform the most labor. Some choose their wives merely for their external beauty, and others for their money. The marriage covenant has been, and is prostituted to every selfish lust. Women, by government, and by priest craft and custom, have been treated more like slaves and menials than equals and companions. They have been shut out of almost every lucrative, self-sustaining employment; and when permitted to enter into any employment their wages are cut down, so that they must work from two to five days to earn or gain as much as a man receives in one day. And if they live a single life they are stigmatized as *old maids*—and the very refuse of the race. Hence, the ma-

jority of women marry from *necessity*, not those whom they love, and with whom they might be happy, but such as offer themselves; and in consequence of the above prostitution of the marriage covenant, the majority of married couples live in strife, and the majority of the children now born, are like those spoken of in scripture, that were conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, and as prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward; having no natural affection because there is no love, but selfishness, strife and contention between the parents, who cannot impart to their children affection and other good qualities of which themselves are destitute. Furthermore, children begotten in these prostituted discordant marriages, are more or less physically and mentally diseased, and each generation more effeminate and shorter lived than the last. Intelligent Spiritualists see this miserable condition of things; they know by observation, that a majority of marriages is neither more nor less than legalized adultery,—for all that is without mutual love is adultery in the sight of God, and they are looking for a remedy, while priests and others who ought to aid them are shouting "Free Love," and lying about them.

It is not true that the mediums are all outcasts of the churches. Many of them always had too much light and sense ever to belong to such concerns as the modern churches,—many others were not outcasts, but came out by the guidance of good spirits, because the churches are spiritually dead, and the few that were cast out, were cast out because they were so far in advance of the others that they could not endure their presence any more than the devils of old who cried "Depart from us, thou art tormenting us before the time." Had brother Balaam been better acquainted with the land of Wooden Nutmegs, he would have known that the religion of that land under which the Blue Laws and the wooden nutmeg business grew up, was the very same kind with his own, and that since so many of the people there have become Spiritualists, the Blue Laws and nutmeg business have passed away, and the religion like his, which 'was the parent of Blue Laws and wooden nutmegs too, is rapidly following after.

The remark about the chicken must have been a very *powerful* argument in the minds of people that can listen week after week to the rantings of such a bigot,—very *convincing* and *edifying*!

"Spiritualism a doctrine of necessity," he says, because a medium testified that she was sometimes controlled to do things contrary to her will. Did not Jonah say the same thing? Was not his doctrine a doctrine of necessity? He was commanded to go and tell the Ninevites, that in forty days the city should be destroyed. It was against his *will* to do that, because he believed if the people repented God would spare the city, and then he would be called a false prophet; so he attempted to flee, and according to the story, found himself in the belly of hell, and found it a doctrine of necessity. Paul declared that necessity was laid upon him—that woe was upon him if he preached not the Gospel. All who obey God find it a necessity to do so. But old Balaam, brother Johnstone and other priests of their order who run when God does not send them, who can preach and pray in their own time, will and strength, and curse those whom God has not cursed, know nothing about this divine necessity, and oppose it as they do nearly all other practical Gospel Truth.

True Spiritualists never adopted the book of Harris; they never adopt any book further than to read and receive the good, leaving the evil, and if Harris has returned to the Church, it proves nothing against Spiritualism. There was said to be a dog, in old times, that returned to his vomit, and a sow that was washed, to again wallowing in the mire, but that does not prove that their last filthy condition was better than cleanliness. There were people in the days of Christ that were compared to that dog and sow, and so there are now. Judas betrayed Christ, but that does not prove that Christ was wrong, or his doctrine false.

"Spiritualism older than Christianity." We give brother Balaam credit for telling this one truth, but are sorry to say he spoilt it by calling it demonism. We will not now go back to give the history of Spiritualism from the commencement, but will begin with the good old prophet who saw a ladder extending from earth to heaven, and angels or spirits, ascending and descending. At another time we read of the prophet wrestling with a spirit till the break of day, and would not let him go till he had blessed him. Every page almost, in all the truthful parts of the Bible is a record of spirits and Spiritualism,—but let us come to Balaam of old, the father of

this tribe of priests that curse people and frown them down—*when they can*. Balaam rode off to curse a people and a Spirit stood before him in the way; the ass on which he rode saw the spirit and stopped, but Balaam, like his young descendant in the priesthood here, did not believe in spirits—he was too blind to see them, so he beat the ass to force him on, but the beast ran against the wall and crushed Balaam's foot. Then a spirit spoke through the ass with man's voice, and forbade the madness of the prophet. How similar was his case to that of this younger Balaam. This chap started off to curse the Spiritualists, a people whom God has abundantly blessed, and he too was mounted on an ass, that is, he was not on anything divine, it was the beastly animal part of the man that he traveled on, and though the Spirit of Truth stood before him he was too blind to see it, and in spurring on the beastly nature to curse people, he has run against the Boat, and is so blind he thinks a dog bit him, and if his clerical foot does not suffer some by the crash, he will have better luck than hundreds of other priests of the same order that have run against it.

Yes, Spiritualism is much older than Christianity, for it existed in the days of Balaam, and long before, and constituted the sum and substance of the Gospel. We are told that long before Christ, God made his angels ministering *spirits*. Mary, the mother of Christ, held communication with spirits. At the birth of Christ, spirits appeared to the shepherds to announce the news with the song, "Glory in the highest," &c., and told them where to find the new born Savior. When Christ was tempted in the wilderness, spirits came and ministered to him. When He was on the mount with his disciples, the spirit of Moses and of Elias were with Him, and the disciples saw them conversing with Him. On the morning of the resurrection, Mary, at the sepulchre, saw and spoke with spirits, and the spirits of many who had died appeared to the disciples and conversed with them. John the Revelator saw, and conversed with a spirit, and fell down to worship him, when the spirit told him who he was—one of the prophets.

Christ also declares that the Kingdom of Heaven had come to earth, and it did not come without a King and inhabitants, and Christ and all the apostles declared that the Kingdom should increase, but brother

Balaam denies all this—he banishes the good spirits from the world, and brings hell and demons here, and gives them more place and power, and more converse with the souls of men here, than he allows the Almighty, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

So much for brother Balaam's harangue against Spiritualism, truly a miserable mess of low scurrilous misrepresentations, and we are not to be taught, admonished, labored with in Christian tone, for our conviction, but are to be *frowned* down without mercy. Does he know whom and what he is taking about? Does he know there is any one here that has declared truth before hosts of frowners before his Reverence was born? Let him frown his steeple house down, and when that miracle is performed it will be soon enough to talk about frowning down one before whom he is nothing more than a tadpole in a mudpuddle, either as a Divine or just man.

To show the malignity of this man a little further, I will say that a few Sundays after his insane harangue on Spiritualism, having failed to receive by cars, lumber for a fence which I had bought, my lot was exposed to a large herd of cows that run at large, and I believed it to be my duty to watch them.

Accordingly, the weather being warm, I took with me a small pail of water to drink, and went from my boarding place to my half finished ten foot palace, and spent the whole day in reading, and writing to my good wife, who is confined in Maine with the care of her aged parent, and other friends. Went to my boarding place a few minutes, to dinner, and on my return found two cows eating my corn. I drove them out and remained writing and reading until the animals were gone home at night. While I was thus engaged, brother Balaam went to his steeple house, and from his coward castle, told the people I had gone by, to my *work*, with my dinner pail, consulting the spirits, he supposed, and B., another spiritualist, had broken the holy Sabbath, by picking a mess of peas. I had never been in his meeting house, never had spoken to him nor he to me, and had given no one in the State cause to attack me. I mention this as another specimen of the falsehood, malignity, and injustice that Spiritualism meets with from all the priests of the order of Balaam, and they are many.

As for the people of Berlin, as fr-

as I know, all of them, men, women and children, except brother Balaam, have treated me respectfully, except in countenancing this man to abuse me. Perhaps they will not countenance it much longer, but if they should, it will certainly injure them more than me.

The Truths in the first number of the *Boat* seem to have lashed brother Balaam's wrath into fury. It appears that he had read so little truth before in his life, that he could not recognize any part of it as truth. He is rabid on the subject of lust, which he calls free love. He is so full of it himself, and so apt to judge others by himself, that it rose up in him whenever a woman was mentioned, and in various places where they were not. Being ignorant of pure holy love, that the true man has for all his race, including women and children as well as men, he thinks all men filled with, and slaves to the same low passion that is boiling over in him.

After reading the *Boat*, which was not printed for the people of Berlin nor offered to them, he gave out notice for a dog-hunt at his steeple house the next Sunday evening. It being a new amusement, the people flocked to see the sport, as plenty as they would have done, probably, if the juggler Blitz or an organ grinder with a monkey attachment had been advertised to perform, with the sanction of their Priest, to raise funds. He commenced the sport—and it must have been sport to wagging dogs that had their eyes open, coming as it did from the coward castle, which they had been taught was God's holy sanctuary in his holy house—by telling them that some of his friends had advised him not to go on with his dog hunt, or, in his own language, not to preach about the *Boat*, but let it alone and the nuisance would abate, of itself; but a brother who then sat at his right hand had said to him—"We found the defunct carcass of a dog lying between our two houses, and we buried it before the noisome exhalations had spread sickness, bad odors and corruptions on the surrounding air," so he proposed to bury this paper to night. Said he might be called upon to make sarcastic remarks on the subject, but it deserved them. Then he chose his texts, for there were three of them. These fellows must always have a text of scripture to back them up, whether they are trying to save or to kill men, or bury dogs, and whether the text is from that part of the Bible which is true, or from the part which

is false, or whether it has any bearing on, or connection with the subject in hand or not—must have a text to give dignity to their harangue, or to form a sort of sugar coat to the trash they utter to make it go down, as people sometimes sugar-coat bitter medicine to hide the taste from the patient till it is swallowed.

He then read a chapter from St. Paul, after his famous defense before Agrippa. Then like a wandering planet started off back into ancient times and introduced the discovery of the mariner's compass, as being the great means God had used for the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands; but forgot to tell his hearers, that that idea was exploded long ago, in all sensible intelligent minds, by the fact that the same ships that carried out missionaries, also carried rum, whiskey, fire-arms and gunpowder, to make the heathen drunk, and use the weapons in destroying each other, and that the missionaries did not preach the Gospel of Peace, but the same *gunspjel* that has destroyed nearly all the Red men of this country, and is now crying for the last drop of blood, of the little remnant yet left—the same *gunspjel* which has but recently destroyed two millions of its own white votaries in this nation. He kept all this out of sight, and labored to make his hearers believe that the discovery of the compass had really been the means of spreading the Gospel, instead of the destructive *gunspjel*. Thus he deludes and cheats his audience, if they believe him, as bad as the juggler Blitz did, and on a solemn subject too, tampering with their souls, while Blitz deals in trifles, and honestly tells the people it is deception.

Then he ran out a tirade against the "men of little heads and less brains," and finally got back to the paper or dog, and called it a goat. It appears that he was not so blind but what he had a glimpse of the "Spirit" that stood before him in the way, but could not see enough to decide what it was. Sometimes he thought it a *Boat*, that he was trying to ride over, sometimes he thought it a dog, sometimes a goat, and again was so puzzled about it that he had to call it a nuisance. Poor blind brother! If he could see, receive, and enjoy the spirit that is in the paper, how much happier he might be, and how much better his influence would be over these precious youth, that have been taught to regard him as a man of God, and in whose young minds he

is sowing the seeds of rowdyism, scorn, contempt, hate, and other vices, teaching them to abuse aged and civil strangers who walk quietly among them, mourning that they have such teachers, and praying that their young minds may not receive the poisonous seeds from his hand.

His first quotation from the *Boat*, was from the line at its head,—*"The World our Church, our brethren all mankind,"* to which he added "all womankind too;" which addition was only an outburst of his lust; a fling of the filth in himself at others; thinking all others as filthy as himself. It needs no comments. Besides, he exposed his gross ignorance of language, as in many other places, for the word mankind includes all men, women and children, and therefore the addition of "womankind too," is superfluous, or else separates them from the human family and makes them a distinct race of animals, not belonging to the human race.

Yes, the world is our Church, and our brethren all mankind, male and female. We have never yet met with a person so low and degraded but what we could find a remnant of good in them, which might be cherished to save them, and bring them into communion with God and angels, if there was half as much of true Christianity around them in others, to aid them, as there is of the profession of it. We are all the creatures of God. He maketh his sun to shine and his showers and dews to descend on all, and neither the Balaam's of to-day, nor the Balaam of old can draw a line of separation, and say where God's church begins, nor where it ends, so those may come down who place themselves on high, in their own imaginations, and frown down, and denounce to hell, or *try to*,—honest peaceable neighbors, simply because they believe that glorious scripture Truth, that the spirits of our departed friends still live and are sometimes with us, a fact abundantly testified of, by all the best writers of both the Old and New Testament.

We claim even this man as a brother in the great Church, and expect to find good in him, notwithstanding all the wrath he is now discharging. When he gets his eyes open to see clearly the good "spirits," that would guide him, and is purged from the old heaven, good will spring up. If it does not while he lives in the body, he will have to wade through repentance in the spirit land, and bathe his soul in the waters of contrition until he is clean;

for the ways of God are the ways of progression, upward and onward forever and ever.

He quotes again from the Boar,—“here are our heart and hand, no less devoted than formerly, to the interests of humanity which are above all human laws, all creeds, all isms,” and says it should have been *woman-anity* instead of humanity, which is only another outburst of his lust—flinging at others what is in himself, simply because they believe in Spiritualism, and he is willing to use any and all means to drive people into his church, or crush those who will not enter, having been accustomed to ride rough shod over all who do not bow to him. He knows nothing of me or my former life, whether good or bad, and these flings at me are all entirely gratuitous—made in blindness, like a blind man throwing stones where he hears an indistinct noise, without knowing from whom, or what the noise proceedeth. And his course shows his own foulness, malignity, and lack of principle. And because I said humanity is above all human laws, all creeds, all isms, he exclaims,—“This man, J. Hacker, above the Holy Scriptures!” Yes, brother Balaam, this man, all men, all woman, the smallest child is above the Holy Scriptures. God placed them all above the Scriptures and gave the Scriptures to us,—or such part of them as came from him—for our use; but the Priests of Balaam have always placed the Scriptures above men, and made of them an enormous machine by which to crush humanity in the dust, instead of placing them as a lever to raise them up;—by twisting the Scriptures to their creeds, they slew Christ.

He quotes a passage from the Boar, where I alluded to the burning of Portland and exclaims,—“Yes, God destroyed the town of Portland, and may he have mercy on Berlin if this paper is suffered to exist here.” In this he is charging the Supreme with incendiarism. His remark would be rank blasphemy were it not for the excuse of ignorance. The plain truth is, God never had anything to do with the destruction of that city, further than to make a general law that fire shall burn combustible matter with which it comes in contact, and wind shall spread the flame. The people set fire to the city in a rowdyish celebration of victories gained by such wars as the false part of the Bible, and Balaam and nearly all of his order approve of—celebrations that the Boar and Chariot had been

denouncing and warning the people against more than twenty years, and hundreds of the people of Portland have told me since the fire, that if they had heeded those warnings the city would not have been burnt. I have heard of but one priest, in the score and a half with which Portland is cursed, that charged the Almighty with that fire, for most of them would be ashamed to tell such a plain absurd falsehood if they wanted to.

As for God's having mercy on Berlin, the people may rest assured that he will, if the Boar exists here and they read and practice its truths. They will get rid of such a preacher at once, and if they must have a minister, they will get one who, if he possesses no grace nor goodness will at least have the good sense, to avoid all efforts to set neighbors at variance,—will abstain from giving these precious children bad examples, will not teach them to insult aged strangers, nor stone other people's dogs on their own premises, nor to frown people down, simply because they differ in belief. And to exchange such a preacher as they have now, for one possessing common sense, even without grace, would be a very great blessing to begin with, and others would follow. The wonder to me is, how they have tolerated, or endured such a man so long in the cubby-castle.

He quotes a line about my seeking a new location after the great fire, and exclaims,—“Yes, left his country for his country's good, perhaps,” an expression usually applied to thieves, highwaymen, or other pests of mankind. It is a little singular, if I am as bad as his base insinuation intimates, how I spent sixty years in Maine, thirty of them in the largest city, and more than forty years in exposing the priesthood of Balaam, and was never arrested, though for more than twenty years it was a constant study of the priests to devise some means to destroy me. This base insinuation against a stranger who has quietly walked these streets or labored in sight of Balaam's windows more than three months, shows the deep malignity and blackness of his heart. In all these three months that he has been watching me from his windows, not one accusation can he, nor any other here, bring against me, so he yelps out a base insinuation, and then pops his head down behind his coward castle yelping “Perhaps!” to save himself from the law against slander and defamation. But he need not dodge from the missiles of carnal laws,—

we never use them, but have weapons that are over and above them all.

I said something in the Boar about trying to raise a little food, which he quoted, and then contemptuously exclaimed,—“Yellow bean vines striving to climb up vast bean poles.”

His wrath reminds me of the wicked Jews, who pretended that God had ordered them to destroy a whole nation; not only the people but their domestic animals too, must be cut off in spite and wrath. He can not relieve his chafing, fretting wrathful soul without cursing my poor beans; but he was so blind he could not see the peas, potatoes, cabbages, cucumbers, &c., so they escaped his curse, and I may get a little food after all, and I noticed the next morning that most of the struggling beans had reached the tops of the vast poles and some of them hung down several feet, though I do not think there was power enough in his curse to aid or injure them. If I could believe that either the curses or the prayers of such a nincompoop, in such a spirit, could have any effect on *anything*, I should expect them to act as manure, and would at once speak for a few cords to use on the fruit-trees and vines I hope to have. “Sarcasm!” is it. Well, it is your own ammunition that we took from your magazine, and caught from your guus; the only difference is, you threw it in falsehood and hate for our destruction, while we return it in truth and in love to remove the thick scales from your eyes, that you may be saved.

He quotes a line from the Boar about a palace ten feet square, and exclaims,—“Large enough for one couple.” Another outburst of his lust.

I said something in the second column of the Boar about hearing the spirit voices of scattered friends, &c., which he quoted and exclaimed,—“Bull Frogs! there are evil *spirits* enough in our town now—we don't want any more brought here.” What will my scattered friends say to this, when many of them have written to me, and I heard their spirit voices and replied to their questions before their letters had reached me, and in some cases while they were writing to me hundreds of miles distant?

Are they willing to have this sweet communion and scripture Truth called the voices of Frogs or of evil spirits, for both are the same to him? There are many who know what I mean, and to them this man's ranting is like the ranting of a blind

man about colors and objects he never saw.

He read a passage from the paper, saying that "Government-craft and Priest-craft were two of the greatest impositions that ever cursed the world," &c., and exclaimed that "Hacker wanted to do away with all laws, all religion, that men may walk up and down the earth and *enjoy* the desires of their lustful and depraved hearts." Another outburst of the evil within him. He knows what he calls or considers *enjoyment*, but does not know that to some, what he would enjoy well, would be a hell. He knows what he would *enjoy* if he was at liberty to, and thinks all other men like himself,—does not seem to have the least idea that there are men who can walk up and down the earth in purity, innocence and goodness, and enjoy that which is as much purer and higher than what he calls enjoyment, as the heavens are higher than the earth, and would be impossible to convince him and others like him that there is such a condition. But I choose to explain my own meaning when it is necessary, and will therefore say that I want to see people come out from the Government of wrath and revenge, which vainly labors to overcome evil with evil, to the golden rule or law of God which overcomes evil with truth and love. I want to see this foolish, revengeful government pass away, because it requires, every few years, the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives, millions of money, corrupts the people and leaves in its train maimed and mangled men, and weeping women and children, and produces no good, but renders the people worse and worse. I want to see this government and priest-craft abolished that men may come to the knowledge of the True God, and walk up and down earth in purity and love, each doing all in their power for the happiness of all. The government and priest-craft must and will pass away before the millennium state can be realized, and the sooner they are gone the sooner will that happy condition exist in which all will be brothers and sisters dwelling in purity, harmony, and love. But the baseness and blackness of Balaam's passions, would lead him, if he had liberty, to seek *enjoyment* in an opposite course, until the Divine Spirit in others would subdue his beastly nature, and purify or change him until he too, gained control over his dark passions, and found a new born nature that would delight in purity and goodness.

Because I would have a revengeful government that exists by evil, and brings forth only evil, and a priest-craft which is the servant of the same government—because I would have these done away for the above glorious purpose, Balaam pours out his wrath by relating an anecdote of General Jackson and the sceptic, who asked Jackson if he believed in a hell. The reply was,—"If there is not a hell there ought to be one for such men as you." So it appears

that if God has neglected to prepare a hell, brother Balaam, if he had the power, would rejoice to make one and put me in it, and judging from the spirit he has manifested from the first Sunday I was here, when he looked for me at church and found me not, I have no doubt but his hell would be like the furnace we read of, heated seven fold hotter than it was wont to be, and then I must take the hottest corner in it at that. You see, my friends, the deep depravity of this man, and he is a specimen of thousands and thousands who now occupy the coward castles of this nation, and have been constantly plotting and contriving, since the close of the war, to get the government of the nation into their own hands, and will yet certainly do it if the people do not awake to a sense of their danger. They are in *every part* of the nation, holding their secret meetings and plotting to effect the above purpose; working slyly while the people are scarcely aware of it. But this priestly spirit crops out more in Pennsylvania than any other State. There they are bolder than elsewhere, and have resolved that the names of God and Christ should be incorporated into the Constitution, and that the government should be administered by the *Righteous*, and they are to decide who the *righteous* are; so if they carry their plans, these Balaamish priests, who want to create hell for civil people, and for a difference in a belief, and their deacons and other supple tools, are to fill all the offices and make and administer all the laws; and it would not be five years before they would have a parish tax for the support of priest-craft, on every family, and every man, woman and child would be required to attend at the steeple houses to hear them bark at sins at a distance, while blind to the sins under their own noses, as they are now; and these laws will be enforced by fines and penalties, and even by burnings at the stake, if they can get the government into their own hands. My countrymen, and ye women all, who follow or countenance these fellows, what I have here stated are facts, and I warn you of your danger and call on you to arise and come forth to sustain the few papers that dare to hunt these wolves in their own lairs and beard them in their own dens. If you are not willing to do so much as this, you may find yourselves and children captives in their toils before you are aware.

Already is the Custom house in one of our large cities, as well as other public institutions in the nation, in their hands. Their Sabbath schools in every nook and corner, are training the youth to this purpose, and they can raise funds to buy up the papers, politicians and demagogues, who lay the political wires and spring the nets over the people! And they will do it before you are aware, if you do not arouse and sustain the papers that will faithfully watch and expose them, instead of aiding such papers as they can bribe or buy into their service. Will you slumber on the brink of destruction, or will you arise *now* and work before it is too late? Men, who if they had the power, would make eternal hells for your souls in another world, simply because you will not bow to them, will not if they get the power, fail to make hell here on earth, to bend you to their wills or crush you into the earth. Go read the history of those of old, who were driven out by the same class of men, clothed in sheep skins and goat skins, and dwelt in the dens and caves of the earth—who were hunted and tormented, beheaded, torn with red hot

pincers, thrown upon sharp knives, revolving with velocity, stretched upon the rack till they were torn limb from limb; sawn asunder, cast into lions' dens, into the fiery furnace, and boiling oil, and slain in many other ways of the most excruciating torture. This Balaam is breathing out the spirit that would joyfully do all this, if he had the power; and there are thousands and thousands more like unto him, in this nation, who are preparing their nets, while the spirits of martyred thousands are hovering around you, striving to impress your drowsy minds with a sense of your danger and arouse you to action.

Balaam having hunted the dog about his coward castle—for he don't dare to hunt outside of that—without catching him, turned upon brother Harris, quoting as follows,—"The clergy have appointed a 'Stop World' for us all, unless we are ignorant enough to believe and follow them in their unfounded ideas;" to which he exclaims—"And that man was possessed of an unclean Devil."

If the spirit that tells the truth about the clergy is an *unclean devil*, what kind of a one is that which would make an eternal hell and put souls in it? Doubtless a very clean one, in the eyes of Balaam. The fact is, they have not only appointed a "Stop World" but would cram hell like a wallet with other folks souls, if they could, and then say as the Priest Edwards did, that one of the chief joys of the Saints in glory, would consist in looking down over the battlements of Heaven, and witnessing the torments of the damned.

He then quotes a passage in which brother Harris invites people to subscribe for the paper, and wants to know if brother Harris pockets his part of the profits. No; no profit is expected by any one from the paper, though it would be no more than fair and just for me to receive enough to give me a comfortable home in old age, after devoting my life to the good of mankind. Our highest hopes are to receive enough to pay the expenses of the paper—it was not started for profit—is a work of love—yet if there should be enough of the wise and good rally around the paper to give any profit, more or less, brother Harris has no promise, expectation nor wish for any of it; but on the contrary, with the hope of liberating one or more souls from the dark steeple-house of error, and bringing them to the sunlight of Truth, he has generously offered to pay for papers for those too poor to pay for it themselves.

He next pitches into the article of Mrs. Cummings, quoting the following,—"Allow woman a voice in the making of the laws, and she is a bond slave no longer, but *free*, if her husband mistreats, or neglects her, to take her children and leave him," and to this he exclaims,—"Yes, and in all our large cities we find plenty such women willing to give their company on easy terms."

If it is a fact that any such women are willing to give their company on easy terms, to save their children from starvation, so much the more disgrace to the clergy and their churches. Were they what they should be when a woman is forced out into the world with her children, by the abuse or neglect of a brutal man, to whom the law had already bound her too long, they (the clergy and churches) would rally round her like brothers and sisters—would give her honest employment, and encourage her to earn an honest living; and the man or woman who would continue to bind a woman to a man who abuses and neglects her, is unfit fit to

have Balaam for a priest. It is a burning disgrace to the churches, that any woman can be found on easy terms.

He next pitches on Delia's article where she speaks of women who go out washing while their husbands strut up and down; and when they come home their husbands take the money and then scold them because there is no food in the house. Delia says she would join heart and hand to break down all laws that bind women to such worthless fellows. Balaam comes down on this "like a thousand of bricks," as the saying is—or rather I should have said, like a cloud of smoke. He struts up and down, while others wash and scrub for him, and he don't want his bread and butter taken from him. I can see no other reason for his opposing Delia here, for certainly no disinterested person that is more than half witted, can think it right for women to be bound to, and maintain such worthless fellows in idleness, and be scolded to boot. If women learn that their husbands should not abuse them thus, they may next learn that the priests should not. With much sophistry, he appealed to his female auditors on this point, asking them if they were much burdened with husband and children. Had he first placed his female hearers in the condition of those Delia spoke of, and let them go out washing a few years, then had their money taken from them, and been scolded because there was not food, they would not have sat long, quietly swallowing his sophistry. He not only abuses others but deceives his own people. Finally, instead of burying the dog as he had promised, for the amusement of the crowd, he did not even catch him, but wound up by declaring war against the dog, or paper, and declaring that there should be no peace till it was abolished or driven from the town. He told his people that if he owned all these broad acres, before he would sell them to these eastern scoffers that come here to settle, he would pray for the power of an earthquake to sink them; yes, if they were offered a thousand dollars a square foot, he would advise his brethren not to sell to these scoffers.

Now Balaam, I feel influenced by the spirit of the good old prophet, who told the priests of Baal to pray louder,—to make you an offer. You think your prayers can command an earthquake to sink all these broad acres. If you will come down here to the depot, some day, and pray a strip of land three or four feet wide, right down about two feet, far enough toward Atco, to let the water run off quicker when it rains hard, I promise "sartin" that I will take the dog right out of town by the first train, and that will end all your troubles—and a great deal more—it will build up your society and help you pay for the steeple house and organ for the miracle will be noised abroad—people will learn that the prayer of a Balaamite has been answered, a miracle that has never been heard of but once, and all the eastern scoffer, smart wooden nutmeg ghost-hunters, Spiritualists and free-lovers everywhere, and perhaps a few free lusters too, will flock here to join your church, and then all these broad acres, instead of being sunk and lost to the world, will be settled by a people *after your own heart*; and then you will not have to make, nor hunt for a hell to put others in, for you will have one of your own right here under your own nose, and can look down from your window and fat upon the groans of us wicked scoffers. We have now arrived with you and your suite—that is, those who countenance you in this vile

abuse of civil neighbors—at the head of "Salt River," which you know is a place to which Spiritualists take offenders instead of hanging them, or banishing them to the "Dry Tortugas," and leave them to their reflections and the influence of good spirits, that they may repent, confess and forsake these sins, and become fit to be restored to decent society; and our physician, for we have, all necessary help in our crew, will administer to you a few "Pills of Truth," sugar-coated with some of your sarcasm that you are so fond of, which our spy took from your medicine-chest when you were hunting the Dog. So please attend to the physician.

Well Samevel here you is with your suite, at the head of Salt River, where you will be left all together for repentance; and it is your own fault Samevel, that you are here. If you had obeyed your mother when she told you not to "sass" strangers and stole other people's dogs, you would not have been here now; but it was your nature to do wrong, Samevel. You was not born nor be gotten right—you are one of that kind the scriptures speak of, that are conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity and prone to evil as the sparks to fly upwards; so you see it is your nature to sin; but nature can sometimes be improved, Samevel, and if you had minded your mother and not allowed yourself to throw stones at dogs, you would have improved your nature some, and would not have been caught and brought here by a dog, for attempting to kill him.

And now Samevel, when you repent and come down the river again, don't you never go dog-hunting till you know what kind of a dog you are after, for there is a great difference in dogs; remember that, Samevel. There is the cowardly looking cur, that barks at every stranger that passes. If the stranger turns to look at him, he dodges into his little cubby-house or under the door stoop to save his skin, and then when the stranger turns to go, he will put his head out and bark, as though he had courage to tear a man all in pieces. This kind of curs are not worth hunting nor noticing, only to give them a whipping now and then, to still them when you get tired of their noise. Then the Bible tells about greedy dogs that never have enough, and the dumb dogs that bark for their bread. You can read the history of these two dogs in the Bible. You need not be afraid to hunt any of these three kinds if you have good keen weapons polished and burnished with some of your sarcasm, and only keep your eye on them and not let them come behind to bite you in the back, for they never have courage enough to face you. These three kinds are all worthless mongrels hatched in one litter, and are always getting the families that harbor them into trouble. You will please tell that brother that sits at your right hand about these dogs; and tell him if he, or any of his friends have any such dog loafing about in the way, breeding mischief, the sooner they get rid of him the better, for they are always more plague than profit, and sometimes sneak away and destroy lambs.

Then there are the shepherd's dog, the hunter's dog, and the faithful watch dog, and you must beware of these, Samevel, when you go dog hunting, or your clerical breeches may want patching before you knows it. These dogs don't bark much, but when they do, they mean it; it ain't a yelp, a splurge, and then a cowardly dodge into their cubby house.

You can't coax, nor hire, nor drive, nor

frighten these dogs from their posts, Samevel. No, no, by day and by night, in sunshine and in storm, in hunger and thirst, they are true, and will stand and be shot before they will leave their trust—are so faithful that many of them have been known to starve and pine and die while watching. The watch dog will lay with one eye half open, and you would think he was blind as well as deaf—he will let you step on his toes several times, to learn whether you are really determined to abuse him wantonly. He will keep so still you would think he was dead to learn whether you are mean enough to kick a dead dog, and when he is satisfied you are a thief, or a wolf, you must, as I said, look out or you will have ragged breeches. Now Samevel, don't you never go dog-hunting again till you know what kind of a dog you are after; and don't you take the advice of that right hand brother, for he don't know much about any dog only the yelping cur, the greedy dog and the dumb dog.

And Samevel, you must beware of the Vimin or Vimenacity as you calls them. You must not go any more, after them Vimin as you say you finds on such easy terms in the cities, Samevel. It ain't wholesome to go after them—it ain't wholesome for sinners, and it is awful for a holy man that stands up in a little cubby house on Sunday, with a long face on, and abuses a neighbor for picking a mess of peas Sunday after he, himself, has broken the commandment six times in the week, which tells him to work six days and earn his own bread. The Vimin that you say you finds in the city so cheap ain't the kind, Samevel, that Mrs. Cummings and Delia spoke of, and you must not go to find any more of them.

If you can't govern yourself and keep away from them when you go to the city, you must take some of the deacons along, to take care of you, if they are trusty men; but if they are like several deacons of your sect that I know of in other places, and shall tell you about if your impudence requires another "womanity" pill, you had better leave them behind, and get some of the honest scoffers, or ghost-hunters to go and take care of you.

Farewell, Dr. WELLER, he

Well, brother Balaam, we will now bid you adieu, with a parting song, by our choir—

How happy are they, who their conscience obey—

And perform all their duty to man,
Who take up "Salt River," the pirates that shiver

All truth-laden crafts if they can.

We leave you to ponder, while we're sailing yonder,

In love, over ocean and plain;
And when you've repented, of acts so demented,
We'll take you down river again.

So fare you well, brother, please call on your mother,

To teach you good manners and grace,
That on your returning, you may not come spurting
The civillest men in the place.

Be a cobbler, a tinker, a common sense thinker,
And give up your itching to preach;
Or dig clams and peddle, but never more meddle

With things that are out of your reach.

Balaam inquired at his dog hunt,—"What is he here for? Who wants him?" His first question is now answered.

I came to hunt wolves, and capture pirates, and sent bait in advance, to draw them out.

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

Our friends must pardon us for our seeming want of respect for them, and attention to their wants; and we hope now that we have captured the pirate that has dogged us wickedly and wantonly, without cause or provocation, for the last three months, that we shall have time to cleanse the Boat from the filth of the Salt River passengers, and be in neat trim on the next excursion. We have been performing a necessary duty—one that was forced upon us, and have no apologies to make for it. For three months we silently bore the insolence of this wolf in sheep's clothing, until he and others regarded us as a dead dog, or one so near dead as to need burying. His influence on the youth, who had treated us with great civility, and many of them with respect, was such, that quite a number of them had commenced to manifest the bad effects of his teachings, and there was no other way for us but to take him and such as countenance his conduct up Salt River, and give them an opportunity to reflect and learn wisdom. In dealing with them, we have used just such weapons as the case demanded, and here we leave the subject, only asking you whether your favorite paper, after its long and faithful services, through tempest and storm, shall be killed and buried at last, after all its faithful services, by a priest of Balaam's order, just for the lack of means to subsist on, or shall it have subscribers enough to live and battle longer for the truth? We do not ask you to come here and expose life, character, and good name to the wrath of a man who, if he could, would make a special hell for you;—all we ask is for you to furnish the means, or make up the requisite number of subscribers to enable us to move smoothly along through all opposition. If enough subscribe, you shall have a sail in the Boat twice a month, instead of once. There are other pirates stronger, more wily and crafty, (but it is impossible for them to be more malignant,) and we may be attacked by a whole fleet of them yet; so, my friends, please decide at once whether the Boat shall float victorious or sink to rise no more. It depends wholly on you, and now is the time to wake up subscribers and hurry them on. There is to be a war between Truth and Error, as fierce as the late war between the North and South, and if you do your duty at once, we shall be ready for it, and if we go down in the battle, we will go with the colors nailed to the mast head, and not hide in the caboose or cub-house.

Lines to Mittie, with a Rose.

"The last rose of summer!" I send it to you—
I've watched it while blooming in sunshine and dew;
I've filled it with kisses of Love sweet and pure,
And though the rose fade, the love will endure.
Then look at it often in bloom or in fade,
In joy or in sorrow, in sunshine or shade,
And know that the heart which the offering gave,
Will be true to your love as a ship to the wave.
If the Love-tide is full, then the true heart will sail
O'er reefs and o'er breakers, thro' tempest and gale,
Till safely we land on the bright summer shore,
To join with the loved ones, and suffer no more.

Subscriptions are coming in every day, and I shall look for a strong rush of passen-

gers as soon as they know that a relentless war is declared against the Boat, never to end till it is destroyed or driven from the town. Thanks to the friends who have written, for their kind wishes, encouraging words, and material aid.

Bro. JOHN. The fox and wolf decoys I sent from various places, in advance, to ascertain the character of the game, worked to a charm. I found the wolf decoy ripped open. More anon.

REFORMER'S HALL.

For the Pleasure Boat.

TRUE AMBITION.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory,
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied,
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it."

The aim of men and women should be to establish justice throughout the earth, and to have abolished all unequal laws. Let both sexes have equal rights and protection under the government, then the way is open for the display of a laudible ambition in the journey of life. A wise selfishness will see the necessity of a fair open field for the display of talent; that no injustice is done to the least nor the greatest by unequal laws or willful intruders. Content and harmony cannot prevail on any other basis. Free schools for all without respect to sex, color, or country, should be considered the main pillar of any nation. All should be taught the way to sustain themselves through useful labor, and not desire or expect to live, prosper and be happy, without work. All need clean, comfortable homes, and should have the education and ambition to strive honestly to get them. Such being the aim and determination, competence would be the rule, and not the exception, as now. Poverty and oppression is unfavorable to peace and happiness. Owners of comfortable homes are not disposed to riot and war. The reckless outcast is a fit tool for unholly ambitious knaves, to use in war and rapine. Society should see to it, that no such class be allowed to grow up among them. The wise philanthropist comprehends and anticipates the result of such corruption, and works to avert it by destroying its cause. We may be selfish within the bounds of justice and a true regard for the rights of others. Then we assist the weak and unfortunate in their efforts to obtain competence and happiness, thereby securing ourselves against outrage from a class of wretches that would otherwise exist. Hence the wisdom of benevolent exertion on the part of the fortunate, to have all the world temperate, industrious, and happy. A name written in human hearts, by acts of justice, kindness, and love, will be immortal; cannot die while endless ages roll. The glory of battlefields, where death, agony, and horror, prevail—although for a seeming great good—cannot compare with the renown of the hero of peace, justice and mercy; who was instrumental in averting the deadly strife by destroying its cause, in educating the world in the love of the true and the beautiful in nature and art.

Give all the world equal justice and the cause of war is gone. There is nothing to fight about. Every man, woman and child, has their rights, and will be contented. Ambition to do right under all circumstances meets the approbation of human nature. Laws to enforce such a principle will be sustained, and rulers administering them will be honored.

Secarian strife and political wrangling has ever cursed the world with war, poverty, and ignorance. Away with it forever. Study the laws of nature in man, animals, and earth, where are taught health, development, and progress. There are no two causes more powerful in the degradation of mankind than tobacco and intoxicating drink. Reformers in these vices should merit the honor of the world. Far above the heroes on tented fields and campaigns of devastation. They stupefy the moral sense, imbrute the mind, and destroy the taste for refinement, education, and progress. The bar-room presents a scene of filth, ribaldry, and degradation far below the den of brute animal. The rum friend's song is there practically displayed:

"All hail to the world, our banners are unfurled,
Our streamers are playing well;
Will you join our throng as we march along,
To the bottomless pit of hell."

There is no hope for the world while the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors exists. Their effects will ever counteract all the efforts of reformers in other directions. Get these vices out of the way, then the world will be more ready to listen to the teachings of morality, justice and truth. No man or woman should consider themselves great until they have conquered vicious habits and passions. Example speaks louder than words. All candidates for fame should exemplify a perfect character in their daily walk and conversation. Show to the world, practically, a greatness worthy of all imitation.

"Great, not like Cesar stained with blood,
But only great as they are good."

REMARKS.—Brother Flagler, when men, or a majority of them, come into the spirit of brotherhood that the poem at the head of your article alludes to, no government of force will be needed or tolerated. The wise and good will then look a sinner into repentance. Extend your faith a little further, and plead for the abolishment of all penal laws. To attempt to make men better by such means is attempting to overcome evil by a greater and more powerful evil, and the result usually is, to make the offender worse instead of better.

Lock a man up in a state prison for crime and it sinks him still lower; when he comes out, he has no character, self-respect is forever gone, the world points him out as a prison bird, there is no sympathy nor pity for him, no one dares to employ, trust or harbor him; he feels the injustice, and that, together with his necessities, drive him to desperation, he becomes reckless, adds robbery and murder to theft, and goes on to destruction, corrupting and dragging others with him. Thus by applying evil, force, wrong to the correction of evil, the stream of evil becomes wider, deeper, and more rapid as it passes down through the vale of time. This nation has ever been laboring to overcome evil and wrong with greater evil and greater wrong, and has been all the time growing worse in morals, until now at the present time you can scarcely take up a paper without reading from one to half a dozen thefts, robberies, rapes, or murders.

Yes, yes, "sectarian strife and political wrangling have, indeed, ever cursed the world" and ever will, until the false religions and the governments of force—the hot beds in which they are hatched, are destroyed.

New Fence.—Joel Heacock, of Marlboro, Ohio, has discovered or invented a method of constructing portable board or rail fence, and will sell patents for States, Counties, and Towns. It is readily moved, and is not thrown out by frosts, like posts set in the ground.

For Sale Cheap.—Ten acres of good land, not over three quarters of a mile from Hammon station—four of them grubbed and ploughed, one and a half in strawberries, and one in blackberries and raspberries. Also peach and plum trees, plenty of muck, and a pleasant site for building. For further particulars inquire of Geo. W. Nickerson, Hammon, N. J.