

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER CONDUCTOR.

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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.

Another Plea for the Government.

BROTHER HACKER:—Though one would not suppose you admit that relationship, by the couch you assigned me on the first ride I had in your new Chariot,—stretched upon an inverted harrow with a flaxcomb for a pillow.—In the first place I will call your attention to your manner of reply to the letter you so severely criticised.

Not on my own account but yours, and those whom you might reach, in a less mistaken cause, with more apparent candor and less apparent egotism and irony.

I do not charge you with either, only *apparent*. I care not for severity, but you should not lower yourself to make me say or do, what in fact I did not say or do. I disclaim all dictation, but do not like to see you mar your own work even, against my *nameless* communication without date, in which I confined myself to *our* government, and did not advocate war, or the death penalty, but spoke of those abuses as the result of a low condition. Neither did I call it a "blessed" government, or represent myself down on my knees thanking it for a few crumbs of "my own stolen food" dropped into my poringer.

Having never worked for the government I have no recollection of ever having received any direct favors or government droppings stolen or otherwise obtained, but labor somewhat industriously at a hard mechanical business that furnishes me with my own bread and butter, and a little to spare.

Again I will say, I also will show my opinion. A little careful reading in the book called Job, will set you "right about face" and show you that in the commencement of your reply—the very first foundation stone was laid in error, consequently all that rests upon it must topple and fall.

Your "poor benighted and blind brother" cannot see that Elihu was over zealous in showing his opinion, or that he was wrong in any point, or had to be accepted through the intercession of "poor simple old Job," but quite the contrary, it was the three friends of Job—Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar that presumed so much upon this exalted stand-point, and from this assumed height lectured poor old Job so much like a modern scribe, they were condemned.

And "poor simple old Job" for his cursing and ravings against a very much worse government than ours, (where there were two crowned heads in opposition,) was also condemned.

Are you prepared my brother to have the tables thus turned upon you? If you are, you are partially prepared to reach down and catch some more crumbs that I am about to toss up to you.

I am quite willing to be represented by Elihu's stand-point, as compared with Job's who was by himself, and as kings say, by *divine* right, a government, with more sheep and oxen and slaves than any white man's government of modern date. Now if you will receive it, I will try and disabuse your mind of some apparent errors.

This government in the beginning, found itself without much public land, having been mostly sold, or granted to individuals in large territories by its parent, the English government, which had by its illiberality sent over the New England bigots, who hung the Quakers, and by its penal code sent over the F. F. V's, and poor white trash of Virginia that hung school teachers, while South Carolina was peopled with the deceitful restless Jacobin spirit, that would hang all the rest. Such were the incongruities in its starting, with the incubus of slavery fostered upon its very vitals, in spite of itself and its protest.

The most of its now public lands were bought of foreign governments, and is being given away to settlers, men as well as women. But large territories have been wrested from the weak by a slavery and proslavery party, for the extension of slavery, for which the government has paid a fearful penalty.

This proslavery party that threw its whole influence in favor of a war for the extension of slavery now constitutes the great peace party of the North, in the first war for a moral principle that ever existed.

Now, since the government has outgrown the abuses entailed or transmitted by its parent, it has made great progress in good things, as it has also lugged along much that is low or evil; it certainly gives evidence of the progression of the people, let it progress legitimately. Have you not seen a permatore public opinion created, partly by prayers and partly by war, at one end of the government, while the people at the other end were so mad with that opinion, they made war upon it, but were foiled in battle, and beaten in the field. It is the law of the universe, for the higher to prevail, it cannot be otherwise unless God has a superior.

The God within keeps us moving, our organizations and other influences giving direction to our movements, but move we must, so don't fret or be disturbed that others, or the government do not move as fast as you desire.

I have heard a lecturer say as many hard things of the bible as you say of the government, but he exhorted his hearers to give good heed to parts that would promote harmony and good order in society, even so do I look upon the government. I cannot conceive why you should deal so severely with me, for adopting the advice of this excellent lecturer, to discriminate, to accept what tends to order and harmony, and to reject what is evil though it be a necessary evil. I look upon feeding the hungry and cloathing the naked as evidence of a good moral culture, and taking the life of a brother as a low condition. I accept the one and reject the other, whether I find such senti-

ments inculcated by the Chariot or Government.

You say you do not wish the government abolished but left in the hands of N. York roughs and imported paddies, or as laconically expressed by yourself, "let human beasts manage it."

Now let us suppose the government is in the hands of a few scoundrels and out of the reach of the masses; how quick would an oligarchy of scoundrels be formed, and the people taxed to hang martyrs for liberty until a Wm. Tell insurrection drove the tyrants hence?

Again, suppose this vast territory now comprising these united or *disunited* States, was without any organized government, no nation, no states, no counties, no towns, no school-districts even, or family organizations either, for this last is the first government formed, one vast territory of outlaws, that would compel every man to note his location by latitude and longitude from *nowhere*. No mail facilities nor use for any, no one knowing his location could have no letters directed to him.

He holds his title to his home only through sufferance of a stronger party of "human beasts." But public lands are as free as air or water, glory to God.

But a few harder ruffians or human beasts, come along and possess themselves of a whole territory without opposition, all free, and by an exhibition of bowie-knives and revolvers, keep off honest intruders, or compel them to work as gentlemen's servants otherwise slaves. To organize for mutual protection would be to form a government, consequently wicked unless done by human beasts they are the party to manage governments, all honest inquirers after truth must stand aloof except they would probably be permitted to participate a little by way of taxes.

Public schools would not be called for, the ruling class could educate their children privately, and it would be sheer wickedness to educate *servants*.

The whole thing looks so perfectly ridiculous, that the wonder is, that any sane man can be found its advocate. Wisdom that calls such a condition, preferable to the present, is beyond the ken of my vision, and can well afford to talk of Egyptian darkness and Elihu's low condition and is "decidedly rich."

It is the abuses of the government that should be cried down, and not the government itself. These abuses come through perverted human organisms, and these organisms through other and prior abuses, which ye do well to speak against—to expose—yea, cry aloud and spare not, publish upon the house top what is done in secret, until for very shame, man shall rise to the level of brutes. Here let the blows come thicker and heavier until a new race of men and women too, shall rise up and make the government what it should be.

What can we expect of an organism or government either, that is made and managed by men who will be mad for a week at a time, for a little disappointment in anticipation? He that hath ears to hear, let him understand and profit by his wisdom.

REPLY.—The foregoing article commences with a false accusation. The writer says that

I assigned to him an inverted harrow for a couch with a flaxcomb for a pillow. The facts are directly opposite. We had him fifteen years in the Pleasure Boat, when that paper was as much in favor of Peace and opposed to War as the Chariot is now. In all that time there was no grumbling, though we treated the Government as severely as we do now.—When the war commenced and nearly the whole nation became insane and the Boat stopped for want of support, then this brother forsook the Peace principles and together with the professed Reformers, Non-Resistants and the Quakers, who had “forgotten the rock from which their fathers were hewn, and the whole of the pit whence they were dug,” and the spiritual tool with which the work was done, jumped into the political ditch and there he floundered about in the mire and blood several years. When we came along with the Chariot we picked him up and for a year or so he rode very quietly, and all was going on well, until we run against the old political harrow that had recently destroyed some hundreds of thousands of lives, and turned it bottom up, when his old morbid affections for it returned and he got out of the Chariot, hitched the old harrow to it, and made his bed on it himself, and now is charging us with assigning him that couch!

Is not that “lowering yourself to make me do what I did not do?” You confined yourself to the Government, but did not advocate war nor the death penalty, you say. How consistent, how wise that remark when everybody knows, or ought to know that the government gained its existence by war, has preserved it by war, has just been through a long bloody war to save its life, and dies the moment it destroys its implements of war for its simplest laws can not be enforced without war, if people resist them.

The very foundation and existence of the government depends on war. War and the death penalty are the results of the government, and life of it; the government itself being the first result of low conditions, and then resorts to war and the death penalty to save itself, and dies the moment they are put aside.

There was no need of your calling it a “blessed government” in just those words, for the stand you take in its defense proves that you consider it so.

If what you said about dealing out grudgingly the little support the poor get in the pauper house, good and bad crowded together, does not amount to going down on your knees to thank the government for a few crumbs from your own stolen loaf, what does it amount to? Had Government always allowed people their right to land, there would have been but few needing aid, and the people generally would be able and willing to support schools, without law to force them.

What I have said about the Government was not founded on Job nor Elihu, they were only mentioned incidentally and needlessly, and what was said of them cannot change the subject under discussion.

It is no matter how the government gained its title to the public lands, so long as it all belonged to the people after it was acquired. If it came as a gift it belonged to the people, and if they paid for it, it was still more unjust to withhold it from their use, thereby causing want, degradation and crime.

Your talk about the war for a moral principle

is all nonsense. There has been no war for a moral principle.

It is the law of war that the party most numerous, the best equipped, the best fed and clothed, &c., shall prevail whether right or wrong. War is like the ballot, the majority rules, all else being equal, without any regard to right. Nothing has been gained in the late war. It is said that the slaves are liberated, that slavery is dead; when the fact is the slaves are in a worse condition than ever before, and slavery itself has only changed its form. The freedmen as they are falsely called are still slaves, in a new form of slavery and must remain so until the whites among whom they live, adopt the principle of doing unto others as they would have others do unto them.

There are a few Devils within as well as a God, that keep people moving, and we need not conclude that because we move, we are necessarily moved by God or good, for many are moved more by evil than by good.

If the lecturer you spoke of retained parts of the bible, and exhorted people to practice them, it was such parts as required no swords nor guns; whereas any and every law of the government you are defending does require the sword to enforce it, so your comparison will not hold. If the excellent lecturer you speak of is what you represent him to be, he did not exhort to any act that requires force of arms, while all the laws under your government do require force and are good for nothing without it.

You are too old a man, and have had too many opportunities for gaining knowledge, to draw such a picture as you have of the state that society would be in, if the law was left even in the hands of N. York Roughs and imported Paddies. Thanks to the past, the principles I advocate have proved to be mightier than carnal governments, having long since triumphed over fines, imprisonment and the gallows. Read the history of the early Quakers, and you will find this same principle I am advocating was carried out by them in great triumph over the same kind of Government you are defending. At the time the early Quakers arose the government in England was in the hands of ‘human brutes’ who had power to enact just such laws as they pleased, for the destruction of the Quakers. To prevent them from meeting together and spreading their doctrine of peace on earth and good will to men, a law was enacted providing that if three Quakers met any where, it should be sufficient proof that they were *plotting against government*, and the house and land of the man where they met should be confiscated for the benefit of the government, and he and his family should be turned into the street.

This law was not enacted because they had the least fears that Quakers meant to plot against government, but simply to crush them, and it shows what a “Rough” spirit and laws the Quakers were to triumph over without carnal weapons or anything but Truth to protect them. After this law was enacted a Quaker was sick and a brother Quaker called to see him, and while there a second neighbor came in to see the sick man, and for this offence the law was executed and the sick man’s property confiscated. Could the “N. York Roughs and Imported Paddies” do worse than this if our government was given up to them, and all who professed to be Christians and Spiritualists were filled with the divine love, bearing testimonies in a power that is mighty to the pulling down of strong holds? The laws against Quakers in England were such that priests entered their meetings and smote the

Quaker preacher over the head with their canes and ordered the *legal Government mobs*, the “Roughs” and rowdies to drag them to prison, and they were often dragged thither by the hair of their heads. When one was beaten and dragged out, another would arise to preach and be treated the same, and then another and another, and sometimes young women of 18 or 20 years of age who had no connection with the Quakers, but went to the meeting out of curiosity, would be so wrought upon by the Truth, that they would arise and preach and be dragged away by the hair while others still would take their places.

In some cases men and women of all ages from 18 to 70 years or upward would be crowded into the same room in prison, in cold winter weather, and there kept for several weeks without chair, table, bed, stool or fire until they stood in their own excrements and sat or laid there if they sat or laid down at all. Could “N. York Roughs and Paddies” do worse than this if the low Government, the machinery of “human beasts” was left in their hands, who alone need it to chastise each other with? And yet the Quakers lived down all this, and triumphed over law and government, and without any other aid than the Golden Rule Government I am advocating, gained a name that no other people have ever gained since the days of Christ.

And how was it when Quakers came to this country, settled by “New England Bigots, F. F. Vs, poor white trash and French Jacobins,” the ‘Roughs and Imported Paddies’ and French who had the government in their own hands? Why, the same course was taken to crush the peaceful Quakers here. The priests had power to have any law they asked for enacted against them. Three Quaker women for preaching peace and good will were sentenced to be tied to the tail of a cart and dragged through eleven towns in cold winter weather, and stripped down to the waist and receive a certain number of stripes on the naked back in each town! One Quaker woman was hung in Boston, hundreds were imprisoned and severely punished in various ways, yet by steady adherence to the divine principle of truth they triumphed over “Bigots, F. F. Vs., Jacobins, Roughs and Paddies” and here too, gained a higher name than any other people.

And now to say that such people could not have schools and post-offices and all the blessings of earth, without being forced to it is a libel on the history of those worthy martyrs in the cause of Truth.

The fact is, our government derives all its power from the sword, and without it cannot live an hour, and it is little less than insanity to talk about abolishing the sword or war, and retain the government, for when one goes the other goes with it. But draw people out from under the government to be governed by the Golden Rule, and let this costly machinery now falsely called government go to destruction and we shall have all the blessings which we labor for, and the means and lives which the government squanders would be saved to do good with.

If our government were at once abolished, there would doubtless be wrong and outrage for a while, for the government has been a hot bed for breeding rogues and rascals, who for a time must commit wrongs, but as soon as the people saw that there was no more law or carnal government to look to, the moral and spiritual power that is now lying dormant in men and women would be roused to action, and we should soon see people who could “look sinners into repentance.”

I am willing to see our government go to

eternal smash to-day, and to take my part of the outrage that would follow, for the sake of the good that will come to the people by being freed from a government so destructive, and forced to look for protection to Truth and Right. Your shout of glory because the land is now free helps to prove what I have said. If it is right for it to be free now, it would have been right always, and the Government was a robber.

I am sorry this brother left the Chariot to ride on his favorite harrow, but it is not my fault. When he is weary of such a miserable conveyance we will stop and take him in.

[For the Chariot.]

Honesty.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"Just Heaven forbid,

That a man should count for gain
What villainy must earn. No; are we poor?
Be honesty our riches. The true heart is noble."

The golden rule contains the whole duty of man; comprehends all the religion necessary to salvation in this, or any other world. If practiced by every person, redemption would have come, and the millennium have dawned. All the sin and consequent misery among the human race would cease and prosperity and happiness reign triumphant. A simple remedy sure, for vice and crime; why not adopt it in every act of life? "Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you," is a most reasonable, just, and bounden duty. All forms of slavery white or black, would be immediately abolished. Justice would prevail in all conditions of society, wrong and outrage would cease; the widow's mite, and orphan's bread would be secure, and tears exist no longer. White robed peace, in all her innocence and beauty would bless the world with love and happiness.

How shall we get this reform universal, is the most interesting thought of the just man. It must be taught at all times, in all ways, by every means, to be thought of invented or known, as a speciality. Put up as a motto over pulpits, rostrums, in schools, on cross roads, in books and papers, on all articles of dress and furniture, on farm and mechanic's tools; on all implements of war, in ships, cars and carriages, on all business signs, cards and handbills, on deeds, mortgages, bonds, banks, notes, &c.

Keep it before the eyes, ears, reason, judgment and consciences of the people by all conceivable inventions to attract attention and interest from the cradle to the coffin. Let the nursery and tomb proclaim it; let births, marriages and deaths solemnize it, let prayer, poetry, oratory and eloquence proclaim and impress it upon the hearts of mankind. Have it inscribed on the coin and flags of all nations. Have it in songs, hymns and nursery tales.—Impress it on the minds of infancy as the Lord's prayer for the government of the world, in every thought and act of private and public life. It would thus become natural and practical in every bargain, thought, word or deed, in all the intercourse and relations of the world.—The inquiry in every mind would be, "Am I doing as I would be done by?" The answer would be in acts of justice, truth and honesty and the Lord's will be done on earth as in Heaven.

Matrimonial infelicity so much complained of, by Mary I. P. Cummings and others, would be changed into happiness and love, were the "golden rule" adopted as the sacred motto of all the matrimonial fraternity. Lustful natures should unite with their affinities in con-

jugal ties, and thus in harmony enjoy their propensities in peace without disturbing the world around. And so, of all other dispositions and peculiarities either moral, religious, literary, &c. "Be not unequally yoked together," and all will be well under the "golden rule." All women do not object to bearing children. Thousands, yea millions, all over the earth rejoice in it as a fruitful vine, in peopling the earth and enjoying the fruits thereof. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Walk ye therein and be happy. Seek her in lonely hours in silent meditation and prayerful desires for truthful inspirations, to guide in every act of life. Be honest in all things pertaining to the duties, desires and labors of existence. Be strong in the right, and just in the deed, neither submitting to, nor doing wrong, under any circumstances. Let the world behold the noblest works of God in honest men and women in all their social relations.

A wise selfishness comprehends its own interests, does not defend its purpose by ignoring others, and thus provoke retaliation and war. Equality before the law is ordained of justice, and admits of no repudiation in the harmonies of the world. To feel and be secure in our lives and property, we must have it the interest of each, to respect and defend the other's rights. Then society has a sure guaranty for law and order, and heaven on earth has begun. This principle should be enforced in all just ways until all abuses have been reformed and the world acts in unison and justice. Civilization and christianity can come of no other spirit. "Truth against the world" must be the watch word of all reformers. Every person should be honest and courageous enough to see the truth in all ways, whether it shows us right or wrong. And be as ready to change and reform as we have been to follow previous errors. This should be the principle of action with all sects or parties, in any department of society. "He that never changes his mind never gets rid of his errors," was said by a man of mind and learning, in the United States Senate. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," is an excellent motto, and worthy of inspiration. Truth may be among all parties, mixed with error; our duty is, in extracting it for useful purposes, as the busy bee does his honey from every opening flower and many other sources not so inviting.

REMARKS.—How different is the above from the preceding article, from the Brother who is riding on the inverted political harrow with a flaxcomb for a pillow! If that Brother and his coadjutors can keep the present destructive government in existence, millions of money must be taken from the pockets of hard working people, to support it; and every few years thousands or scores and may be, hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and hundreds or thousands of millions of money must be wasted to defend its life; for it is a positive truth that it cannot execute its simplest laws nor exist a moment after relinquishing the use of the sword.

But if people can be brought under the dominion of the Golden Rule—"Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you," which rule costs nothing, our present government with all its present expense and waste of life would be ended. All that people earn, all that is now squandered for the support of the government,

all that is now wasted for forts, arsenals, military-schools, armies, navies, custom-houses, courts, prisons and pauper-houses would be saved for useful purposes.

How clear it is that while the Brother on the harrow is laboring to maintain an expensive government, which is forever robbing, murdering and corrupting the people, and yet affords no adequate or certain protection for life or property, this other Brother is advocating a government of love, good will and justice, that never can cost a farthing nor destroy a single life, and yet furnish the most adequate protection without even as much as calling to its aid the expense of locks and bolts! "Let him that hath ears hear and understand and learn to profit by his wisdom."

But you will say that all will not obey the Golden Rule and therefore we must have a political government. Then permit such as can, adopt the Golden Rule, unite and trust in the protection it can give them do so, and allow them to draw others to them, leaving the carnal, destructive political government to the human brutes that need it.

PUBLIC HALL.

NEWARK, Feb. 8 1866.

BROTHER HACKER:—I admit with you that a great many, perhaps the majority that believe in Community, are of that class whose pockets are not well filled, and who cannot go forth in such an undertaking. But there are a few scattered here and there, whose hearts are not only large, but their pockets also are large and well-filled, and they are willing to help along such movements. If Hamilton had not found a few such he could not have moved a peg in his Millennial Fraternity. But the difficulty is to find the men and women who are ready by organization, by spiritual culture, and consecration to the great work, to commence and carry it on. Now, Brother Hacker, you say if you had the money you would buy land and a house and then invite persons to come to Zion with songs of joy. Well, we have got the land without money and without price, consecrated to this movement, we have a house and if prospered shall have another before long, and we say, Come all who are rightly disposed. Come all who are willing to reform, to amend their lives, to give up their selfish courses and live for one another, and not for self. We expect to leave for Missouri about the first of March where we are to be located in Osage Co., two miles from the County seat and only six miles from the Pacific Railroad and Missouri river, one hundred miles west from St. Louis.

The brother who gives the land for the commencement, is with us in heart and soul and as we seem to be chosen to go before and prepare the way for others, we shall start as I before remarked. We have one hundred and sixty acres to commence with, more if necessary, and two thousand acres have been chosen as one of the best localities in that State, to be taken up as soon as our number will warrant it or a few feel ready to take it up for our enterprise. The land is rich, producing wheat, corn, rye, &c., in abundance. Apple crops never fail, and the peach crop seldom, all kinds of small fruit. Sugar cane grows finely. Indeed it seems there could not be found a more favored spot. Mild winters, snow seldom falling over two inches and lasting no time; grand country for raising cattle and sheep, people raise cotton for their own use, and not far from St. Louis, which bids fair to be one of the first cities in the Union; yea, many think it will before long rival New York.

Some of your readers may say so far so good, but all these communities prove failures. Well what if some do prove failures? They are not all, and does it not prove that there is yet a genuine which has not been arrived at? Instead of crying *Impossible! Fanaticism!—Theory but not practicable!* let us go to work, and with the help of the Angel world and the accumulated experiences of the past, and the faculties given us by God, to exercise *common sense*, see where the difficulties lie, avoid the shoals and breakers upon which others have been foundered, go to work carefully, keeping out of debt, and above all cultivating in ourselves all those graces which will enable us to bear and forbear with the weaknesses of Humanity. We realize that we have such an organization. Our platform is broad enough, high enough, deep enough to embrace all. We shall not place bars nor stakes in the way nor require servility to creeds or confessions to ensure a home with the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation. We profess and enlist under the Banner, Friends of Humanity, or Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, and we intend to carry this idea out so far as accepting people, rejecting none, and if it should ever be that persons join us who are inharmonious in themselves, and cannot by force of example or love, be drawn to live in the right way, they will of matter of course leave us.

A great many things in associations of this kind will adjust themselves better than any by-laws or constitutions can do for them. It is not for us to *make laws*, but simply to *discover the law of being and live it*. Everything must in the new order of creation, be made subservient to *man* and not man subservient to gold and every other object or purpose in life. And everything that tends to educate, to improve the race, Physically, Intellectually, Relationally, Morally and Spiritually must be used.—Humanity, the lifting up and not casting down or out must be our motto. Now how can any of this be effected while we are living in these selfish, isolated conditions, a continual grab game, take advantage where ever you can and over any one you can? While such terrible inequality reigns throughout the earth, while the luxurious palace stands side by side with squalid misery. Will the churches in their present organized forms ever redeem this earth from its hells, its miseries, its sufferings, will all the benevolent institutions piled mountains high ever do it? *Never, no never*, and how shall it be done? Destroy the separate interests in the heart of man, let the brotherhood of the race be better understood, and the world at large have a living, practical demonstration that men and women in obedience to the higher law of their being, living upon the mediatorial plane as Jesus did, their language being as his was, "I came not to be administered unto but to administer," can live in harmony and in love, and not only that, but can by thus living in Communities where the interests are one, belong to all and to each, a vast amount of happiness can be insured that families in isolated conditions can never realize. Labor is reduced almost to a fraction, for many hands make light work, education is insured to each and all members, which isolated could not be obtained; the latent gifts and powers of every member have a chance to be brought out and used thus insuring happiness to themselves and all around them. Poverty, suffering, misery in a thousand shapes will be avoided and we might go on for a long time, to show the overwhelming advantage of said associations but the limits of one letter will not permit.

Now Friend Hacker, I have not written this letter solely for yourself for I presuppose you

know much of what I have written, but I want you to publish this letter if you please, in your next Chariot, as my time will not permit me to write another article on this subject at present, and it will open the subject to the minds of many of your readers. And here permit me to say to the readers of the Chariot, that if any of you desire to know more on this important subject either with regard to the subject of Community, or Common Property as a whole; or of our special movement spoken of in this letter, we will be very glad to answer any questions through the Chariot (with the Conductor's permission;) or if you desire to write more privately we will respond to any letters, either the writer of this letter or E. R. Swackhamer, who is the originator of the plan of our organization, and who expects to see it fully and successfully carried out on this earth, will cheerfully respond. Our address until March, is 97 Walnut St., Newark, New Jersey.

I wish I could do more for the Chariot pecuniarily, but will try to add to its columns from time to time some of my thoughts, purposes and plans in life which may ultimately do more good. Inclosed you will find one dollar.

Your sister in the Fraternal bonds,

ELIZABETH MARQUAND.

Bigotry Rebuked.

A set of bigoted priests in Philadelphia, in their efforts to stop Sunday papers, &c., have called out the following in the Press of that city:

THE CHAINED CITY.—Thirty-five years ago the city of Philadelphia, on every Sunday, wore chains in front of every church; and this, by sanction and authority of law had been the case for thirty-two years. During that whole period no coach, coachee, chariot, chaise, wagon, or other carriage of any description, and no person riding or travelling on horseback could go by any church or place of religious worship during the time of divine services.—Physicians, whose duty it is to visit the sick at all hours, were met at every turn by these barriers, erected to protect from a slight inconvenience a religious meeting at the expense of their sick and suffering fellow-Christians, for whom they may have been offering up prayers for their restoration to health.

On the 4th of April, 1798, the Legislature then meeting in Philadelphia, an act was passed to prevent the disturbance of religious societies, within the city of Philadelphia during the time of *divine service*.

Provisions were made for the erection of posts to fasten chains, and any person removing a chain or post, without the consent of the religious society erecting them, shall forfeit and pay the sum of thirty dollars. At the time of its passage the population, decreased as it had been by pestilence, hardly outnumbered that of Reading at the present day, and the whole tract of the city was less than two square miles. On the 20th of February, 1816, this act was extended to the incorporated district of the Northern Liberties, and on the 15th of March, 1831, both these acts were repealed by an act entitled "An act to repeal certain acts authorizing religious societies within the City and Liberties of Philadelphia to extend and fasten chains across the streets during the time of divine service."

It will be observed that the only then known mode of using horses and horse power was prohibited *only during the period of divine service*, and then it was left to the option of each religious society; at all other hours of Sunday the law contained no prohibition whatever.—

But when the city had largely increased its population; and the inconvenience and barbarity of such a system became evident, these prohibitory acts were repealed, and persons were allowed to use all the means of locomotion then in use at all hours of the day. From a miniature city, we have grown up to a very large, industrious, and constantly increasing city, covering one hundred and thirty square miles of territory, and having a present population of seven hundred thousand souls, with every shade of religious belief, but desirous of paying a proper respect to the Lord's day.

Instead of coachees, chariots, chaise, wagons and riding horses which were allowed to pass through our streets at all hours of Sunday, we now have cars drawn by horses, on authorized iron tracks, which are at the service and within the reach of the poorest worshiper of the Almighty. Why should they not be allowed to use them in going to and from church?—The clergyman and his rich parishioners use their carriages, and which always drive up to carry their masters home, and disturb at least the sermon of the pastor. This is not forbidden, but allowed and encouraged. The delicate and sickly female, the old man or woman, the tender child, too poor to keep or hire a carriage, are to be imprisoned at home in bad, inclement or stormy weather, because the Sunday is not to be desecrated by anything but a gentleman's coach.

Would the present generation go back to the chained city of the past, or will they submit to the prohibitory chaining of the present day, which by our zealous Christians is attempted to be retained?

A wise Legislature would prefer to follow the humane and Christian example of 1831, and allow the great body of our fellow citizens to enjoy the benefits of locomotion according to the practice of our present period, instead of confining it to those who own carriages and dress in purple and fine linen.

We would put one question in geography. If the passenger cars run on Sunday in Pittsburgh and Alleghany city, as they do, why should they not run in Philadelphia? Are we more religious than our Western brethren, from whom we are distant only fourteen hours, little more than half a day?

REMARKS.—There is no place in the Union where the priests are trying harder to regain their lost power than Philadelphia. They have tried to incorporate religion into the Constitution, are trying to stop Sunday papers, are not willing for the horse cars to run on that day for fear poor weary people will go out of the city to get a breath of fresh air and commune with Nature instead of going to church, and if they had the power every person would have to attend their meeting and put into their pockets; but thanks to the truth, their power is waning and they will ere long be numbered with the things that the people have outgrown.

The Better Way.

How peaceful, how harmonious, how glorious would be the condition of the people of this nation were all under the rule and dominion of the New Commandment given by Christ,—*"That ye love one another."* If this were so the angels of heaven could rejoice as they never did before. A nation all in love and harmo-

ny one with another; each and all being as earnestly engaged for the general good as they now are in their separate and selfish interests. The law of justice and right would spring from this love, and each and all would voluntarily observe the golden rule "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you." There would then be no drones living in idleness while others were overtaken with labor—none would be dying with ease while others were crushed by the burdens of toil; none would surfeit with luxury while others were pining in want. There would be no sharks filching the hard earned reward from the hand of industry, no young men ruining themselves and their parents by dissipation while others were deprived of the means of healthy recreation and mental improvement. Each and all would feel bound to be engaged in something useful. No time would be idly spent by any. Pride would be banished and all its extravagance and waste would be devoted to useful purposes. All the expenses of armies, navies, forts, all the waste of life, and money and time for war purposes would then be blessing instead of cursing the nation. Even the expense of making and executing laws would be saved. Expressmen would give us a better postal system than we now have, and every thing really useful which is now performed by the government would be better performed than now and at much less expense. All would feel it their duty to support schools; each family would be a school and each neighborhood could have its academy, and every child an equal privilege with others for obtaining an education. The people would be crowned with plenty;—there would be no vice, no idleness, no waste and improvidence to make paupers, and pauper houses would be abolished, for the few that might want by reason of infirmity or age would find loving brothers and sisters on every hand, who would feel it not only a duty but a privilege to administer to their wants. Locks, bolts and bars would be needless; there would be no thieves, no robbers, no assassins, no midnight prowlers, no talebearers nor slanderers, no seducers, but each man would feel it his duty to guard, guide and elevate each and every female with whom he associated.

Were it thus, this nation would be the light of the world, the savior of nations, the leaven that would leaven the whole universe of men, drawing them all into the same harmonious condition.

"A beautiful theory," exclaims one. "The same Millennium state for which people have so long been praying," says another. "Will do to talk and write about," says a third. "but how is this condition of things to be established?" asks a fourth. "All fudge!" exclaims a fifth. "I believe such a condition will at length be realized," says a sixth, "but the time has not arrived for it yet."

And why has not the time arrived? Simply because men have not obeyed the light and knowledge they have had. Every thing is ready but man, and there is no necessity for his waiting longer. There have been individuals in all ages of the world who, through obedience to the light they had, have entered into this harmonious spirit, and all have the same privilege and sufficient light and will-power to do so. All has been done that ever will be by nature or God or any exterior power, to bring the whole universe into the ways of wisdom and the paths of peace; and now, all that is wanting is for man to act in accordance with his convictions of right. Let those who see and understand, separate themselves as much as possible from the present carnal government, dwell, think, speak and act according to the higher law within them, leaving the potshreds of the earth, the wild beasts in human form to devour or destroy each other in their own way if they will, resting assured that the true and faithful will fare better by obeying the truth and doing the right

than they could by trusting in laws and governments that can be sustained only by outrage and wrong.

These remarks contain the substance of the principles taught by Christ and his chosen ones; they are in substance what ministers have been praying about, and the people professing to look for, for ages past, and yet more than nine-tenths of all the people are fighting against them, and with all their souls are laboring in defense and support of the carnal government that must go down as surely as the government of God is ever established in the earth.

We do not ask all men to come at once into this spirit of harmony and love, because many having ears hear not; not because they cannot hear, but because they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth his ears and will not hear; but we do ask all who see and understand these things to halt no longer, but give themselves up to be guided by the light that is in them, which will lead out of the spiritual Sodom into the mountains of purity, safety and rest.

The people never advanced in a body in any good work; there always have been and ever must be pioneers to go in advance and mark out or open the way and call on others to follow; and though their labor may be hard their reward will be the greater; though the cross may be heavy, their crown will be the brighter. He that hath ears let him hear and then act.

"Song for the Times.

Give me the man whose honest heart
To principle is true,
One who from right would not depart,
Although a crown were placed in view—
A man whose principle avails
In every place,—wherever tried.—
One in whose soul the truth prevails,
Although the multitude deride.

Give me the man that wavers not.
With hope to catch the rabble votes,
Nor filiates with drone or sot,
Nor with the selfish current floats;
But who, with manliness of soul,
Opposes evil—censures wrong,—
Whose influence is high control—
To such the smiles of Truth belong.

Give me the man that never bends
A moment from the line of right;
Who never with the halting blends,
But stands up firm with manly might,—
A man that loves an upright way,
Although that way be trod by few,—
One who from justice would not sway,
For coronet of brightest hue.

Give me the man whose high intent,
Is fixed to do what good he can—
Whose energies are wisely bent,
To carry out each useful plan,—
A man who never skulks and hides,
When principles are brought in sight,
But firm and true, and strong abides,
And manfully defends the right.

I would indeed the world had hosts
Of men like these, a noble dower,
Forever faithful at their posts,
Unflinching in each trial hour,—
Undaunted by each menace strong,—
Unmoved by censure or applause,
But ever firm against all wrong,
'The champions of each noble cause'

How many ministers in this nation would dare to utter the Lord's Prayer in their pulpits next Sabbath if they knew it would be answered? "Forgive us as we forgive our enemies." What would be the result if the prayer was answered? Why, the church would be riddled by thunderbolts as Charleston and other places have been by shot and shells. That is the way they forgive enemies.

FEMALES' SALOON.

Loan us Your Ears.

Sisters, girls, young ladies, I want to give you a "talking to," and I want you for a few minutes to put aside your mock modesty, false delicacy, starch and buckram that you have got from Madam Grundy, and the shallow nonsense from the Misses McFlimsy, and listen to common sense a few minutes. The most of you have been directly or indirectly taught that the chief aim of females should be to secure a husband; so many of you go to work with that design not honestly and truthfully, acting out your own real characters and showing just what you are, but assume a false part, try to seem what you are not, and this deception has played the mischief in the old Matrimonial Go-cart. At a recent term of court in Connecticut there were over thirty petitions for divorce, and an equal or greater number before one of the courts in Maine. And so it is all over the country, and the trouble is every year increasing. People hurry to be bound in what they call Love's Silken Cords, and in a few weeks or months find them to be rusty iron chains galling and festering their hearts.

Much of this trouble arises from your external views and deception. Courtship is a game of craft and mutual deception.

Very few choose their life-mates for their mental, moral or spirit-worth, but mainly on account of something external. The young woman in pursuit of a husband hangs out her beau-catchers on her person, makes a doll and a plaything of herself, and by her dress and ornaments drives from her the sensible and worthy and draws around her the shallow and unworthy. The couple meet in their Sunday clothes and Sunday smiles, and chat and coo and bill, and walk and ride and talk nonsense. Each is as pleased as a child with a new doll. They know little or nothing of each other's disposition and real every-day character, and each thinks the other charming and they marry.

They spend the honeymoon like two butterflies among flowers, and then come the stern realities of every-day life, and oh, what a change. Work is to be done, and the go-to-meeting garments, ornaments and smiles are laid aside, and so different does each appear that both are disappointed, for they looked more to the external than the internal man and woman. They are mutually disappointed and feel it, and as the bird is caught and the knot tied, they both feel that there is not so much need of those little attentions of kindness as formerly, and their love or what they mistook for love sinks down, down, down by degrees till it reaches to zero, and all their affections are chilled and frozen, and then comes disagreement, contentions and the breach widens till there is room and good cause for divorce.

All this comes of dishonesty—by seeming what they are not, by giving more attention to external charms and words than to disposition and character.

I once knew a young woman, whose hair was "as straight as a loon's leg" through the week, but who always appeared at church on the Sabbath with beautiful ringlets. A young man fell in love with her ringlets, silly as it may appear; yet she had hung them out for that very purpose—as a bait or beau-catcher, and succeeded. He married the curls and other Sunday fixings, but after the honeymoon was over she had work to do and had not

time to curl her hair and dress in finery, and he could never make her seem like the person he married, and they lived in misery until a divorce was obtained. I have known many females who married for no higher motive than to secure a home. Took a pig for the sake of his pen, or a bear for the sake of his den, and I have observed there is always trouble in such matches.

These are only a few hints, but as much, perhaps, as you can receive at one dose, and I hope you will consider the matter like good honest girls, and try to be, and to act wiser than thousands who are now being jolted along through life, as uncomfortably as if they were riding over frozen ground in an open cart without springs or cushion, and wishing themselves in the grave. I could name scores of women whose griefs are such that they wish themselves dead, on account of having married very unwisely, and yet their neighbors do not know but all is well. "What a pleasant man your husband is," said a visitor to the friend she was visiting; "how kindly he speaks to you, how attentive he is to all your wants, I wish it was the good fortune of all married women to have such a husband," and in ten minutes after the visitor was gone that same pleasant man was angry and swearing at his wife. The poor woman is now in her grave, died of disappointed hopes, a broken heart and cruel abuse. He had committed no crime for which she could obtain a divorce, and besides, she was so sensitive that she would have chosen to die rather than endure the tortures of public opinion. The earth now covers her from the sight of men, but her three unwelcome children and a step-mother occupy her rooms, and her "pleasant" husband is receiving his reward, for his present wife is as disagreeable as a hurricane and he feels it.

Girls, you who have common sense, let me advise you to use it. Put away all your beau-catchers, give up the idea that your main object is to get married; throw aside your hoops and fetters, cut off your skirts at the knee, put on pants and boots if needful, and take hold of some kind of work or business by which you can make yourselves self-supporting. Then you will not be under the necessity of taking a hog for his pen; and besides, that would be the very best course you could pursue to secure the smart worthy man.

Few men who marry now want dolls—they want helps meet for them. There is work to be done, health and happiness demand that all should work a portion of the time, and the idea so prevalent among young women, that wives should be supported in idleness, is every way erroneous and pernicious, and the time is coming when very few women will find husbands, unless they know how to perform the work and wisely conduct the affairs of the household.

I have been young am now growing old, have traveled much and seen many people, yet the most beautifully dressed woman I ever saw, had nothing about her person that was worn merely for ornament. She had on just what was necessary, convenient, comfortable and healthy and it was just enough. Hers was the American or Reform costume, which all sensible men that I have heard speak of it pronounced the handsomest and best ever worn by women.

Now girls, if any of you receive these hints and reduce them to practice I wish to know it, for I want to know whether I am effecting any good or only whistling to the wind. I am having a hard time to keep the Chariot running; have also spent considerable time from home holding meetings; and recently I have been

asking myself what good all this writing and talking does, and whether I had better not stop my pen and tongue at once; and devote my time to securing some sort of a shelter for my head when I am too old to labor. So please inform me if any of you intend to profit by this counsel.

Extracts from Letters.

I have received two private letters from an excellent young lady from which I am permitted to publish a few passages:

"Perhaps you have not heard from any of your friends since you left us, and would like to hear from them. I often hear them speak of you and of the good time they had when you were here, and how they enjoyed it. One of those boys who heard you speak the last evening you were with us, has since died. He liked to hear you talk very much. There were truths spoken that evening that will not be lost, and *never will be forgotten*. How I do love such meetings! I do hope you will come here again before you go to Jersey. I presume the cold weather makes you wish you were there now. I always dread cold weather, and often wish I lived where it is all summer, where I could see the beautiful flowers, and hear the birds sing all the year.

I must not forget to tell you that I have adopted the Reform Dress. I wear it to work in, and finally, all the time when I am at home. I like it very much—can work and go about so much easier I don't think I will ever again put on a long dress and hoops to work in. I have not quite courage enough yet to appear out in my new suit, though I did go out one evening in it, to a circle. There were quite a number present, and they all had a good laugh over me, saying I looked like a little squaw; however they all admitted it was a very pretty suit, and much more convenient than long skirts and hoops. Some said they would have a suit as soon as they could make them. I do wish that every woman would wear them; how much better it would be for them. I like the Chariot very much and do not want it to stop. They will bear reading over a great many times.

From Her Second Letter.

DEAR FRIEND HACKER:—Your kind letter reached me in due season, and glad was I to get it. I thank you a thousand times for it. I have read it over and over with tears of love and gratitude to you and to Him who is all love. I never think of you nor read your paper without feeling determined to try to become better, and more deserving the love and sympathy of you and of all who are pure and good. I have, through the kindness of a friend, had the pleasure of reading an old volume of the *Pleasure Boat*, that was published in 1855, I had never seen any of them before, and had a good time reading it. I do think it is too bad that such a paper has been in existence so long and I never had the privilege of reading them before.

When I was very young, I used to hear people speak of Hacker's papers and call them *infidel* papers, so I got the idea that they were very *wicked* and I must not read them. Now the same people who thought your papers very *wicked* take them, and if they can get an old volume of the *Boat* to read, they think it so nice, and you can hardly make them know anything else, they get so interested in them.

I think there are many about here who would be glad to see you here again. Many who did not see you when you were here were

very much disappointed and would be glad to have you come, and all those that did see you and hear you speak would like to again.

I still wear that new dress and like it better than ever. I had worn *fetters* so long I could not at first seem to remember that I had them not still on me, and would attempt to press them aside when going through a narrow space, or to lift them when going up stairs, &c.—This made me look and feel awkward at first, and reminded me of sheep that I have seen, which had been fettered so long, that after the fetters were removed they would walk for a while as tho' they had them on; but I have outgrown my fetters now and can work and walk with pleasure. There are quite a number here now, who have adopted the Reform Dress and they all like it very much. I think I shall soon get courage and independence enough to wear them everywhere.

I love the truth for which you are laboring, and I have ever felt since I first read your paper, that you were my brother; but when I saw you seemed more like a father and I wanted to call you so; will you permit me to? I think you will for you have manifested a fatherly interest in my welfare, for which I thank you. I lost my kind, loving and affectionate father at the age of eleven years. This was a sore affliction to our family.

YOUR SISTER AND FRIEND.

REMARKS.—I think, sister, that you are not living in vain. If you can be the means of inducing a few of your sex to exchange their fetters for freedom, it ought to repay you in pleasure for all your losses and crosses, for this is a reform that must take place or the race will dwindle down to sickly pigmies.—The American people now, are a nation of invalids, spending nearly as much for nostrums and humbug cure-alls as for food, and all the time growing worse—each generation more effeminate. Blessings on the pioneers in this much-needed and glorious reform—their names should stand higher on the records of fame than the name of Washington. May yours be one of them, firm and true to the end; bold in conscious innocence, purity and the zeal that a good cause should inspire.

So they had a good laugh over you did they? Well that was better than to cry over you. I read the other day of a young lady about to be married. She went with her intended husband and some friends, into a factory to see the sights. As she leaned forward to look at a machine another machine behind caught her long dress and strong hoops; she screamed and her lover caught her in his arms to save her, but in a moment of time, she passed through the machine and came out a mangled corpse. Many have lost their lives thus, and many by fires in consequence of their foolish and *wicked* fashions in dress. Your neighbors had better laugh over you in life and health, in a comfortable suit, than to weep over your mangled and charred remains, done up in the Devil's Lobster-Trap, for I can give the present fashionable dress of women no better name. While many are destroyed every year as above, thousands more are killed every year so gradually that many are ignorant of the cause, and as priests always charge untimely deaths to a mysterious providence, the people are kept in ignorance, and so the work of destruction goes on.

There are thousands in the country now that think just as you did about our Chariot, who would like the papers as well as you if they were to see them. The cry "*Wicked Infidel Paper*" was started and circulated privately by priests to keep people from reading it. It

contained truths that they could not deny nor overthrow, and which they were not honest enough to receive and practice, so they tried to keep the people from reading it by the mad dog cry of Infidel. The larger part of this whole nation have, down to the present day, been kept from reading the writings of Thomas Paine by the same cry "Infidel" when the real fact is, if any man will read and practice Paine's theological works he will be better than nine tenths of the priests or the readers of nine tenths of the religious papers. Paine was called an Infidel because he could not believe in, but exposed a swarm of pious knaves and ignorant bigots. Keep the papers moving.

BAGGAGE ROOM.

Contents of an Old Drawer.

BY J. HACKER.

A cake of soap, a piece of rope,
A faded ostrich feather,
A broken fork, a bottle cork,
Thimbles and scraps of leather;—
A human tooth, the Life of Booth,
Some rusty harness buckles,
A ball of twine, a fishing line
A footpad's iron knuckles;—
A rusty nail, a baby's pail,
A little carpet hammer,
A ball of wax, some carpet tacks,
And Fanny's old French Grammar;—
A brush and comb to smoothe your dome,
Old shears without a rivet,
A finger ring, a pigeon's wing,
A little iron trevet;—
A bladeless knife, an old cracked fife,
A worn out money wallet,
A murderous thing, laced with a string,
Corset, I think, they called it;—
A piece of chalk, a broken lock,
A rusty candle snuffer,
A string of beads, some pumpkin seeds,
A patent sausage stuffer;—
Two little shoes, a slip of news
"From Gilman's *weekly* paper,"
A dry waxed-end, your sole to mend,
A piece of small wax taper;—
An old door hasp, a lady's clasp,
A deed of fifty acres;—
Bills and receipts, for bread and meats
From grocers, butchers, bakers;—
A gold-clasped book, a small brass hook,
Some strips of patent leather,
Shell of a snail, a turkey's tail,
Spread fan-like for warm weather;—
A copper cent, a gimlet bent,
A Mother's faded letter
Written in tears, in other years,
To make her wild son better;—
A smoking pipe, a name in type,
Leaf of a worn-out Bible,
An ear of corn, a powder horn,
And flint from some old rifle;—
A pious Tract, by some one cracked,
About a soldier's daughter,
A small mouse-trap, a pocket map,
A Treatise on Cold Water;—
A mimic gun for "darling son,"
Who's since been killed in battle;—
A bunch of thrums, some dried-up plums,
A piece of baby's rattle;—
A broken awl, a faded shawl,
A peacock's brilliant feather,
A worn-out clock, a baby's frock,
"A good long spell of weather;"—
A broken slate, small china plate,
A carpenter's old chest tool,
A long silk skirt, betrayed with dirt—
As nasty as a cesspool!
A "chew of gum," a little drum,
A Romance and a Novel,
An old breast-pin, a flask for gin,
A picture of a hovel;—
Some screws and butts, a few wild nuts,
A small old-fashioned bustle,
All sorts of strings, some ivory things

With which the gamblers hustle;—
A pair of socks, a shaving box
With brush, and soap and razor,
A few blank checks, a pair of "specks,"
And knife of some old glazier;—
A box of pills, a bunch of quills,
"Grand Ma's" old fashioned pocket,
An old pot hook, a needle book,
A cork-screw and a locket;—
A razor strap, a brass heel-tap,
Receipt for cider brandy,
A dry peach-pit, a half-inch bit,
A stick of sugar candy;—
A row of pins, two little tins,
Such as they bake nice cakes on,
An orange-peel, an old watch-seal,
A jewsharp and an acorn;—
A bill for "ile," a broken file,
Certificate for pension,
And lots of trash all jambed to smash,
Too numerous to mention;—
Some playing cards, and some old Bard's
Ditty on Love and Marriage,
Picture of a Ghan, a "fast young man,"
With spanking horse and carriage;—
A fancy doll, a "Waterfall"
Made up of rags and taglocks;—
Warm nest for mice, (and how for lice?)
And three or four old padlocks;—
A bunch of keys, some beans and peas,
A leaf of friction matches,—
But I've not time, nor room nor rhyme,
To name the shreds and patches—
Yet when I saw them empt that drawer,
I felt constrained to publish
*That mang hearts are counterparts—
Filled up with just such rubbish!*

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Letter from Abbie E. Hussey.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—Yes, dearer than ever before, not for the book alone, but for the sweet assurance that you love me, for I had rather you would love me and let me love you, than give me a thousand books; not that I do not value the book, for I am very much interested in it, and all the more from having seen the author, Henry C. Wright, sat on his knee, kissed his cheek, and run by his side on his walks by the riverside, but I did not love him as I do. I wonder if the little girls can guess who I mean? They could if they had seen you, Dear Uncle, and had you place your hand on their heads, as I have. I told Mother how it made me love everybody, and she said it was Inspiration, such as we read of in the Bible.

Is it not funny that you sent me the very book I wanted and was going to send for? I will try to get all the good I can from it, and that will qualify me to do good to others.

I was telling mother a few days ago, that I was afraid that I was not doing any good in the world; but she said it was not the great things that accomplish the most good, and told me a story from the Bible where a great man got cured by a little slave girl's remark to her mistress.

Mr. Stevens, the old gentleman, says my Mother wrote my letters for the Chariot. I guess he thinks I have got a smart Mother, don't you, my good Uncle? I want you always to love me. Good Bye.

ABBIE ELLEN HUSSEY.

I am glad to hear from you Abbie, glad you got your book and like it. You think it is *funny* that I sent the very book you wanted. Such things are very common with me. I often send people the very letters, and advice, warnings and counsel they want, when I have not heard from them for weeks or months, and sometimes the very moment that people a long distance off are writing questions to me, I am writing the answers to the questions; and when their letter with the questions is in the mail bag coming to me, my letter with the reply is in another mail bag going to them. Ask your mother,

if that is inspiration too, or what she thinks of it.

Your mother is right in telling you that it is not the great acts that accomplish most. Remember the song:—

Little drops of water and little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land,
And the little moments, humble though they be,

Form the mighty ages of eternity.
So little deeds of kindness, little acts of love
Make this earth an Eden and like the heaven above.

Remember too the strong Lion, Monarch of the forest, king of the beasts, in a net helpless as an infant. He struggled with all his might to break the net but could not; when along came a little mouse not larger than one of the lion's toes, and one by one, gnawed of the strands of the net with his little sharp teeth, and set the strong beast free. I think you have done much good in the world for a child of your age. Your kindness and love to me, when I have been with you, have made me feel better and encouraged me to labor more to do good. You do good when you speak a kind word to your little sister or any one else, for kind words are as sure to make one better as sunshine is to make flowers grow, bloom or ripen. So you need not wait for a chance to do some great thing, but pour out all the love and kindness you can in every word and act. Please run in and see my friend Stevens some time and give him my respects, and let him get acquainted with you. I wanted to see him very much and would have called if I had not been too deaf to converse with him.

Some of your folks thought I wronged you in my remarks on your last letter. I did not think of such a thing. I was not scolding you nor reproving you, only giving you a little sermon on being prompt in all things, which is a sterling virtue that will do more good for you than you are aware of in every act and all through life. Let us have another letter for the next paper.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

A PURITAN LAW.—Every inhabitant of New England was taxed for the support of a minister, and for the erection of a meeting house and a parsonage, and in addition to this the inhabitants were required to attend the preaching provided for them, under a penalty of five shillings for absence on the Lord's Day, on Fast, or Thanksgiving. Moreover, all landholders were taxed for the support of public worship until 1831. If the parish was delinquent in paying its debts to the minister, the property of any individual could be seized and sold to satisfy the claim, and this was done in a number of instances. So late as 1835, the Sheriff of Essex, having an execution against the North Parish in Haverhill, for three hundred and forty dollars, found no property belonging to the Parish; the meeting house was sold; the ministerial funds and parsonage land could not be levied on; the Sheriff therefore seized three bank shares belonging to one of the parishioners, sold them, paid the parish debt, and was sustained by the courts.—*Liberator*.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—Rev. Dr. Griffin was accustomed, during his life, on account of the state of his health, to ride horseback every day, Sundays not excepted. Once when riding on the Sabbath, he saw a negro man in the field, hoeing corn. The Doctor felt bound to reprove the man for violating the Sabbath.—The negro replied that he was doing no worse than to ride out. Dr. Griffin told him that his riding was necessary for his health. The negro replied that hoeing corn was necessary for *his* health!

☞ A clear conscience is a tower of strength, but a guilty conscience is heavier than a millstone.

OLD BOTTLES.—When Christ was urged or requested by his disciples to perform some ceremony of the old dispensation, he replied, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles," &c. If the bottles had been of glass like ours, it would have made no difference how many times they were filled with new wine, provided they were perfectly cleansed. But the bottles in those days were made of the skins of animals; and when a new bottle or skin was filled with new wine and tied up, and the wine fermented, the skins stretched and gave room for it to ferment. But after the skin had been stretched once by new wine, if more new wine was put into it, when it fermented the skin or bottle which had already been stretched, would burst. The old dispensation with its ceremonies was the old bottle; it had stretched down to the new dispensation. Christ had come with new wine and wanted new bottles, even the hearts of the children of men—the old bottles, the shadows or ceremonies of the old dispensation would not answer the purpose for the new wine.

If ministers understood this scripture and had the wine of the new dispensation in themselves, they would not be hawking about the old bottles, such as the outward sabbaths, the water baptism, the bread and wine, &c., *making motions* to feed the people out of empty bottles, as little girls do their dolls and rag babies; they would have the spiritual rest to offer to weary souls, the spiritual baptism and the bread and wine of the new kingdom, which is love and peace and exceeding joy.

Christ gave no heed to the outward sabbath, for he had the spiritual rest which that foreshadowed; He was not baptised in water to establish an outward baptism in the church, but to fulfill and end it; He did not command his apostles to baptise in water, but in or into the name or the power of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit; and though they did baptise for a time, it was only in condescension to the Jews, who could not have all old pap bottles laid aside at once, the same as they for the same reason circumcised some. But they finally put away water baptism, and Paul thanked God that he had baptised so few, and declared that there was, then, *one Lord, one faith and one baptism*, and gives us to understand that the *one baptism* was spiritual.

Christ did not partake of the bread and wine to establish an ordinance in the christian church, but to fulfill and end the Jewish feast of the Passover—to put aside another old bottle;—he did not command his disciples to partake any more, but simply said "as oft as ye do so, do it in remembrance of me till I come." He has come in spirit to sup spiritually with all who will receive him into their hearts and walk in his light.

He put away all the old bottles, but the clergy having not the new wine have gathered up these old bottles, and though they are all empty, they use them in their doll and baby houses like little girls, making motions to feed people who, in spiritual life come about as near to real live christians as the doll does to a living child. Christ also called these ceremonies an old garment; and Paul afterwards called them filthy rags, beggarly elements, the unclean things which perish with the using, and commanded the people to taste not, touch not, handle not.

Now, friends, will you go on sucking the old empty bottles of the Jews, or will you come to the anointing of Christ within yourselves and obey it, turning from evil and cleaving to the good, and thereby receive Christ into your hearts, enter into his sabbath of rest, be baptised with his saving baptism and partake of the bread and wine of the spiritual kingdom? What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord, or what are the old empty bottles compared to the food, or the old garment of ceremonies for the outer man, compared to the garment of salvation for the soul?

A SAVAGE CRIME IN CIVILIZED LIFE. "At the meeting of physicians at Albany, N. Y., last week, Dr. James Gould spoke of the terrible increase of abortion among the women of the country. He mentioned several startling facts on the subject that had come under his notice. Recently he had found in a single small village three women dead from the consequences of this crime, two of them, mother and daughter, lying in the same house. He said that married women and those in good position in society were freely resorting to this wicked and dangerous practice, to avoid the pain and care consequent upon becoming mothers, and many physicians are so lost to the duties they owe to society, as to aid in these attempts to circumvent the natural laws.

"While these statements are before us we have received a communication from one of our own physicians, setting forth the frequency with which this crime is committed, and its guilt and danger. He asks how newspapers can advertise and apothecaries sell the nostrums designed for this purpose, without sharing in the guilt, and states that the drugs usually sold for the purpose are much more likely to destroy the mother than the unborn child."—[Springfield Republican.

REMARKS.—A physician told me not long since that the revolting crime of abortion has become very common and is increasing; and the inquiry arises whether it is right for laws to give degraded, lustful men such power over women as to make it necessary for them to resort to such atrocious means to avoid the burden of unwelcome children that they have not health to take care of. A true woman left to her own instincts and wisdom would no sooner commit such a sin than tear her own heart out. The Republican heads it "A Savage Crime," which is a libel on savages, they are not guilty of such crimes.

It is time for the law-makers to be looking into this subject, and devising means to give married women their natural right and control of their own persons. If something is not done in this direction, the old marriage cart will break down.

CONTEMPTIBLE MEANNESS.—About four months ago Mr. Lewis Fisher, a fresco painter, while engaged at his occupation on the ceiling of a church in Chelsea, accidentally fell from a staging to the pews beneath, a distance of twenty-five feet, breaking several of his ribs and receiving serious internal injuries which will disable him for life, and from which he is now confined to his house. A few weeks since the unfortunate man had a bill presented to him by the trustees of the church for repairing the pews on which he fell, amounting to the sum of \$7.60, and he paid it!—*Herald.*

REMARKS.—That church will probably be dedicated to some unknown god if it has not already been, with a great flourish of priestly ceremonies, but we should think the meanness of this despicable act would chafe a little, if any have consciences that have not been seared as with a hot iron. We understand this is called the "Mount Bellingham Methodist church," and think that neither Christ nor Wesley would own it, if they were now personally present.

CHINESE HELL.—Among the Chinese the anticipations of death are distressing. Their imagination has invented no fewer than ten hells. One consists of a hell stuck full of knives; another of an iron boiler, filled with boiling water; a third is a hell of ice; in another, the punishment of pulling out the tongue of those who tell lies; another is a hell of poisonous serpents; in another, the victim is drawn into pieces; another is a hell of blackness and darkness; and you may hear them praying in one, "May I not fall into the hell of swords!" and another into this or that place of torment.

A GOOD NAME.—Morris Ketchum, the father of the great defaulter in N. York, is reported to have said to his creditors,—*"If I could have my son back, with his good name, and you were all paid in full, I would die content."* Such is the last ambition of great financiers! A life time of activity, an ample fortune its reward; and now all would be given for a son's good name. Young men—fast young men—think of this!—[*Exchange.*

REMARKS.—Let covetous fathers think of it too. Morris Ketchum spent his whole life in getting money. By precept and example, he taught his son that to get money was the chief object of life, the son in an hour of temptation yielded to the ruling passion and committed forgery, and now the father is reaping the fruit he sowed. True, he did not teach him to commit forgery, but he instilled into his mind such a love for money that it led to the act. Had he overreached others five times as much in legal trade, very likely the father would have approved the act, and praised his smartness, yet its immortality might have been as bad and great as the forgery. When will rich men teach their children wisdom as well as money-getting? Nearly all men who give their whole souls up to money matters find one or more of their children ruined in consequence of it.

SUNDAY CLOTHES.—The world is decently attired once a week, certainly. Without Sunday, milliners and tailors would "be put to it" for a living. It is a commendable thing to throw off the guise of labor, and don for one day the costume of quality and leisure. The meanest man makes a mark in a new suit, and if he keeps his mouth closed, will pass for a genuine coin. Dress after all is caprice. The heiress prays in costly silks while the poor sewing girl makes responses in plain calico! Wherein is the one better than the other? The latter may have intelligence and virtue; the other money and nothing else. Still the silk will be stared at and known. Dress makes Sunday an expensive day. How many a shawl and bonnet and rare gown are closeted for that day alone! How much stuffing with cotton there is, to conceal the defect of shape! what chalking there is done! and decorating with rouge! how often the mirror is consulted, while the last bell is ringing! Sunday is a queer institution!—[*Investigator.*

SHARP.—The Gardiner (Me.) Journal is responsible for the following:—"We have heard a story of a clergyman in a neighboring town, who, having a lot of hay to press, and there happening to come a very damp and misty day just before he was to press it, opened all his barn windows so as to give it the benefit of the atmosphere. In a man of the world this would be considered a sharp practice."

I know a zealous church goer, who in addition to the above, salts the hay he intends to sell, to make it hold moisture and weigh more. But most of the ministers cheat more in the pulpit, for they deal out the husks and chaff of the Old dispensation for the heavenly bread of the New.

COMICAL.—When Mr. L. — was discharged from the pastoral care of his church, an old lady who was very fond of him, in attempting to offer consolation, addressed him as follows:

"Ah! Mr. L., they may say what they will, but I think as I always did—I think you a good man—not equal to Christ, but fully equal to Antichrist!"

A COMMENTARY.—A negro preacher, while holding forth to the colored soldiers at Port Hudson, said:—"De whole ob God's relation to us am like de wheel. De Lord Jesus Christ am de hub, de Christians am de spokes, and the tire am de grace of God binden 'em all together."