

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

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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.

SPIRITUAL HALL.

[From the Banner of Light.]

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

If the readers of this paper will accept of my solemn asseverations of truth, and be contented to receive and believe in the following narrative upon no other evidence than the word of one whose motto is "the truth against the world," they will here find a page of the strongest possible illustration that truth is stranger than fiction.

I am not permitted to give the names of the parties concerned in this history, for reasons that will be obvious as I proceed—yet no other link will be wanting to assure some, at least, of my readers that they can indorse the fidelity of my statements; and reluctant as I am to put them forth without this desirable reference, I am at last compelled to do so at the urgent request of one whose proximity to me as a spirit makes him become somewhat importunate.

"Those who can receive it have a right to the benefit of my experience, Emma," remarks my spirit-friend in my ear. "Let who will reject my story. Some can vouch for its truth even here on earth, and to such my experiences will be a cup from the same fountain of strength which for so many years I have quaffed at, and been filled."

It is now nine years since I gave my services to the public of New York as a test medium. Sitting as I did, free of charge, and being a really strong and successful test medium, I was on both accounts popular, especially on the former.

Among those who availed themselves of my services, was an old man, whose narrow means and extreme poverty were clearly enough labeled on his outward appearance. He was old, blind and very poor. He came to me, led in by a very shabbily-dressed child, who, like the old man, was scarcely redeemed from the appearance of mendicancy by neatness and the cleanly arrangement of threadbare patched garments. These poor visitors came to me but seldom, and spoke little. I fancied that the old man was not a firm believer in the spiritual phenomena, but he was evidently a deeply interested inquirer. He spoke like an educated man, seemed very intelligent, extremely gentlemanlike, and even aristocratic in his bearing, strongly impressing me with the belief that "he had seen better days." I did not

at that time know his name, history, or residence, and though he always expressed his thanks for my services in grateful tears, he never proffered any explanation respecting himself.

The first time he came for a sitting he was accompanied by the spirit of a lady, who appeared to manifest herself combing out a profusion of splendid long black hair, and afterwards exhibiting to me a large board, on which was rudely painted a *huge blue bear*. Both these presentations were instantly recognized by my visitor, and seemed to command his confidence, so that from this point the communications, though mysterious to me, appeared to flow on with perfect intelligibility and great satisfaction to him. All I knew of them was that the lady's name was Lucy—her relationship to the visitor that of wife—her occupation on earth, sign painting, and her characteristics, extreme tenderness and a highly poetical temperament.

I became much interested in my venerable, though reserved visitor, and often wondered who and what he was. So pale! so very sad! with a crushing, though mysterious sorrow upon him; and especially why he so very strangely veiled his queries, often bringing them to me written, and carefully folded, and always as carefully destroying them before he departed.

One day, whilst passing along the street, in a bitter snowy sleet, whilst the piercing wind entered my very nerves, like a knife, and the driving rain chilled me to the soul, I was greeted with the sound of a violin, mocking the day, (New Year's)—the scene a chill, desolate storm—and my own gloomy and weather-stricken feelings, by scraping forth a singularly lively air.

"Poor wretch!" I mentally exclaimed.—"You must indeed be pining for a New Year's dinner, when you are driven to such straits to obtain it, as to play in this wintry scene."

Crossing the street to put my pittance into the hands of the poor musician who was earning his dole at such a bitter rate, I was astonished and shocked to find myself confronted with my venerable blind investigator. His thin white hair flew out in the biting wind as he doffed his tattered hat in acknowledgment of my gift. His sightless balls rolled beseechingly toward me, as if still pleading for spiritual light where earthly darkness reigned. He was alone; the little child was not there to recognize me. He seemed familiar with the road, and stumbled and groped his way on, as if well accustomed to it. His threadbare garments waved in the wind; his tall, emaciated figure bent in the blast like a winter leaf faded and sere. I spoke not, for my heart was full.

I saw him many times after this, making doleful music in the streets for bread, and received him again, evidently "dressed up," and led by the little boy, all prepared in their very best, to visit me as a medium. One day I spoke as I deposited my little fee for street music in his withered hand. He started, and with a look almost of horror, cried:

"Good heaven! Do you know me, madam? Are you not Miss Hardinge?"

"I am, sir," said I. "Why do you hesitate to tell me your circumstances? Don't you

know enough of medium power to be assured I knew this?"

"I cannot say, exactly, madam," replied the musician. "I don't know this wonderful Spiritualism enough yet, to say how much it may, or cannot do. Please, ma'am, to let me call on you soon."

An appointment was made, and kept; and in succeeding years—not all at once, for my visitor was still very reserved—but in many interviews, and each succeeding revelation, in various ways, I learnt the following history:

Mr. B. had been, as a young man, an orphan, well brought up, but poor; an Englishman's son, and obliged, by reverse of fortune, to accept a clerkship to earn a livelihood in London.

Being very lonely and friendless, he sought to indulge a kind, social nature, by forming a home; and for this purpose sought ought and married a young lady very similarly situated to himself—poor, struggling and orphaned. His young wife had been striving to accomplish herself in the art of painting, in the hope of thus making a *genteel* livelihood, in accordance with her birth and feelings, rather than her broken fortunes. A few months after these two poor waifs of fortune had joined partnership in such an humble life transaction, the unfortunate husband, whilst preparing some little chemical experiment with which he was accustomed to recreate his leisure hours, caused an explosion, which resulted in utterly destroying his eyesight. I may not dwell on the extent of the blow which this fearful catastrophe inflicted on the young people, depriving them at once of the means of support from the husband's exertions, and so unfavorably affecting the nervous system of the wife, that the child unborn, to which she (soon after the accident) gave birth, proved, from the shock, to be, in after years, a helpless, hopeless idiot.

Pitying strangers relieved the suffering pair in their deepest hour of calamity; but the burden of their maintenance, as a family, at last fell on the poor wife.

In her bewilderment and doubt as to what direction she could best labor in, she applied to a very wealthy uncle, whom she believed to be a resident in America. To her great joy, she received a letter from this relation, who was himself a widower and childless; and though he did not propose, as he expressed it, to burden himself with the support of a whole family, he was willing to give them "a start," and so sent them the means to emigrate to America, and a small sum, when landed, to set them up, together with a letter of introduction to a sign painter, where he presumed his niece could obtain all the employment she desired.

The grateful family cheerfully followed out his suggestions, landed in New York, presented the credentials prepared for them, succeeded in obtaining really good employment in sign painting, and then sought out their benefactor. He was cold, harsh and repulsive; told his niece he had done enough, and more than he should do again. Warned her that he was about to sail for France; hence she could hear of, or see him no more.

For a few years no more was needed. The patient, toiling wife worked on, and by her humble labor, succeeded in earning a plain but

sufficient provision for the darkened companion and the hopeless little idiot girl; but the grief, the care, the incessant effort and the unwholesome nature of her labor, were too much for a naturally fragile frame, and after fifteen years of toil, that only just sufficed to feed the helpless creatures dependent on her for bread, she sickened, wasted away, and passed from the little household of which she was the only staff, into the land of light, from whence she became "eyes unto the blind," and "feet unto the lame," in another sense than she had been.

I must here add, that the first sign she had ever painted, was to order—a *blue bear*—and the last meal's meat she ever purchased on earth for her little dependent family, was procured by the sale of her own magnificent head of hair, which she parted with just before her death, being no longer able to provide for her nestlings by her painting. Well might her desolate companion recognize his Lucy, when the shadowy semblance of the lost one first appeared to the medium's eyes combing out her long, dark locks, and holding up before her puzzled eye the deeply momentous sign, to the conscious inquirer, of a *blue bear*.

Let my readers imagine, if possible, the situation of a man stricken in years, bowed down by sorrow, overwhelmed with grief, but, above all, penniless, houseless, blind, and with an idiot daughter to provide for; the staff on which he had leaned, broken; the last and only light by which he had walked, and his miserable offspring had lived, gone out forever!

A poor laundress, herself a widow and a child of toil and misfortune, had helped the afflicted family for years, working for them at the smallest possible rate of compensation, bestowing every spare hour she could give, to the care of the unfortunate idiot, and tendering the services of her little boy to lead the helpless blind about the streets, and to perform their little errands; and this creature, herself so poor and lonely, was the only friend and counsellor to whom the widower could open his heart, or with whom he felt he could take counsel.

Jeannie was from the old country; knew what it was to have seen "better days"; sympathized with the fallen gentility of the proud, reserved couple, and for the sake of the clanship which attaches foreign exiles in the tender, but indescribable bonds of national sympathy, had felt proud in rendering herself thus useful to "the gentle folk."

To Jeannie alone the "fallen gentry" could speak with confidence; and to Jeannie, as she fulfilled the last unpaid services to the precious dead, the blind man poured out the fearful significance of his terrible situation.

"I could get admission into some asylum, doubtless," he said; but the child, she, Jeannie—what could be done with her? Who would bear with her, support, endure, or nurse her?—an idiot! a driveling idiot! To me so dear, to every other living being repulsive! I cannot, must not leave her, Jeannie. I WILL NOT, God leaving me what she has not—my senses!"

The result of this counsel by the side of the silent dead, was the hiring of the very humblest of the garrets in the tenement house where Jeannie dwelt, for the father and his charge; the pledge of Jeannie, "to look after them," which she did in full; the voluntary service of little Bob to lead the darkened one, when he wanted to go to unfamiliar places;—the investment of the last dollar of Lucy's hair money in purchase of a violin, which the blind man could play fairly, and his final settlement in business as a street musician on a certain popular beat.

Mr. B. was not very old, scarcely fifty, indeed, though sorrow, darkness and suffering had written the furrows of extreme age on his brow, and whitened his locks with the snows that belong to the very last of life. So he got on pretty well as a pedestrian, braving summer heats and winter blasts, weary days and often hungry nights, with great power of endurance; but then, as he himself reminded me, he was "not a good performer"—that is to say, there was always an echo in the catgut of the tone of heart-strings strung up so tightly that one always feared they were just about to crack. I always heard the murmur of a breaking heart in his very merriest tunes, and I think that every cent he earned was a bribe to urge him to take his dismal music out of happy, well-fed people's ears; and so he made very little at street music, scarcely enough to buy bread with, certainly not sufficient to pay the rent; and as this fact became painfully apparent when the first month's payment of his garret became due, and as he was fully aware that his landlord's custom was prompt payment or prompt ejection, his affairs looked dark, even to hopelessness, as he arose from his straw pallet on the rent day morning, with two cents only beyond the necessary sum to buy Mary's breakfast, for which she was, as usual, pitifully whining.

"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!"

Such was the utterance that broke from the lips of that crucified soul, as Jeannie stood beside him, asking mournfully what he meant to do to pay the rent.

"Go and dig for twelve and a half silver dollars," cried a loud, clear, sonorous voice from the other end of the garret.

Both listeners raised their eyes in amazement. Mary, the idiot, stood on the floor, erect and strong, fixedly regarding them with a look full of sanity and composure.

"Mary!" they both ejaculated in a breath.

"Go and dig for twelve and a half silver dollars," she repeated in the same tone, firm, clear and sweetly intoned. "Go to—st., next to No.—. There, in the ruins of the burnt house, just under a piece of fire-place, on the left of a broken heap of china, under a black beam, you will find a leather bag, half burned, with the money."

Before the listeners could begin to collect their scattered senses sufficiently to question the weird child, she had relapsed again into her old idiotic state, without retaining one single trace of the recent wonderful development of speech, intelligence and strength. Up to that day, though over fifteen years of age, she had never spoken clearly, or indeed at all, except in thick, guttural, half-formed words, never stood upright, or uttered the words, "money," "dollars," "dig," "twelve," or, indeed, anything she had then said. The whole speech, time, circumstance and revelation produced an almost stunning effect upon the persons present; but it was in view of their desperation, no less than the astounding character of the incident, that, after some consultation together, they went to the place indicated, searched as directed, and found *twelve dollars and a half in Spanish silver quarters*.—And from that time up to a few months ago, my informants assured me that during a period of some eight years, this extraordinary scene had been repeated *nearly a hundred times*. The circumstances were generally pretty similar. The poor old musician played his "best and prettiest," but whenever the receipts from this humble source fell short of the required sum to meet their sordidly economical expenses, when the *last moment* had arrived, and help

there seemed none, the wonderful lucidity of the idiot returned, and for a few moments only, transfigured her, and in these moments she always gave such directions as led to the discovery of some petty sum, (invariably enough, but never more than sufficient to meet their present wants,) hid away in different conceivable parts of the great city of New York.

The striking features of the case were these: The idiot's periods of lucidity were not at stated or regular intervals, never came except in these financial crises, never lasted longer than the expression of a few sentences, and never failed in giving the exact indications of the treasure. Moreover, the relapse was almost as sudden as the improvement, and never seemed to quicken her faculties subsequently, or leave the slightest image on her darkened mind. Very commonly she prefaced her revelation by starting up with the exclamation of "I'm a gipsy! I'm a gipsy!" She always seemed indignant at being doubted, and admitted of no questioning, relapsing into her helpless imbecility almost simultaneously with an attempt to interrupt her by questions.

As to the sums thus strangely brought to light, as stated above, they were very small, and never exceeded the supply of the exigencies of the hour, but never failed to come *at that hour*. They were generally found in silver, once only in gold, and now and then in New York bills. To test the circumstances as fully as possible, the father remained off his beat for a couple of days, thereby reducing the little household to the requisite condition of exigency to need a supply, *but none came*, and he afterwards remarked to Jeannie, "The gipsy is shrewd, as well as kind. She does not or cannot give when there is any earthly channel of supply open to us."

I found one other point worth remarking in this strange narrative, which, to my thinking, is significant, and consists in the position in which the money was most generally found, namely, very near the surface of the earth, or else so disposed of as to suggest the idea of being *PLACED THERE*, rather than of being buried; and this led to the conclusion, in my own mind, that some medium force was exhaled by the poor lunatic, which permitted kind spirits, who were otherwise unable to provide for this most helpless family, to convey small sums of money to the places indicated, procuring this timely relief by methods known only to the spirits, but still so surely known, that innumerable instances exist of aid thus rendered by guardian spirits, although, I believe, never, in any other instance, in such abundant frequency and extreme need. The venerable old musician was of another opinion. He had been induced to come to me to inquire into Spiritualism, by his friend Jeannie, who had strong proclivities in that direction; but despite the proofs he received, in such mass of evidence, that spirits did communicate, and could influence human destiny, he inclined to the belief that the discovery of the money was due to occasional glimpses of "clairvoyance" on his daughter's part, and that immense sums lying buried, or lost, or scattered over the world in various places, might, by similar means, be discovered, if the right clairvoyant conditions could be induced in susceptible subjects for the gift; and it was this opinion, which, like others in his mind, was strongly fixed, that made him adverse to any disclosures of his mysterious life and circumstances. He feared lest designing and avaricious persons might tamper with the poor imbecile—abuse her gift, or divert it into unworthy channels.

I agreed in the result, though I differed entirely from the father in the cause of the man-

hesitations, still believing that the smallness of the sums found, the invariable intelligence that directed their discovery only in the time of extreme need, and a constant charge always insisted on in the girl's revelation "not to tell any one," all intimated that kind spirits availed themselves of desperate means to aid in a desperate strait of human need, but objected to a disclosure, which might have attracted painful and injurious attention to the unfortunate medium, and stimulated the idle and shiftless to prefer depending on spirits, or searching for buried treasure, to working whilst they had eyes and senses to earn the same.

And now for the finale of this "o'er true tale." Some six months since, a great change came over the poor suffering girl, whose lunacy seemed to diminish with the evident decay of her physical strength. The change was very marked, but rapid. Though wild and unconnected, her speech became clear and pleasant, her body fearfully emaciated, and her appetite almost entirely gone. She complained of no pain, but always gleefully repeated that she was "getting ready to go to angel-land," and should very soon be there. Two small, fairy gifts were discovered during this her final condition, and when the last sum was nearly exhausted, she suddenly began to be very earnest about procuring "a new dress to go home to angel-land in." It must be a silken gown, she said, white and shining, and all covered with flowers. She had never seen a funeral, and could have no realization, because no opportunity, of observing the surroundings of death; yet she besought her father and Jeannie to promise that she should have a fine silver-studded coffin, a white satin pillow and bed, and a sweet, white shining dress; and "won't you promise?" "won't you promise me, father?" was repeated in piteous accents so often, that the poor, bewildered parent at last mechanically answered, "Yes, darling, whatever you wish." He never questioned that she was dying, but believed the wonderful gift by which they had so long been supported must have departed before she could thus wildly plan expensive outlays without the least intimation of where the supply should come from.

One morning the kind Jeannie made her usual visit to the garret where affliction, in its saddest aspect, reigned supreme, to find the desolate blind man sitting silently, patiently, clasping the cold hand of the dead girl in his own.

"She is in the angel-land, Jeannie," he murmured, in reply to her exclamation of distress—"at rest in peace, in glory, perhaps. Now she has broken through the prison walls that shrouded her pure but darkened soul."

"And she has left no word behind her?" asked Jeannie.

"None."
"She has!" cried the woman, triumphantly; and she shall be buried just as she said, in every particular—satin pillow and all. Listen, father!" And then she read aloud to the astonished blind man a letter addressed to himself, which she had just received, and, according to the usual custom of her service to him, she read aloud.

It came from a lawyer, who, as one of the executors of the will of Mr. B.'s wife's uncle, was commissioned to inform him that he was the inheritor of a property of fifteen thousand dollars; that learning he, the heir, was in distressed circumstances, and knowing that his presence, or that of a representative, would be needed in France, where the uncle had died, the man of business enclosed, by way of installment and for present use, the sum of one thousand dollars.

Late that night a minister of religion stood in that lonely attic to perform the service, according to the custom of the day, over the faded form of clay which had held the enfranchised soul of Mary. Before the man of the Church departed, he had performed another ceremony, namely, the marriage rite, which entitled the grateful blind man to call Jeannie wife, and make her heiress, by law, to the property, which, in deep gratitude he resolved to claim alone for her.

Mary was buried in every respect as she had desired, "shining coffin, sweet flowers," and all; and but six short weeks saw the same green mound which held her form, uncovered to admit that of the weary pilgrim father, who, in the loss of his most miserable charge, appeared to feel as if, life's business ended, he would "try to sleep"—"to rest awhile," and never awoke again.

Mrs. B. has gone to France with her boy, now growing a fine lad, for her well earned legacy. Before her departure, she communicated the final particulars of a narrative whose chief details have been known to me for years, with the earnest request of herself and her dead husband that I would give the details to the world, only suppressing the names. Something of pride, but yet more of obedience to the commands of the spirits who had so long and wonderfully befriended them, dictated the wish:—but with it came the irresistible pleading that for all who could receive it I would write, and in my own phrase, "assure the forsaken of all men," the comfortless, and those who have none to save, that He who careth for the lilies of the field, and feedeth the raven, has given his angels charge concerning them, and is equal to the needs of every living thing, and every suffering human soul.

I have fulfilled the biddings of the spirits gone before. I have narrated experiences strange enough to those who sail on the flood of life, unmoved by storm or change, to make them question the truth of what I write; but unusual as was the shape in which this Providence appeared, the spirit, cause, and effect were the same as saves, provides, and orders means for you and I and everything which lives and is; for he holds us all in the hollow of his hand, and without his ministering spirits' aid, nothing exists, or moves, or has its being.

Boston, May 20, 1865.

HALL OF MATRIMONY.

[For the Chariot.]

Matrimony.

Fresh from the spinning-wheel, I sit down armed with a big fools'-cap and a pen to attack matrimony. Does the world in general know of the unhappiness bound in the legal bonds of wedlock? It seems as if it might be conscious of it if it had the least powers of discernment, for the seal is set in the forehead of our women with a stamp as indelible as that upon the brow of Cain. Does the legal tie do aught but create disunion when it pretends to unite? Where is the secret? Where the canker-worm at the root?

Many persons, (Mr. Hacker among them,) disapprove of marriages for mercenary motives, but I must confess, from my scrutinizing and multitudinous observations, I don't see but that nearly all marriages end alike in mutual disappointment, recriminations and disgust. This is the rule, and there is a small minority of exceptions. Whether it is called and thought to be a love-match or a marriage for money, position or home, they nearly all end as given

above. There must be a dreadful wrong somewhere, and I boldly give my convictions that it is in the *legal fetters*. After marriage, a man says to himself:

"I have got her; I shall cease to pet and caress her; in fact, I shall give up none of my freedom for her, for she would be too proud to leave me; and I shan't confine myself to any of her whims."

There is a falling off of those attentions which were lavished upon her before marriage, when she had nothing to endure to test her love, and which, after she subjects herself and lays herself liable to endure the torture at least of the middle spheres, if not the realms below, she has a *right* to expect. A heavy share of the blame where unhappiness exists falls upon the man. Some people tell me that I am too lenient towards my own sex or too hard upon man, but such ones are either unmarried, widows, or do not speak according to the knowledge which they ought to share.

Allow me to state the case just as every body knows it is:

In entering the married state man gives up neither home nor friends; woman has to commence the sacrifice here. He knows that he is nominally free as formerly. He submits himself to none of the sicknesses, languishing burdens and agonizing torture consequent upon maternity. Year after year she bears the slow martyrdom of the lingering death which her husband forces upon her. Where is there a woman who would not endure all this with sublime fortitude and even with unalterable affection, if her tired and weary frame were now and then folded to the breast that she was taught to believe would *ever* hold her thus. How many, many a woman will answer me, that she would uncomplainingly crawl on her hands and knees to minister to her husband's comfort, if he would once in a while, give her a loving word, caress or smile. I find this canker-worm destroying all the greenness of woman's life. I notice men who always have a kind word or gentle touch of the hand for their horse or their dog, who would not do as much towards a caress for their wives, when they know how they yearn for it. I have noticed this a thousand times. Where is the woman who has not? And worse than this—a thousand times worse than this—I have seen cows and other animals bearing young, taken infinitely better care of, than the wives who were in bitterness of spirit and disappointment of heart, to bring forth a young immortal.

Wives, own yourselves, and defend your property! Cease to be forced into bearing children that you are not able to take care of. A man who has not got principle enough to remain true to you when you have a perfect right to preserve your health, strength and life, will surely desert you when your health and temper are broken by the slavish care of a host of ill-gotten children. If he is to leave you, let him go while you have strength to maintain yourselves without him.

Man can go abroad free and untrammelled after his day's work is done; not so with woman. She must either remain in the impure house, or drag around with her two or three unmanageable tigers to worry the soul from her body. A true woman has no earthly reason to live for, save home, children and husband. Here she toils, prays and *thinks*; and if her warm nature is repulsed when she asks nothing of him that will in the least distress him to give her, namely: affectionate-kindnesses—he must be silent if she turn from his cold repulses to throw her arms around strange gods. As well might one expect the earth to blossom and

bring forth without the soft winds, gentle showers and warm sunshine, as to expect woman's heart to hold the seeds of affection and expand them into healthful bloom under cold, repelling and unaffectionate surroundings.

It seems as if there is something wrong about the system of marriage. The *fetters gal*, else why so sudden a change? (and God knows, I wish to cast no demoralizing influence,) but I say that were marriage entirely done away with, there could scarcely be more unloved and undesired children born into existence; nor more murdered previous to birth, than there are under the present very *moral* reign of legalized iniquity.

I have recently heard of a couple residing in the goodly city of Bath, who, after seven years of married life still enact the lovers; he paying her, both in public and private, all those delicate attentions which *should* be our study and rule to give each other. Their faces shine upon each other for reason of the love warming their hearts. I believe every wife will wipe the bitter ashes of the Dead Sea apples from her own lips, and unite with me in praying that their sweet felicity be unmarred by sorrow or death.

The old patriarch Jacob inaugurated the present era by serving 7 years for Rachel, and then, on his wedding night, becoming a trifle exhilarated, had Leah forced upon him. There was where our mis-mating commenced and the example is followed with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

What can be done? Mothers grow worse and worse. Every year witnesses the death of scores of women, who, rendered ugly and fiendish by their brutal husbands, murder their children, and, through that means, themselves, rather than bring forth more offspring that they do not want nor love. Poor creatures! Their crime is appalling, but their husbands will have, in many cases, to shoulder the responsibility of the murder.

It is said that a bad woman is worse than ten bad men. Let me point you a parallel: According to ancient history—the Bible—the chief angel of Heaven, when he fell, became king of the devils.

There are but two developments to woman's nature when her warm heart, disappointed, is obliged to crush its own flood of love within a different channel from what nature intended: she either dies of consumption—a broken heart—or she becomes hardened into a wild, destructive, ungovernable fury; and when she works him woe, man may thank himself; he forced her into the path which she traverses.

God grant, that in the mighty revolutions of time and conditions, there may speedily dawn a new era for the daughters of earth; when pairing off in perfect love and similar attributes, they may be able to view the beautiful creations of God undimmed by petty strifes and the cankering cares of unloved surroundings, and having their existence so happily and cordially entwined, that when the summons is—"Come up higher"—then shall pass from sight the bitter sentence—"One shall be taken and the other left"; and, hand in hand, they will journey down life's shady vale, and closing their dimmed and weary eyes *here*, shall open them upon that land whither all journey; where "sun nor moon is not needed to light the city, for the Lamb of God is the light thereof."

MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

Brunswick, Maine.

If sinners entice thee consent thou not.
Idle when young, needy when old.
A moment lost is forever lost.
Get wisdom—get understanding.

GOVERNMENT HALL.

Increase of Crime.

It is stated that wars are usually followed by epidemics—that disease comes in to continue the slaughter which the sword began. Whether there be any truth in this or not, the experience of our country is likely to prove that war, or the cessation of war, makes crime epidemic. The papers are filled with the records of violence and blood. In every part of the country, and almost every day, the community is shocked by the perpetration of some atrocious deed. Even in localities heretofore the most peaceful and orderly, base and violent passions exhibit themselves in outrages that justly startle and alarm.

What is the cause of this, or the combination of causes, it is easier to point out than to prescribe a remedy for them, and effect a cure. The disregard of law, the loosening of the ties of social order, the blunting of the moral sensibilities which are incident to a state of war, coupled with the dissipated, reckless habits of life engendered in camp and induced by the disturbed condition of affairs, probably account, in the main, for the painful results which we are witnessing. They are a part of the inevitable consequences of the deadly strife through which we have passed, and are likely to continue to a greater or less extent until we can return to the staid and quiet habits and the moral responsibilities of previous years.

The above extract is from a political paper—a paper that believes in and advocates a Government that gained its being and sustains its existence by the sword and cannot live without. What a confession from such a source! The very evils here complained of are enough to condemn such a government—more than enough to prove that it is wrong.

When the dead bodies of ten thousand men are left two or three years unburied as at Bull Run, or a year as at the battle of the Wilderness and scores of other places, it would be singular if epidemics did not follow, and as for vice and crime that go with and follow in the wake of war, they are to be seen everywhere, and it can not be otherwise. It is impossible for an evil tree to produce other than evil fruit. All governments founded on the principles of revenge or force, are ^{evil} and only evil. They are the continual cause of violence and outrage. They first breed rogues and then multiply them in their efforts to restrain them. Our government protected and fostered slavery for near a century, and then hatched out myriads of other crimes in efforts to destroy its own child. And so it goes on from bad to worse, and ever will. It is the very nature of the government to breed vice, crime and violence. It sets no value on life, but can shoot down thousands in an hour, burn, plunder and destroy, and then expect the people to be wise, honest and virtuous with such examples before them! For our government to reprove or punish men for vice is like a drunken, thieving father to reprove or punish his son for drinking and stealing. It fits and leads them on to crime by its own examples

and then pretends to punish them for following in its footsteps!

Yes, the papers are nearly filled with the records of violence and blood; but it so happens that the violence and blood record against the government is thousands of fold greater than against all the nation beside. Murder is murder and theft is theft whether committed by twenty millions of men, or their agents, or by one man; and if the majority or the government are guilty of murder and theft, they must expect individuals that are influenced by them to be more or less guilty of the same crimes; and for our government to pretend to punish crimes, even Rebellion itself, is like the Devil punishing a witch, for the government itself is a rebellion against God, and has bewitched the people. God is love, and he draweth people to him by love, and commandeth man to overcome evil by love; but the Government has rebelled against God, and resorted to force and bloodshed—is at enmity with all the attributes of God.

When the army committed the atrocious deed of slaying ten thousand people in a day, or plundered a city, the papers shouted "Glorious News!" and the priests and churches responded "Amen!" But now when some hungry wretch whom the war has ruined, steals a loaf of bread for his starving children, the same papers shout "Atrocious Villainy!" and again the same priests and churches respond "Amen, imprison or hang him!" It makes a great difference with some whose ox is gored, and by whose bull the goring is done.

The paper from which we have quoted admits that the evils complained of spring from the war, and that is testimony enough against war—it proves it to be an evil tree; and as the war springs naturally from the government which cannot exist without war, the government itself is proved to be an evil tree. By the fruits the tree is known. The paper thinks it easier to point out the causes of the evils than a remedy. This is a great mistake. The remedy may be seen by all whose eyes are not blinded by self interest or erroneous teaching, as clearly as the noon-day sun, and here it is. Crucify selfishness and lust, let all work at some useful occupation for an honest living, be satisfied with a reasonable supply of their real wants; do justly by all; love and practice mercy; walk humbly; so live as to exert a moral and spiritual influence over the erring; train up the children in the way they should go, not put before them precepts and examples of selfishness and every sin; and when all this is done, vice and crime will diminish and even this infernal government itself—to which you have so long looked in vain for salvation, and which has committed ten thousand times more outrages than it has prevented,—even the hydra monster will sink into oblivion without a burial. If all cannot do this and live thus, let such as can, do so, as the Shakers do, and

as the early Quakers did, leaving the government with its destructiveness entirely to the human beasts that need it. Let those who will not live without fighting do their own fighting and foot their own bills; but let those who profess to be righteous be so in reality and lean not on a broken staff that can only plunge them in the mire.

ORTHODOX HALL.

Late Movements.

A Convention of Orthodox Ministers was held in this City a few weeks ago, in which they passed resolves of thanks to the Almighty for his wonderful aid in the late war! If He did really aid our armies, why all that hard fighting? Why so many lives destroyed on our side? Why did we have to outnumber the Rebels? If these ministers would look into this matter with the eye of truth, they would not discover the least indications that God had any more to do with the war than he has with the fighting of two dogs. The priests were continually calling on Him for help during the four years of bloody strife, yet they cannot name a single battle in which He aided them. President Lincoln himself but a short time before his death, said both parties had called on God for help and he had helped neither of them; he told the truth. The rebels were outnumbered by men better fed, better clothed, better equipped than themselves, and were overcome by hard fighting and more slaughter on our side than theirs. Were it not for stupidity and ignorance, the bare thought that a God of Love would aid in such a war would be rank blasphemy; and then to say that He did become a demon of war and aid our armies where there was not the shadow of proof during the whole four years of strife, is to say the least, a disgrace to the men who make the assertion as well as a dishonor to God. Just think of a Supreme Being—supreme in wisdom and love, joining himself to a mad army in maiming and killing people who should have been convinced of their errors and saved by wisdom and love!

Orthodox priests and delegates held a National Convention in Boston a few weeks since where they thought it time, amid the religious changes of the day, to make a new declaration of faith, or rather to declare their approbation with and adherence to the old one, that people might know where and how they stood. They discussed the subject of original sin, total depravity, election and reprobation, &c., and the next day, making a pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock, there they took a vote by which they declared to the world that they still adhered to all the abominations of the Calvinistic creed. Many of their church members and some of the ministers have for many years been ashamed of their doctrine, and have even gone so far as to declare that their denomination

did not now believe in original sin, total depravity, election and reprobation, and infant damnation, but there in Old Plymouth the six hundred Orthodox priests from all parts of the nation voted to adhere to the horrible creed. We are sorry they are yet in Egyptian darkness, but being there, we are glad they have said so, for people who now join their church know what they subscribe to, viz: that "God, for his own glory, did from before the foundation of the world predestinate a certain portion of the human race to eternal damnation, that the number thus predestinated is so fixed and limited that it can neither be increased nor diminished. Not one, elected from before the foundation of the world to salvation, can possibly be lost, and not one predestinated to eternal misery and created for that express purpose can possibly be saved!"

Such is Orthodoxy in the last half of the nineteenth century. This new declaration will help materially to hasten the downfall of Orthodoxy, for it is too horrible to be believed in this age of the world. Then, to hasten on the final end of a church whose doctrines are so dishonorable to a just God, and so horrible in the sight of thinking men, let the proceedings of the Convention be published from Dan to Beersheba—let it be proclaimed from East to West, and from the North to the ends of the earth, that Orthodoxy may be seen as it is, and known, hated, denounced and rejected by all who believe that the Supreme is a God of justice who could not create sentient beings for the express purpose of tormenting them eternally, thereby to show his power and his glory!

In this goodly city we have recently had an Orthodox thunderclap—a sort of tempest in a teapot. The Third Parish Church were in want of a Pastor, and after trying various ones who were for sale or to be let, as jockies try horses, they issued a call to the Rev. Jeremiah E. Walton, and sent out invitations to various sister churches, to send delegates for the purpose of forming an Ecclesiastical Council, to examine Mr. Walton and decide whether he should be installed or not. They spent two days in debates, discussions and the examination of the candidate, a part of which was reported in the daily papers, as being rather stormy, and finally decided by a vote of 13 to 11, that it would not do to make Mr. W. a pastor of said church. It is said the Council pronounced him a christian brother, could find no blemish in his character, and though the examination was sharp and strict, only a spot or shade or two was found on his creed, and these shades shut him out of the Holy of Orthodox Holies, the majority cast their votes against him. And what do you think those shades or blemishes in his creed were? First, he was not *certain* that the impenitent must suffer eternal torments; he had a *speculative* idea that there may be a state of probation be-

yond death, in which the sinner may repent and be forgiven and saved; or if not so, possibly God might annihilate him and thus end his misery. These thoughts or shades on his creed were merely speculative, he had never preached them in the public nor advocated them in private, but whenever he had spoken of the doom of the sinner he had done so in the language of Scripture; but this did not satisfy Dr. Carruthers of the Second Parish, Prof. Smyth of foggy old Bowdoin, who receives his light through the stained glass of the dark Lantern on Brunswick Hill, and others; so Bro. Walton must try his luck elsewhere. Those who voted against him don't want sinners in heaven with them who have not been with them through the church. It won't do to have any admitted into their heaven who were so wicked that they did not repent till the body had perished; nor will it do to have such sinners annihilated, for thereby God would be robbed of some of his glory, and the saints too would be deprived of one of their chief pleasures, which, the Rev. Dr. Edwards says consists in looking down out of heaven and beholding the torments of the lost! No, no; Mr. C. and his brethren must go the whole figure—nothing short of the eternal torments of the sinner will suit them! If Bro. Walton is really called of God to preach, our advice to him would be to tarry in Jerusalem till his beard is grown—that is, till he is a full grown man in the Truth,—get rid of the Calvinistic creed entirely, and then go into the high-ways and hedges, and preach to the starving poor—those whom the more pompous divines pass by on the other side—those whose souls hunger for gospel food yet know not where to find it. We think he would thus do more for God and humanity than he would by prophesying over the dry bones of any of the Orthodox churches. Spiritually they are as dry as Egyptian mummies, and are wrapped about with spiritual ignorance, superstition and error as effectually as ever an Egyptian mummy was by bandages. There is more hope of publicans and sinners than of them.

REVOLUTIONARY HALL.

A Revolution Needed.

The rights of man are beginning to attract public attention in the civilized world, and since the acquittal of Miss Harris for the murder of Burroughs, American men begin to feel as if their lives were not safe in the present condition of society. The cost of supporting women in the present extravagant and fast age has alarmed many bachelors, and a movement has recently been made in France to discover some remedy for this great evil. The beginning of this attempted revolution or reformation, took place in Marseilles, where not less than six thousand young men assembled and entered into a solemn agreement not to ask any young woman in marriage until a change is wrought out in favor of more economy in dress. These very sensible young men insist on more

simplicity and less show and extravagance. They have begun a good work, and the editor of the Boston Transcript says he shall watch its progress with a good deal of interest.

Louis Napoleon has instructed his subjects to make all the money they can, but his wife is constantly teaching them how to spend it, and her teachings are far from being profitable to the French nation, or to the rest of mankind. Eugenia is a power in the fashionable world, and we are thinking her influence is not productive of very great good. What resistance these six thousand French bachelors can make to the fashionable tide which the Empress is forever rolling up, remains to be seen. We believe the time has come when a reformation in this matter is needed, and we care not whether the work begins in France or elsewhere. It is much to be regretted that a woman of Eugenia's influence should not use it more for the benefit of the people, but we do not look for a change in her at present, if ever.

The Transcript says: The irruption of the six thousand bachelors into Paris, shouting O, it is sweet for our pockets to die, will rouse all the "dangerous classes in that insurrectionary city." We should like to see the empress tremble among her thousand milliners. But we fear we shall be obliged to wait some time for such a demonstration. More economy in the fashionable world is not all that is needed. We have a proper respect for women, but the question naturally arises in sober thinking minds, whether she does not take advantage of the deference paid to her sex and demand too much of poor human nature. True, she has rights which a man is bound to respect, but has not man rights which she is equally bound to respect? In the hurry and excitement of the fashionable world, she may think that man was only born to fall down and worship her, but a little reflection on her part will convince her that the rougher sex has many other duties to perform besides worshipping at the shrine of Beauty and Fashion.

Women ought to remember that men have hearts that can be broken as well as they. Let it be remembered that all the sensibility in the world does not concentrate in the hearts of females. And it is time that the women should be taught that they are capable of committing crimes as well as the other sex. The world has come to a strange pass. Men have been deprived of some rights which surely belong to them. The Transcript, alluding to the principle recently settled by a Washington jury, well says:

"If a man jilts a woman, she has the natural right to grow crazy and blow out his brains; while, if a woman jilts a man, he has no other resource than to become moody and blow out his own. There is to be a vigorous effort made to equalize the privileges of the sexes in this important matter."

We copy the above from the Portland Press, and are sorry to say as people often do of the Chariot, that it contains too much truth. It is not a pity that the truth is told, but it is a great pity that such an article is true—that there is cause for saying it.

The time was when women were helps-meet or fit for men. I can remember when a young woman could spin and weave not only her own garments but cloth to clothe her father and brothers, manufacture bedclothes, table linen, &c. When she was married she had bedding and furniture to furnish a house, and could do house work, milk cows, make butter and

cheese, and expected to do her proper share towards a living; but that time appears to have passed by with the majority of girls. By the time they are fifteen years of age they appear to think their whole business is to dress—to catch a husband with her finery, as spiders catch flies with their webs. They can neither card, spin nor weave, and a large part of them are not capable of making their own clothes after the materials are furnished, but must employ dress-makers and milliners to do all. They want milk but cannot milk a cow; want butter and cheese, but cannot make either, and instead of learning to do housework they leave their mothers in the kitchen while they dress, make and receive calls, play the piano, spin street yarn, simper and flirt. If required to assist in the kitchen, they go about it as reluctantly as they would to the gallows, take no interest in it, do not try to learn and make themselves useful, or fit themselves to take charge of a house.

They expect when they marry, for the husband to furnish the dwelling and make them dolls and playthings. They have no idea of earning their bread but marry for a home and support. Is it any wonder that divorces are becoming more frequent? Is it surprising that some men think more of the kitchen maids who administer to their home comfort more than their wives do? Is it surprising that so many young men live unmarried, and that their number is increasing?

Yes, a revolution is needed in the fashions, habits and customs of females, whether they are to marry or become Shakers, for most of them are good for nothing now except to be used as walking sign posts for dry goods dealers and milliners. But are women alone in fault—is there not another sex not yet extinct? and are they perfect? We must hunt up the other side next month.

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Albion, Me., July 16, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—The little girls get nice letters from you, and I asked mother to let me write to you. I like you because you love little girls and do not laugh at us because we cannot write good, and don't think it is naughty for us to run out doors and play like the boys. I have no sisters so I play with my three brothers. We find a good many nests of little birds, but we don't take them out of the nests, for mother says they may hop out and die.

My brothers are naughty to the squirrels and throw rocks at them and try to kill them because they eat the corn, but I coax them not to and tell them that God made the corn grow for them as well as for us. Don't you think it is wicked to throw rocks at them and try to kill them? I think God was very good to make so many pretty, pretty little creatures to sing and play. We have nice times going to school in the summer, but we cannot walk in the winter it is so far. I am seven years old, and cannot write very well, but am trying to learn and can sew and knit. I try to be a good girl,

but sometimes I get naughty and then I am sorry.

Why don't Mellie and Hattie write again? My hand aches so I can't write any more. Good bye.

From

ADA M. CROSBY.

REPLY.—Thank you, Ada, for your good little letter. It is written very well for one so young, and I shall expect to have more from you. Do you know how far your letter will go in the Chariot? I guess not, so I will tell you. It will go to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to Canada and California, and a few copies will go to England and Scotland. It will be read by more boys and girls than you ever saw in all your little seven years of life. So you see you can sit down there with your mother all alone, and talk with your pen to thousands of children that you never see here on earth.

Yes, I love little children, love to talk with them, play with them, and if I had money enough to buy what I need I would like to write all the time to children, and try to make them good and happy; but I can not spend so much time writing to them as I wish to. No, no, I will not laugh at children if they cannot write good, but will try to encourage them to learn, and that is why I publish their letters. They had better be writing in their leisure moments than be idle. Writing gives them something to think about, and will do them good. I love to see little girls run out of doors after they have been good and done the work their mothers want them to do. When they are growing they need exercise, and girls need it just as much as boys, to make them healthy and strong, and every little girl ought to have a strong dress that she can exercise in just as well as boys can, and play just the same. All young animals play and frolic, and that develops their limbs and every part of them and makes them healthy and strong. The young colts, and calves, and lambs, the birds and butterflies and every thing else love to play, and it is right for children to play, and they should always be good natured and pleasant and kind and loving, and never quarrel with their playmates. The other day I saw two little girls playing in the street, when the larger one got angry and struck the smaller one in the face. The little one ran into the house weeping, and the other walked home to the next house with her head hanging down looking very sorry and shamed. Then the mother of the little one ran out angry and shook her fist at the larger girl, and scolded away, but I was too deaf to hear what she said. Then the mother of the larger girl came out and shook her fist at the other woman, and they appeared to have a very angry, jawing time. This is too bad to tell of but it is true, and such sights may be seen in some parts of this City every day. No wonder children quarrel when their mothers shake their fists at each other in anger. Children are much better than most grown people, and that is why I love them.

I am glad you do not take the young birds from their nests; that would be very cruel. We ought to love the birds and all the beautiful creatures we see, for they are all made for wise purposes—they all have their place and we nev-

er should injure them when we can help it.—How silent and lonesome the summer would be if there were no birds, no squirrels nor insects to cheer us with their sports and their sweet songs. Yes, I think it is cruel to throw stones at squirrels and to kill them. They want to live as much as we do; they enjoy life as well, and it is a pity to make them unhappy. True, they eat a little corn, they sometimes carry it off and store it away for winter, but we ought to be willing for them to have a little when we have so much. I have known men and boys to shoot robins and other birds because they ate a few cherries, but if the robins had not killed the worms on the cherry trees there would not have been any cherries at all. If some bird would kill all the worms that injure plums, some farmers would be willing to give the bird half the crop. If some bird would destroy all the borers that injure fruit trees, some farmers would be willing to give the bird many bushels of apples every year.

When I was a boy there was a little speckled wood-pecker, sometimes called sap-sucker, that used to peck little holes in the bark of apple trees, to get the eggs that insects laid in the bark. Men and boys thought this little bird was an enemy injuring the trees, so they shot one of their best friends, and now their orchards are all dying for want of these same birds to kill the insects that destroy trees. There were once a great many partridges in the woods in this State. They did not do harm, but a great deal of good. They scratched round the roots of forest trees and ate the grubs and worms that were injuring the trees. People killed these birds to eat, and now worms are killing the forest trees. We are very ignorant about most of the birds and other beautiful things that we see every day, and often destroy our best friends. Farmers kill crows because they eat a little corn when other food fails, but the crows live almost wholly on insects that destroy forest trees.

Then you can sew and knit! That is doing pretty well for a girl of seven years, and if you and I live seven years longer I shall expect to hear that you can make nice bread and cook all kinds of food, and if you work out of doors you ought to have a bed of strawberries in the garden, a row of raspberry bushes, a row of thimble bushes, and blackberries, &c. They are healthy and good to eat, and very profitable to sell where there is a market.

Then you are naughty sometimes. I am sorry to hear that, though I suppose all children are sometimes naughty. I have seen very pretty little girls get naughty and angry, and pout their lips out and look cross and sometimes speak cross; but they ought to learn better, for it always makes them unhappy. Now when anything in you wants to be naughty again you must make the naughty behave—not let it speak a word, but keep all still till you feel calm and pleasant. That is the way to kill the naughty in you, and you will try it, won't you?

There, Ada, we have had a nice good time, haven't we? and now I must bid you good bye, hoping you will always try to be a good girl and write again. I shall keep your letter and then I can see how much you improve in writing. Good bye.

J. H.

Rensselaerville, N. Y., July 5, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—As Lizzie Granger wishes to hear from me, I thought I would tell you that I am well and happy. I spent a pleasant 4th with my sister. We had a pleasant time and lots of fun. My sister has been very sick indeed, the past month, but has nearly recovered, so that we spent the 4th at R. Ville. We heard a loyal speech and listened to fine instrumental music, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We have lots of strawberries large and nice as I ever saw grow wild. I go to school almost every day. My long walk gives me pain in my side, and I can't say I like to go very well. I wish I lived as near school as Lizzie; then I would love to go.

Please write my name Mattie instead of Hattie. My parents are well and send their love to you. When you get down to the land of sand and sunshine, don't forget Mattie. May good angels guide you safely there; so good bye.

MATTIE WINANS.

So here is Mattie the little nine years old; her name was misprinted Hattie in her other letters. And now, Mattie, I want to ask you if you are not glad that you have a Chariot with a mail bag in it to carry your letter. You can sit down in your own home and talk with your pen to other girls hundreds or thousands of miles distant. You will see Ada's letter in this Chariot, and Ada will read yours and you live nearly or quite four hundred miles apart.

So you have lots of fun. I wish some of the little girls in this city were in the country where they could have good times too. They are not half so happy here as they would be in the country. They don't have room to play much, and are kept in the house and school room so much that many of them look pale, and when they get out into the country or the Islands for a day, on a pic-nic, they are almost wild with pleasure. The trees, the grass, the flowers, every thing even thistles and mullens are curiosities to them. They used to have more play here than they do now. They used to jump the rope on their way to and from school, but their silly mothers put such big hoops on them they can't jump the rope now, and if they undertake to drive the hoop they are liable to get their toes tangled in their other hoops and fall while running. One by one they have to give up their healthy plays on account of some foolish fashion.

The land of sand and sunshine, is it? I guess if you were there now, this 7th day of August, you would say the land of grapes, peaches, melons and sweet potatoes. I received a letter today from your neighbor Isaac H., who arrived at Hammonton on the 2d and wrote this letter on the 3d. He says, my Elm seed that grew on the beautiful Elms of Portland, and which I sent to him in June to sow, is up and growing finely. He says they had a noble watermelon for dinner, and rosy ripe peaches were in reach of the window where he was writing, and Mrs. F. has just come in with a fine lot of them. He says the early grapes are ripening too, and the pears look finely, and they had sweet potatoes for breakfast, and the blackberry crop is a fine one. He says an excursion train of 24 cars passed by loaded and lots of people on top of the cars. Yes, there is plenty of sand and sunshine in Jersey, and that is just what makes such nice fruit grow there. If you want me to remember you you must write, and help keep the Children's Room open in the Chariot. Who will give me a letter for next month?

One thing more, Mattie. My friend S. of Hammonton, writes that one woman there, whose husband was in the army, cleared over one thousand dollars on three and a half acres of strawberries! How much better can your N. York farmers do on their hundred acre farms, after deducting the expense of fencing, the wear and tear of great barns, teams, harnesses, carts, &c., &c., and pay for sweating through the hot season to store up food for cattle, and slaving through the cold winter to take care of them, slipping about on the ice or wading thro' deep snows? None of this in the land of sand

and sunshine. And then the lots are so small it brings the schools near together; they don't have to walk two miles to school, nor keep lugging in wood to keep from freezing, to say nothing of cutting and hauling so much wood.—Blessed be the land of sand and sunshine, where women can clear a thousand on three and a half acres!

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

Extracts from Private Letters.

MY DEAR BROTHER HACKER:—

The amount of faith, and hope and strength you have given me in these months past, can never be measured nor valued. I do not attempt to pay the debt I owe you, for I know your counsel was a free gift from you, but when I feel like sending my mite, take it, not as a gift but as *belonging* to you. I feel as if I shall not have so many *artificial* wants in the year to come, as I have had in the past.

I would like to write a long letter on what was contained in your last, but it is enough to tell you that every word is *appreciated*, and that money could not buy the letters of wisdom and love received from you. It is such a joy to know that there is *one* man on this earth, who has a just appreciation of woman as she is, and of his own relations to her. Protectors and guides men *should* be to us ever, but what protection do they generally give us? Such protection as *wolves* give to *lambs*! If we trust them they set about to devour us. I well know that my sex are not what we might and *should* be; yet I feel that we are not alone accountable for our *degraded* condition; and I never see the most *abandoned* woman without thinking that her life is a volume of wrongs and outrages—that she might have been shielded from temptation or reformed from sin. The iron heel of selfishness and the cruelty of passion crushed her down, *down* beyond the hope of salvation. Oh, how oft have I wished I had a voice to defend, and a hand strong enough to save my poor suffering sisters. Yet I know the suffering is not all *theirs*. I know that in honorable wedlock there are those who are suffering untold miseries both physically and mentally—miseries which only the death of the body can alleviate, and I see no hope of reformation, for women are as willfully blind to cause and effect as men; and I sometimes feel as if we were all going to destruction together; but as a very few men in olden times could save a city, I hope there may be enough even now in the world to save it.

When you spoke of leaving the State, I felt as though you were sadly thinking your labors here were not appreciated. My Brother, I believe you do not know how much good you do. There are hundreds of souls which are overflowing with gratitude to you, who have not the confidence to tell you. I am sorry you are going to leave us. If the people are good there they do not need you so much as we do, though I admit that you have done enough for us if we would but try to do for ourselves, and should be privileged to spend the remainder of your earthly life where you can be happiest.

I hope you will not think I write again so soon expecting you to devote your time to reply. I neither ask nor expect it. I write because I feel that it is a pleasure to myself, and I know you are too forbearing to be impatient with me.

What horrible scenes have lately been enacted at Washington! I have just moved to a distant part of the house to get out of the sound of the reading of the account of the execution of those poor wretches. Deluded they might have been. O Brother Hacker, when will all these horrors pass by and the waters of oblivion cover them from our sight! The thought of them almost unnerves me. I can not feel that it can ever be right to take the life we cannot give, and my soul grows sick at the thought of the

dreadful carnage of the last four years. God grant it may never be repeated.

YOUR SISTER AND FRIEND.

July 7, 1865.

REMARKS.—If my reply to your queries have been of any service to you I am really glad of it; but it sometimes seems strange to me that those whose souls are panting for truth, light and life, come right out of a religious convention that has been attended by half a score of divines who pretended to preach the gospel, and then in agony of soul write for instruction, as you did, to a comparative stranger, and one who has, during two thirds of his life, been too deaf to hear a sermon, or even the private conversation of the saints. Why is it so? If those men who fare sumtuously on what they receive for preaching, are in reality the preachers of the gospel, why do so many write to me for instruction? More than half my time for more than a year and a half, has been spent in replying to the queries of anxious, truth-seeking souls who are surrounded by professed ministers of the gospel? If we would all free ourselves from artificial wants there would be enough in the world to house, clothe and feed the aged, and infirm poor, and the widows and orphans who suffer. But people have so many artificial wants to gratify that they often stifle the requirements of duty and many are hungry, and none are more guilty of this crying sin than the strictest church goers. They must spend large sums in ornamenting and furnishing their dwellings and churches if the needy starve—they must be dressed in rich attire and ornamented with costly trinkets when they assemble for worship if the widow and orphan, the aged and infirm are thereby buried alive from the world in the miserable pauper house, and left to pine as outcasts from society. Surely this is not the religion of Jesus, and if you are beginning to see the error it is cause of gratitude and joy. You have a voice to defend, and a hand strong enough to save many of your sisters. You have the ability to write words of warning, and the language of encouragement—ability to teach mothers and prepare them to teach their daughters and guide them in wisdom's ways, which are ways of safety, pleasantness and peace; and also ability to do much to raise the fallen.

I see very little encouragement to labor longer in this cold and spiritually barren region. I have been trying during the longer part of my life to do good, to point out errors and other causes of misery that people may avoid them and be happy; and those who, according to their profession should have been the first to aid me, have generally been among the first to sneer or oppose. I have often traveled wearily through the streets of this city scattering truths which I knew would save the world from all sin and suffering if they would but receive and practice them, and in return have been sneered at by professed ministers of the gospel, lied about, misrepresented and traduced by their dupes, hooted at by their children, and barked at by their dogs. Mine was the first and only paper in the State that advocated the freedom of public lands to actual settlers, that all might secure homes. That object is now accomplished. Mine was the first and only paper that advocated a Reform School for Juvenile offenders, where they might be saved from sin and made useful citizens, instead of being locked up in County jails and degraded and made worse by contact with older and more degraded, hardened offenders. We now have a noble Farm and a palace-like building where two hundred or more of such neglected boys are receiving instruction, and poor as I am, and all the time working for others with barely enough to keep body and soul together, whenever I have entered that school to see the boys and their management I have had to pay the visitor's fee! I have saved this city hundreds of dollars by procuring homes for poor children that would otherwise have been supported at public expense. Some fifteen years ago I secured a home in an excellent family for an infant that was

about to be cast upon the city. That child is a cripple—has never in her life walked a single step. The woman who has her has treated her as tenderly as if she had been her own child. She wrote to me in her last letter that it would break her heart to part with the dear girl, but as she was a cripple she thought the city ought to give her a few hundred dollars, as they expected the child would be the heir to their little farm. It would be right for the city to do so, and no more than justice, but they would not. They can spend three thousand dollars for the encouragement of confusion and intemperance on the Fourth of July; can feast some popular strolling General of the army and his family and staff, at an expense of hundreds of dollars, but the poor orphan child who has been tenderly cared for may retreat to the pauper-house and mingle with thieves and prostitutes if the kind family who have supported her fifteen years are not able still to provide for her. Another that I took from the pauper-house has had a good home in an excellent family some ten years. Near a dozen years ago I saw the late war approaching, warned the people, told them how to avoid it and peaceably remove the cause. Had they given heed to it slavery might have been abolished without the loss of a life and the country left united, prosperous and happy. I know this to be true for it was shown me in the light that has never deceived me. But I was sneered at for the warning, and what is the result? More than a million of the youth and vigor of the nation has been swept away, thousands of whom lie unburied—hundreds of thousands of millions of treasures have been wasted, half the slaves will be destroyed by liberating them in such a manner, a large portion of the country has been pauperized, and crimes of all kinds in all parts of the nation stalk abroad in bold revelry at noon day. I mention none of these things boastfully, but simply in reply to oft repeated questions why I leave Maine. I have no home nor property here, no income, the paper does not afford any direct support. Many who have been to me as brothers and sisters and took the paper for years and approved its course have forsaken it and denounced me, not that I have changed, for I advocate the same peace principles I ever did, but because they have been blinded and deluded by the war spirit. If I remain here till I am too old to earn a living, I have no prospect of any home but the pauper-house, where children born there swear like pirates before they are seven years of age—learn it of drunkards, thieves and prostitutes with whom they associate. If I go to Ham-monton, N. J., I have the offer of land to cultivate, and if I can manage to raise enough to build a cabin, I can work that light soil, raise fruit, and crawl about and pick it where I cannot do harder labor, and the good spirits that often make me sensible of their presence, say "Go."

Yes, horrible scenes truly. The hanging of people by the neck till they are dead originated in selfishness and cowardice, and so long as a nation remain selfish cowards, they will continue the practice. When they get rid of their own sins it will not be so. Such carnage will always be repeated from time to time so long as people trust to political government—it is as natural for statute laws to breed wars as it is for serpents to breed serpents. It cannot be otherwise, and the only remedy is for those who can obey the law of God in their own souls to do so, having nothing to do with political governments except to expose their evils, and labor to draw others from such governments to the law of God or Good—the golden rule, which is written in every mind but buried by rubbish in nearly all.

POOR DEBTOR'S LAW.—In the Portland Press of July 26th, a correspondent, writing from Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Of the 319 buildings erected around the Navy Yard since the commencement of the war, about 300 have been put up in this city (Portsmouth, N. H.) though Kittery could furnish better lots and more agreeable situations. It is said the build-

ers are deterred by the obnoxious Poor Debtor's Law of your State. Some of these being very unfortunate in business became involved in debt. If they build in your side (Maine) their property would be exempt, but they could be imprisoned for debt. Wouldn't it be well for a State which has so much public land to abolish imprisonment for debt which is but a relic of barbarous times? I believe none of the North-western States are so afflicted."

To the above the Press replies in substance, that if a debtor in Maine has no property except what the law exempts from attachment, he can make a disclosure of his pecuniary affairs and be at once liberated from prison.

Will the Press tell its readers just how the law reads on this subject? How much it costs for a poor debtor to disclose so as to receive the benefit of the Poor Debtor's Law, and why persons who have disclosed, have not been liberated from the Jail in Portland? By so doing it might confer an essential service on some who are not able to pay their debts. I have been informed that a man may be imprisoned for a debt of ten dollars, and if he has not twenty dollars to pay the expense of a disclosure, there he may remain till he dies, if the creditor is so disposed. I have been repeatedly informed that a man who was not worth a dollar, and whose body was covered with rags, was imprisoned for debt and there remained more than three fourths of a year, simply because he had not money to pay the expense of disclosing, this, too, within the last year. I have also been informed that one man after disclosing according to law was not discharged, but held many months in prison. Are these things so, and if so, will the Press inform us why they are so? And also tell us how a man who has no money to fee lawyers can get a discharge from prison. I have been informed that if a man is imprisoned for a debt of one or two hundred dollars, the lawyers and creditors can put their heads together, and it is impossible for the debtor to disclose and get a discharge without paying two or three hundred dollars for expenses. The Poor Debtor's Law appears to be used for the benefit of the sheriffs and lawyers more than for the poor debtor. Can the Press explain these things?

CONSISTENT.—The Editor of the Portland Press, though generally one of the most inconsistent editors we ever knew, sometimes does things very consistently. For instance, he puffs and praises a popular priest, a popular juggler, and a new-fashioned tobacco pipe, all in the same column. That is right; we like to see things of the same value ranked together.

NOTICE.—In the last No. of the Chariot I requested all letters and exchanges to be directed to Ham-monton, N. Jersey, after the 20th of August. As sickness in the family has prevented me from going to Jersey as soon as I expected, I wish all letters directed to Portland, Me., until further notice. If any have been sent to Ham-monton, they will be forwarded to me here.

Odd Volumes of the Pleasure Boat unbound, are going off fast at the low price of 35 cents free of postage. Many are buying one or more for keepsakes, to remember the Editor by when he has passed from mortal sight, and some are buying them for their children and grandchildren, saying they rather leave them a Vol. of the Boat or Chariot than a hundred times their cost in money. Several have ordered a whole set complete at 75 cents a Vol., unbound. If others want one or more volumes, I wish them to send immediately, as they must be disposed of before I leave Maine. I have no place to put them, and besides I want the little sums they will fetch to help build a camp in Jersey. Send quick.

Persons wishing further information in relation to the Millennial Community Movement of D. H. Ham-milton, can address him at Ham-monton, N. Jersey. I know nothing about it except from his Report as published in the last No. of the Chariot, am not in any way connected with it, and therefore am not prepared to answer questions concerning it. Please apply to him for information.