

# 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.

The PLEASURE BOAT will be published monthly at \$1.25 for 26 numbers, or in the same proportion for a shorter term. 5 copies for \$5.00.

Letters and money must be addressed to

JEREMIAH HACKER,

Berlin,

Camden Co. New Jersey.

## REFORMER'S HALL.

When will Reformers, so called, begin to do as well as say—work as well as talk—progress as well as talk of progressing? For long weary years we have been looking for a company of active workers, who have left the ignorance, errors and sins of the world behind them, and are laboring in truth and purity, to establish a true brotherhood, a kingdom of harmony and love; but thus far we have looked in vain. We meet here and there an individual of this class, but can seldom find two in a neighborhood, scarcely two in the same town who have been made free from selfishness and the errors of the world, by the truth. We often meet with individuals and companies who call themselves *Reformers, Progressives, Leading Minds*, or something else indicating that they have left the errors of the world behind them, and are traveling over the sunny plains of Progression; but on carefully examining, we find they need reforming, stripping, cleansing and purifying, before they can be ready to commence reforming others. When we first heard of the Odd-Fellows, we were in hopes, on seeing them, to behold a company who had bid adieu to the regions of selfishness—the kingdom of animal passion, and entered the clime or kingdom of true brotherhood—but soon learned that they belonged to the old world and old order of things, could wrangle about politics, belong to different parties, contend against each other, vote under a government of animal force, which seeks to overcome evil with evil, and that their love like the hypocrite's, was bounded by their party lines,—loved only their own class,—in short that they were drawn and bound together by selfish motives, and not by the bonds of a true brotherhood.

When the spiritualists appeared and told us that a telegraphic chain had been established or discovered between this and the spirit world, that every home was to be a station, that purified beings from the summerland were to be our teachers, and that soon harmony and love and universal peace would reign, we again looked and hoped for

the fulfillment of their predictions. The testimony of many of their speakers was sublime, joyful, glorious, and for a time there was cause to hope for the speedy passing away of the old theological heavens, of thunders, lightnings, storms and tempests, that had so long scattered devastation over the mental world; and for the establishment of a new order in which would dwell harmony and love; but when the late war came, it seemed as though nearly all were swept onward by its vile spirit like chaff before the wind. Only here and there a steadfast soul could be found true to their profession, yet not very active, but mourning over the fall of others and their disappointed hopes, and feebly enquiring what could be done to bring the combatants to their senses.

And now, in a time of comparative peace in the outer world, where do we find the majority of those who style themselves Reformers? Mixed with and stained and spotted by the world. Not long since I happened to be at a picnic with a people who have called themselves the leading minds of the age. The cloths were spread, and the food placed on a large table or bench, and two little military flags were placed over the table. A little thing to be sure, to be noticed here, but even straws and feathers, small as they are, are mighty tell-tales, showing which way the tide or wind is. If I pass the den of a wolf, and see a wolf's tail sticking out, I have good reason to conclude there is a wolf in the den. So when I attend a gathering of people, let their profession be ever so high or holy, and see the striped political war rag raised, I have good reason to conclude that the political war spirit is in the heart, or this sign would not be hung out. Had those people been in the unselfish spirit of perfect peace and harmony truly enlightened, they would not have had that hateful, disgusting war-flag on their table. They would have loathed the very sight and thought of it, and would have had a white flag, if any was necessary, or one with a lamb or dove or some other emblem of peace. It may be the thing was stuck upon the table from mere custom, without any consideration on the subject, and if so, it indicates a want of thought and reflection which is inexcusable in people who profess to be the leading minds: for a true reformer or progressive weighs his every word and act, and has a wise reason for all he does. He does not follow blindly in any beaten track, but weighs and fathoms all, and sees and knows for himself, through his own eyes and faculties. Those little striped rags told me distinctly that the people were

not all far advanced in reform, for the very first act of true reformer or progressive is to get rid of war and politics, and a government of force, and all its emblems.

There are two kingdoms or principles which are directly opposite to each other, in spirit and in practice. One is the kingdom or principle of love, and rules its subjects by conviction and persuasion. It teaches us what is evil and what is good, and why it is evil or good, and shows us the effects of each, and overcomes evil by good, and saves the erring. The other is the kingdom of force, and labors to overcome evil by evil, and destroys, crushes and ruins. No man can belong to both these kingdoms at the same time. If he is a non-resistant and a peace man, he cannot willingly move a finger to aid the government of force, he can neither vote for nor hold office under such a government, but must leave it to those who are in and of the world—the animals in human form, who reject the teachings of wisdom, and destroy each other.

We must leave the government and content these things, and come into the kingdom of love, leaving the world, the flesh and the devil with all their destructive selfishness and lusts outside.

Another thing that I noticed at the picnic of the progressives was the old worn-out ceremony of the dead or dying past—the asking for a blessing on the food, as though its nature could be changed through such a ceremony—a mere superstition. If we live aright, we shall receive all favors, temporal and spiritual, with thankful hearts; every breath will be prayer or thanksgiving, but mere ceremonies of words or forms over food are but ceremonies.

It is time for reformers to weigh all their acts, see with their own eyes, and not follow blindly nor carelessly in the footsteps of others from mere habit. It is time for progression in acts as well as in words—time for spiritualists to give up governments which crush and ruin, and labor to establish the government of love which saves reformers, exalts the erring. Will they do it, or will they cling to the sinking ship?

There will be a people, and that before many years, who will renounce all governments of force, and labor to establish a righteous government of love, wherein, wisdom, right, justice, not numbers, nor weight of flesh and blood will rule, not in courts, but in each heart. The truth in each will be his law, his prophet, priest and king, and blessed will those be who are prepared for this. A few are now, and may their number increase.

Since writing the above, we hear that the Spiritualists at their late annual convention, after a stormy debate, established a *secret* order, similar to Masonry. If so, then good by to that class; we must plod on alone, if need be, and leave them in the mire. Already is the world most sorely cursed with secret societies, all bound to protect and screen their own members. We have not only the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other similar secret societies, but every religious order is a secret society with the hypocrites' love, which embraces only its own party. It is next to impossible to get justice in a court on account of these societies, as the members of all will favor each other. If a man is poor and needy, one asks, "Is he a Mason?" No. "Is he a Methodist?" asks a second. No. "Is he a Quaker?" inquires a third, and so on to the end of the long list of societies; and if the man is not a member of either of them he is left, it may be, to be trundled off to the pauper house on a wheelbarrow. Oh for the spread of the open, bold, living truth, and universal brotherhood! that spirit which would unite each and all to the whole human race, and make the world one. The Spiritualists, after saying so much about love and harmony, should be the very last to form partial, secret societies.

### RED MEN'S HALL.

*Hear, O Heavens! and give ear, O Earth!*

This Nation, with a Religion that professes to be capable of blessing the whole world—capable of saving men from all sin, which professes to overcome evil with good, to forgive enemies, and bless those that injure us—a religion that sends its missionaries to save the people of foreign lands—and with a government that professes to be wise and just—has gradually destroyed the vast family of Red Men, except the scattered remnants of a few broken tribes; and now has its armies out to hunt these, while many of its leaders are calling for complete extermination! Can history furnish a parallel case of wickedness? The old Jews destroyed small nations, but where in any history under heaven have we an account of a people once so numerous as the Red Men, being swept away by any class of people, either Christian or savage? And this destruction by a nation of whining, canting hypocrites, whose sins exceed those of Sodom and Gomorrah! Just think of it! A little company of half-starved, half-clad people, landing on Plymouth Rock, with sword in the right hand and Bible in the left, and half that Bible a record of wars blasphemously said to have been ordered by God—a people pretending to be the children and servants of God, fleeing from persecution for righteousness' sake, to find a free home in a wilder

ness of savages and wild beasts, in which to worship God in sincerity and truth—regarded by the Indians as superior beings sent by the Great Spirit—taken by them into their wigwams, and fed and warmed into life—think of them turning like vipers and wild beasts upon their benefactors, and sweeping them from the broad continent, the work going on age after age, with scarcely a voice to oppose the destruction, and all the time steeple houses being multiplied on every hand, in which hypocritical priests whine about a religion and a book, one part of which teaches that all men are brothers, and the other part that the strong may run riot with the rights, liberties and lives of the weak, and lay waste and destroy, and still be the accepted servants and consecrated children of the Most High!

And now in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, amid all the high professions of Gospel light, of just and equal laws, our armies are still hunting the remnants of these spoiled and ruined people, for offences or petty strife, in which the whites have ever been the first transgressors! In Boston harbor, generations ago, white men in Indian costume to cast blame on the innocent Indians, and thus screen themselves, threw overboard the tea from the British vessels—and that policy has been pursued down to the present time; and now, straggling white vagabonds impede railroad trains, throwing whole trains from the track for the plunder, and then ~~call for extermination~~ <sup>call for extermination</sup> while the Government at Washington, as blind as an owl at noonday, hears the cry, and sends out its armies to chastise the Indians for crimes that vagabond white men have committed! What sane man, with a thimblefull of honesty and a knowledge of these facts, can raise a sword or gun, or cast a vote to save the life of such a Government? If I knew the Government and nine-tenths of all the religion of the nation were going to eternal smash before the setting of the sun, and I could save them by turning my hand over, I would have that hand severed from my body before I would do it; I would rejoice at the crash, believing and knowing that something better would arise out of the chaos than we have known in the past, and should be sure that under no event could matters be worse than they are now.

This nation has suffered terribly as *part* punishment, or rather has reaped *part* of the harvest for its injustice to the African race; and as sure as there is a God who takes cognizance of deeds done here on earth, or as sure as there is a law of compensation in the eternal destiny of things, a harvest must yet be reaped for our treatment of the Red Men, who when our forefathers found them, were the noblest race of men then on earth, and living more in accordance with the laws of God or wisdom than any other nation.

Let our Government at once withdraw its armies from the Indian territory, and send commissioners, not speculators and base scoundrels, to treat with the Indians, as it has done, but true and just men, to get a

true history of the wrongs on both sides, and then deal with them in the same spirit in which Penn dealt with their fathers, and there will be no more bloodshed. *But pursue the present course and the doom of the nation is sealed.* Let this prophecy be preserved for the instruction of the coming ages, for it is of God and not from man. We warned Abraham Lincoln, by private letter and by paper, and in time; and had he heeded that warning he might have escaped with life; and now by the same spirit we warn the nation, but have no idea that it will turn from its insane policy in season to escape the impending doom; but our skirts will be clear of the blood of souls, as they were in the late war.

### CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Here is a letter from a valued friend, who has not only read the *Boat* fifteen and a half years, and the *Chariot* two years, as they were issued, but has also had an extra copy bound at the close of each volume, saying he had rather leave them to his children than their cost in money. He is an industrious, worthy farmer, of exemplary life and conversation, a man of religious experience, and his testimony is worth having:

Saco, August 3, 1867.

MY HONORED AND DEAR FRIEND:—I was well pleased to hear of your welfare, which occupies much of my mind. I wish for your prosperity in all your plans. I feel that you are anxious to do all the good in your power *here and now*. It gave me renewed life to see the beautiful *Pleasure Boat* enter my little haven again, in which I have enjoyed great satisfaction. What can it be that sets some people so much against the *Pleasure Boat*, except it is the honest truth it contains? I have not a doubt but you write by inspiration as much as any one whose writings I have ever read. I do not expect to find perfection in mortals. There is some freight in the *Boat* that could have been left, but if it is not sound, readers can let it alone. I say to people, if all had practiced the instruction given through you, from the great and good Spirit, we would not have suffered in the late most dreadful war, which I shall lament while life remains—the wickedest of all wickedness. The horrible war did not destroy any near relatives of mine, but it destroyed relatives and friends of others as near to them as mine are to me. Is there a cruelty that can exceed that of pressing a peaceful, loving intellect into a state where he is forced to stave his brethren in pieces when he feels as much against hurting as being hurt? How could the teachers of Christ's principles enlist for the fighting, and send the souls of their brothers to the awful place to which they consign all that do wickedly?

I have those Friends' books you so kindly sent me, for which I feel obliged. I have perused them with much satisfaction, and should like to know what to do with them.

I should like to purchase a history of the persecutions and sufferings of the early Friends, such as my parents borrowed, and I read when a boy. I would like to leave the record with my children, as I have considered them to possess the most good of



any society I have ever read of. I do not know of anything more offensive generally than the truth; I know of nothing more worshipped and idolized than money.

I see no harbor for the Boat here except my own.

I must inform you how the Boat fares with the Dunstan Priest. Being at a funeral, he asked me a question I could not answer without a question. It not being a proper time, I avoided a direct reply, and wrote to him, asking more questions for him to answer as a public teacher. He answered me from the Bible in passages that were as familiar to me as to him. He must have heard that I read the Boat, for he said, "It is sad that our minds should get poisoned by bad teaching as reading. When I was a boy I sometimes accidentally saw a little paper called the *Pleasure Boat*, published by an awful wicked man, at any rate I thought so then, and think so now, which I have no doubt has done a great amount of mischief." I have copied his words. I have challenged him with all others, by writing to him, to find one falsehood in the Boat, and have offered them my volumes to search. I have not had an item from him since, although fourteen months have elapsed since I wrote.

I am anxious for the time to come when people will feel an interest in reading and practicing the true principles of reform—of peace and good will to all mankind, as given us in the Boat.

Our friend Harris has offered liberally to furnish the Boat to the poor. I do not call any poor as objects of charity who have reason, common sense, and health to labor; but I think it the duty of capitalists to employ poor workers, and pay them a living price, for all wealth comes by labor. There is a widow who is too infirm to labor, having been left a human wreck by rheumatic fever. Her limbs and fingers are twisted out of shape, and her only child attends her day and night, except when a neighbor relieves her occasionally to go out for a little while. They have spent in sickness what they had saved in health, and I think would like to have the paper, which might be sent with mine, and I expect it would be a pleasure to our friend Harris to supply her with it.

"Delia" has superior ideas of Woman's Rights, and man's too. If mankind would stop, reflect, consider, find the true principle of government within their own souls, be determined to rule themselves right, set pure examples for all others to follow the reasonable consciousness given to all for a guide through this life, there would be no need of any other government. Does not all the happiness we enjoy consist in the pure realities of life? The way to feel right is to do right.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, How strong the sense would strive to free us,

There is sincere comfort in taking pure freight from the Boat; I often go on board and take some which is as good as ever—comes from the best of producers, whom I love, if I never see them personally.

Voting is a principle that should be investigated fairly, and understood. Many honest people place great confidence in the ballot; they think we should go all to wreck if we neglected voting. They say you would be martyred.

Your well-wisher in all you undertake,

HENRY MILLIKEN.

Friend Hacker:—I am happy once more to sit down and enclose money in exchange for the Boat, which has always been a welcome visitor to us, but which I had feared had hauled up to sail no more. I feel as if we could hardly do without Friend Hacker's counsels. Our friend Hoag told me he was in hopes you would come this way and make us a visit. Oh, how pleased I should be to see and talk with a man that dared to stand up for Truth and Right through such scenes as we have passed, when all other public men, such as H. C. Wright, whose Autobiography and other writings I had just got together with others, sunk to the War spirit. Yes, how I would like to grasp the hand of Hacker, and bid you a God-speed. Be encouraged, friend Hacker, Truth is slowly but steadily advancing. It is nine years since I first read the Boat, which first opened my eyes, when I first began to look at things as they are, and I have seen great advancement in the minds of people generally, in regard to religion and truth, as I understand them. But you will weary of this, so I will close. Enclosed are five dollars for four copies of the Boat, and, by the way, I will add one dollar for your photograph.

Scholarie Co., N. Y.

W. A. B.

You shall have the old volumes of the Boat you sent for before when I return to Maine—have none here. I sent some to you last winter, and they may be at your post-office now.

Jerusalem, July 29, 1867.

Friend Hacker:—We received the Boat, and are very glad to hear from you. Enclosed we send five dollars for two copies, the balance of the money for the support of the Boat. When I first saw your paper at the house of my friend, I was young and inexperienced; and as I had been thrown upon the world an orphan child, with no one to guide or protect me, the paper was and has been a great benefit and blessing to me, to which I have always felt the strongest attachment. I have read every copy of it from its commencement, except now and then a number that did not reach me. I feel anxious to have it published so long as you are blessed with health and strength to do it, and am anxious to do all I can to sustain it.

Please receive our best wishes for your prosperity and happiness in your new home. Yours in the bonds of Friendship and Love,

MARTIN HENSHAW.

REMARKS.—The above, from the poor orphan boy with none to guide him, and who felt the need of a friend, and knew how to appreciate one, will more than offset the

testimony of the Dunstan priest mentioned in friend Milliken's letter, whose mind was so poisoned with sectarian bigotry that he could see nothing but an "awful wicked man" in one who has spent the greater part of his life in efforts to make all better and happier, and is still toiling to the same end.

Pennfield, July 19, 1867.

Brother Hacker:—You could not have done a better thing than you have in sending me the Boat. I thank and bless you. I honor you and accord you all due praise, and shall get all the subscribers I can. But I would like to tell you some of my views in regard to laboring for humanity, as it is often termed. I feel that there is more said than done, and there should be something done soon, besides preaching, philosophizing, conventions, and running to hear the gifted ones gab; and what progressive mind can help seeing that co-operation in all its various forms is more likely to do good than so much preaching. I think it is time there was some one spot on earth consecrated to the principles and institutions which the angel world is striving to inaugurate; where men and women shall work with and for instead of against each other. I feel that

"The wiser time hath surely come  
When this fine overplus of night,  
No longer sullen, slow or dumb,  
Shall leap to music and to light.

"In this new childhood of the world  
Life of itself shall dance and play,  
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins  
be hurled,  
And labor meet delight half way."

Brother, if the true plan of co-operation is not soon shown to the world, I shall have to expose my ignorance in putting it in black and white, so that the wayfaring man can understand; but something tells me that the time is not far distant when men will understand and organize rapidly.

Yours, in favor of a perfect brotherhood,  
T. B.

REMARKS.—Brotherhood and co-operation are doubtless the true doctrine, but not one in a thousand, even of those who call themselves reformers, is prepared to come together in one family and unselfishly labor for the good of all. Very few of them are more than half hatched out of the errors and sins of the world. Some have a shell of one kind of politics clinging to them; some a shell of another kind; some a shell of one kind of religion, and some of another kind, which will tend to cause jars and discords. The most that I anticipate in my brief day is, a friendly, quiet, pleasant neighborhood. People must learn to live together as neighbors first, before they are prepared to become one family. Yet, if you have found any prepared, go on with the good work while I labor to stop people from fighting. Not long since, I saw several persons laboring to form a happy community—a home of harmony—but, on questioning them, learned that they believed in politics, in voting, in a government of force, and even in war, and

justified and glorified the crazy John Brown for his insane attack on Virginia. Not much harmony there.

*Saccarappa, Me., July 8, 1867.*

Friend Hacker:—We received the first number of the Boat, and were very much pleased to see it in sailing order once more, and sincerely hope it will continue so until priestcraft is knocked in the shade. But we will trust that as long as the Boat is afloat there will be a few that will cling to the rigging. We were surprised to receive the Boat, and more so to know you were away out in New Jersey. I hope that every subscriber will try and get one more name, at least to add to the list. I for one will see what I can do. I, this time, bring you one new name, and next time must try to do better. Enclosed are three dollars seventy-five cents for the three names.

Yours for the truth,

J. HACKER SMALL.

*Aug. 5, 1867.*

Friend Hacker:—I am much rejoiced to find the Pleasure Boat has started again—have received the first number, and shall endeavor to promote its circulation. The time is come when it should make a successful cruise. Priestcraft and warcraft are becoming unpopular, and the public mind is revolutionizing towards the peaceful and moral precepts contained in the Boat, and I humbly pray there may be no power sufficient to stop its progress again, and that it may have free progress, run down all the warcrafts on the ocean, priestcraft everywhere, and the rascally, tyrannical, brutal Government at Washington, by which we are made to toil and sweat for the support of lazy drones who are a burden to themselves and a heavier tax to the laboring classes—government paupers with their millions of treasures. This nation, at the present time, appears to be a nation of bondholders and bond-slaves, with a government instituted to protect the one and subjugate the other to incessant toil for their support in idleness and vice. For the purpose of subjugating the toilers, and making them slaves, the priests and politicians have instituted a large standing army, who are riding down, with whip and spur, all opposition to their authority, and flashing their flaming swords and bayonets in our faces to intimidate us into submission. Such tyrants are not to be tolerated in a Christian nor civilized era, and I trust thou wilt meet them in the Boat with the weapons of the Gospel.

For the enclosed, I wish for five copies of this volume for gratuitous distribution among the benighted, to enlighten them in the ways of truth and righteousness. The battle between truth and error is raging, and tyranny is hard to conquer. Trust in God, and keep thy courage up!

Farewell.

SOLOMON WARD.

*Massachusetts, Aug., 1867.*

Dear Brother,—For so I must call you,—a friend of mine seven miles from here, received the Boat, and sent it to me, to let me

know you still live. We hail it with joy. Our good old friend the Boat is floating again! It looks better to me than "apples of gold." I will try to get some more subscribers soon. It is a dark place here, but thank God—

"Day is breaking, men are waking,  
Clear the way,"—

and we hope soon to say,"

"Truth is calling, creeds are falling,  
By decay."

Yours for the Truth,

LOUISA C. HALL.

*Iowa Co., Mich., Aug. 5, 1867.*

Brother Hacker:—No. 1 of the Boat has come to hand. It caused me to rejoice that you are again in the field as an advocate of Truth. I will do all I can to obtain subscribers, for I feel an interest in the Truth. Had I the means, I would give each of my children a volume, but I am poor, have to buy all we eat or wear, and everything has been very high. I often peruse the Chariot, and value it more than gold. When I feel discouraged or lonely, I read it; it inspires me with hope, and causes me to rejoice in its truths. Yours in the bonds of love,

D. WIERS, M. D.

*Lisbon Falls, Aug., 1867.*

Friend Hacker:—It was with much joy that I greeted your Boat as it landed in our harbor, after so long an absence in the midst of so much darkness settled down on the sea of life, which has hove up its waves of war and blood amidst the dark political tempest threatening to swallow up and engulf everything that has come in its wake. But thanks be to God and all good spirits which he has been pleased to use to uphold the Boat, and preserve not only the natural, but also the moral and spiritual life of the master and crew; and, I trust, a goodly number of its passengers as usual. And well may they like to sail with you, as you say you always intend to sail in the ways of wisdom, for her ways are pleasant, and all her paths are peace, and none of them lead of war. How long, oh how long, will it be before people learn this one truth! How often has this one truth been preached by all ministers, and how few have practiced it! Surely, there is but here and there a traveler; for notwithstanding they all preach that we must walk in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace, yet most of them walk right straight into the very first path that leads to war. The most cowardly of them are what they call chaplains, and the remainder into office or into the ranks. By their practice they teach their dupes to fight, after they have been preaching peace. But let us not be discouraged; Truth is mighty, and will eventually prevail.

Yours,

W. K. COWING.

*Norton Hill, Aug., 1867.*

Friend Hacker:—I received your paper, and you may well believe it was a very welcome messenger to my wife and chil-

dren, and also to myself. The children were so eager to read it they could hardly wait for each other. Please send it regularly. Yours,

JOHN PROSSER.

*Maine, July 28, 1867.*

Dear Friend:—I enclose one dollar and a quarter for your valuable paper, which I can never do without, as long as it is published. Yours,

NANCY TRULL.

The foregoing are only a few of many, perhaps two hundred, similar testimonies received since the July number of the Boat was issued. Give us a thousand more such friends, and you shall have the Boat twice a month; and this would very soon be done if all our readers were as zealous in obtaining subscribers as the old benighted sects are in obtaining funds to send the *Gunselp* to the heathens, or to build gaudy temples in which to show off their Sunday clothes and ornaments. There are thousands scattered, one here and another there, who would joyfully subscribe for the Boat if they could see a copy of it. Let its subscribers, each and all, make it a *point of duty* to seek out such persons and show them a copy. All that is wanted to increase our list to thousands is a little extra exertion on the part of our readers. Very many complain of living solitary, isolated lives, with no congenial spirits near them—no neighbors that believe as they do. Let such circulate the Boat, and obtain subscribers, and they will soon have company. One person that complained thus two years ago has now the company of several of the same belief, gained by circulating the paper. You cannot expect to reap unless you sow, and now is the seed-time. Sow the Boat now, while you have it, and be in earnest, and then you may expect a harvest of friends.

*JACKSON Co., Mo., Aug. 28, 1867.*

Friend Hacker—Please send me a number of your paper, as I am after the truth. Yours, T. I. G.,  
*Attorney at Law.*

REMARKS.—An attorney at law after the truth! Is the Millennium really coming, or what is on the *docket*? An attorney after the truth! But what can an attorney do with the truth, unless he is willing to give up his trade? He can't serve two opposite masters at the same time.

We have always found the lawyers a far better class of men than the clergy—more liberal, more humane; and have many good friends and subscribers among the members of the bar. There is the real Hon. E. Fox, of Portland, now one of the best Judges in the United States Court. He has the soul of a true man under his vest. Years ago, when we were taking boys from the county jail and procuring good temporary homes



for them, and laboring, might and main, to convince lawmakers that they could do better with juvenile offenders than to lock them up in prison to be corrupted by old offenders, and thus induced the city and the State to provide that splendid farm and palace-like building, where hundreds of neglected erring boys have been transformed into industrious, worthy young men, Friend F., then an attorney at law, always went, when we requested it, to the jailor's office, to reduce their bonds and otherwise aid, and never charged a farthing for his services. And when we have had occasion to consult him or other lawyers in our labors for humanity, they always aided us without money or price, and proved themselves humane and generous. But in the court room lawyers have a hard trade, and what can they do there with the truth? A man may be a Judge, and cut straight through the middle of the goose, if his conscience tells him the line runs there; but if he is a lawyer, he must if possible get the whole goose for his client, whether it belongs to him or not.

Suppose A. comes to you and says, "B. has got my goose, and I want you to commence an action against him and restore the goose to me." You engage to do it if possible; but when the case comes into court, and all the evidence is drawn out on both sides, you discover that your client is a rogue—that he has no right to the goose. Now, if you have the truth in your heart and obey it, you must leave your client in the lurch, without an effort to aid him in his rascality; and if you do this your trade is gone, you cease to be a lawyer; for no one will employ you, for fear you will serve him the same.

But your trade requires you to stick to your client and do your best for him, though you have discovered that he is a rogue; so you cast aside the truth as the Quaker did his coat, saying, "Lay there, Quaker or Truth, while I whip devil Chase;" and then for the twisting, squirming, turning, and screwing, that follow! You must whitewash falsehood and make it appear like truth, and blackwash truth and make it appear like a lie; you must dress your client A. in robes of white and make him appear like a saint, while you clothe the honest B. in sable and make him appear like an imp of evil. You must blow legal snuff, pepper and ginger, into the eyes of the Judge; and while he is clearing out his peepers, you must palaver, frighten, bribe, or confuse and obfuscate—call the jury, and drag a big wolf through some legal

knothole—give the jury or Judge the masonic or some other sign to influence, knowing all the time that you are laboring to transfer an honest man's goose to the platter of a rogue, and yourself to have two thirds or three fourths of it for your twisting. Now, if you have the truth in your heart, how in the name of all goodness can you be an attorney? Is the millennium coming? Are you willing to give up your trade for the truth? or do you think the truth of the BOAT will be as pliable and accommodating as the creeds of the churches, making a saint of you on the Sabbath and in the steeple house, and permitting you to be a devil six days of the week in the court room? The truths of the BOAT are not made of indiarubber, to suit indiarubber consciences, but are stern, stubborn realities, to guide and rule every day, in every place and every action.

Please let me hear from you again. I send you copies of the BOAT, hoping the contents may inspire you with a love for truth, and a determination to secure it and bind it to your heart as a priceless treasure.

#### Letter from Dr. R. P. Simmons.

ELYSIAN GROVE, ILL., July 29, '67

My Dear Bro. Hacker—I must express, or rather I cannot express, my gladness on the receipt yesterday of the resuscitated "PLEASURE BOAT" (July number), and hope the captain, passengers and crew, may have many pleasant voyages on the placid sea of human progression.

Herewith please accept the small amount enclosed, as the first installment on the following proposition, viz.: In consideration of his philanthropy and pre-eminent agency in pushing on the car of human progression, the undersigned will be one of one hundred who will donate to J. Hacker five dollars, or one of fifty ten dollars, or one of twenty-five twenty dollars; this sum (\$500) to be appropriated by our worthy Bro. Hacker as his own good judgment and philanthropy may direct.

Yours in the bonds of true brotherhood,

R. P. SIMMONS.

Ridgefield P. O., Ill.

"Bro. Hacker—Your minister at Berlin need not have any fears that those broad acres will be settled by Eastern scoffers; for none but missionaries will be likely to settle where the people can tolerate such an ignominy and bigot in the pulpit."

So says an Eastern friend; but he need not be hasty in his judgment.

There are good people here, and the land is equal if not superior to any in this part of Jersey, and there is enough of it for sale to supply hundreds of good families, and a few years more will see a good neighborhood here. It is the highest land between Philadelphia and New York or Atlantic City, near two hundred feet higher than either of those cities, and healthy, and the climate good. I would advise all who are seeking a home in Jersey to visit this place before purchasing elsewhere. Then, seven miles from here is the Blue Anchor tract of four thousand acres, owned by progressive people. Some fifteen or twenty families are already there, and invite other reformers to join them. They have donated 300 acres for an Industrial College, where both sexes will have equal advantages in education, and in all sorts of labor in field and garden, if they choose, and equal remuneration for the same work rendered, whether by male or female workers. They have a free meeting every Sunday, where each can be heard. Some of the women wear the reform dress, and none sneer at them. So if you don't like Berlin you can pitch your tent at Blue Anchor, or among the fruit gardens of Hammonton, if you like there; but be sure, if you come this way hunting for a home, to stop at Berlin and gain information of the place from trusty people.

Will those who have land or farms for sale in Berlin, or the township of Waterford, give me a description of their land, and their lowest price and best terms? People are inquiring for farms and wild land.

Boston, August 15, 1867.

Brother Hacker—The long looked for papers have arrived, and we will endeavor to distribute them where the recipients will be likely to subscribe. We want to see the paper sustain itself, and it ought to, and pay you something besides; but the people generally prefer groping along in darkness and ignorance, to walking in the sunny paths of light and truth. The everlasting desire for pomp and glitter, especially in the populous cities, predominates, and the masses are governed by fashion in both Church and State. Folly is the desideratum, and plain, simple, practical truths are ignored by those who consider themselves the cream of society. So what can be done with all this superstition and false state of society. We will aid you all we can, if it is any use to try to lift people out of the mire in which they are now wallowing. The BOAT

is a favorite with some, and there are many who will pay more than \$1 25 for the sake of having it; yet sectarianism will doubtless do much to injure you and your efforts.

I will be one of 25 to give \$20 each to have the paper go on, and you may announce it in the *Boat*. I wish it was so I could come down among you and work for the common good of all mankind, but the time is not yet.

Hoping you are well and buoyant, with hope for the future prospects of the *Boat*, I am your friend,

J. W. HARRIS.

An esteemed friend, at the close of a valuable letter, queries thus:—"Does thee not feel some qualms of conscience in giving such a heavy dose of sarcasm to thy neighbor, S. H. Johnson, when most likely it is the first of the kind that he ever had administered to him? What, if so large a dose administered to him when least expected should kill him or wound him so badly that he will not be able to feed his flock on such food any longer, and the sin of it be laid on thee? Can thee bear it? Let me hear from thee soon. From thy friend, Wilmington, Delaware,

T. G."

REPLY.—I feel very much as I imagine a faithful surgeon does, when under the necessity of probing a deep, dangerous, offensive, and long-neglected wound for a patient whom he loves and pities, with but a small chance of saving life—a wound so offensive that it was spreading "noisome exhalations, sickness, and bad odors on the surrounding moral air," and must be probed to the bottom, or the probing would make it still more offensive; and if he dies the fault will not be mine, but must be charged to those here before me who permitted the wound to remain unprobed until it had spread its poison not only through the whole system of the patient, but had by its poisonous exhalations infected nearly the whole flock.

If it leaves him so debilitated that he can not administer such food to his flock any more it will prove a Godsend to the flock, and, if there is any sin in their being deprived of such food, I feel not only able but willing to have it laid on me; for I think it would be much better for me to suffer than for a whole flock to be fed on such trash as he administers. The grand mistake is in ever attempting to preach, and a dreadful responsibility rests on the Bishop who consented for such a man to occupy the pulpit. Had his loafing

mischievous habits been checked in his younger days, and had he been trained to some honest branch of manual labor, the world might have been the better for his being in it; but he is as much out of his place in a pulpit, as a toad would be mixed up with, and hopping about among the wheels of a clock.

"JEREMIAH HACKER AND HIS *BOAT*.—Once more that old and faithful captain, J. Hacker, has started his *Pleasure Boat*, which so long sailed from Portland, Me., and which, after the war disturbed its voyages, turned into a *Chariot*, and run after wisdom and love till the great fire burned it out of materials. Now the editor, publisher, printer and proprietor, all of which are J. Hacker, the captain, have moved to Berlin, Camden Co., N. J., and with new materials the paper again appears, as sharp as ever, and it never was dull. It looks like living now until fire or war again disturb it. It is a faithful worker, and terribly radical on some subjects, but such a paper as everybody ought to read, and we hope the old subscribers, and new ones, will sustain Bro. Hacker to his heart's content. Copies can be had at our office (544 Broadway). Give us your hand, Bro. Hacker, and fight for the Right till the day-star of immortality shines on your brow, for fight we know you will, though denying all weapons, repudiating all wars, and abhorring all contentions, but using love as a two edged sword, and cutting right and left."

So says Bro. Chase in the *Banner of Light*; but we must be allowed a finger in his pie. The captain is not a practical printer, and has long regretted that he did not learn that glorious art in youth—has not time to do so now—but would advise all young men who intend ever to be editors to first make themselves first-rate printers, and then set up their own matter, instead of writing it for others to set.

You do not exactly understand us, Brother Chase. We do not, and never did deny all weapons, nor repudiate all wars, but believe in fighting errors, ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and hosts of other evils and sins, with the weapons of truth, and thus save the man, body and soul, alive for better uses than feeding worms. Yes, fight we will against wrong, as long as there is a shot of truth or a sword of the spirit left in the locker.

DIED in Brunswick, Me., Aug. 28, DANIEL H. HACKER, aged seventy-two years. Though this Brother never saw good enough in any church to draw him into it; though he never saw the clergy, as a class, practice righteousness enough to cause him to venerate them more than he did honest laborers; though he never made a public profession of religion, few men, I think, have lived a better life, and I have no doubt that he has made a happy change in passing from the seen to the unseen world. I never knew the weary, the hungry, the aged, or the infirm

to ask in vain, at his door, for a supply of their wants. He was a man of few words, on the subject of religion, but few men think more than he did; and he passed quietly away, after much bodily suffering, as an infant falleth asleep, without fear, feeling no necessity for calling for a clergyman to fit him for the life to come. "Come, ye blessed of my Father," "for I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me," &c. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

## FARMERS' HALL.

### HINTS TO FARMERS.

Farmers and gardeners often destroy their best friend or permit their boys to do so. The speckled little wood or bark picker that picks rows of little holes in the bark of apple and some other trees, does so to get the eggs that insects have deposited there, and thus benefit the tree. I know this to be a fact, but men and boys ignorantly believe they injure the tree, and so kill their friends.

Where a country is new, and barns open enough for swallows to pass in and out and build nests, they skim over grass and grain fields all summer, feeding on insects, take all their food on the wing, and thus protect grass, grain, fruit, and other crops from the depredations of insects. But when the country increases in wealth, barns are made so very close the swallows have no place for nests, are driven off, and the farmers complain because their grass, grain, fruit, &c., are destroyed by insects. Nighthawks and whippoorwills live on insects, but some boys are allowed to destroy them.

Bats live on insects, and if they had suitable places to breed, would be great friends to farmers.

A pair of robins will destroy thousands of worms in a season, but in some places are killed, because, after their supply of worms fails, they eat fruit. Better plant more fruit and give them a share than deprive yourself of their services among the worms. They earn more fruit than they destroy. They may be kept from eating fruit by making small boxes for wrens and placing them in the fruit trees. Wrens keep other birds out of the fruit trees near their nests.

Moles are among the farmer's best friends. They live mostly on worms, grubs, &c., and never eat vegetables. Thirty-five years ago I saw it stated in an English paper that a certain farm in England had become so infested with worms that grass, grain, and all sorts of vegetation was ruined by them, and the farm was considered nearly worthless, and was sold at auction. A man who had common sense, and knew how to use it, bought it very cheap, and advertised for live moles, which the boys caught and sold him by the dozen. He turned them loose on his worthless farm, and in a few years it was free from worms, and one of the most profitable farms in the country. Since then I have watched the habits of moles closely, and all the harm I have ever known them to do is sometimes to deface a lawn by the little hills they make on commencing a tunnel. I have inquired of many whether they were certain that moles do harm, and one man thinks they sometimes cut off strawberry roots. If so, they probably more than pay the damage by destroying worms.

A year or two since a writer inquired of the New York Farmers' Club how moles could be killed, without giving any reason why they should be destroyed. The club replied, without saying a word for or against the mole. Since then a writer to the same club accuses the mole of eating potatoes and other roots. This is a false accusation, and the writer admitted that he was not sure that



the accusation was a just one. I am sure it is not just. I once thought I had the same crime to charge to the mole, but discovered the mistake before I had killed any. There is an animal of the mouse family that often burrows in the ground where moles do. I have known them to eat large potatoes and beats out hollow, leaving only a thin shell with a hole in it. I caught a mole, but was not willing to condemn him to death without a fair trial, so I began to examine his structure, and the beet shell which I supposed he had hollowed out, and I found his nose and teeth were not formed right for such work. So I acquitted him, and finally found the guilty chap, a chunky, dirty-brown colored mouse, with rough and rather long fur, short tail, looking more like the tail of a rat than a common mouse, and very small black eyes, and burrowed in the ground. I had three thousand cabbage plants, and not one was injured by the cut marks, because the moles ate the worms, and wherever the moles were plentiest, the ground was mellowest and more productive. A man that I employed killed a mole one day, and when I went to the field he showed it to me, and appeared as much pleased as some men would at the capture of a wolf; he really thought he had done me a service, but I soon convinced him that he had killed one of my best hands.

Lizards are notable as destroyers of insects. They are quite plenty here in Jersey, and are as harmless as toads, but the shyest things I ever saw. The toad takes insects by throwing out a long tongue, striking the insect as with a whip lash. The tongue is covered with glutinous matter, and the insect sticks to it and is drawn in. But not so with these little lizards. They spring at their prey or run it down. They run up and down a tree, head foremost, quicker than a squirrel, and when weary I have often sat down and watched them, and have got several of them quite tame. They often come near my door and play and catch insects, and are as much company for me at times here in my hermitage as Robinson Crusoe's pets were to him. I saw a young man strike one with a stick, and nearly kill it, the first day I spent in Jersey. The poor little thing fell from the tree to the ground, held up its hands and looked so beseechingly that I never shall forget it, nor the pain it gave me to see one of God's little creatures so thoughtlessly destroyed. All these little creatures were created for wise uses, and if we would study their habits more we would be the wiser for it.

## CHILDREN'S CABIN.

### Letters from children.

The following letter was copied and sent to the Printer for the first No. of the Boat, but was lost by mail. It is rather behind strawberry time, but not too late.

HAMMONTON, N. J., June 14, 1867.

Father Hacker.—You requested me to write and I will try. It is very pleasant here to day, and I have been picking berries—have picked 17 quarts to day. That is not many, but I have not picked all day. I do not know how many bushels of berries will go off to-day, but yesterday there were 5 car loads, 4 to New York and 1 to Philadelphia. I like this place a great deal better than I did my western home. I have first rate good times here seeing the trains come in and the berries go off. I hope all the little and large girls and boys will write for the paper, and have a nice lot of letters in it. I like to read the letters, and hope Ada Crosby will write soon. Give my love to Mrs. H. and a large share for yourself. You must come down

here again soon, and stop with us a while. I must close for the train will go soon. Good bye.  
IRENE E. W.

REMARKS.—It would make some of the little readers of the Boat, and some of the large ones too, stare, to be at Hammonton station in strawberry time and see twelve hundred bushels of strawberries put on board the cars in a day sometimes there are more than that.

WASHINGTON Co., N. Y., Aug. 11, 1867.

Dear Friend Hacker.—When the Boat arrived you can't think how glad we all were to see it. Father said a present of \$50 would not have pleased him so much, and mother said she would be willing to wear her old bonnet five years for the sake of subscribing if that would be necessary, and sister Jane said she would go without waterfalls seven years if she could not have the Boat without, so I guess you will have us all a board.

I ran all over the Boat in a hurry to find Abba Ellen and the two Adas that used to write for the Chariot, but not one of them could I find and I sat down and cried. This is not like the other Boat—no Children's Cabin in it. What does it mean, friend H.? you love the children so well and they all love you so much, why is not their Cabin open and full of them? I never wrote much—never wrote to you before in my life, but I loved you when you were here and took hold of your hand, you know, and led you through the orchard and showed you where all the good apples were, and filled your pockets. Don't you remember it? And now I want you to have a Cabin for the children or a play-room or cubby house where we can meet and have nice times. I never saw Abba Ellen nor the Adas, and never expect to, while I live, but I love them, and love to read their letters, and I want you to send the Boat after them, and get them on board, and then we shall feel at home again, and you will, won't you, friend H.?

Your friend,  
NELLIE JOHNSON.

MICHIGAN, Aug. 5, 1867.

Uncle Hacker.—Father and mother call you Brother Hacker, so I suppose I may call you Uncle, and I wish you was my Uncle, for then you would come and see us, as my other Uncles do, and I would show you my calves, and how handy they are—they mind me just as well as old oxen, and I yoke them and hitch them to my little cart, and Kate and Jane get in and ride, and sometimes Kate takes the kitten with her, and Jane her little pet chicken, and you would laugh to see what nice times we have. And I would show you a great many other things, and tell you where the good apples grow. I am a little chap ten years old. Kate is eight, and Jane is six, and that's all of us except father and mother, and they wish you would come and see us, and have a meeting here. I have read your Boat and Chariot ever since I was big enough to read anything, for father has seven volumes of them bound, and I would rather read them than anything else. Father is going to send money, and says he will send this in his letter, and I want you to come and see us. Good bye.  
JOHN SAMSON.

## SPIRITUALISTS' HALL.

### Retrospection.

'Twas but a dream :  
And yet the blush upon thy cheek,  
Thine eyes' quick flash, so bright, yet meek,  
The gentle whisper, soft, yet clear,  
That filled my longing, eager ear,  
Are seen, and felt, and heard, as well  
As tho' my waking did not tell  
'Twas all a dream !

Still art thou here !  
'Tho' bitter fates chain down the soul,  
And disappointment hides the goal ;  
Tho' farther off the temple seems  
That haunted boyhood's wilder dreams—  
Ambition yet retains her sway,  
And in my heart hope smiles like May,  
For thou art here !

Oh ! Holy Love !  
Amid the cold world's heartless din,  
The joy and pain, the grief and sin,  
Thy smiles break in like sunny gleams  
That haunt the convict's prison dreams ;  
Opening a world unknown before,  
Where grief and care shall harm no more—  
Oh ! Holy Love !

Come thou with me !  
I miss the voice that used to cheer,  
The deeds affection held so dear ;  
I miss the hands that clasped my own,  
The love that marked thy every tone ;  
The heart whose pulses like to mine  
Beat " ever mine,—forever thine"—  
Come thou with me.

Peace be with thee !  
Through every grief thy heart may know,  
In sorrow's pang, or pleasure's glow ;  
Tho' foes surround, and friends deceive,  
Still may the voice of Love relieve—  
Bringing, like dews to fading flowers,  
Pleasure and strength to weary hours,  
Peace be with thee. C.  
Berlin, N. J., August, 1867.

### Visions.

By JANE M. JACKSON.

Various opinions have been held respecting the reality of the gift said to be bestowed upon certain individuals. That of seeing visions ; these debates have lasted since the days in which the Pythoness of Endor exercised that gift in obedience to the command of her King. That there are gifted ones, we need not go back to the antediluvians to prove. To the good and pure, Nature unfolds her hoarded stores of knowledge in music and poetry, in the cheerful voices of children, and the sweet singing of birds. Each vision is filled with mysteries of a universal spirit of love and beauty. The splendor of the sun's rays, the silver sheen of pale moonlight, and the ever burning star are to them visions of inspiration. The painter sees in visions models that equal angels in their seraphic beauty ; as the celestial hierarchy presents itself to his enraptured gaze, he feels in the sanctuary of his soul these harmonies, and, if he but catches a single grace, the canvass breathes ! From exalted ecstasy and nature's enchantment, the true poet draws his inspiration, his most passionate descriptions, and dedicates them to love and immortality. What are the dull realities of earth life, its sorrows, cares and trials, to the gifted seer, whose realms are people

with visions of imperishability of matter, with types of a future existence, beyond the grave; who can hear the voices, see the forms which surround the earth, to nourish a divine and never dying flame of love and good will to men in universal harmony. Visions have been so often presented to the gaze of the dying that no one can deny their frequent occurrences. "Now I begin to see what might be done in music!" were the last words of Mozart. New combinations and glorious conceptions floated before his spiritual sight, filling the comprehensive soul of that immortal musician with rapture and beautiful inspirations. Shelley's invocations were written under influence, heavenly creations, before whose mighty power he bent in reverence, as he listened to voices and gazed at visions seen and heard alone through spirit guides. Gifted men and women, inspired by God, look into futurity, and learn to read the hearts of those they meet, and predict the happiness or misery of others deprived of mediumship. "What! don't you hear it? those heavenly harps," said Dr. Liefchild, just before he died. When Joan of Arc was asked about the clothing of the spirits who appeared to her, she replied, "Is it possible to conceive that a God who is served by ministering spirits cannot also clothe them?" By yielding up the soul to truth, it will draw in an inspiration of a divine character; enabling the seer to apply its teachings to usefulness, to help them pity and assist the unfortunate, whose paths have led them far from peace, be to each one the angel of healing, blessing the troubled waters of ignorance and vice.

### HACKING ROOM.

#### Hewing Crooked Timber.

I am sometimes told that I am a Hacker by name, a hacker by nature, and a hacker by occupation; and I must add, that if there is any grace in me, I am also a hacker by grace as well as by name, nature, and occupation; and when I look at the world as it is, I think there is more need of hackers and hewers at the present time than of any other occupation. I now see before me much that needs hacking and hewing; and though it is unpleasant work to one who desires to live in peace and have the good will of all, yet, if this is my calling and gift, I must be faithful, even though all men forsake and denounce me. There are different gifts and callings in the spiritual field of labor. We are all at work fitting and preparing materials for a great spiritual temple in which God is to dwell—a temple of harmony and love. Each soul is to be as a stone, a timber, a board, a shingle, or some other part of the temple, and each must be fitted and prepared for its place; and as I am a hacker and hewer, I must attend to

my own proper gift and calling, leaving others to use saws, planes, augers, and gimlets, according to their gifts. So I have fitted up a hacking room; and those that would escape the hacking must *straighten* themselves out so that they will not need hacking; while those that would avoid being hit by the flying chips must keep in their own proper places where the chips will not reach them.

When Solomon commenced his great temple, there were men in the mountains rending the rocks asunder, others were breaking off the rough corners, while others followed with different tools to straighten and square them, and others to hammer smooth and finish them, that they might come together in the temple without the sound of hammer. Some were felling the tall cedars, while others were scoring and hewing, and others planing and polishing. And none of these workmen quarrelled with others for not using the same tools. The broad-axe man did not quarrel with him that used the smoothing plane, and he that used the plane did not quarrel with him who used the broad-axe. It was the duty of the axe men to straighten the crooked; to search out rotten specks and fill with sound wood; and if one attempted to work an unsound timber into the temple, there was some one to inspect and condemn it. Thus all worked in their proper places for the general good, and while thus working, one tool sharpened or repaired another; the fire, the anvil, and the hammer, sharpened and straightened the drill, the grindstone and whetstone sharpened the axes and the hatchets, and thus the tools worked to repair each other. That temple and its builders represent the spiritual temple now in process of erection, and all the real instruments are sharpening and repairing each other, and fitting the materials to come together without jar or discord, and without the sound of axe or hammer. But on looking about among the various workmen, we see many tools out of order—some not fit for use—and also see many companies laboring to work in crooked, knotty, concusy, fungusy, or rotting timbers, and timbers that have not been properly fitted, and stones containing seams and cracks; and if this course is continued the building will surely fall and bury many in the ruins. Seeing these evils, and being assigned to the hatchet, we shall, on the next excursion, commence hacking some of the crooked, knotty, and unsound timbers; so let those who call themselves Reformers,

Spiritualists, Progressionists, etc. etc., straighten themselves out and be ready for the line and the scoring; and let not the crooked and the concusy grumble when the hatchet is applied, but be honest, confess and forsake, and be prepared for the work before them.

### WORKERS' HALL.

#### "Labor is Honor."

Labor is honor! God's spirit hath spoken,  
This is the song that His universe sings;  
Through the vast hills of creation unbroken,  
Loudly and clearly the glad echo rings.  
Up from the hills and the green valleys stealing,

Seeking the light of the bright star above,  
Rises the song to the blue heavens pealing,  
"Labor is honor, and labor is love."

All the great deeds that are grandest in story  
Living through centuries treasured and bright,

All the great lives that are dearest to glory,  
Filling the world with their flashes of light;  
Words from whose utterance ages are dated,  
Thoughts that have held the whole world

in control;  
Names on whose echoes the proudest have waited,

Are but the offspring of labor and toil.

Not to the eye that glanceth there lightly,  
Doth the bright look of the heavens unfold;

But to the spirit that turneth there rightly,  
Are all its wonders and mysteries told;  
And at each step to the soul upward springing,

Cometh new radiance, new light from above,  
While in the heart is an angel voice singing,  
"Labor is honor, and labor is love."

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded,

Strength to the spirit that weakness had touched,

Joy to the soul that in sorrow was shrouded,  
Life to the heart when its life spring was hushed,

Truth as their foothold who seek it sincerely,  
Skill to the hand when it toiled to live,  
Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly,

These are the honors that labor can give."

### INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

#### The Fashionable Cry.

Get up a feast,—call in the goats;—  
Our church-funds now are low,—  
Our sheep are lean as Pharaoh's kine,—  
Their money cometh slow.

Our church and organ both in debt,  
And interest gaining fast;—  
And back we may be forced to move  
To our old camp at last!

Then make a feast,—call in the goats;—  
We'll fleece them all we can;—  
"The end will justify the means"  
And sanctify the plan.

The parson, too, must have enough  
To strut and loaf at ease;—  
Be fed and clothed in dandy style,  
Tho' others starve or freeze.

Then make a feast,—call in the goats,—  
We'll tell them 'tis like love—  
The more they give the more they'll get,  
Stored in the land above.

The kids will come with cents and dimes,  
The nice sweet things to share,  
And every little helps, you know,  
Schurry up the Fair.