

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

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

GOVERNMENT HALL.

All War is Wrong.

I would like, if possible, amid the excitement and confusion that reign, to make myself understood on the subject of war; firmly believing that every candid, undiassed, intelligent mind will receive the truth when they can see and understand it, however different it may be from their previous instructions or the fashionable theories.

And first, I must declare that all wars, in which the lives of men are destroyed, are unnatural, wrong and wicked, having their origin in sin and transgression, and never in anything wise, just, or good.

Nature, God, or whatever you choose to call the Creative power, made man far above the brutes, endowed him with rational faculties, capable of reasoning, remembering, comparing, distinguishing between good and evil, and of choosing between them. Gave him power, and room to dwell in harmony and love, during the brief span allotted to him here on earth. So long as man lives in accordance with the teachings of his higher faculties, war is impossible. Hence all war is wrong and has its origin in evil doing, springs from the transgression of the laws of wisdom and love, the highest and purest guides.

WAR MADE NECESSARY BY SIN.

But when men reject the teachings of wisdom and love, and permit selfishness to guide them into evil—when they will no longer hear to the voice of truth, justice, and right, but become disposed to oppress and wrong each other, war springs out of their own evil doings as a corrector, to stop their wicked career, to humble and turn them back to the path of wisdom and right.

The present war in this nation sprung from the corruption of the people both North and South. Both were alike guilty, for while the South enslaved the colored race, the North encouraged that slavery by purchasing its productions, and at the same time stood ready to aid in holding the enslaved, if they should arise to gain their freedom.

Both Sections were thus guilty, not only of the sin of slavery, but of every other crime ever known under heaven! In the midst of their high professions, the majority, both North and South, had forgotten, or rejected God, or good, and were each and all pursuing their own selfish ends, defrauding, grinding, and oppressing each other, and squandering their booty on the lusts of the flesh. Hence war became necessa-

ry to check their evil career, to humble and turn them back to the voice of wisdom, and the strife came not from heaven, or by special providence, but sprung up out of the moral corruption of the people. God or Providence having no hand in the mad strife, but having given up the nation to its own ways—to reap the harvest which in its iniquity, it has sown. It had sown to the flesh and its lusts, and was left of Providence to reap corruption; it had heaped up wrath against the day of wrath and the revelations of the righteous judgments of God, and was left by Him to pull down the wrath of its own heaping up, upon its own head; Providence having no more to do with it than to have fixed from before the foundation of the earth, the immutable law that transgression of every sort and degree, shall bring its own punishment.

In this war which transgression had made necessary for its own punishment, and which transgression itself brought upon its own head, Jefferson Davis was just as necessary as Abraham Lincoln, and the former was just as much in his place as the latter. Both performed the part that was necessary to be performed in the corrupt state of the nation, in order to humble it, and turn it back to the voice of wisdom, which it had so long refused to obey. True, there were warnings and teachings of Wisdom all along, which, had the contending parties received and obeyed, would have ended the strife and led to a more rational way of settling the troubles; but the nation, like the deaf adder that *stopped its own ears*, would not hear those warnings and teachings, and so the war went on, and will go on, until the animal power on one side or the other is spent, and then if the conquering party are not humbled by the effects of the awful strife, their sins will uncork other vials to be emptied on their guilty heads.

Though all wars are wrong, because it is wrong to be in a state that genders them, yet it was just as necessary to have this war to cleanse the nation, as it is to open an ulcer, and permit the pent up poison to escape, in order to save the patient. And as the war was made necessary by the wickedness of the people it was the business of the wicked to be the fighting.

THE DUTY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

The really Righteous could have no lot nor part in the war, not so much as to vote for it. It was their business to stand aloof from the strife, and point out its causes to such as were in a condition to hear—to show them the better way and thus labor to keep truth alive on the earth. All who had a conscience against slaying their fellow-men, should have been exempted from the army, and only those required to fight who believed in fighting, and these should have been ranked in battle according to the influence they exert over the public mind—Office-holders and office-seekers, together with the pretended ministers of the gospel who believe in war, should have been ever kept in the front of the battles, while those who have less influence in forming the public mind, should have been assigned the safer places.

The slaughter has been terrible, almost every family is *outwardly* clad in mourning, but it is astonishing to see how little of true humility and godly sorrow for sin has been wrought out

by the measureless sacrifice of blood which sin has caused. When Lee surrendered, giving hopes of peace, the whole nation should have bowed in humility and grief at the thought of the sins that made such a slaughter necessary, but instead of humility there was boundless exultation. The boisterous jubilee bordered on insanity—the people seemed to “exalt themselves above all that was called God.” The cry seemed to be, “See what great things we have done; who so mighty as we?” In the midst of this insane uproar came the terrible death of the President, stricken down in a moment, as by one of the last and surest explosions of the war. This in some measure restored the people to their senses, and showed them that their boasting was vain, still there is room for humility and godly sorrow for the great sins that have caused such a slaughter, and unless the people are willing to see and understand the truth, and to know that the sins of the North as well as the South have caused this strife, and repent and forsake their transgressions, other clouds will burst upon them.

I notice that the papers as well as the ministers of the gospel are drawing lessons from the death of the President; but the greatest and most important lesson it teaches has been entirely overlooked, that is—the worthlessness or inefficiency of statute laws—laws of fines and penalties founded on animal force, for the protection of life and property. Before Abraham Lincoln left his home in Ill., to assume the duties of his office, he was warned that plans were laid to assassinate him; and to perform the journey in safety, he left his family behind, and traveled in disguise, and on a different route from what was expected. Then for four years Washington was protected by an army to save the Capitol and the life of the President. He had an armed body guard to protect him, even when he took a short ride in the open day, to his farm. During the four years of his administration hundreds of millions of money, and hundreds of thousands of lives had been sacrificed in efforts to establish a government for the protection of the life, property, and liberty of every member of the nation. At the theatre he occupied the state box, had a sentinel near it to protect him from intrusion, and on the fatal night of his assassination, there sat by his side high officials, probably armed at the time with the weapons of defence; notwithstanding all this, one man, by a simple motion of one finger dealt the death blow without the least resistance, and readily escaped with very slight impediment, from the house crowded with the President's friends. If the head of the nation thus guarded, can be thus stricken down, what protection can others expect from a government and laws so inefficient? If I had the belief in special acts of Providence that many profess to have, it would be very easy to conclude that Providence permitted the terrible deed to be committed, for the purpose of showing the people, that after all their efforts, expenditures and untold sacrifices for the government, it is not what is needed, and can not possibly answer the ends for which it was designed; and thus lead them to look for surer protection in a government and laws of a higher order; and this lesson, whether Providence had any thing to do with the event or not, is certainly the most im-

portant one that can be drawn from his violent death, and is more needed by this nation at the present time than any other lesson that could possibly be received; and yet it is a lesson harder to be received by the American people than any other. One spark of pure love for humanity, in the heart of Booth, would have been of more service to the President, than all the laws and armies of America, and that spark of love he would have had, if his teachings had been what every child is entitled to.

Let the few who are wise, ponder these thoughts, and present them to others who are prepared to receive them. I cast them forth upon the world like pearls before swine, to be trampled under the feet of many; but they will not be lost; the few will pick them up, and long after this hand is still, and these heart yearnings are hushed in death, these truths will be received and the world will be wiser and better for them.

We are spending untold sums of treasure, and rivers of blood for a government that can only cry "Stop thief!" after the horse is stolen, or "Hang the assassin!" after the murder is committed, when in its place we might have a government of wisdom and love, that would make an end of all crime without expense or the shedding of blood.

Our Carnal Government.

A government that is just will hold out some encouragement to virtuous deeds, or at least will not place any impediment in their way. Is it so with ours? We call ours a Christian government, but will it permit a man to obey the precepts of Christ? Far from it. It will drag a man into Court and require him to swear while Christ commands to swear not at all. If he obeys Christ rather than the unjust man-made law, he is locked up in prison for contempt of court. It is a pity that we have no language that will express the contempt which such a court merits. Again, Christ commands his followers not to fight, while our government drags men from their homes, and compels them to serve in its armies. Many other things it requires which Christians can not do, and demands taxes for objects which Christians can not approve. In this city, from \$2500 to \$3000 are spent from the public treasury every year, to pay for 4th of July celebrations, which are schools for intemperance, rowdyism, vice, and crime—celebrations that Christians can not sanction, yet must pay for, while weeping over their children who are corrupted by them! The just old saying—"Let those that dance pay the fiddler" is ignored here, and those who take no part in such celebrations, but abhor them, must pay as much according to their means as those who participate in them. A few years since, several of us remonstrated with the city government against using the public funds for such a purpose, stating that we could not conscientiously aid in acts so demoralizing, and at the same time reminding the city fathers that it was illegal to use the public funds for such a purpose. They admitted the illegality, but as their arrangements were all completed they said it was too late to heed our remonstrance. So poor men must submit because they could not conscientiously

seek protection in law, or were too poor to do so. Thus we see government will not only legally force Christians to do what their consciences disapprove, but because they have the power, will illegally rob and plunder, and have continued the plunder every year since they admitted it to be illegal!

If one appeals to law for protection there is not one chance in ten for him to obtain justice. The whole court from the Judge down or up to the door-keeper, are politicians of various parties, Masons, Odd Fellows, Methodists, Baptists, &c, and each one is bound to look out for and favor any one of his own party, clan, or sect, and what chance is there for an honest man to obtain justice in such a court? As well might a poor simple sheep ask protection in a wilderness of hungry, ravenous wild beasts.

Hear what the Argus says about a case in court. It is speaking of a libel case that had been tried twice, and in either of which trials the jury could not agree:—

"THE LIBEL SUIT.—The suit Adams vs. Foster, for libel, which was on trial for several days last week, resulted, as will be seen by the court report, in another disagreement of the jury. This was not unexpected, though it is not the less to be regretted. That the article in question was libellous, no unprejudiced man will pretend to question. Even the council for the defendant must be well satisfied of this fact; for though he made a motion for nonsuit at the former trial, Judge Davis suggested to him that such a motion was hardly entitled to attention when council had not confidence enough in his position to demur to the declaration. If the article was not libellous such a demurrer would give the defendant his case with costs. His declining to adopt the suggestion indicates that he regards the article as libellous, and is therefore unwilling to make that issue on demurrer. He prefers to rely on the partisan prejudices of jurors to screen his client from the consequences of his offense. Thus far he has been successful, but more dispassionate times are ahead, we trust, when jurors will be governed by the law and evidence, and when courts will afford redress for assaults upon character, as in days gone by. If not, then we may expect to see individuals attempting to redress their own wrongs, with the undesirable state of things which such a necessity would produce."

Here the Argus charges the failure of receiving a verdict, to the partisan prejudices of the jury, and in another article in the same paper it accuses the Judge himself of partisan bias, and this in the SUPREME Judicial Court, of a government that has just shed streams of blood to save its own existence! How long will people remain blind to the true character of the government, and fight to keep out light, hugging the brands that are burning their vitals.

I cannot close this article without copying the following from a government paper, to show how this same sham government treats those who have perilled their lives to save its own existence.—

"An Awful Catastrophy."

The destruction of the government transport Sultana, at or near New Madrid on the Missis-

siippi river, with the loss of some fourteen hundred lives—soldiers who had been released from rebel prisons—is one of the most horrible disasters that we ever read of. Those poor fellows who had endured privations and sufferings in rebel prisons and survived that terrible ordeal appear to have been crowded into an old leaky vessel, like sheep, without regard to comfort or safety, and sent on their way homeward, only to meet that death in the hands of professed friends which they had successfully fought off in rebel dungeons. In all probability 800 men were as many as ought to have been put into that vessel, if indeed she was sea worthy at all, of which there is serious doubt: yet 2106 persons were crowded on board and the terrible consequences have followed. We do not hesitate to denounce this proceeding as cold blooded and diabolical in the extreme. Beef cattle would not have been treated with such brutality and recklessness.

And this is not the first instance of the kind by any means. A few weeks since a steamer from North Carolina was burned and some 500 soldiers returning to their homes after braving the dangers of battle fields, were burned up, or drowned. Several wholesale slaughters of soldiers on railroad have occurred—all indicating a disregard of the most common precautions for safety and a carelessness in regard to human life which is horrible to contemplate. This last catastrophe is so shocking that we trust public attention will be directed to the subject and the authorities be compelled to reform such terrible abuses. Let the parties responsible for this horrible affair be held to a just accountability therefore."

Now, reader, sum up all the good you can find in the government, and see if there is enough to pay for the money and blood which it has cost, remembering at the same time that we might have a government of Wisdom and Love established in every heart, without money or price.

We have many other testimonials of the workings of our insane government which we shall present, from time to time, with the hope of opening the eyes of the blind.

WORKERS' HALL.

Work, Work, Work!

Yes, work! Nature works, the sun works, the moon works, the stars work, the air works, the water, the earth all labor, and all useful labor is honorable. The idea that labor is vulgar and degrading, originated in the brain of fools, and fools have nursed the idea and kept it alive, and have almost made the working classes believe the falsehood. Fools are trying to live without work, but many of them work harder in their efforts to that end, than they would to obtain an honest living by labor. Some have to stretch their consciences like india rubber to overreach, cheat, gouge and grind their living out of others, simply because they think honest labor degrading. Some, to avoid working with their hands because it would be vulgar, have worked their brains so hard that their heads are bald.

Many in avoiding labor, and trying to be gentlemen, have fallen into temptations and ended their days in prisons. Thousands, to avoid labor that they falsely believed degrading, have degraded themselves to the lowest degree. There is no safety in idleness; no true sense of manly independence, no perfect health for the body and limbs require work to

make them sound and healthy. The idle man or woman is ignorant of the real pleasures of life. They do not know the pleasures of a real appetite, the sweetness of rest after toil, nor the pleasure arising from a consciousness of having done something useful for themselves and those around them.

Young men, go to work. You have wasted enough of your time. Throw away your cigars, give your canes to cripples, strip the rings from your fingers and go to work. If you can do no better borrow a spot of land, dig it up if you can't hire a team; beg some potatoes if you have nothing to buy with, and plant and hoe them. Do something to wear off the rust; it is better to wear out in honest labor than to rust out in dissipation or idleness. Then work, work! for drones are the most needless, worthless class of human beings.

And now girls, what shall I say to you?—Why, work! fit yourselves for some sort of business and work! Make yourselves self-sustaining and independent. If you can do nothing else you can plant and sow. Make gardens, raise and market fruit, vegetables, anything that will sell. How much more respectable and honorable such a course than making some loveless match to be the slave of a coarse, selfish man for the sake of a home. Is it dishonorable to work and support yourselves? Some act as though it was, and seem to think it quite honorable to marry a hog for the sake of a home in his pen. I have seen many such, and miserable creatures they were. Times are changing; so many young men have been destroyed by the war, that large numbers of females will be wanted in business not hitherto done by females. Then qualify yourselves for whatever honest employment you can get. First, dress yourselves so that you can move, and breathe, and have the use of your limbs. You can do nothing while bundled up in wire baskets and dry goods, no man of sense would want you in a garden, sweeping the vines about, and turning bushes upside down with your broad spreading skirts. No man of sense would want you in a printing office sweeping over inkpots,—who would want you anywhere where work was to be done, bound, fettered, bundled up—a head and hands sticking out of haystacks, or young mountain of fixings. Fiddlesticks! What is the use of talking to creatures that make such a poor use of their bodies and brains?—What good will it do? I'll stop talking to you and amuse myself with a song.

The Lay of Labor.

Ho! brothers, sing to-day a song—
A strain that for its burden
Shall heave, as trolls the day along,
The toiling millions' guerdon!
Let others warble beauty's praise,
Or wreath with song the sabre;
United, we'll our voices raise
To chant the lay of labor.

The drops that bead the worker's brow
Are nobler far than laurels
That any victor chief can show,
Plucked from a nation's quarrels.
Some praise the minstrel when he sings;
I'd rather hear my neighbor,
Who on his smithy anvil rings
The melody of labor.

The man who nobly toils for bread
On none needs dance attendance;
Mid monarchs may he lift the head
Of honest independence.
The son of toiling ancestors,
He bears the burdens they bore;
And on his lot, though low, confers
The dignity of labor.

Then honor unto all who toil—
Strong man or gentle woman;
Amid the daily strife and moil
There's something superhuman!
To working duty lends a charm;
So join with me, good neighbor,
And sing on field, and forge, and farm,
The honor due to labor.

REFORMER'S HALL.

Providence, April 10th, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—Earnest and persistent effort is wanted on the part of the reformers, in the enunciation of their principles, and their enforcement by speaking, writing, and doing. Few dare speak out peace sentiments to-day; they are as unpopular as was abolitionism thirty years ago; and those who then were content with obloquy and reproach, for their devotion to the high principles of human right, are to-day the firm supporters of a system in politics as pernicious and barbarous as the villainy of black slavery in America. Having so long contended with the masses for the supremacy of unpopular principles, now that their success is sure, and emancipation a fact, they seem intoxicated with the delights of popular applause; they have seemingly borrowed the weapons of their own adversaries to turn upon new reforms. Humanity can look to them with no confidence for the future; they have done their life-work and received their reward;—let the mantle of progressive labor and human love kindly shield others who are to dare, do, and suffer for man's progress,—that the world may be better.

Bro. J. G. Fish, of Michigan, spoke a few Sundays since at Pratt's Hall in this city, before a large congregation of Spiritualists, upon the question, "Peace and no war, a nation's true policy." He said that he had counted the cost and was willing to make any personal sacrifice in the promulgation of this unpopular principle. Blood for blood and wrong for wrong, was not the highest law of our being; but forgiveness, love, and the overcoming of evil with good. War was not upon principle but upon policy,—the lives of men were sacrificed to the political expedients of their rulers. He held that life was the most sacred and invaluable of all rights, and that nothing should be weighed against it. For himself personally, for no right or interest which he possessed, however sacred, could he ask a brother man to die; and if he individually had no such just demand for human life, then the community, which is but the aggregate of individuals, could have no such demand; hence there could be no support of a system whose constant demand is human sacrifice.

So much of human suffering produced sympathy for the afflicted,—men's hearts were opened and treasures poured out; but this was a poor boon in compensation to mothers, wives and sisters whose hearts were breaking at the loss of loved ones upon whose earth-life there could be put no estimate.

It was a wrong idea that nations could prosper while individuals suffer; that nation was truly the most happy which had the most individual happiness.

Bro. Fish argued that the same laws of comity and good-will which govern us in our intercourse as individuals, making a resort to arms, in the settlement of private disputes never justifiable, should characterise our intercourse as Communities, States, and Nations; and that a court of nations should be established, to which should be referred for final settlement, all disputes arising between Nations and States, as the judiciary of the civilized world now settle disputes between individuals and communities; and he believed that in this appeal to a court composed of the world's most enlightened and progressed minds, justice would be more surely obtained, than by a resort to physical and brute force where *might* not *right* comes uppermost.

Yours for truth,

L. K. JOSLIN.

REMARKS.—Thanks to Bro. J., for the above. It is really refreshing to hear of a Spiritual lecturer

er who can preach the doctrine of peace, for, during the last four years all spiritual lecturers as far as my knowledge extends, have been as fiercely engaged as the orthodox priests, or any other prophets of Baal, in encouraging the war. Some eight or ten years since, all the spiritual lecturers were loud in proclaiming the love, harmony and peace that were to come upon the world, through the ministration of spirits; but as soon as the war commenced, they turned short about, and began to preach war doctrine, and have been so zealous in it that the very name of spiritualists has become disgusting to thousands of the best class of people in the nation. Now as Bro. F., is in the right track with his face toward the kingdom, we hope he will prove himself a valient laborer in the cause, for though the majority of those who call themselves spiritualists may give him the cold shoulder, he will be sure of the sympathy of the best portion of the community, and will find a few others ere long, who have counted the cost and are ready to go without the camp, with their lives in their hands, to labor for living truth. If there are any more who dare publicly preach the doctrine of Peace on earth and good will to men, we would like to have their names.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

[For the Chariot.]

Has Spiritualism done more for mankind in removing the fear of Death than Orthodoxy? We answer, Yes. Has the Sectarian church, by its teachings to its followers and converts, as a general thing, been able to place them in those conditions that they can exclaim, "Oh Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"—We answer, No. Then we affirm that on this one point the New Dispensation which has dawned upon the world, has done a greater amount of good than any thing that has preceded it, and that the inhabitants of this earth ought to and will eventually hail its warm and genial rays, as they spread themselves over this planet, and seeking lodgement wherever they can find a window or door unbarred, then the garret and the cellar shall alike feel its influence and honest hearts be made strong under its glorious power. The Apostle Paul, in speaking of Christ, says, "That he might destroy him who had power over Death, that is the Devil, and to deliver them who through fear of Death were all their life-time subject to bondage." Now we believe that the time will come when death will be abolished, but there is a great work to be accomplished before that time arrives, and I believe in improving and clearing the track, practically working for the present, and not passing over ground that we will only have to come back afterwards to cultivate. I believe also that sickness and disease will pass away, and the time will come when the "inhabitants of that City shall not say 'I am sick';"—but before that glorious time arrives, mankind, humanity have got to be educated *how to live*. Ignorance as to the laws of life, of health, *corrupt generation*, is all to be removed out of the way, and we must begin at the foundation, at the roots of disease and death, to root them out, before they,—Disease and Death,—will vanish from our Earth.—But we do believe that this fear of Death which keeps mankind in bondage, should be overcome, and if it be true that a personal Devil has had power over the mind of man, so as to cause this terrible bondage, that that power should be overthrown,—yea, verily overcome. Men and women should stand untrammelled having power and light given unto them from the Heavens, not to dread the grim monster or the cold river, but meeting the change as a glad-some, welcome messenger, the boat being man.

ned by beautiful spirit friends, and the pilot with face radiant with Love and Wisdom, lands his passengers safe on the other side! The fear of death may well be likened unto a Devil; it is certainly one of the terrible Evils which afflict humanity, and principles and truths which have power to overcome this, ought indeed to be hailed as the harbinger of Love and good will to man,—a Christ, a savior to the race. We claim that the principles of the New Dispensation the truths promulgated from the Heavens by the intercourse of the spirit world, does accomplish the great work in two ways; 1st, In proving by its manifestations that we live after the dissolution of the body, and not only live, but that the spirit is not confined to one locality either in Heaven or Hell. 2nd, That instead of our state being unalterably fixed, either for weal or woe, that we have power to progress,—that it is only a *change*, casting off one garment to put on another, moving out of one house to inhabit another, and at the same time placing before the mind, that *our conditions and progression here*, give us a *position* in the spirit spheres. That if we would ascend and bask in the broad meridian sun of intelligence, light, Love, and Purity, in the spirit sphere, we *must work for it while in the form*; hence the New Dispensation, instead of making mankind loose and careless as to their manner of life here, as has been charged, its pure teachings will and do engender the desire for physical and spiritual cultivation, living such lives here as may fit us to take possession of those beautiful mansions in the spirit world, over whose door posts, and around whose walls will be written, "Blessed are the Merciful, Blessed are the Meek, Blessed are the Pure in heart for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" Take away from Orthodoxy the hope of Heaven, and the fear of Hell, and churches and Orthodox Institutions would totter and fall. The Spirit world in its many ways, comes forth, and while they deny a literal Hell burning with fire and brimstone, while they endeavour by their own personal experiences to correct the many hideous errors which have bound man in chains, and fettered body and soul, they, by words of solemn import, many of them showing their own dwarfed condition, urge upon the inhabitants of Earth, to prepare to cultivate those gardens, to water the flowerbeds of Truth and Righteousness, pull up the weeds of antagonism, discord, variance, strife, pride, selfishness, and every form of Evil. We believe most sincerely that ere long, by the teachings of Spiritual Science, the promulgation of great and important truths, the enlightenment of the masses, the veil of Superstition in matters of religion being rent from the eye and mind of the masses, that not only the fear of death, which is bondage and slavery, will be removed, but the *Love of good, pure, physical bodies* will be sought after with as much avidity as when the jailer asked what he should do to be saved? Yes saved from *Evil*, saved from disease, sickness, poverty, every thing which now curses this fair and beautiful Earth.—Brother Hacker, *Work on, the Day has dawned*, we are living upon the threshold of the great sabbatic year of the world, the Sun of *Truth* is steadily marching on in the Spiritual horizon, presently, if we do not live to see it in the form, others will bask in the noon-day sun. Readers of the Chariot, how much shall each one of us be a worker in this beautiful vineyard, and what report shall we bring from time to time of the *fruit of our own gardens*,—shall the clusters be rich, ripe and luscious? We leave you to answer.

Yours for Truth.

ELIZABETH MARQUAND,
97 Walnut St.,
Newark, N. J.

Wrong and outrage appears to be everywhere rife. No man is now safe in his own house. The war has aroused every kind of evil spirit, and all seem to be striving to outdo each other.

PROPHETIC HALL.

A Prophecy.

Reader,—turn back to the 7th No. of the Chariot and read the Address to Presidents Lincoln and Davis. Observe the last verse, which reads thus:—

You may hear or forbear if you choose at your peril.

To what we heretofore : God's seal is now set,

Return and be saved, or rush on to destruction,

For no other issue is now to be met!

And in the last column of that paper you will see a request for President Lincoln to pass on the paper I would mail to him for Davis. The composition was not my own. The words came from within me, from a power and intelligence higher than my own, as water flows from a fountain; and I wrote them as fast as my pen would move. When I had finished writing, I instantly, without the least hesitation, drew my pen across the last two lines, erasing them as I would have done the writing of any other person that I was about to correct; and was thinking what I should substitute in their place, when a voice as plain and distinct as I ever heard from man said, "Rewrite them; they are correct." Said I, they contain a prophecy that Lincoln and Davis will both go to destruction if the war is not immediately stopped, and that cannot be correct. Davis will probably be defeated, perhaps hung, but President Lincoln is safe in Washington, no harm can come to him. The voice again replied, "Rewrite them; they are correct." I then restored the lines I had erased, and early in the morning handed them to the printer just as it was written, in my usual rapid manner, without alteration or correction. As soon as the papers came from the press, I mailed two copies to President Lincoln, his name on one, and the name of Jefferson Davis on the other. A few days after this, the President went for the first time, to meet the rebel commissioners, but nothing was accomplished. Had he obtained an interview with Davis himself, and in the spirit of kindness that actuated him at that time, calmly set before that rebel leader, the utter folly of longer contending against the government, and the consequences that must follow a farther resistance, I have no more doubt but the war would have closed without the last great slaughter around Richmond, than I have that the sun now shines, and as it appears from evidence now in the hands of the government, that Davis was concerned in the assassination of Lincoln, an adjustment of difficulties at that time, between the two Presidents, would in all probability have saved the life of the latter. But President Lincoln who then appeared safe is destroyed, and so is Davis as far as his government is concerned, *but the end is not yet.*

I have called attention to this prophecy, because through all my writings for twenty years and my public testimonials, twenty years earlier the same sort of revelations and prophecies may be found, that have been sneered at, and trampled under foot, as swine would trample on

pearls; but are every day coming to the light and are received as truths by those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand.

This war was pointed out more than ten years ago, in my paper, and the people were then told that it would be the most bloody and ferocious war that ever existed; that father would be arrayed against son, and brothers against brothers, and a way was pointed out by which the war could be avoided; but as Nero fiddled while the city was burning, so the priests sneered, sung, prayed and fiddled while the nation was on fire, and now they are groping and blundering about amid the ruins like blind men, without seeing the *real* cause of the conflagration, nor the means to extinguish the flame of wrath that is still burning in the breasts of those whose physical force has been conquered, and are blindly adding fuel to the flame.

LITTLE FOLKS' HALL.

True Stories for Little Folks.

Children, I must tell you about two little boys that I once knew, and what has become of them, and then I wish you to tell me which was the better and happier of the two,—which had the best mother, and which gave his mother and friends the most pleasure, also which you will try to imitate.

The names of these boys were Peter and Thomas.

They were near neighbors, and each lost his father when quite young. Each lived with his mother, and both attended the same school.

Peter's mother did not understand how to manage him, and he was very fond of having his own way. He was selfish, and if he could do as he pleased he cared very little whether others were happy or not. He did not like to work, and when his mother asked him to do any chore, instead of doing it cheerfully, he would wait till she spoke again, and then he would sometimes ask, "Why can't you let Jane (his sister) do it?"

He was very fond of play, and sometimes when Jane was busy, his mother would ask him to take care of his little baby brother, awhile, but he did not like that, he would be out playing with Sam and Dick Davis, two naughty boys that lived near; so he would not play with the baby and keep it quiet, but felt cross and sulky, and sometimes he would pinch his little brother and make him cry, so his mother would have to care for him and then Peter would slip out and go after play. There was a store at the corner near his mother's, and when he was nine or ten years of age, he got in the habit of running off to the store to play with several bad boys that often met there. When he got any money he would spend it for candy and other articles of the kind, and instead of growing better as every boy should, he grew worse day by day, and at length was quite rude and saucy, and sometimes got into quarrels with bad boys, and then he would go home crying, with his clothes torn, and his nose bloody, or his face scratched, and at one time he received a very hard blow which made his eye black for several weeks, and he came near losing the sight of that eye.

The trainers used to meet near the store, and as soon as he heard the beat of the drum he would run for the store, and in company with ragged, wicked boys, would follow the trainers all the afternoon.

For all he was so bad, his mother sometimes indulged him in his wishes, and one time he wanted her to buy him a drum. She told him she did not want to spare the money, but he kept teasing her for a drum, until, for the sake of getting rid of his importunities she bought it. Poor woman, she did not think then that his drum would call all the worst boys in the neighborhood about him and tend to make them all worse. She did not consider that that little drum would increase his love for military life, and do its part in leading him into the army, but it did and I have seen hundreds of parents just as inconsiderately purchase playthings for their children which proved their ruin.

Peter often called the worst boys in the neighborhood together with his drum, and he had what they called trainings, and they were trainings indeed, and very bad ones too, for the boys grew worse every day. At length Peter became a stout boy of eighteen years, and a rowdyish bad boy he was too. When the war commenced he thought it would be a fine thing to be a soldier, and have his clothes trimmed with red or yellow lace, and ornaments on his shoulders, and a feather in his cap, with shining brass buttons on his coat, so he told his mother he was going to enlist. She tried to persuade him not to, and wanted him to go to work on the farm and become an industrious and worthy young man. As bad as he was his mother was not willing to part with him, but he had got the idea that it was a fine thing to be a soldier, to follow the drum, and be always in what he called the company of jolly good fellows. He did not consider that he would sometimes have to march all day in the mud, with not more than half food enough, and lug a gun and heavy knapsack blanket, &c. and then lay down and try to sleep on the cold wet ground, with the rain falling on him; so he enlisted, and when he left home to join the regiment, his mother wept bitterly, yet she did not once think she was reaping the fruit she herself had sown, and having her heart torn by the thorns she should have rooted out of his mind when he was young. She did not once think that the playthings she had bought for him when a small boy, the drum the little mimic gun and sword, and the newspaper cap she made for him and put a feather in it, and the red lace she had stitched on his trousers—she did not once think that all these playthings had helped to make him a soldier, and were now like thorns piercing her own heart. She wept bitterly as she looked down the road at him, as he left for the war; and she tried to comfort herself by thinking that if he was killed in battle he would die gloriously for his country, but she could not get much consolation out of that thought, for something in her own heart told her that the world was large enough for us all to spend the brief span of life without fighting and that all wars, in which men are slain, and their aged parents, and wives and little ones are left to mourn and suffer want, are wrong.

The first news that poor woman had of Peter was that he was shot in the leg in the first battle he was in. He was carried to the hospital, after lying in terrible agony twenty four hours on the cold wet ground, and his leg was amputated above the knee, but he had lost so much blood and suffered so much from wet and cold, he died the next day; but before he died he sent word to his mother by one of his regiment, that if he had always been a good boy, obedient to her, kept good company, and worked on the farm like James Price, he never would have been shot like a dog, to die away from home, with no friend near, and have his body thrown into a ditch and left but half buried, like a dead animal.

Such was the wicked life and horrible un-

timely death of Peter Martin, and his mother by her neglect and unwise or inconsiderate indulgence, did her part to make him what he was, and she is now suffering the consequences.

Next month I will tell you about James Price and I wish I could send you his picture, that you might see what a noble looking young man he is.

SINGING ROOM.

The Better Land.

BY J. HACKER.

In the land where I am going,—
Where dear friends have gone before,
Will they bound, in love, to meet me,
As I enter at the door?

Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,—
Friends and kindred, once so dear,
Will they, *will they* know and love me
As they knew and loved me here?

Shall I meet the pure ideal
Of my soul's devoted love?
Will bright earth-dreams there be real,
In that sunny land above?

Does the sun forever shine there,
And love's breezes ever play
O'er the million tender heart-strings,
That have passed from earth away?

Are the aching, sacred soul-chords,
Rudely sundered here on earth,
Reunited, ranged as harp-strings,
When we gain our highest birth?

Are our souls the harps of heaven,
On which angel fingers play?
Does the music fill the yearnings
We have suffered on the way?

Are there spicy groves and gardens,
Fruits and flowers that never fade?
Pearly streams, refreshing fountains,
Birds of song, and rest and shade?

Will no sorrow ever enter?
Will no sickness e'er annoy?
Is grim death forever banished?
Will there be eternal joy?

"Yes! Oh yes!" millions of voices
All reply with one accord;
"Yes! Oh yes! here all is perfect
In this garden of our Lord."

And I feel the loved ones near me,—
Feel their presence while I write,
And so long as they are with me,
My lone spirit knows no night.

All is light and love so joyous,
That the sting of death is gone;—
Oft I feel their hands upon me—
See them as I travel on.

Oft they strew my path with flowers,—
Feast my soul on fruits divine,
Clusters rich from heavenly bowers,
Manna, honey, oil, and wine.

And they tell me all earth's millions
Might rejoice in love and life,
Would they check the selfish passions—
Curb the lusts that gender strife!

They sing the song of coming ages,
Such as men will sing on earth,
When they've bowed to Love and Wisdom—
Gained the perfect heavenly birth.

And my soul, entranced with rapture,
Floats through realms of love and light
Ravished with celestial glories,
More than angel pens could write.

ORTIC'S HALL.

Remarks on a Funeral Sermon.

Ohio, May 4th, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—I seldom attend what is falsely called the preaching of the Gospel, for although I was once a church member, I long since saw the ignorance, error, and absurdity, mixed up in such performances, and sadly experienced the utter insufficiency to satisfy the wants of the hungering and thirsting soul, and withdrew to look for something better, a measure of which I have found, to the great joy of my weary soul. But recently it was my lot to be present at the funeral of a beloved friend, a member of the "Close Communion Baptist," and I cannot forbear giving you a sketch of the sermon.

The congregation was large, and scattered through it were many Spiritualists. The Rev. Mr. B., seldom gets such people within his reach, but having us penned up for once, where he could flagellate us, in perfect safety, knowing that none of us would make the solemn gathering the occasion of argument or dispute, he cudgeled us to his heart's content, little thinking, and perhaps not knowing that we have a Chariot in which we can take him up and down the country, as showmen do other animals, exhibiting him, not to gratify curiosity, but for the purpose of instruction.

As I wish to be brief, I will not attempt a full report of his tirade against Spiritualism, the Bible, inspiration and common sense, but the sum and substance of his burthen was. That Spiritualism is false and wicked in every sense. An utter impossibility, for he declared that the souls of the departed know nothing, but are in unconscious sleep, and will remain so until the final judgement, when the trump of Gabriel will sound, and the dead unconscious sleepers would come forth from their graves to be judged and separated through all eternity as a shepherd divideth his sheep from his goats. And as the spirits of the departed are in this unconscious sleep, for one to believe that they can be present with us on earth, and communicate with their friends, is sinking himself below the dignity of man.

Much more was said on the same subject, but as the above is the substance of his testimony I leave out the branches. He gave no proof of his doctrine, but all was mere dogmatical assertion.

And now I wish to ask the Rev. gentleman and those of his hearers who could swallow the stones and scorpions which he gave to those whose souls were asking bread and fish, why he did not on that occasion, appeal to the Bible, which he professes to accept as his rule of faith and practice. Had he consulted that Book, he would have found the truth of Spiritualism on almost, if not quite every page. To say nothing of the thousands of proofs in the Old Testament, we would call attention to the Transfiguration of Christ, where the disciples saw Moses and Elias talking with the Savior. Were Moses and Elias in an unconscious sleep at that time? Let me also cite him to the testimony of John the Revalator, who on seeing a Spirit, fell down to worship it, when the Spirit said, "See thou do it not, for I am one of thy fellow servants and the prophets."

Passages almost innumerable might be cited from Scripture, to prove the existence and consciousness of spirits that once dwelt here in the flesh, and of their presence among men; but why multiply proof here, when all can turn to the Bible and find it in every chapter.

After disposing of Spiritualism, probably to the satisfaction of his own narrow, ignorant, bigoted creed, he turned to address the mourn-

ers, and now behold the change in his theory.

Addressing the aged father of the deceased, and one of his own creed, he said:—"Bro. C., you have no cause to mourn for your departed daughter, for at the longest, it will be *but a few days* before you will go to her; and your sainted daughter will receive you *there*, (both of them *asleep*, remember!) for she is now a *happy Angel* rejoicing in the far-off heavens, filled with glory, and singing the angels' song of glory—(pleasant dream, but all the time unconscious!) she is waiting to welcome you home to the place prepared for all christians. She don't want you to mourn for her, for she is happy, and free from all suffering, rejoicing (sound asleep!) in the change she has made." So much for the sleeping, waking unconscious, happy condition of those who have left the earth.

He wound up by addressing the bereaved husband and other mourners outside of the church, inviting and warning them to go to God—try to be prepared for the great change, that they too might be prepared to meet the dear departed (*in an unconscious sleep, in the grave, wide awake, singing glory in the far-off heavens,*) be happy too like her, telling them that unless they made their peace with God they never could dwell in Heaven, but be cast off forever.

Such is the trash that the multitudes listen to year after year, without noticing the self-contradictions of those who claim the title Rev. and set themselves up as teachers of wisdom. The fact is, the people have been so long in this training, they have become like donkeys with blinders on, traveling in the dusty road, without the expectation or thought of ever, while on earth, being "led into green pastures and beside the still waters of life."

Having seen a few numbers of the Chariot, I send you this to dispose of as you please.

Yours for the Truth,
T. N.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

☞ **MORTALITY.**—On looking back over the accounts of mortality in the various cities, I observe that one half and in many places more than half of those who die are under ten years of age! What would farmers say if such mortality existed from year to year among their domestic animals? If one half of them died before they had half obtained their growth, living only a seventh, eighth, or tenth part as long as they ought to, would not every farmer and every agricultural paper be inquiring into the cause, and would not premiums be offered from one end of the nation to the other, to him who would discover the cause, and the remedy for the mortality? Think what a stir the potato rot has caused—of the premiums offered for a cure,—of the discussions and inquiries on the subject! A few years since when a new disease appeared among the cattle in Massachusetts and other states, a delegation was sent from Maine, if I mistake not, to gain information on the subject, and people were not allowed to import cattle from diseased districts. All the papers were full of the subject. But one half of the human race may die under ten years of age, ignorant, and I was about to say *idiotic* priests pray over the mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, and there is the end of

it! No one thinks of inquiring into the cause of the mortality! Such are the blinding effects of ignorance in the priesthood. A pig doctor has for it; he never thinks of charging Providence more sense than the human doctors and divines; for when a pig dies he knows there is a cause with murder, but sets to work to find the cause of the disease, and a remedy for the animals that are left. I tell you friends, that Providence is not a murderer—there are other causes for this shocking mortality, and they should be looked to at once, as carefully at least, as the potato rot, or the pig diseases.

I have seen a family mourn over the death of a pet dog, because it died so soon, and talk as though it died of disease that might have been prevented or cured if they possessed sufficient knowledge, and then commit their own darling child to the grave with the idea that Providence killed it, and that there was no other cause for the disease, and no cure for it!

☞ **MIXED IDEAS.**—I have often heard of men who could hold but one idea in their heads at a time. It is not so with my Uncle Joshua. As he sat down to dinner one day, he asked the blessing in these words: "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us duly thankful." And added in the same breath—"Sally, that steak is burnt to a crisp."—Ex.

Uncle Johna must have been mentally related to the deacon who on one occasion began to read the usual morning chapter in the Bible, and having got as far as, "The Lord said unto Moses," suddenly recollected that one of the preliminaries of breakfast had not been attended to, and turning his face over his shoulder, finished the sentence in the same breath with—"Wife, hang on the porridge pot!"

To complete the family, however, we should have to include the minister who lodged at the house of one of our friends. He was of course called upon to pray before retiring. Having been discussing the merits of oysters just before his devotional performance, the bivalvular idea seemed to keep uppermost in his mind, for as he ended with, "For Christ's sake, Amen," he continued without pausing and before rising from his knees—"Yes, oysters are pretty plump this year!"—[Circular.

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me some years since by my friend B. of Norway. He went to the house of a neighbor who was a deacon, one fine spring morning, when the squirrels were very busy in that neighborhood, digging up the seed corn that had been planted. The deacon had a religious brother visiting him, and friend B. arrived just in time to hear the following blessing over the breakfast table.—"We thank thee, O Lord, for the food thou hast provided for us,—may it give strength to our bodies, and wilt thou give us grace to spend that strength in thy service, for Christ's sake, Amen, are the squirrels digging up all your seed corn, neighbor B.?"

I once put up for a night at a farm house, in a time of religious excitement. The man came home from evening meeting, passed into a back room and returned with a pail of swill. Directly in the center of the room where half

a dozen of us sat conversing, he stopped short, sat down his pail while kneeling, saying as he was kneeling with the pail in his hand, "I must pray a little." He made a short prayer, and grasping the pail while rising from his knees, said, "I must feed the pigs," the latter sentence being joined to the prayer as close as though it was a part of it, and I confess I was wicked enough at the time, to think it the best part of the performance.

I could relate many such anecdotes, not only proving that some men may have two ideas in their head at the same time, but also that they may perform solemn acts in a very irreverent, if not ludicrous manner. I was once at a house when a methodist minister called, leaving his horse unhitched at the door. The family invited him to pray with them. The door was open and he knelt where he could look out at his horse. In the very midst of the prayer, the horse started, when as sudden as a flash he leaped to his feet crying "Amen! Whoa! Whoa!" and bolted after his horse. The horse was recovered but the last part of the prayer went un-born, as the first part probably did unanswered.

I thought at the time, that one who had wisdom, grace, and godliness enough to be a teacher of the people, ought to have wisdom enough to hitch his horse on such an occasion, and not attempt to pray with one eye on the Lord and the other on the horse; but when I told the family so, they declared I was a wicked heretic, a reprobate for whom there was no hope.

☞ **IN GOD WE TRUST.**—It is stated that in future all the coins of the United States will bear the motto,—"*In God we trust.*" If the United States would really trust in God or good, it would be a happy thing for them; but with the above motto on their coins they will probably "keep their powder dry," and a liberal supply of it on hand, thus rendering their motto a lie. When a nation truly trusts in God, it needs no death-dealing weapons, nor statute laws imposing fines and penalties, for the law of right in each mind is sufficient to ensure to all, the rights that nature gave them. He who denies that mankind can so live, utters a libel against God and humanity, virtually calls Christ a fanatic or imposter, and his doctrine false. Yet so blind have the professed ministers of the gospel become, that they have in their imaginations, harnessed the Almighty to their war-car and compelled Christ to push behind.

☞ A religion destitute of benevolence can be of no more value to the soul than husks and chaff.

☞ When the wicked bear rule the people suffer.

☞ The pen is mightier than the sword.

☞ The sword may conquer the body, but love alone can conquer the soul.

☞ On making up the form we learn that Davis is captured; the prophecy is complete!

THE 2D CONTEST.—It is said that the first contest between the north and the south has ended—the physical strife, but another victory is to be gained before there can be true peace and harmony—a victory over rebellious spirits, a victory of love and kindness even more difficult to obtain than this first victory has been, because the North are not so well prepared to fight the spiritual battles, the weapons of which must not be carnal, selfish, unjust, and revengeful, but mighty through Love, and Truth, and all goodness, to the putting down of strongholds.

The people of the North have but a very small stock of genuine unselfishness; their hearts are too full of selfishness, too much filled with trade and traffic, and the love of gain and amusements, too much enslaved by, and too earnestly engaged in the gratifications of the lusts of flesh, to possess much pure love and brotherly kindness, and these they can not have manufactured to order like swords, guns, powder, balls, &c, but each one must dig deep in his own heart to find them, a work that few like, as it crucifies selfishness, and forbids all wrong doing. Hence this last great war of good against evil—of conquering rebel spirits by love, will be more difficult and require more time than the other war; yet the victory must be gained before there can be any real peace. There is as much rebellion now in the spirits of the South as ever there was. Their bodies only are conquered, while their souls are filled with hate and a desire for revenge. This must be conquered, and the only weapon is Love. Let each and all take the hint and try to get on the whole armor of grace at once.

PUNISHING REBELS.—As the bodies of the rebels are conquered, there should be no more said about *punishment*. Revenge and retaliation should cease at once. The word now should be convert, reform, save or restore, but not punish. Whatsoever you sow, ye shall surely reap. If ye sow revenge, the fruits will be revenge; if ye sow kindness the fruits will be kindness. You may call it *Justice*, not revenge to punish a criminal after he submits, but it is not justice. Justice can not afflict a single stroke after the offender submits to the order he has broken. If Davis escapes to a foreign land, or even if permitted to dwell here, without taking any part in public affairs, his punishment will be as great as he can bear. The insane idea of hanging every criminal, precludes the idea of repentance and reform, whereas the vilest sinner may yet repent and become a valuable citizen, and if there were more love in those who profess to be upright, there would be more repentance among criminals.

MISSIONS.—I have recently been looking over several Missionary papers, and they very forcibly remind me of that passage of Scripture, which says "Ye compass sea and land to make proselytes; and when ye have made them, they are four-fold more the children of hell than they were before." In one paper a description is given of certain tribes in Africa, according to which it appears that those people are equal, if not superior, to the very best people found here in the United States, and very much superior to that class who are compassing sea and land to make proselytes. They are represented as very honest, innocent, and inoffensive, living in harmo-

ny, free from intemperance, war, and strife; very kind to each other, and exceedingly hospitable to strangers. Let missionaries only introduce the new-rum and gunpowder gospel, or rum and gun spel that have been introduced among the Indians in this country, and how deplorable will be their condition! Their form of government is very simple, and punishment is very seldom needed. Their children are taught to be truthful and honest, and all things considered, they are in a better condition, except in the arts and sciences than any community in the United States. We hope sincerely that all honest people, before aiding the missionaries in that region, will seriously and conscientiously consider what has been the effect of the same gun spel on the North American Indians. People who can slaughter their own countrymen, and even their own fathers and brothers, by thousands, and scores, and hundreds of thousands, because they have not sufficient wisdom and love to settle difficulties in a harmonious manner, are not the proper persons to send or carry the gospel to those who are better themselves. Missionary gun spel may proselyte the heathen, make them dupes and slaves of priestcraft, may make them dishonest and set them to fighting; but can never make them better. In short, as the Bible declares, it can make them four or seven fold worse than they were before. Could such people be properly educated in the arts and sciences, without being corrupted by the religions that have so bitterly cursed this and all other civilized nations, they would doubtless be benefitted; but if the curse of priestcraft must go with useful knowledge, it would be better for them to remain as they are.

SOMETHING NEW.—The Scientific Journals are discussing, very elaborately, the *providential and sudden multiplication*, in all the western lakes, of a certain species of trout, remarkable, not only for fecundity of its own tribe, but for the *production of procreation*, when taken as female food. The mothers of the fishermen of the Lakes, who have been known for many years to feed mostly on these trout, are celebrated for their numerous families of boys, and for wonderfully frequent instances of twins and larger litters! It is a curious "Dispensation of Providence," that, just when most needed—when the Continent has been depopulated by bloodshed and pestilence—this especial *fish of renewal* should so unaccountably multiply in the West. The Scientific writers are most perseveringly analyzing, meantime, the component juices of the stimulating Salmon—with a view to discovering whether the *in-finity* can be distilled for transportation into large cities.—[Home Journal.]

REMARKS.—The Scientific Journals and divinity quacks may rest assured that Providence never will make any *special* effort to increase the present race of human beings, unless it can, at the same time improve the *breed*, or quality of the *stock*; and to cause one half the women to have two or more at a *litter* like the most inferior animals, while the other half have none, is not the way to improve the quality.

As the excess of the women is so great since so many men have been destroyed in the war, the question might be raised, whether it would not be wiser to allow two wives to one man, than to double the procreative powers of half the women and leave the rest in single blessedness and barrenness.

Wonder if the savans permit unmarried women to eat those wonderful fish, and if so what effect Providence causes or permits the food to have on them?

IMPROVED LANDS FOR SALE

In Hammonton, N. Jersey.

A Farm of 70 acres, situated 1 mile from Railroad station, corner of two public roads, near School—The land level and of best quality—House, frame, six rooms; Barn, fine Vineyard, all varieties of fruits in bearing, price, \$2800; terms one-half cash, balance remain on mortgage.

A Farm of 50 acres, 20 acres cleared; House and Barn, no fruits, but the land in good condition for immediate planting; fine soil, clay bottom; price, \$1500, one-half cash; near School, 1 mile to station.

A Farm of 25 acres, on the main Philadelphia road, 25 miles to Philadelphia, near school, good soil; a good two-story house, not quite finished inside, with an addition suitable for a store; a stable, fine water, with Blackberries, Strawberries, Apples, Peaches, Cherries, Pears, Plums, Grapes; Price \$1500.

A Farm of 34 acres one and a-half miles from Railroad station; a pretty six room cottage, good cellar, well of water, Stables, Grapes, Strawberries, Apples, Peaches, Raspberries, 3 1-2 acres of Cranberries, well fenced, a good situation; price, \$2500; one-half cash.

A Farm of 50 acres, well situated, near school; a large cottage, barn, well fenced, with Grapes, Apples, Peaches, Pears, &c., also a fine Cranberry bed of about 1 acre in bearing; price, \$2200.

Twenty acres, well situated, near churches, Schools, Post Office,—on the principal road, four roomed House, Barn, good cellar, water; 12 acres cleared, 1 1-2 acres of Blackberries, 1 acre of Strawberries, Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Currants, Raspberries; good soil; price, \$2000, \$500 can remain.

Ten-acre Farm, small house, 18 by 18, with back kitchen, barn, water, both well and stream, 1 1-2 acres of Blackberries, 1 acre of Strawberries,—Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Apples, Grapes, Cranberries; all choice fruit, and bearing; price \$1100.

Fourteen-acre Farm, fine House and Barn, 1-4 of a mile to the Hammonton Station; Plenty of fine fruits, 1968 hills of hops in good bearing order, with poles, good fence,—a very desirable situation; price, \$3500,—terms, \$1200 cash, balance remain.

Eight acres, good House, cottage, 22 by 24, six rooms, good cellar and water, with all the fruits, near Post Office, Schools, Churches, fine situation, and pleasant place, price, \$1650.

Ten acres, with House, six rooms, good cellar water, fruit in bearing, good land, well situated, near School, price, \$1000.

Five acres, good house, 24 by 30, cottage, four rooms, cellar and water; 140 Peach, 200 Pear, 100 Apple, 1600 Grapes,—Plums, Cherries, 1 acre of Blackberries, 1-2 acres of Strawberries, 1 1-2 acres of Cranberries, well fenced, well situated, 1-2 mile from the Station, price, \$2300. Also other improved places.

Thirty-acre Farm, well situated, rolling land, with small stream, a good house, well built, nine rooms, all conveniences, Barn, Grapes, Blackberries, Strawberries, Apples, Pears, Peaches, &c., price, \$2500; one-half cash.

A Farm of 14 acres, near Churches, Schools, Post Office, 1 1-2 miles to the Station, good House, seven rooms, Barn, and all the fruits; price, \$2200.

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All letters answered.

☞ **MONUMENTS.**—Quite a number of cities propose building monuments to the memory of the late President Lincoln; but the question might be raised, whether the best monument would not be homes for those who have been made widows and orphans by the war, and maimed soldiers who have no shelter from the storm. If a man is worthy of a monument, his monument should be composed of living hearts—his memory should live in their affections. It seems wicked to spend large sums over the unconscious bodies of the dead, while so much suffering exists among the living.

☞ **A PROPOSED GIFT.**—It has been proposed to raise one hundred thousand dollars, in one dollar subscriptions, for the family of the late President, without any regard to or inquiry about their pecuniary circumstances.

With due respect for the memory of the President and sympathy for his family, and without any regard to political party considerations, we would inquire if the people are sole owners of what they have in their possessions, or are as stewards, accountable for what they have, and bound to spend it wisely? It has been stated that the family is worth some twenty-five thousand dollars, and if this be true, it would seem that, with proper care and industry, all rational wants could be supplied. It is urged that President Lincoln received his twenty-five thousand dollars a year in green backs, which were not worth more than half that sum in gold, while his household expenses were greatly increased, and therefore the proposed gift is a *debt* due his family. Will not the same argument apply to every soldier, and are there not thousands of families, the widows and orphans of soldiers who are far more needy? Let this matter be pondered rationally, and let those who have means to spare apply it where it is needed most, for in a professedly republican government the private soldier has some rights equal with those of his chief.

☞ *May 3*, a lively little sparrow has called to see me this morning, the first bird I have seen except wild geese, crows and gulls. Tho' I heard of robins being about several weeks ago, I have not seen one yet. Wish I was where there are more trees and shrubbery for the birds, and not so many bird-killing boys and cats. I love birds and good children. and trees, shrubs, flowers and fruits. Give me these for company and you may have the dogs, cats and ugly children. *Ugly* children! what a word that *ugly* is when applied to those that should be pure, innocent, cheerful, good and happy. How lovely is a good child, and how painful the sight of a bad one. What makes some little children ugly? Ask older people. "As the old cock crows, so learns the young," is a homely but true saying. Fathers, mothers of wicked children, elder brothers and sisters, do you know that the *ugly* little ones in your families are your representatives? Do you know that they show what you are, and the examples and teachings they have received of you? If not, it is time you did know it. If parents and older brothers and sisters are full of vinegar and worinwood, the little ones will be; if the

parents are full of love and purity the little ones will show it. Do you know, fathers and mothers, that strangers can read your characters in your children?—There, the sparrow has just gone from the little tree near my window, which I set out there last week for the birds, but his visit has already paid me for my labor, and the tree is left for others. Children, do you want birds? Then plant trees near your house and give the little songsters crumbs in a cold day.

☞ **BOOTH.**—Why does not the government inform the people why they have hidden the body of Booth? Some papers say it was sunk in deep water because it did not deserve a resting place on earth. If this is so, we would ask if it is wise or exemplary, to wreak vengeance on a dead body, because it was once animated by an evil or misguided and degraded spirit. Other papers say that after placing the head and heart of the assassin in the Medical Museum, the body was buried on the penitentiary grounds the earth leveled over it, and a guard placed to watch it. If so, why that guard? Is it to protect the body from his relatives and friends or from the *law abiding people*? Other papers again, say it was sunk in water because the people would not have permitted it to rest in the grave. If this is the reason, the whole world ought to know it. If we are a nation of Vandals, the sooner we are convinced of it, the better. If the government, after all the expenditure of blood and tears to save its life, has not the power to save a dead body from outrage by mobs, have we not made a very hard bargain in making such sacrifices in its behalf? We *know* that with all its armies, sentinels, and body guards, it had not the power to save the life of the President from the assassin, and now if it has not power to save a dead body from violence we ought to be aware of it.

Since writing the above I have heard of several outrages committed on innocent people by mobs—mobs too composed of people who have been the most fierce for a war to preserve the government, *law and order*!

One of these outrages was committed on a quiet, inoffensive man 80 yrs. of age, simply because he was a Democrat. When he saw the mob approaching his house, the poor old man attempted to save his life by running on his feeble old limbs, but was overtaken by the *law loving* blood hounds, and so abused that he is now confined to his bed in a hopeless condition, while Government quietly looks on, and very few papers condemn the outrage, while many that are fed by government pap not only approve, but encourage such outrages.

Speak out Gentlemen; tell us *why* you have hidden the body of the assassin.

—♦—♦—♦—

Blessings without number,
Angels daily give,
To those who open wide their hearts,
The blessings to receive.
No tribute from us they demand,
But only hear their prayer,—
"Will you ever trust in God,
For He is everywhere!"

Friends of the Truth, we wish to give the **CHARIOT** a wider circulation. Will you aid us by showing the paper to others, and speaking of it to your friends. There are thousands who do not yet know of its existence, many of whom would gladly subscribe if they could see it. When the war news is over they will want something better to read; and we hope ere long to have a smoother road to travel in. As the armies have literally desolated fertile fields and gardens, blocked up high-ways, made by-paths, destroyed railroads, blockaded ports, &c., &c., so they have done the same things mentally and spiritually, but more extensively. Order is now to be restored, if other vials which they have filled are not poured out, the mental, moral and spiritual waste and destruction must be repaired—mental fields and gardens that have been trampled by war gods and demons and filled with the spirit of blood and carnage are to be cleaned up and made to blossom as the rose, and every paper that contains truth will do its part in this necessary work, and every man, woman and child has a duty to perform. Hundreds of millions of money have been poured out, and the heart's blood of some hundreds of thousands has been spilt in this insane strife; and now let a small sum in change and a little love instead of blood, be devoted to such papers as will point to the kingdom of peace and lead the way. Let those who have tried to preserve Truth in the earth, and to keep the gospel of love and peace in sight during this awful storm, be encouraged and aided in performing their work; for such do not work for themselves, they are servants to a higher power than all the armies of the earth possess.

WASHINGTON!—What a den of corruption Washington is! During this whole war traitors have had their nests there, and have mingled with members of Congress and their families; and have known and communicated the plans of the government to their Southern friends! Even Booth, the papers say, was a great favorite with the wives and daughters of Congressmen. They went with him to places of amusement and took late suppers with him, knowing at the same time that his sympathies were with the rebels—that he was intemperate, a gambler, and a keeper of bad company! And to this den of iniquity, this professedly christian nation are looking for wise and just laws—for *salvation*! What an expensive humberg such a government is!

☞ **THE HARVEST NOT OVER.**—The people believe that the war is about over; and are beginning to feel strong; in spirit they are saying—"See what a mighty conquest we have gained! Are we not great, powerful, mighty!" Instead of opening their eyes to the fact that the North has been equally guilty with the South, and receiving this war as the fruits of their own doings, the crop they as well as the South have sown, and repenting of their sins and forsaking them, they are charging all the blame upon the South and proclaiming themselves innocent. Now we are required to say that unless they humble themselves, and become more honest and just, other vials will open upon their heads. Their sins will bring upon them other plagues; and we now warn them in time for them to repent and escape.