

# 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.

## WOMEN'S SALOON.

### Plain Truth.

Come here, girls! come quickly every one of you, and see what Harriet Beecher Stowe says in the Atlantic Monthly. It is truth, and concerns you, each and all of you, and ought to be read and heeded. And you need not be afraid to give heed to it, for Mrs. Stowe is one of the "big bugs;" she is a sister to the great Henry Ward Beecher and a lot of other Beechers that can get two or three hundred dollars for a lecture, which another man not in the popular ranks, could not get a dime for. This article is as good as the great H. Ward himself could write, so read it and then work out your salvation from the errors, faults and infirmities she points out:

"A woman's health is her capital. In certain ways of work she obtains more income, but she spends on her capital to do it. In another way she may get less income and yet increase the capital. A woman can not work at dress-making, tailoring, or any other sedentary employment ten hours a day, year in and year out, without enfeebling her constitution, impairing her eyesight, and bringing on a complication of complaints; but she can cook, sweep, wash, and do the duties of a well-ordered house, with modern arrangements, and grow healthier every year. The times in New England when all women did house work a part of every day were the times when all women were healthy. At present the heritage of vigorous muscles, firm nerves, strong backs and cheerful physical life has gone from American women, and is taken up by Irish women. A thrifty young man, I have lately heard of, married a rosy young Irish girl, quite to the horror of his mother and sisters, but defending himself by the following very conclusive logic: "If I marry an American girl, I must have an Irish girl to take care of her; and I can not afford to support both."

"Now domestic service is all the while fitting a girl physically, mentally and morally for her ultimate vocation and sphere to be a happy wife and to make a happy home. But factory work, shop work, are in their nature essentially *undomestic*, entailing the constant necessity of a boarding-house life, and of habits as different as possible from the quiet routine of home. The girl who is ten hours on the strain of continued, unintermitted toil feels

no inclination when evening comes, to sit down and darn her stockings or make over her dresses, or study any of those multifarious economies which turn a wardrobe to the best account. Her nervous system is flagging; she craves company and excitement; and her dull, narrow room is deserted for some place of amusement or gay street promenade. And who can blame her? Let any sensible woman who has had experience of shop and factory life, recall to her mind the ways and manners in which young girls grow up who leave a father's roof for a crowded boarding-house, without supervision of matron or mother, and ask whether this is the best school for training young American wives and mothers.

"Doubtless there are discreet and thoughtful women who, amid all these difficulties, do keep up thrifty, womanly habits, but they do it by an effort greater than the majority of girls are willing to make, and greater than they ought to make. To sew or read or study often ten hours of factory or shop work is a further drain on the nervous powers, which no woman can long endure without exhaustion.

"When the time arrives that such a girl comes to a house of her own, she comes to it as unskilled in all household lore, with muscles as incapable of domestic labor, and nerves as sensitive, as if she had been leading the most luxurious do-nothing, fashionable life. How different would be her preparation, had the forming years of her life been spent in the labors of a family! I know at this moment a lady at the head of a rich country establishment, filling her station in society with dignity and honor, who gained her domestic education in a kitchen in our vicinity. She was the daughter of a small farmer, and when the time came for her to be earning her own living, her parents wisely thought it far better that she should gain it in a way which would at the same time establish her health and fit her for her own future home. In a cheerful, light, airy kitchen which was kept so tidy always as to be an attractive sitting-room, she and another young country girl were trained up in the best of domestic economies by a mistress who looked well to the ways of her household, till at length they married from the house with honor, and went to practise in homes of their own the lessons they had learned in the home of another. Formerly, in New England, such instances were not uncommon; would that they might become so again!

"The fact is, the places which the daughters of American farmers used to occupy in our families are now taken by young girls from the families of small farmers in Ireland. They are respectable, tidy, healthy and capable of being taught. A good mistress, who is reasonable and liberal in her treatment, is able to make them fixtures. They get good wages and have few expenses. They dress handsomely, have abundant leisure to take care of their clothes and they very soon acquire skill in doing it equal to that displayed by any woman of any country. They remit money continually to relatives in Ireland, and from time to time pay the passage of one and another to this country, and whole families have thus been established in American life by the efforts of the younger girls. Now, for my part, I do not grudge my

Irish fellow-citizens these advantages obtained by honest labor and good conduct—they deserve all the good fortune thus accruing to them. But when I see sickly, nervous American women jostling and struggling in the few crowded avenues which are open to mere brain, I can not help thinking how much better their lot would have been, with good strong bodies, steady nerves, healthy digestion and the habit of looking any kind of work in the face, which used to be characteristic of American women generally, and of Yankee women in particular.

"The matter becomes still graver by the laws of descent. The woman who enfeebles her muscular system by sedentary occupation and over-stimulates her brain and nervous system, when she becomes a mother, perpetuates these evils to her offspring. Her children will be born feeble and delicate, incapable of sustaining any severe strain of body or mind.—The universal cry now about the ill health of young American girls is the fruit of some three generations of neglect of physical exercise and undue stimulus of brain and nerves. Young girls now are universally *born* delicate. The most careful Hygienic treatment during childhood, the strictest attention to diet, dress and exercise, succeeds merely so far as to produce a girl who is healthy so long only as she does nothing. With the least strain her delicate organism gives out, now here, now there. She can not study without her eyes fail or she has headache; she can not get up her muslins, or sweep a room, or pack a trunk, without bringing on a backache; she goes to a concert or a lecture, and must lie by all the next day from the exertion. If she skates she is sure to strain some muscle, or if she falls and strikes her knee or hits her ankle, a blow that a healthy girl would forget in five minutes terminates in some mysterious lameness which confines our poor sybil for months.

"The young American girl of our times is a creature who has not a particle of vitality to spare—no reserved stock of force to draw upon in cases of family exigency. She is exquisitely strung, she is cultivated, she is refined; but she is too nervous, too wiry, too sensitive; she burns away too fast; only the easiest of circumstances, the most watchful of care and nursing, can keep her within the limits of comfortable health; and yet this is the creature who must undertake family life in a country where it is next to an absolute impossibility to have permanent domestics. Frequent change, occasional entire breakdowns, must be the lot of housekeepers, particularly those who do not live in cities.

"In fact, we in America have so far got out of the way of a womanhood that has any vigor of outline or opulence of physical proportions, that, when we see a woman made as a woman ought to be, she strikes us as a monster. Our willowy girls are afraid of nothing so much as growing stout; and if a young lady begins to round into proportions like the women in Titian's and Giorgione's pictures, she is distressed above measure, and begins to make secret inquiries into reducing diet, and to cling desperately to the strongest corset-lacing as her only hope. It would require one to be better educated than most of our girls are, to be wil-



ling to look like the Sistine Madonna of the Venus of Milo.

"Once in a while our Italian opera singers bring to our shores those glorious physiques which formed the inspiration of Italian painters; and then American editors make coarse jokes about Barnum's fat woman and avalanches, and pretend to be struck with horror at such dimensions. We should be better instructed, and consider that Italy does us a favor in sending us specimens not only of higher styles of musical art, but of a warmer, richer and more abundant womanly life. The magnificent voice is only in keeping with the magnificent proportions of the singer. The voice which has no grate, no strain, which flows without effort, which does not labor eagerly up to a high note, but alights on it like a bird from above, there carelessly warbling and trilling—a voice which then without effort sinks into broad, rich, sombre depths of soft, heavy chest-tone, can only come with a physical nature at once strong, wide and fine—from a nature such as the sun of Italy ripens as he does her golden crops, filling it with the new wine of song."

Why can't Mrs. Stowe give the girls a good article on the reform dress? Perhaps she has, but I have not seen any. She writes in favor of "Woman's Rights," but what could women do with their rights if they had them, done up, as they are in the "Wicked One's" lobster traps, corsets and long skirts. Suppose the whole nation votes that a woman has a right to climb a five rail fence and plant a strawberry bed and enjoy the profits, and grow healthy and rosy in doing it; could she do it in her fetters? If she stooped to set a plant or pick a berry, her hoops would cover the ground and she would want arms two or three yards long to reach beyond them. Suppose the world voted her the right to ride astride of a horse comfortably and safely, as nature prepared her to, could she do it in her present fixings? Just so with every thing else. Come Harriet, give us an article on Dress, tell the girls how to make it and its benefits over the present fashionable toggerly, and then go ahead yourself and encourage and strengthen them to wear it. I have a letter before me now asking for a pattern of the best kind of female dress, and many say they would wear it if the "big bugs" would.

#### The Reform Dress.

A woman who has read the articles in the Chariot on Female Dress, writes—"I have been under conviction a long time, whether it will end in conversion remains to be seen. My clothes hanging with such weight upon me is a great burden. I never felt so much inconvenience from hoops and long skirts as I do now, and really wish I had sufficient courage to adopt the new dress."

If a regard for health, convenience, comfort, economy and common sense is permitted to have its perfect work, there is no doubt at all but this conviction will end in conversion, a much greater and better conversion too than what are called religious revivals, for it will be a conversion to a higher and better life; but if pride and fashion are permitted to rule over all regard for health and comfort, then there will be no conversion but a sinking back deeper into the mire of fashion and slavery. I consider the wearing of hoops and long skirts, and following the general fashions in dress a sufficient cause for divorce. If a man and woman take

each other in marriage for life, there is an agreement on his part to love, cherish and protect; and on her part to be a faithful and affectionate help meet or fit for him. They take each other for weal or woe, are bound to each other in sickness and in health, and it is therefore the duty of each to preserve health, and to dress in such a manner as to be capable of performing their respective duties in procuring a living and performing and bearing the necessary labors and burdens of life. If either destroys health or becomes incapable of performing his or her part, by indulging in evil habits, whether in eating, drinking, dressing or anything else, it should relieve the other from the obligations which the marriage law imposes. A woman performing her domestic duties in the dress now usually worn cannot be healthy; and if she could maintain her health under such a load and so hampered, she could not perform half as much as if sensibly attired. And besides she must give birth to sickly, degenerate children, to be a burden to her husband instead of a help. She therefore, by her foolishness, frees him from his obligations.

Almost every woman carries on her person at least four times the weight of clothing that would be necessary to her comfort if properly arranged. This burden is a continual drain on her strength. Just think of it, ten to twelve yards of calico for a dress, laid fold upon fold around her body and over her vitals which need the least clothing, and then hooped out about the limbs, utterly useless as far as protection from cold is concerned.

The handsomest as well as the most convenient dress is that which approaches nearest to her natural form, and on this plan less than one fourth of the materials now worn, would make a far more convenient and healthy dress. I know of scores of women who are always feeble and complaining—just able to crawl about and make themselves and those around them unhappy, from no other cause than the load and inconvenience of their garments. We hope the time is not far distant when every man whose wife injures her health and posterity by foolish dressing, and every woman whose husband injures himself by strong drink or other bad habits, will be entitled to a divorce.

There is much thought bestowed by women, at the present time, on the evils of the fashionable dress, and we sincerely hope that all who are under conviction may be thoroughly converted, and walk in the ways of wisdom which are pleasant and peaceful.

Think of a woman doing housework among pots, kettles and wash tubs, scrubbing, scouring, sweeping, brushing, cooking and making beds, hooped out like a balloon, striking a chair on this side, bounding against a tub on that side, and hitting something else all round, and so long she is fettered—wanting both hands to handle her rigging in going up and down stairs! Who could possibly invent a more slavish, inconvenient, unhealthy and wasteful costume!

Some of you will tell me it is none-of-my-business; that I am a man and have no right to mention this subject; but my views are quite

different. I am a tax payer—a portion of the money I pay in the shape of taxes goes for the support of women who have ruined their health and made themselves paupers by foolish fashions in dress; and for the support of the miserable children they have given being to while their bodies were suffering fashionable abuse, and for that reason, if no other, I have a right to speak. Furthermore it is the right and duty of every one to call on suicides, and warn and reprove them when we see them destroying their lives.

#### MISSIONARY HALL.

##### "The Heathen are at our Doors!"

The Truant officer of this city, in his late report, says there are eleven hundred children here that do not attend school. We daily see many of these children picking up old bones, rags, papers, scraps of iron, and anything and everything that will sell, and disposing of them at shops kept for that purpose. We see others digging over the coal ashes on the "dumps" picking out the coal to sell or burn. Others may be seen about the wood and lumber yards picking up the loose bark and splinters. Both sexes are thus employed ragged and dirty, exposed to all the obscene jokes and slang of wicked men and boys. Among these perishing children are boys and girls, bright and active, who, if washed and dressed up, and properly instructed, would be as pretty as any in the city. Many of these boys will grow up thieves, to fill the jails and State prison, and many of the girls will become inmates of houses of ill-fame, to draw down the sons of the rich men and church members who now neglect them! Thus a law of compensation runs throughout the channels of life. Those who neglect the poor while squandering God's substance on their own pride and lusts, are punished by-and-by, by those whom they have neglected. We hope there will be no more cant and whining in this city about the heathen perishing in foreign countries, while greater heathens are perishing at our own doors, with none to care for them. What are we to think of the priests and churches that permit these little ones to perish without the least effort to save them, or of the City Fathers who thus neglect their duty from year to year!

Bremen, Feb. 18, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—I write you a few lines according to promise. Your meeting has kindled a fire amongst the rubbish falsely called religion. Some of them think you are rightly named; one woman thought you ought to be kicked out of town for what you said on generation or embryology. We cannot have a better race of human beings as long as people do not conform to that science. In order to secure the highest possible excellence in the quality of his grain, the wise and skilful agriculturist carefully selects the best seed and sows it in a suitable soil, at the proper season, to insure the necessary warmth, moisture and other conditions essential to its germination and growth. The scientific cattle breeder is equally heedful in reference to similar conditions in taking measures for the increase and improvement of his herd. Both have a liv-



ing faith in the grand truth that "like produces like." Is it not time that those who aspire to generate men and women should act as wisely, at least, as the cultivator of corn and the breeder of cattle? Perfection in the human being is reached by the same path which leads to similar results on the lower planes of life.

The first step towards physical or mental perfection must be pre-natal. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. It is only from properly developed and ripened seed sowed in good soil that we can expect strong and vigorous plants. The intelligent farmer is aware that if he should plant the small and imperfectly matured corn from the nubbins which he is accustomed to appropriate to the sustenance of his cattle, that his grain would deteriorate in spite of the best cultivation; and if this course were persisted in, would finally become worthless. And we have proof that similar causes lead to similar results in the human species. But if "like produces like," how is perfection in offspring to be attained without the agency of perfect parents? How does it happen that children are often born more beautiful or more homely, more healthy or more diseased than their parents? Both the maternal germ and vitalizing fluid which is destined to impregnate it, must be changed by every condition of body or mind to which the persons in whom they are prepared may be subjected during the process. They must represent not only permanent traits of character, but also whatever is temporary and accidental in physical and mental conditions, and especially must the condition of body and soul existing at the moment in which the generative act is performed, impress itself upon the germ thereby vitalized. A fit of anger or ill-humor existing at the time of conception in a mother, usually amiable and sweet tempered, would be transmitted to her child, marring its disposition and nature. No parent has a right to bring into being a child physiologically or mentally deformed. The means of perfecting your own children is in your own hands. No child should be deprived or sensual in its nature, nor possess organic disorders, depraved passions or brutal lusts, but health, activity, thoughtfulness, earnestness, sincerity, purity, sweetness, harmony and beauty.

W. F. W.

REMARKS. All this is true and good, and we hope some, at least, will heed it. Those who would see any material improvements in human beings must begin at the beginning. We might as well sow thistles and expect to change them to figs by cultivation, as to breed wild animals in human form and expect to change them to men and women by education; yet it is a notorious fact that most children are but animals except in form—the offsprings of the lower passions, instead of the children of love. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Please tell that kicking woman I am sorry she is so low and degraded that she can not bear the truth. "To the pure all things are pure." It is the galled jade that winces,—the guilty that cannot bear to hear sin reproved. She has exposed herself—proclaimed her own shame. Others thank me heartily for the same kind of truths, and think they should be taught in every family, school and church.

Be always at leisure to do good; never decline the offices of humanity.

## HALL OF HOPE.

### "Bye-and-Bye."

Was the parting very bitter?  
Was the hand clasped very tight?  
Is a storm of tear-drops falling  
From a face all sad and white?  
Think not of it, in the future,  
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;  
Gaze not backward, but look onward  
For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Were some whispered words too cherished?  
Was the touch of lips too sweet?  
Are two souls once linked together  
Never, never more to meet?  
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion,  
Slowly mouldering out must die,  
But its ashes shall return you  
Something purer "bye-and-bye."

Was the priceless love you lavished  
Sought for, played with, and then slain?  
Were its crushed and quivering remnants  
Calmly thrown you back again?  
Calmly too the remnants gather,  
Bring them home without a sigh,  
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you  
In a coming "bye-and-bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,  
With its sails all torn and wet,  
Crossing o'er a waste of waters,  
Over which your sun has set?  
To the shore all calm and sunlit,  
To the smooth sand warm and dry,  
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel  
Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,  
Does the tired head long for rest,  
Are the temples hot and throbbing,  
Are the hands together pressed?  
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,  
Cool the pale lips parched and dry,  
And shall whisper, "Rest is coming,  
Rest forever 'bye-and-bye.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened  
By her soul-inspiring voice,  
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,  
Cease your wailing and rejoice;  
Cry not for the days departed,  
None will hear you, none reply;  
But look on where light is breaking  
O'er a brighter "bye-and-bye."

Cover up with earnest strivings  
All the wayward, wasted Past;  
Raise a torn and blood-stained banner  
O'er a victory won at last;  
Fold your wet and weary pinions,  
Hush your useless sob and sigh;  
Rest ye, rest ye, from your troubles,  
Is the thought of "bye-and-bye."

NO BALM IN GILEAD.—Elder T—, having occasion to preach in the town of Gilead, chose what he fancied an appropriate text: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" He tells the result:

It happened that among my hearers was an old negro who had lived a great many years in the family of the village doctor, and nothing could rile the old fellow so quick as the mere suggestion that the doctor didn't know everything. Every time that I repeated the text I noticed the old darkey manifested much emotion, which I attributed to the peculiar fervency of the African temperament; but, warming with the subject, I repeated the text with unusual pathos, "Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there?" Old Pomp could stand it no longer; and, springing to his feet, he said:—

"Don't know nuffin 'bout the balm, Massa, but dere's jes' as good doctor here as dere is in de world!"

## HALL OF PEACE.

### Light is Spreading.

How sad and painful to think of the terrible waste of life in the late wicked war! Every week, almost every day, we receive letters from widows and orphans—made so by the war—lamenting their sad fate and the loss of those who were so dear. Many women in the general excitement, and through false instruction, gave up their husbands, sons or brothers as a sacrifice to God and their country. But now that the excitement is over and they feel their irreparable loss, reason has resumed its sway, and they see that the war was carried on to sustain a false and tyrannical principle, and that those who were slain, were sacrifices to a false god—that it was a terrible waste of life in support of error, and their souls find no comfort or consolation in the popular error that God approved, and their country was benefitted by the war.

I have said the war on our part was in support of an erroneous principle, and would like to have all classes look condidly at the subject, and see whether this charge is not just and true. Two or more men who desire to form a business partnership, have a perfect right to do so, and to continue the partnership during their lives, but have no right whatever to bind their children to maintain that partnership, but must in justice, leave them to dissolve it at pleasure after the death of the parents.

Exactly so was it with our fathers. If they saw fit to make a compact or union of States and territories, they had a perfect right to do so, but no right whatever to bind their children to maintain the compact, but must in justice leave them at liberty to dissolve it at pleasure. As any member of a business partnership has a just right to withdraw from a partnership founded by his father, so any State in the Union had a right to withdraw from the compact or union formed by the fathers; and to carry on a war to force a disagreeable union between parties that never had any hand in forming that union is the very climax of tyranny, founded on false or erroneous principles.

Our Government has been fighting for a lie. All this terrible waste of blood and treasures is a sacrifice to falsehood, done to force an impossibility. It was unjust, wicked and foolish in every sense of the word. To force people by sword and gun to love you, is an utter impossibility, and without love there can be nothing deserving the name of Union.

What has been the result of this unjust and tyrannical war? Why, two millions of brave men—brothers of the same nation, bound together by all the ties of blood, have gone down to their graves or lie bleaching in the sun for want of graves, while hundreds of millions of property have been squandered or destroyed and widows and orphans are wailing in every portion of this broad land, while, instead of a



Union saved, we have only a forced submission, characterized with the most bitter, vindictive hate, and ready to burst forth anew with redoubled fury at any favorable moment!

"Our country is saved!" cry the shallow politicians; "our national honor is vindicated!" shouts Shallow Brains; "our glorious Union is preserved!" shout the multitude. Gentlemen, this is all a lie! The country is divided more than ever before; the national honor is withered and dead, the Union is only a forced submission filled with hate. You fought for a lie, and are now glorying over a lie.

And as for liberating the slaves in the manner in which it has been done and leaving them as they now are, you could scarcely have inflicted on them a greater curse.

Painful as are the effects of light on eyes that have been so long bandaged by priestcraft and political craft, we, yet, are glad that people are coming to the light—glad that women, who in the midst of excitement, and under the blinding influences of false teachings, gave their loved ones to the moloch of destruction, are now beginning to see that they gave them as a sacrifice to a false god. Though the knowledge coming too late to save the lost, may be painful to themselves, it may be of use to their children; and we hope all such mothers will henceforth and forever teach their children that all wars are unnecessary, foolish and wicked—that no real, permanent good was ever yet gained by the sword that might not have been gained by peaceful means.

#### MATRIMONIAL HALL.

[Written for the Chariot.]

Let Truth be submitted to a Candid World.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed, still, we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse and shame."

Sister Cummings, in the April No. of the Chariot, is out on J. Flagler for his assertion that "millions of women do not object to propagating their race in accordance with the inevitable laws of nature." She knows four hundred and ninety-seven out of five hundred who do object. Said Sister is an earnest writer on her supposed wrongs of women, and means to be candid where she can, and mirthful where she must. She thinks that girls are won under false pretenses, and are disappointed in their expectations. Probably the case stands six of one and a half dozen of the other. Both parties cheat all they can before marriage, and then, finding themselves in the meshes of their own equal folly, begin to complain of deception, want of sympathy, &c. A good lady acquaintance of mine says there are more good husbands than wives—so I will offset her opinion against sister Cummings. "Facts are stubborn things," but when misunderstood, only serve to strengthen error. Girls are equally or more anxious than young men to get married. Their whole lives are devoted to enlisting and enticing men into wedlock. They

have the experience of their mothers at home to warn them against the sin and misery of over-child bearing, and other troubles of married life in poverty, incessant toil, sickness, &c., yet they prefer to endure it all for the sake of a man.

The evils complained of by our sister have existed since Adam, if not thousands of ages before; and yet women are as anxious to-day to marry as ever. Ten minutes is the largest time ever allowed to pass after men and women of all ages have met before marriage is the subject of conversation. It is an admissible way of thinking about sexuality which so much delights both sexes. Nature being the prompter necessity gives vent to the desire, and action is the result. All created females, from the human down to the animalcula desire offspring and solicit the means through the opposite sex once a year at farthest. This is true in most of the animals, birds and fishes. In the human race periodical, sexual desires are more frequent; but the evils attendant on its gratification acts as some restraint where mind can predominate over passion. Limiting sexual connexion to the production of two children during a life time, would result in the rebellion of most women, and their desertion by every husband. Secret vice prevails quite as extensively among girls as boys, thus showing the instincts of nature to be equal in either sex. The human race are not yet developed in will and moral power sufficiently strong to govern the passions on such an exalted plane of self-denial.

The experience of the world thus far has decided legalized marriage is the best condition for the human race as a whole. Men and women do not wed solely for children. The gratification of nature irresistibly impels them to unite. Judgment should control, if possible, in the choice, and then make the best of life possible with the aid of science and religion. I must contend that similar conditions of body and mind stand the best chance for happiness. Pull one way and on together in peace from constitutional necessity and choice, is the best for the family and the State.

Poor health and poverty are the curses of life and should be striven against by every possible means—sick persons are not fit for married life. Misery increases in such connexions both in parents and offspring. Health reform is more needed than all others. Health is prosperity and happiness. There are laws of health to be observed for its attainment which are of infinitely more consequence to the world than all the theologies ever heard of. God in nature, as pertaining to the laws of health, is a more profitable study.

"The Curse Removed," is the name of a Tract by Dr. Jackson, which should be in the hands of every man and woman in the world. If the Tract Society would circulate this Tract it would do more good than all their tons of theological trash scattered abroad. Maternity in the human should be as easy and pleasurable as in the lower animals, and would be did they live as naturally. The world needs more priests of nature to teach the truths of God in the living bodies of the human race, that better health and more happiness might prevail.

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the holy shrine of home,  
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful there  
In their loveliest lustre come.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the depths of the human soul;

They shall bud and blossom and bear their fruit  
While the endless ages roll."

#### PREACHING ROOM.

##### Religion.

BY MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

How much more liberty that apple of discord, the Bible, gives the earnest believer than the so thought ministers of the gospel allow. "Worship God after the dictates of your own conscience." Wide, loving, merciful scope! It was foreseen in the days of the ancient records that all people would not hear and understand alike. Sometime since I went into a neighbor's house, when the lady was visited by the minister of her church. He had not addressed many sentences to her before he turned to me with the pertinent question:

"Are you a professor?"

"No, sir," I calmly answered, foreseeing a catechism.

"Have you no desire for religion?" was the next query.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I hunger and thirst after righteousness as the one thing needful for time and eternity."

"And still have made no profession and belong to no church?"

"Precisely."

"Do you know," he asked, with a tone of voice like one speaking from the dismal tomb, "Do you know that Christ has said, if we are ashamed to own Him before the world that He will be ashamed to own us before the Father in Heaven?"

"I cannot take that home," said I. "I am not ashamed to let the whole world, individually and collectively, know that I consider true religion above all earthly riches; that a hope and trust in Christ, and a heart fitted by divine grace to do His will, is all there is of earth worth clinging to; and that with the soul full of love to all creatures will open for us the kingdom of heaven here. But, I continued, I shall never profess religion after the formula of the churches."

"Why not?" he asked. "Because I am conscientious. I think unless I could set a better example than the most of professed christians, I should simply be a stumbling block in the way of those seeking righteousness."

"Perhaps you are a stumbling block now," he remarked, with a slightly flushed face.

"Very well," I calmly replied; "I profess to be nothing better, therefore if people, knowing this, stumble over me, the fault is theirs, not mine."

"What are your views?" he asked.

"If I but half explain them you will not understand; and I have not time to enter fully into the subject. I will merely answer you from the Bible which you quote. 'Let every man worship God after the dictates of his own conscience.' Suffice it to say, I have a religion that helps me to do my duty to those around me; that makes me not wish one soul to be lost; that makes me happy here, and causes me to trust my whole future with God." He dropped upon his knees directly, and as I went out of the yard, he was praying for me—praying that I might be converted. Converted from what? I pray heaven, not from the firm hope of seeing and feeling the presence of a loving God in this world and of being filled to overflowing with a knowledge of His unspeakable goodness in that other existence which will soon open before us all.

While on the subject of religion, I often think how interesting it would be if the believers in Spiritualism, as it is termed, would relate their experience of when and how they



came to believe. The subject to me, at first, was all nonsense, because I was blind. My eyes were opened as gently as the eyes of those of whom we have record in the days of Christ. I have had proof within my own soul which has caused me to say, oh, so joyfully! "I believe, strengthen thou my faith." Ah! to-day with the sands of time slipping so rapidly from beneath my restless feet, I would not exchange this religion of mine for the worshiped riches of the earth. Every one who believes in the true, and holy, and exalting religion of pure Spiritualism, must have felt himself, by times, taken to the Mount, viewing there the cities and riches of earth lying far-off and dim and undesired of his soul, while angels with holy influences baptised his spirit into a happiness not arising from the gross charms of mortal pleasures.

#### CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Iowa, April 4, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—Here in Iowa it is very cold in winter, and the winters are very long. Some days the wind blows and snow flies so on the prairies that men can hardly travel; but when summer comes it is so pleasant and warm that we forget all about the cold winter. In summer the prairies are all covered with green grass and wild flowers, such as blue bells, violets and roses. We raise wheat, corn, oats, rye and potatoes. We also raise apples, pears, gooseberries, cherries, currants and strawberries. It is too cold here for peaches. There is plenty of wild fruit here. Strawberries get ripe here about the first of June. Wild plums and grapes and blackberries grow here in abundance.

Inclosed I send you the market prices which I clipped from the Des Moines Register.

Yours, MARY A. COLES.

Retail Prices in Iowa.—Flour, \$4; Corn, 40 cents; Butter, 35 cents; Eggs, 25 cents; Potatoes, 60 cents; Lard, 20 cents; Molasses, N. O., \$1.50; Sorghum, 75 cents; Dried apples, 25 cents; Wood per cord, \$5 to \$6.

Albion, Me., March 2, 1866.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—I am glad I am getting well, so that I can write to you again, for I don't like to be sick and have to take such bitter medicine, and not run out ~~of~~ play with Bert and Fred. How glad I shall be when the flowers grow, and the dear little birds come and build nests and sing in the trees around the house. Last summer a little yellow bird made a nest in a current bush in the garden, and had three cunning little ones in it, and when they were old enough to fly, Mother placed them in my little new cage, but the mother bird saw her bring them into the house, and she came to the door and called so pitifully for her babes that it made Mother's heart ache, and she carried them out and gave them back to her; and the old bird was so happy, and they staid round the house and sung to us till it grew cold, then flew away; and we were a great deal happier than if we had kept them shut up in the cage.

I think I shall have some Cannaries in my cage and they will be happier than other birds are. I haven't been to school but three weeks, but I have read the "Little Prudy" book, and am reading the "A Kiss for a Blow." They are both real good books, and I hope all the little boys and girls have them to read. Why don't some of the little boys write? I should like to read their letters. I send my love to all the girls that write for the Chariot, and

wish I could see them. Don't you think I can write better now than when I wrote to you first? I send a kiss to you and Mrs. H.

Your friend, ADA MAY CROSBY.

Well, Ada, one of your letters got lost, and this one got misplaced so I could not find it last month. If you will forgive me, I will try to do better next time.

I want to advise you to let all the birds go free. Perhaps Cannaries or other birds that are brought up in cages do not suffer so much as those which have been free, but I never yet saw any bird that was happy in a cage, and I would not now be hired to keep one confined. I think you ought to consider my advice worth something on this subject, for I have had experience that you have not had. I once put three pairs of Cannaries in a room as large as your chamber—put up evergreen bushes in tubs and nests all around the room. Fed and treated them carefully, and raised more than forty. Sometimes when I went into the room they would light on my head and hand, and sometimes twenty of them would sit on one perch in a row and sing the same tune, keeping the most exact time. People passing in the streets would often stop to listen to them. I put up little swings for them, and they seemed to take as much pleasure in swinging as children do; but then I saw and felt that they were not really happy. They wanted more liberty—wanted sunshine and air, and a chance to fly among the trees and flowers, and select various kinds of food that I could not supply them with, and seeing and feeling that they were unhappy had such an effect on me that I can never see a bird in a cage without painful feelings, and would not live in a family where I should have to see one thus confined. No, no, Adda, let all the birds go free; throw them out little crumbs and encourage them to come to the doors and windows, and you will enjoy their songs much better than if they are caged. I know a little girl that feeds a pair of sparrows every summer with little bread crumbs. They come to the door to get them, as tame as hens, and are much happier than they would be in a cage.

I am glad to hear you are reading good books, and hope you will be able to get all you want. Can't your school district get up a Juvenile Library? Try, see if you cannot start one. Let each family buy one or more good books for children, choose one good boy or girl for Librarian, to take care of them, and then you can have plenty of reading, at small expense. You can have a little book case or a chest at the school house to keep them in, and each add a new book from time to time, and thus soon have a good Library. If I was rich enough I would offer each school district in the world a hundred books to begin with, provided they would buy one hundred more, but being poor I can only tell you what you ought to do.

Hammon, May 4, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND HACKER:—You don't know and I don't think you can guess how pleasant it is here, so warm and sunny, and the trees and gardens looking so beautiful and the birds singing so sweet. Only think of eight acres of strawberry plants in one field, and an acre of grape vines, and sometimes several acres; and in some places you will see several acres of blackberry bushes all in rows without a weed, cultivated like corn. Some raise Chinese sugar cane, and there is a mill here that grinds it and makes syrup. In some places you may see several acres of cranberries, and thousands of bushels of sweet potatoes are raised here, and big watermelons that weigh twenty-five and thirty pounds, and almost as red inside as blood. All the folks love to work in the gardens it is so pleasant; women and children all have enough to do in picking time for such lots of berries you never saw as we raise here. Hundreds of bushels of strawberries and blackberries are sent to New York and Philadelphia. And we bottle them up and they are nice. We can have strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, peaches and pears the year round by preserving them in glass cans, and we use no sugar, that makes them too sweet, but put nothing in them but pure water until we want to use them, and then they are nice. I wish we could send you some, but it is so far. We have been looking for you ever so long, and hoping you would come. You have many friends here and they all want to see you. Are you not coming soon?

I want to send my love to all the little girls that write for the Chariot. I wish they all lived here. What nice times we would have! When we get done picking strawberries we go on an excursion thirty miles to Atlantic city, and such good times as we have! The train comes from Philadelphia with two thousand people, and we all jump in, with our pic-nic baskets of food and fruit, and away we go as happy as bees in clover fields, and spend the day on the shore, and have plays and all sorts of nice fun. I hope you will be here this summer to go with us. My brother has planted a hill of watermelons, and calls it Uncle Hacker's hill, and says if you come you shall have all the melons that grow on it, and I guess sister and I will have something nice for you too. So you must come and see what it is, for we shan't tell you till you get here. How glad I am that we don't have to live where we used to, where it was so cold, and we had to go so far to school in the deep snow, and wrap up so to keep from freezing. We don't have deep snows here. Sometimes we have a little snow storm, but the warm sun carries it off in a day or two, and most of the time we can run to school as easy as we used to in September or October.

Mother says this letter is too long now, so I will bid you good bye, and you may make it shorter if you put it in the paper.

Your friend, LIZZIE GRANGER.

REMARKS.—We shan't cut the letter short one word, Lizzie, for it is a long time since you wrote, and the children have been asking where you are. I hope I shall get there by the time the melons are ripe, but you may tell your brother I shall not expect more than one. I am glad you have such nice times and hope you and all the rest of the children there will be good and happy, and be as kind to each other as brothers and sisters—be good and do good to all.



## God's Love Tokens.

Afflictions oft are angels sent  
On messages of love,  
And trials of the heart are meant  
To lead that heart above.  
Bright hopes far scattered, toil and care  
Await us from our birth,  
Yet each becomes a discipline  
To lure our souls from earth.

Here we must strive with ill and wrong,  
And yet not all in vain,  
If life's great lessons we but learn  
And strength from suffering gain.  
Then let our chastened spirits bow,  
And weekly kiss the rod  
That leads our heart's affections home  
And places them with God.

## HALL OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Mama."

My cherished friend, I ask for thee,  
A boon of priceless worth,—  
For *gens* whose brightness never dim,  
And of immortal birth.

I ask, that through thy earthly life,  
Faith, Hope and Love, may stand  
As beacon lights to guide thy feet  
Unto the better land.

Thy holy lot, oh may it be  
To guide the wandering feet  
Of erring mortals who have strayed  
From virtue's calm retreat.

The loving Father cares not less  
For lambs whom wolves have driven  
Far from the fold, and bids us soothe  
Each heart by sorrow riven.

If aught avail *my* wishes kind,  
I'd make thy life-path sweet  
With fragrant flowers, nor cruel thorns  
Should ever wound thy feet.

This may not be, thy woman's heart  
Must writhe and bleed beneath  
The fiery darts of envy's tongue,  
And slander's treacherous breath.

Yet in thy innocence and truth,  
Thou'lt pass through all secure,  
Nor surging waves of sin can move  
Thy soul so true and pure.

And soon thy steadfast eye will greet  
That joyous home above,  
Where pains of earth nor sorrow's tear  
Can mar the perfect love.

There sundered ties of earth unite,—  
And loved ones back are given,—  
No aching hearts in that bright Home,—  
Love reigns supreme in Heaven.

GERMAINE.

Friendship, when once violated, is like a cracked vase, it can never be trusted afterwards.

Every beat of our heart is a rap at the door to tell us that we live in a tottering habitation.

Bashfulness is often connected with good sense, while assurance seldom is.

The world is but one great family; what then is this narrow selfishness in us but relationship remembered against relationship forgot?

## CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

### Letter Box.

*Letters of Lillian Ching to his brethren in the Island of Loo Choo; written during his residence in the United States.*

### No. 2.

MOUNT DISCOVERY, 9th month, 1825.

You will be amazed on learning how early the military spirit, the spirit of violence and murder, is infused into the minds of children by christian parents—and how continually this spirit is cultivated, throughout the land. No sooner are little boys able to go alone, than many of them are furnished with miniature swords or guns, and taught their use. They are also taught to look forward to the time, when, by weapons of death they will acquire renown! For boys of larger size, Military Academies or Fencing Schools, are provided, in which various modes of manslaughter are scientifically taught, and the young imbued with a thirst for fighting glory. Indeed, no exertions, no expense, and no applause, are spared to keep alive the love of military fame. I have sometimes attended their public trainings, and reviews, and have witnessed what are called *sham fights*, designed to familiarize the minds of the young, to the idea of killing one another.

Can you believe that an intelligent people are so bewildered as to suppose that these are the surest means of *preventing war*? Such, however, is the fact. At least, so it is said, and I believe truly; for it is asserted by some of the most eminent men in the country.

But from such an education, I should suppose that wars would very naturally result; and that murder, in various forms, would abound in the land. Nor am I surprised to see the weekly and daily newspapers of this country, much occupied with horrid accounts of murders. They appear to me to be the genuine fruits of the seed so industriously sown. Besides, there is in this country, a privileged class of people denominated "Gentlemen of Honor," who for trivial offences, will fight one another, according to established rules—generally with pistols, but sometimes with muskets or swords. Such murderous combats, by way of eminence, are called "affairs of honor." In this way, many lose their lives, and bring great distress on their families. As barbarous and abominable as this practice is, there is not virtue enough in the land to effect its abolition. Nor is it probable that it ever will be abolished while the more atrocious custom of public war shall retain its popularity.

Within thirty years, all the nations of Christendom have been at war with each other, and in some of their battles, from ten thousand to eighty thousand men have been found dead at the close of a conflict, and it is probable that the number of wounded was greater than that of the slain! Surely, if the God of the Christians is delighted with such scenes of violence and horror among his children, he must be more malignant than any evil being known to the people of Loo Choo. I may add, if the Christian Messiah is a promoter of such strife, or if his religion authorizes and encourages such deeds, the people of our Island have great reason to be thankful for their ignorance of Christianity.

It is however possible that the majority of Christians have been under a mistake in respect to the character of their God, their Messiah, and the religion he came to establish. I have already seen some Christians, who are, like our Islanders, of a pacific disposition.—These peaceful men assure me that I cannot with any propriety, judge of the nature of their religion from the warring character of Christian nations. They also affirm, that if the precepts of Jesus Christ, had been duly regarded by all who have assumed the name of Christians, I should never have heard of *fighting Christians*. When I shall have thoroughly examined their New Testament, I may be better able to inform you respecting the correctness of this opinion.

On disputed points I have often observed the minority to have the right of the question. I hope it will be found so in this case; for to me, it is shocking to think of a God who can be pleased with hatred and war, robbery, murder, and devastation among his rational offspring.

I believe it to be a fact, that men are much influenced by the views they entertain of their God, whether correct or false. Men who believe that their God is pleased with wars and fightings, will very naturally become warriors, and the contrary belief will produce an opposite effect. I lately observed in the Essays of Lord Bacon, a great man of England, the following remark:—"It were better to have no idea of God at all than such as are unworthy of Him." He quotes Plutarch, a heathen philosopher, as supporting the same opinion by saying, "Surely I had much rather men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than to say, there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born." If the Christian's God is a good being, I am sure that fighting Christians entertain such ideas as are "unworthy of him." But I am not certain which is the more inhuman, for a parent to "eat his children as soon as they were born," or to educate them for butchers of their species. In my view, both practices are horrible and beneath the dignity of a rational being.

I had not been long in America before I discovered in this people, a remarkable propensity to boast of their liberty, civil and religious.—They call their country the land of freedom, and too often speak of it, as the most free if not the only free country in the world. What is still worse, they boast much of their war for liberty. This happened about half a century ago, and was of eight years duration. Many thousands of people perished in the contest, and distress was spread all over the country. Parents were mourning for the loss of children, children for the loss of parents, and wives for the loss of husbands.

Prior to this war, these states were colonies of Great Britain, and Britain was regarded with affection as the *mother country*. Surely it must be a sad thing for *children to fight their mother*; but so it was in this case; yet the war is now a subject of boasting rather than lamentation.—By what I can learn of the affair, there was much blame on both sides. The mother was too arrogant and overbearing, and the children too irritable and violent. The children were fond of tea, and the mother took it into her head to raise a revenue from this inclination. She required that they should pay a duty of three pence a pound on their tea, besides its full value. This the children resented, not so much on account of the magnitude of the duty, as the arbitrary principle on which it was laid. They not only refused to pay the duty, but in a pet destroyed a great quantity of tea, which was sent to them for sale. This was resented by the mother country; and one rash step succeeded another, till open hostilities commenced; the scenes which followed are too horrible to be related. The Americans gained their point and became an independent nation. Since that period, they have been annually glorying in their bloody conflict, and praising the sages and heroes of the Revolution.

During that disastrous struggle, a young French nobleman came to aid the Americans. He was made a general in their army, and was highly esteemed for his services. Since I have been in the country, that general, grey with age, came from France to pay the Americans a visit, and you would have been astonished to see with what parade and acclamation he was received in each of the States.

As a contrast to this, I will tell you another story. Long since the Revolutionary war, this great nation made war on a little tribe of Indians, called Seminoles. Two British subjects happened at that time to be among the Indians, and seeing their distress, were disposed to aid them. The two unfortunate men were taken by the Americans, and their general



caused them both to be hanged! If there was any right in either case, the two Britons had as good a right to aid the distressed Indians, as the Frenchman had to aid the distressed Americans; yet this people have been so inconsistent as to praise the Frenchman and hang the Britons for similar conduct! Some indeed blamed the general for hanging the two Britons; but the government probably stood in some awe of the general, or was unwilling to punish a man who had acquired *glory* by slaughtering his thousands of brethren in time of war. There is still another inconsistency in this people, equally glaring.—Notwithstanding all their professed love of liberty, and their fighting for it, they have now almost two millions of their fellow men in absolute slavery who are held as *property*, to be bought and sold like brute beasts. When I see such glaring disregard of the rights of others, among Christians, who profess a love of liberty, and who evidently understand the rights of men, I cannot but suspect that their wars may be as inconsistent with the principles of their religion as their slaveholding is with their avowed principles of civil freedom.

I ought, however, to say, that there is a great diversity of character among this people. Some of them deeply deplore the inconsistency which I have just stated. They not only see, but feel, that the slaves have much more cause to complain of the tyranny exercised towards them, than ever their master had to complain of the wrongs of Britain. But the majority of the people are either in favor of slaveholding, or so indifferent about it, that little is done towards its abolition. Many fear that by delaying to remedy the evil, the volcano will explode and overwhelm the country with desolating lava.

Westminster, Mass., April 23, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—Do you think I have forgotten you and the cause of God and humanity you have so long defended against a corrupt public sentiment, led on and encouraged by time-serving priests, and politicians? How easy it is for them to be anti-slavery now when there is no tide to stem. But how any one believing in eternal punishment of all the unconverted, could urge them to go to war, is unaccountable to me. If their doctrine is true, will not God require the blood of lost souls at their hands? With the New Testament filled with Christ's teachings, full of love even to our most bitter enemies, they urge men to mutilate and kill all in their power! Have such men any claim to the name of Christian? If so, I do not rightly understand Christ.

Where is the Millennium we formerly heard so much about? Are those who clamored so much for the execution of Greene, prepared to become members by forgiving and loving all enemies? May angel spirits descend and cause all our hearts to grow in love and bud and blossom, not only here but in the spirit realms to which we are all fast hastening.

Your brother and well-wisher,

R. H. OBER.

REMARKS.—Am glad to hear from you once more—did not know but you had passed on to the sunny clime where all is peace and love—had no thought of your forgetting the cause of truth.

Yes, it is very easy for people to float with the current, to be peace men, anti-slavery men, and advocates of justice when it is fashionable; but a very different thing to be a true man and stand firmly in the cause of truth and right when the popular current opposes. There are plenty of those who float with the current, but very few who dare, at all times, to be truthful. No minister, no church, no man whoever or whatever he may be, who believes in war has any claim to Christianity nor even to civilization, and when I see such people flocking to

their churches and talking about religious revivals it reminds me of the prophets of Baal bawling over their selfish offerings when the old prophet mocked them, telling them to bawl louder, for, perchance, their god was asleep, or gone on a journey. The doings of all religionists that believe in war is but mockery, or at least a solemn farce. It will take some time for the Millennium spirit to become universal, unless we have teachers who have been so far civilized as to have escaped from the barbarous war spirit.

#### An Exhortation.

BY LENA HERDNA HUNTER.

Reader, art thou inquiring for spiritual truth? Is there within thee a yearning for a higher life, a hungering and thirsting for righteousness, a longing for purity, for redemption from evil, for a control over the passions and a state of harmony and love, and peace and joy? If so, go not after "Lo, here!" nor "Lo, there is Christ!" but turn thy attention within thyself. It is within thee that thy wants lie; it is within thee that thou wilt find thy worst enemies, misguided selfishness, impatience and all the passions of the animal nature represented by the beasts, birds, fowls and fishes of the outside world. This *inner* world is that over which God gave man dominion; but he has lost that dominion and become subject to the animals—his soul is a slave. What is now wanted in order to be happy is for thee to regain that dominion—to reign king or queen over all within. And how is this dominion to be regained? By entering within thyself, watching over all evil, bringing every passion under the control of the light of truth. There is within thee a light, showing thee what is right and what wrong in every contemplated word and act; be thou willing and obedient and thou shalt reign king or queen, and eat the good of the land. Turn from and reject the evil, and cleave to and perform the good. Make it a daily work, the chief object of life to gain this victory and dominion over all thy thoughts, words and deeds, and thou wilt go on step by step, conquering and to conquer, until a full and perfect victory is gained, and then will come harmony, peace and joy.

A baptism in water, a membership in a corrupt church, will avail nothing. Thy wants, thy enemies are within thee; the power to gain the victory is there, and there the work must be performed. The quacks in divinity, begloved and bescented, strutting in pride or lolling at ease, can do thee no good; turn from them all, trust not in man, make not flesh thine arm, but obey the *light within* in all things, and thou shalt become wiser than thy teachers, and find a heaven of love within thyself. Though this inner light may be small in its beginnings, despise not the day of small things; if it is sufficient to show thee the right or wrong in but one act, obey it, and then it will increase; and thy way will become brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

The Ewe Trees of Surry, England, stood in the days of Cæsar. There is an apple tree in Hartford, Conn., 200 years old. A Fig Tree in Palestine, 780 years old. An Olive Tree in Asia Minor, 850 years old. A Live Oak in Louisiana, 1,000 years old. A Cedar on Mount Lebanon, 2,120 years old. A Pine Tree in Asia Minor, 1,890 years old. A Sycamore in the Bosphorus, 4,000 years old.

#### "In Lots to suit Purchasers."

"One Lord, one faith and one baptism," says Paul, but it appears that some of our ministers have two baptisms. They can sprinkle the faces of their converts, or perverts in the church, or duck their whole bodies in the Cove. "In lots to suit purchasers"—"at wholesale or retail," say other traders, and we suppose these priestly peddlers do the same—give a sprinkling or a ducking to suit purchasers. If there was any virtue in these outward baptisms, we would advise the perverts to take it by the wholesale, and often, till they get rid of the war spirit. Some of them need soaking over night in order to be made clean.

To see a church and minister that have been active in the late war, pretending to have a christian revival and baptising people in the name of the Prince of peace, while they still cling to their belief in the propriety of fighting, is ridiculous. Such baptisms can only cleanse the skin and promote circulation, and if administered simply as a sanitary measure, would do good by giving vigor to the body; but the idea that such dippings can benefit the soul otherwise than by giving it a cleaner and healthier body to dwell in, is an error too absurd to be tolerated by any thoughtful being.

John the Baptist, baptized people awhile, teaching them that as he cleansed the body from filth by water, so Christ would cleanse the soul from sin by a spiritual baptism.—Christ was baptized of John to *end* that figurative baptism, he never baptized any nor commanded any to be baptised in water, but in the name, power or spirit of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Paul afterwards declared there was *one* Lord, *one* faith and *one* baptism, and showed that the *one* baptism was spiritual and saving. Notwithstanding that Christ called these things old bottles and old garments, and Paul afterwards called them filthy rags, beggarly elements, &c., the priests are still hawking them about, pretending to feed and clothe the souls of those who are simple enough to listen to their nonsense; and the results show how shallow is the operation. Who are saved by such means? Whose lives are made better by such conversions and baptisms? It is time such humbuggery were exposed and put aside. If honest people are really desiring salvation it is too bad for them to be deceived and cheated, and drawn into such gull-traps to spend their lives, perhaps, under the delusion, and never know the joys of living and walking in the Gospel light and high way of holiness.

GOVERNMENT! The British fleet in the Provincial waters to watch the Yankee fishermen and Fenians, numbers 23 vessels with 448 guns and 5717 men. Our Government has also a lot of war ships and an army there for the same purpose. Just think of the enormous expense and all for the want of submission to the Golden Rule. Can man contrive anything more foolish and expensive than the political government of civilized and professedly christianized nations? England and the United States are in debt more than they can pay for long years to come, and all for wars and other foolish expenditures to save the life of their worthless governments. Better accept of the Golden Rule.




**WORDS WANTED.**—We want several new words in the English language, in order to be correctly understood. It is a very common thing for infidels and reformers to speak of the corrupt and corrupting influences or practices of Christianity, meaning not the christianity taught and practiced by Christ, but things *directly opposite* practiced by the modern churches. The Boston Investigator—a paper which with all its errors, contains more good reading than any professedly Christian paper I am acquainted with—every week speaks in this manner. In a late number it said that Christianity professed to be *peaceful*, while it had actually committed more wars and persecutions than any thing else. Now, it is not the christianity of Christ that has carried on wars and persecutions, but the trash of the modern churches, and we want some word that will distinguish this trash from Christianity. Suppose we call it church craft. Then again, the modern priests are called preachers of the Gospel. This is wrong, for not one in a thousand of them ever had any real knowledge of the Gospel. Suppose we call them preachers of the Gun-spel. This would express their true character, and distinguish them from the few, if there are any, who do really preach the Gospel. We do not like to see Christianity disgraced by being confounded with church craft, nor to see the Gospel associated with the gunspell. They are of two directly opposite kingdoms.

**NOT STRANGE.**—The papers are telling as something wonderful, that Woodland Plantation in this State, has been settled five years, has now eighty inhabitants and no lawyer, doctor, minister, justice of the peace nor rumseller. This is not unusual in new settlements. The people generally who settle a new country are honest, industrious people, and often poor.—They have to cut away the forests, clear out the stumps, build houses, barns, fences and roads, sink wells, &c., &c. Being honest they have no need of lawyers and justices, being temperate in food and drink, they have no use for doctors, and having but little money and but plain, wholesome fare, ministers are not tempted to the place. As they are too busy to loaf about grog-shops there is no chance for rumsellers. When they get their farms in the way for good crops and begin to have money to spare, the minister creeps in; when they do not have to work so hard and have time to loaf, the rumseller comes; and this breeds strife and gives food to the lawyer, and if two ministers of different sects come to divide the people and help breed strife and contention, the evil is increased. Luxurious living and bad habits make room for the doctor, and probably in ten years the lawyer, doctor, minister and rumseller will have the best buildings in town, dress the best and rule the farmers. New towns where the people are poor and work hard are poor places for such vermin. But when food and money become plenty they are sure to walk in. Let the people of Woodland Plantation and other new towns take warning from these hints, subscribe for the Chariot and keep the vermin at a distance.

**DIED,** in this city, April 17; **CALEB BISHOP PAGE**, a native of Haverhill, Mass., well known as "Second Joseph," aged 58.


The deceased traveled in various States and the British Provinces, lecturing on temperance, peace and kindred subjects, and probably told more truth than the world will practice for some time to come.

 We wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the article in this paper signed W. F. W., as it is worth more than all the theological preaching one could get in a century. It begins at the beginning—urges the necessity of parents being in healthy, harmonious condition of body and mind, in order to impart the best condition to their offspring. Not only are the general conditions of parents, whether good or bad, entailed on their children, but those conditions are modified by immediate or transient circumstances. We see in the same families in children born of the same parents, a vast superiority of one child over another, physically and mentally, owing to varied conditions of the parents at different times. We tried to impress this fact on parents in the first number of the Chariot, when the Press, then under control of an ex-Rev. and a Dr. of medicine, cried out "Free love and anti-marriage," when there was no more of either in the article than there is in the commandment of God to the ancients to go forth and multiply and replenish the earth. We were only showing that children generated under favorable conditions are superior to those begotten stealthily under bad conditions, and men who could so misunderstand and pervert our meaning as the Rev. Editor and Dr. did, are not fit either to preach even the gunspell, practice medicine nor edit a paper; and then their contemptible meanness in refusing to correct the blunder their own lusts had led them into, was adding insult to injury.

It is a fact that people know more about improving the quality of their farm crops and domestic animals even to swine, than they do about improving their own children. Forced or unnatural maternity has cursed the world with wild beasts in human form, and will continue to until people make the laws of generation a science and a study. If they would become Shakers and stop breeding, if only long enough to get their own bodies purified and in fit condition to generate, we could be silent on the subject; but so long as any thing in the form of a man can get legal control over a woman to abuse her, and people the world with crooked, cross-grained productions of their lust, it will be the duty of every true man and woman to cry out against such adultery, even though it be legalized and encouraged by custom and the church.

**"PLEASURE BOAT."**—Do those to whom we offer unbound Volumes of the Pleasure Boat, know what they are losing when they neglect to secure them? They are cheaper than any matter that can be published now, and will bear reading fifty years hence better than now, for then people will have traveled up nearer to the truths they contain, and consequently will understand them better. They are worth a dollar a volume, and whole sets would readily sell for that, but as we have odd volumes on hand and are in want of money, we will send unbound Volumes post paid, for 35 cents each, if called for immediately.

The error of one thoughtless moment may become the sorrows of a whole life.

 A full grown man in a store selling hoop skirts, corsets, tape and pins to women, when there is plenty of manly work out of doors, and thousands of females that want employment! Such men ought to be ashamed of themselves. We advise the girls to change garments with them and go to farming and gardening; or get up a public nursery, have all the babies brought to it, and hire these chaps to tend and rock them, while you sell tape and pins.

What is the reason that females cannot keep all the dry goods stores, the post offices, and engage in many other employments now monopolized by men? Yes, boys and men, you ought to be ashamed to crowd women out of their places; if you were really manly you would not do it.

[From an Old Paper.]

#### Good News from the West.

"Young America" comes to us unusually "rich," this week, and in addition to a large amount of interesting matter, all of which we wish we were able to copy, brings the following cheering tidings of the progress of National Reform in Wisconsin.

#### GLORIOUS VICTORY!

*Palo Alto and Rasaca de la Palma thrown into the shade!—Metamoras, Monterey, and Tabasco totally eclipsed!—The second best National Reform Measure adopted by Wisconsin!—Hunkerism routed!—First Free State!*

In the Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin the following article in favor of **HOME-STEAD EXEMPTION** was read the 3d time and PASSED, by a vote of 61 to 35:

Sect. 1. All property real and personal of the wife, owned by her at the time of her marriage, and also that acquired by her after her marriage, by gift, device, descent or otherwise than from her husband, shall be a separate property. Laws shall be passed providing for the registering of the wife's property, and more clearly defining the rights of the wife thereto, as well as to property held by her with her husband; and for carrying out the provisions of this section. Where the wife has a separate property from that of her husband, the same shall be liable for the debts of the wife contracted before marriage.

Sect 2. Forty acres of land, to be selected by the owner thereof, or the **HOMESTEAD** of a family not exceeding forty acres, which said land shall not be included within any city or village, or instead thereof (at the option of the owner) any lot or lots in any city or village, being the homestead of a family, and not exceeding in value one thousand dollars, shall not be subject to forced sale on execution for any debt or debts growing out of or founded upon contract, either express or implied, made after the adoption of this constitution. Provided, that such exemption shall not affect in any manner any mechanic's or laborer's lien or any mortgage therein lawfully obtained, nor shall the owner, if a married man, be at liberty to alienate such real estate, unless by the consent of the wife.

Prior to this law, when a woman married all her property went into the hands of her husband, and he could spend it at the grog shop, gambling den or brothel, and leave her to be trundled off to the pauper house, and it is so now, I believe, in several of the States! And yet we have always had Fourth of July orations about just laws, equal rights, and any amount of garrulity about our home for the free and asylum for the oppressed.

If a man would rise in the world, he must not stop to kick at every cur that barks at him by the wayside.