

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

TRUTH AGAINST ERROR---VICTORY OR DEATH.

Clearance No. 1.

PORTLAND, 4th. Mo. 1, 1845.

Excursion No. 1.

PLEASURE BOAT.

J. Hacker,—Owner, Master and Crew.

MUSIC.

God is love—a boundless ocean,
Where a little boat like me,
Buoyed up from earth and manned completely,
Sails on Love o'er land and sea.

CAPTAIN'S NOTICE.

We have hoisted our flag and launched our little boat upon the waters of love, and are ready to receive passengers on an excursion of pleasure. We mean not that kind of pleasure which nearly all christendom are now sailing after, under the command of animal passions and sensual desires—not that pleasure which the *un-wise*, *anti-christian* officers of our *un-wise*, *anti-christian* Government ship were in pursuit of, instead of being in the service of the King of Kings, when they were permitted by the King to destroy themselves as a judgment for their wickedness, and a warning to a guilty, blood-stained nation,—but we mean that pure, present, and eternal pleasure in which the immortal spirit of man lives and breathes, on which it feeds, and through which it sails when all things on board are in order, and the ship Humanity is sailing in perfect accordance to the directions given by the King of Kings.

Our officers and crew consist of two, an outer and an inner man. We have enlisted under the King, and shall endeavor to sail according to His directions, until He shall be pleased to order us through the strait of Death, to wait forever through scenes of pleasure on the broad ocean of his eternity. We shall sail on love over land and sea, and it will be our aim to point out to our passengers whatever we may deem truly pleasing, useful or instructive. And if, in pointing out the breakers, the quick-sands, and whirlpools of sin and misery, and exposing the Pirates, the false Pilots, the Land Sharks, and other enemies to humanity that we may fall in with on our excursions, we should speak plain and close things, let none hastily abandon us, nor attempt to destroy our little bark—but let them remember that we intend to be sincerely honest and candid—that in our little capacity, we have the happiness of mankind in view—that we shall have a reason for whatever we may say or do, and shall at all times be ready to listen to *all* who may choose to hail us, and give our reasons to all candid inquirers.

OUR NAME.

While collecting materials for our Boat, we were told by a friend, that we were about to name it for a craft that is worse than useless.—For this very reason we might have chosen the

name, and proved to the world that things which are evil may, by wisdom, be appropriated to uses that will benefit mankind.

We will, however, inform our friends that we did not *choose* the name. It was wafted to our spiritual ear in a sweet voice, which swept gently over the harp-strings of immortality, and awoke within us the harmony of heaven; and we can see no unfitness in it.

The Great Captain of our salvation, taught and illustrated his life giving principle by literal figures, calling to his aid the works of both nature and art, and himself sailed upon the water; and if man is permitted, and even commanded, to sail in vessels of wood, and rescue the prisoners who are bound on board slave and other Pirate ships, or perishing on wrecks, and clothe and feed them, and land them safely on their native shore; we see no reason why our mind's may not be permitted to sail on Love's waters, on board lighter boats, and liberate the tens of thousands of precious immortal spirits, who are bound by Pirates on board the ships "Priest Craft," and "Church Craft," and other vessels of sin, which are in the service of Prince Beelzebub, and clothe them with the robe of righteousness, and feed them with the bread and waters of salvation, and restore them to Eden, or bear them safely home to the sunny clime of endless Love; and tho' we expect to effect but little good, and call not for quarters, we ask in sincerity and truth, while all our sensibilities yearn for the well-being of "all" our race, who will fire a gun at us, if on this excursion we attempt to rescue a little boat—"Honest Poverty"—from the barge "Argus," of the Pirate "Ship U. S.," now cruising for gold, and who has fired at "Honest Poverty" because he warned other vessels to keep to windward of this Pirate? Who will attempt to sink us, if, on this excursion, we describe "Priest Craft" and "Church Craft," that honest boats may press all sail for Safety Harbor, when these Pirates heave in sight?—And finally, who will attempt to *blow us up*, or in any other way destroy us for *any* good we may attempt, while in every part of our boat, as well as on our flag, is seen the motto "Truth against Error—Victory or Death!"

TERMS.

Our inner man is provided for by our King, and so would our outer man be, were it not for the Pirates and Land Sharks which we have met with on the voyage of life.

Our King has given us, in common with all his subjects, a title to a portion of his footstool, on which to rest our weary body, on which to raise and pluck our daily bread, and where to moor our mortal hulk when our voyage of life shall close; but the pirate ship Church and State has plundered us of that right, and locked up the treasures of the footstool, which alone

can purchase of her our food and raiment; and we, having been unfitted by infirmity for becoming a slave to our foe, shall be under the necessity of asking two pieces of copper an excursion for each passenger, and should we find enough wishing to sail with us to pay our boat builders, we may make another excursion in two or three weeks, and continue them once a week for three, six, or twelve months; if not, we shall sail our little boat in a more private way, until we arrive into the port of endless rest.

MAN AS HE WAS.

All hands, ahoy! Love's breeze is steady;
Spread out the sail like angel's wing,
And waft we through primeval bowers,
And drink of truth from Nature's spring.

Through the glass of revelation we look astern on the waters of time and behold this earth, and all things that are therein, as they first appeared, when fresh from the hands of their Creator. Yonder is the garden of Eden. O blissful tower! Language cannot portray its beauties! Angels alone can proclaim its praise! Over this delightful spot the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. There stands man, a noble pair, in all the majesty of innocence and purity—made in the image of God, a little lower than the angels—crowned with glory, honor and immortality; living, breathing, moving in love. United as one, they wander hand in hand through delightful bowers, spicy groves, fruitful gardens and fragrant fields.

They drink the crystal waters from living fountains, pluck rich ripe fruits from bending boughs, and listen to the heavenly harmony of Nature's minstrelsy. Love, innocence and purity reign through earth.

MAN AS HE IS.

Now look around us on life's waters,
See that once majestic man—
A fallen, guilty, blood-stained creature,
Banished from that happy land.

Man is no longer the offspring of that creating Love, which controlled and directed his first parents in their primeval purity; but is in truth conceived in sin—the child of sensuality and lust. His mind is a wilderness of selfishness and crime, in which lies buried a germ from Eden's garden, which is prevented from springing into life by the evil plants which are permitted to overshadow it. The very earth is accursed for his sake; briars and thorns it bringeth forth, and the breasts which before were harmless, have learned to worry and devour each other; and man, who is sent forth to subdue and replenish the earth, and restore it and himself to their primitive state, has be-

trayed his trust, and now stands unrivalled among the inhabitants of earth, in selfishness and crime, in blood and carnage.

HUMANITY'S COURT-ROOM.

☞ This Room is open to suffering, down-trodden, bleeding humanity. A room where the poor and needy, the fatherless and widow, and the afflicted of every class may plead their cause without money or price.

No matter whether the sufferer be black or white, bond or free, clothed in rags or in comfortable garments; in this department he may hold up his head, and speak in his own behalf. If he be a wine-bibber, a drunkard or a dealer in strong drink; a saint or a sinner; a christian infidel, or an infidel christian, he shall be treated as a brother; and while we shall labor in love to promote his welfare, keeping ourselves free from his vices, we will give him room to tell wherein he has been *wronged*, if his language be clothed in the spirit of candor and truth.

We have in our locker for this department, a communication signed J. HACKER, in reply to a *snub* fired at him from the Argus office. We cannot open it on this excursion, and are of the opinion that it had better be delayed until we ascertain whether the few friends of humanity, in and around this city, are willing and able to befriend our little boat a few weeks, and afford us an opportunity to ascertain whether such truths as we intend to present, will be received. There should be humanity enough in this city, to support one little paper in favor of TRUTH. One paper that is not founded on the love of gold, nor "tied," as brother J. A. Clay would say, "to the rusty hinged weather-cock of a church steeple, to be wheedled round by the Priests," or, as we will say, to a political *carousal* pole, to be blown round by the brandy-tobacco-and-cigar-scented breath of office holders and office seekers.

As we cannot publish the article referred to in this No., and as the conduct of the Argus may lead some to suspect that J. H. is a dishonest man, we shall venture to speak a few words in his behalf, and leave our passengers to think as they may please of our modesty.

J. H. was left without parents or home when a boy, and soon after, received an injury which unfitted him, forever, for hard labor. Before he was nineteen years of age, his hearing began to fail, which infirmity has increased until the present time. For more than ten years he has not heard a sermon, nor a public discourse on any subject; and during the last seven years, has not been able to distinguish one word in ten in general conversation.—Bowed down under the weight of these, and other afflictions, he struggled on against poverty and oppression with unwavering determination to be chargeable to no one; and has taught school many a day when he could not lift so much as a chair without bleeding at the mouth. He spent near seven years in this city as teacher of a small private school, and at one time had accumulated something which he put to interest, expecting to have it in a time of need. That is lost. And besides this he spent money on physicians, and on quack medicine, which

were advertised by the Argus, with the vain hope of regaining his hearing.

When he became too deaf to continue his school, he engaged in other business, and during a year of the time so engaged, was too blind to read a word in any common print. He lost in trade by the fall of prices on stock—by trusting some whom he thought honest, and by a bankrupt law, which was enacted by the heads of what is called our *wise christian* nation, for the benefit of rogues and sharpers.—After struggling till the tide became too strong for him, he voluntarily resigned every thing he had to his creditors, not even reserving enough to tap his only pair of shoes, which were then leaky.

Seeing nothing that he could do to earn a farthing for his creditors, and having tasted to the dregs, the cup of suffering, wrung out by the accursed and accursing laws of this self-styled land of liberty, which have robbed the children of the Almighty of the footstool which their heavenly Father gave them, and feeling for his suffering fellow-creatures even more than for himself, he went forth into the world to perform what seemed required of him, believing that the time would come when he would be liberated from all liabilities. He has spent more than two years in travelling from place to place, visiting grog-shops and taverns, pleading in tears for suffering humanity—and in holding public meetings.

During this time, he has sometimes travelled twenty miles in a day, held two meetings, and retired supperless to rest: being short of money, and not knowing how to beg. It is true he sometimes had offers of public contributions, but no honest man can accept of money collected where one gives to be seen of men, another for fear he shall be thought poor, &c. &c. Since he has been travelling in this manner, he gave his sartout to a rapacious creditor, and pledged his body to another, that if he died before he paid the sum due, his body might be sold to surgeons to pay the debt.—And the very man to whom the debt was due, prays in his family from two to four times a day, and is what would, in Portland, be called a zealous "Ram-Rod" temperance man, and knew when dunning J. H. how he had been engaged.

He might have appealed to the bankrupt law, but he chose to heed the motto which his mother gave him when a child, viz: "Honesty is the best policy."

He has now been three weeks in this city, living chiefly on bread and water, procured by some change, which a friend to humanity slipped into his pocket while among strangers, and has been writing letters to rum-sellers and others in different parts of the country.

A few days since he asked the Argus a few questions through the "Bulletin." The Argus instead of answering his questions, threw out a slur about a little bill it had against him, leaving its readers to conclude that J. H. is a dishonest man, and no doubt supposed that he would be driven, by poverty, into silence.

THE HYPOCRITE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

He whose heart has been filled with the love and compassion of the meek and lowly Jesus, for his fellow men, and who has during the last

few years been a careful observer of events cannot look around upon our land at the present time, without being bowed down in spirit, under the weight of mourning and lamentation, and may truly and feelingly adopt the language of the ancient prophet—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's stall; but Israel doth not know—my people do not consider!" If we look upon the religious portion of our countrymen as they were a few years since, what do we see but cause for lamentation? Those who professed to be the meek and lowly followers of the meek and lowly Saviour, and sent of him to proclaim a free gospel, and call sinful, suffering man to the great Physician of souls—the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Lords, and the King of Kings, were "hired out" for three, five, seven, ten or twelve hundred dollars per year, to read or preach about the Law of Moses, and the traditions of men—to hold up the fear of death, the smell of brimstone, the vengeance of a being, who existed only in imagination, and pour out wrath and destruction in their own strength, and thus proselite to a party for loaves and fishes—gather to a flock to secure a fleece. By doing this one day in the week they secured to themselves and their families independence and ease—the privilege of lolling upon their soft cushions and sofas six days in the week, like those of old, who were compared to "dumb dogs barking for their bread"—or of strutting through the streets clothed in purple and fine linen, with their white, delicate hands, their silk gloves, their ivory headed three or five dollar canes, with their wives and daughters, who were rigged in all the gaudy fashions of certain ancient women,—while the fatherless and widow were sighing for a morsel of bread, and the poor and needy were sold at auction in the market, or buried alive in sepulchres called alms-houses; and the followers of these blind guides were following in their footsteps. A gilded weathercock on the steeple of a thing called a church, (which was built in part with money ground from the bones of poor laborers,) was of more consequence in the sight of these worshippers, than a comfortable garment for the suffering body of some poor brother or sister of Jesus—the sound of a horse's tail drawn across the bowels of a cat strung on wood, was listened to far more than the cries of suffering humanity—and the sound of an organ was more to them, than the groans of near three millions of the Saviour's brethren, who were chained and lashed under laws made by these worshippers, until the blood flowed down upon the ground; or who were shot or burnt for trying to escape from Demons in human form.

The sons of ministers, and deacons, and other high professors of a pure Christianity, could by artifice soil the most spotless virtue, and still be caressed and courted in the families of rich professors, on account of their family connections, while the bleeding victims of their transgressions were spurned like things accursed—at the same time that rag-baby fares were held to obtain money to clothe a priest, or to support what was called gospel, or send it to heathen lands. While these high professing people were begging cents from widows and

fatherless children, to save hundreds from the car of Juggernaut, they were making them selves rich by slaying thousands with the car of Intemperance.

The country whose laws were enacted by the votes of these people, received a revenue from the importation of this, their Idol God. Ministers handed it to their followers, in what were called Churches, that too under the name of that cleansing blood, which was poured out to purify and restore a fallen world, thus begetting in the people a love for the taste, which led them to throw themselves under the enormous Idol. Ministers and people used the destroying liquid in their families—gave it to their friends; mothers gave it to their infants at their breasts, deacons got rich by making it, all classes got rich by selling it, and churches got drunk by drinking it. Hundreds and thousands of all ages were being crushed under the car, which was drawn through the land by priest and people; and in their mad career nearly all, who drew the car, were in their turns trampled down, and run over by it; and when they were left wounded and half dead in the gutter, the Priest and the Levite, like their namesakes of old, passed by on the other side of the way, while if the poor wounded creature received any mercy, it was from his own companions, who were wounded less than himself. The priests were "preaching for hire and divining for money, looking from their quarters for their gain; and in their hearts, and often in their words, made war upon those who put not into their mouths." As the weathercocks upon their steeples turned with the wind, so did the priests turn with the popular opinion of the Idolatrous multitude, to secure their livings—their luxury and ease. While this order of things existed, God, whose name and nature are Love, ever looking in tender compassion on guilty and unhappy man, inspired the hearts of a little band of drunkards, (the lowest class, as were anciently the fishermen,) to proclaim his gospel—the glad tidings of peace to the guilty world which needed redemption. With the consuming power of His all-conquering and eternal Love, he destroyed the iron chains of habit, which had so long bound them, and once more they stood erect, in the image of their maker, and went forth to demolish the car of destruction, which professing Christians had built, and had so long been hauling through the land, destroying not its thousands, but its millions. They plead in tears with their fallen brethren; they even—we may say—washed their wounds in tears. They plead in agony of spirit with the sellers, (the shrine makers of this anti-Christian god, which was made by professing Christians,) for the bodies and souls of their fallen brethren. Their hearts were melted not by the power of *man's* eloquence—the flowery literary ornaments, which modern Priests hang around the truth-hating ears of those who feed and clothe them, but they were melted by the power of that Love, which brought the Son of the Most High from heaven to earth, and raised Him again from the bars of death to the right hand of the Majesty on high. Drinkers and sellers were bowing to the *mild* but all-conquering sceptre of the meek, lowly and compassionate Jesus.

Poor heart-broken wives were washing the curse of intemperance from the faces of their smiling infants, with their tears of almost insupportable gratitude, which were caused to flow by the reformation of their long degraded companions, whom still they loved dearer than their own lives,—little children, who had been accustomed to hide themselves at the sound of the staggering footsteps of a father, to escape a drunken father's rage, were learning now to meet that father at the door with a smile, and kiss, and receive the fond embrace of a parent indeed, whose heart was again restored, and who often looked in tears of silence upon his offspring, while the former suffering he had caused them, was before his mind.

Temperance—true Christianity, like an angel of love, was unfolding her pinions of mercy to cover a world that was returning to the Paradise of God.

The *honest* people, of all the different churches, (for there are a few honest in them all, who are bound by their priests in chains of ignorance and superstition, required to think as the priests think, believe as the priests believe, and act as the priests may command,)—honest people of all societies, in the midst of all their blindness and bondage, could but see that the work being carried on by these new reformers was a work of good, and some of the boldest of them dared express their belief. The Priests, ever ready to be turned by public opinion as their weathercocks are to be turned by the wind, began to see their craft was in danger. "If we permit these drunkards to reform the world, people will discover that we are only hirelings, and we shall lose our living, and be obliged to labor with our hands, or to beg honestly without disguise; besides, if these drunkards become steady industrious people, they will help to increase our flock, and will yield us a fleece better than nothing if it is rather light; we will betray them with a kiss. We will profess friendship, enter their ranks, and as we are men of learning and influence, it will be an easy matter to gain the lead!"

Their plan has been accomplished! They have betrayed the Saviour with a kiss! Bound him hand and foot! Applied the same principles of wrath and vengeance to the good work, that they formerly did to spread what they called religion, but which in truth was only creed and craft.

They scoured through the land, calling on "Belzebub's troops" to aid them in spreading "peace on earth, and good will to men;" resorted to the sword, gun, and prison which never cast out a single devil in any age or nation; and now Christianity is folding her pinions, angels of mercy are weeping, the faithful are becoming disheartened, and fathers are again staining the faces of their lovely infants with the die of intemperance, faster than the fond mother can wash away the stains with her scalding tears of agony; and rumsellers instead of embracing the principles of Truth, agdenlisting under the banner of the Prince of Peace, are locked up in Jail by anti-Christians, to gender hate towards their tormentors, who are as guilty as themselves; and while they are imprisoned, their shops are still open and clerks are selling strong drink in their

stead. 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's stall; but Israel doth not know,—my people do not consider.'

Hypocrisy is, in and of itself, such a monster of deformity, that we dare not uncover to its view only enough of "The Hypocrite's Looking Glass" for it to discover a small portion of its face at a time, lest it flee forever from the glass, mistaking itself for an *evil spirit*; or lest the little good desires mixed with it, be discouraged by its horrid looks. We shall uncover another small portion of this glass on our next excursion, which will be in one or two weeks, if we receive enough on this excursion to pay our Boat Builder.

READING ROOM.

¶ We copy the following from the Portland Bulletin. To the parent who will treasure it up in an honest heart, and practice upon it in the same spirit of love in which it must have flowed from its pure hearted author, it will be worth more than millions of gold. If all parents would throw aside their artificial knowledge—their false notions of a God, who exists only in imagination, and go forth with their children into the broad field of nature—the great school-room of the true and living God, who is Love—they would there gather instruction from every twig, from every leaf—from every thing the ear can hear, or the eye behold: from the least particle of inanimate earth, up to that glorious orb which sheds light and life upon the animal and vegetable world,—and which is the most perfect emblem of its Holy Author, who would,—were it not for the selfish, blind, bigoted creeds of men,—pour forth his divine principle of light and life, and unbounded love, on the spiritual world. Fifty years spent under this instruction, and not an alms-house, lunatic asylum, or prison would remain to disgrace and torment a family of beings who were created in the likeness of God. Every code of human laws—every moral and religious society would be destroyed. Swords would be changed into plough shares, and spears into pruning hooks—and the family of man would be of one heart and one mind, restored to the innocence and purity of Eden.—This would be the fulfillment of that prayer which the Son of Love taught his disciples;—"Thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth,"—and this happy order of things will yet be brought about, for the unchanging promise is that "Christ shall reign until he makes all enemies his footstool." Those who will not bow in mercy, must bow in judgment. But alas! man is at this time so blinded by the God of this world, and his false notions and false religions, that while he professes to believe in the true all-powerful Creator and Sustainer of the Universe, he denies Him in practice, ascribes His judgments to chance, and places a hither-skilter power above Him, who is Almighty. But to the article referred to—

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or a sigh of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance;

with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds' nests admired but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees, and glass beehives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

COUCH OF REPOSE.

CONSOLATION.

Child of grief, and heir to sorrow,

Weeping through this vale of tears,
With no Christian hand to guide thee—
No sweet voice to soothe thy fears—

Hast thy drink been gall and wormwood?

Hast thou felt affliction's rod?

Is thy spirit even panting—

Fainting for the Courts of God?

Give thy heart—thy all to Jesus,

Trust—O trust his matchless Love—

He is thine—He died to raise thee

To the blissful realms above.

He chooses few among the noble,

Rich or lofty, proud or gay—

Those who need not a physician—

Those that love the world's broad way.

But delights to crown the needy,

Meek and lowly, sick and sore;

Lost, forsaken, sighing, weeping,—

Those who feel that they are poor.

In the blissful realms of Glory

Where saints and angels range so free,

Feeding on Love, shining in beauty,

There's a home, dear child, for thee.

In thy own heart, this gracious Saviour

Judges ev'ry thought and deed;

Obeys him, and thy weary spirit

Will, by Love, e're long be freed.

CHILDREN'S CABIN.

☞ Little boy or girl, hast thou washed thy hands and face this morning? Dost thou not feel much better after washing clean and wiping dry? Yes, yes, thou wilt say. Then how much better thou wouldst feel if thou wouldst wash thy whole body every morning in pure cold water—not in warm water, nor vinegar, nor rum; these are artificial, (made by man,) and man cannot make so good a medicine as his wise and good heavenly Father, who has provided pure medicines for both the body and the mind. Pure cold water to wash the body, and pure Love to wash the mind.

The water comes bubbling up out of the earth

Clear and bright, like a stream of light,

and runs along through lovely vales, and flowery meads, and goes dancing and singing over pebbles and stones, as merrily as a company of little girls and boys, who always do right and love each other; and by its merry noise it seems to say

Little children, come quickly: God made me for you, Come drink me—wash in me—I'm pure as the dew That falls on the lily, the lilac or rose, Giving life to the leaves of each flower that grows.

The love that your heavenly Father has given to purify your mind, springs up in your hearts when you do just right in every thing, as the pure water springs up out of the earth; and if you are good you will be like the little brook, doing good to others wherever you go, and will pity little hungry, ragged children when you see them, and will ask your parents or friends to give you some food and clothing for them, for all good children love to make all others happy when they can do it.

Little boy now adieu, and little girl too,
We are sure you'll remember our boat,
And we hope you will mind, whatever you find
Worth so much as an old fashioned groat.

Go wash and be clean as the pure little stream.

And drive all disorders away;

And love and be kind, this washes the mind

And makes you so happy and gay.

Spend not all your CASH on candy and trash,
Which makes you look sickly and pale,
But come buy our boat, and on love learn to float,
For you know it is healthy to sail.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

THE PLEASURE BOAT

May be had of Jeremiah Hacker at his office, which he carries with him, or at the Cross St. Boarding House,—Price, 2 cts. single; 20 cts. per doz.; 150 per hundred.

A few hundred copies of this excursion will be reserved for our friends at a distance.

All orders and communications must come free of expense, except from the poor.

As we have many lands-men among our passengers, who are unacquainted with nautical terms and phrases, we presume our brother tars will excuse our departure from our pure language on our first excursion.

We are in hopes that we may be able to sail down to Gardiner in a few weeks, when the river is clear, and the spring freshets and squalls are over, and take on board "David" with his "Sling and Shepherd's bag," if he is willing to sail in such a Boat. What say about it, David? Throw us an answer in the Sling.

WANTED—A *hirceling* Priest that is "unspotted from the world," to take charge of a little flock of Lambs, at Chicopee Falls, Mass.—His duty will be light. He will be expected only to watch the flock, and see that the lambs do not leave the "green pastures and still waters." He will not be requested to build party hedges, and will have time to saw and split wood for poor widows among the church people, (when they can get any to saw,) and do other chores enough to keep his body in health. His wages will be the same that the One charged, who anciently preached to a woman at Jacob's Well.

WANTED.—An "Old fashioned Quaker" to quell a spiritual riot in Windham.—Also, for the same place, a physician with a little eye salve, and a good sized Looking Glass, with a

slide, that the Glass may be uncovered by degrees, as weak eyes are able to bear the sight of deformed faces, which bear the traces of various *conflicting* and *contending* passions.—Also, to attend with the above, a surgeon who is skillful in operating on a disorder called "false tongue."

Also, for another customer, a Cow Bell, if *nothing better* can be had, to keep worldly Israelites, or Georgeites, awake in meetings.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Has any man a right to spend any portion of that earthly inheritance, which God has provided for his children, on mere ornament and fashion about his person, his house or anything therein, or even on a house for religious worship, while any of these children are suffering for the necessities of life? Would it not be more acceptable to God, for man to spend money in purchasing wood for the poor, than to pay it for what are called Church organs?—Would not the sound of saw and axe, preparing that wood for the fire, be more acceptable to God, than is the sound of the organ? Would it not be a more acceptable act of Christianity to build a house for a poor family, or to provide a lot of land for their use, than to build a Church tower? Will some of the religious papers in the land, answer these questions?

☞ As we do not expect Hypocrites will be very likely to examine out Boat much for that which belongs to themselves, we have hung their "Looking Glass" up in "Humanity's Court Room," with the hope that the friends of Humanity will point it out to them.

A CHEWING AND SMOKING ROOM we have not. Neither tobacco nor opium are allowed on board the King's boats. These weeds are poisonous, and belong among those that sprung up after the earth was accursed for the transgression of man.

The use of them in any manner injures the noble powers of the mind. They excite the nerves—weaken the whole frame—beget an unnatural thirst, which leads to drinking, and have a powerful influence in preventing man from returning to that purity and innocence of mind, which alone can render him truly happy or useful.

ADIEU.

We will now set our passengers on shore on Farewell Rock, and order the man in the Watch House to keep an eye to Prison Straight, and report on our next excursion whether any "Church" boats pass through it, and whether they are loaded with the 'Ram-Rods' of revenge, and the bread and waters of affliction; or with the boat-hook of Love, and the food that perisheth not,—for by their *fruits* ye shall know them.