

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER CONDUCTOR.

TERMS.—The Chariot will be published monthly until further notice, at \$1.25 for 26 numbers paid in advance, or 5 cents for single copies. Persons forwarding five subscribers and the pay, will receive one copy free. Newsmen supplied. All communications must be addressed to J. HACKER, Portland, Maine.

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.

Political Sneer.

The "Chariot of Wisdom and Love"—successor to Hacker's *Pleasure Boat*—comes out flat-footed in favor of destroying the Government as the only means by which to inaugurate a true Christian condition of society. The editor is very frank, and thinks Mr. Lincoln should have hung himself before going to war to save the Government from overthrow. Mr. Hacker is one of the "Progressives" who has advanced so far beyond the mortal sphere, that he holds converse with angels, and breathes only the rarified atmosphere of the upper spheres, yet he begs his friends for so gross a thing as money to enable him to run his "Chariot."—[Portland Press.]

Yes, neighbor, we came out flat-footed and square-toed, frank and honest, declaring that the Government is just as opposite to Christianity and all vital goodness as darkness is to light; that it was founded in bloodshed, that its life has been preserved by blood and carnage—that it is a liar, a thief, a robber, a murderer—that slavery which it is fighting, is one of its own pet children that never would have existed here, had the Government never existed—that land monopoly which has directly or indirectly destroyed millions of lives and made millions of drunkards and paupers, is another of its own children, and that it is the parent of a host more of the same class of brats—that it has cost a hundred times more in treasures and blood to save its own life, and the life of its brats, than all the thieves, robbers, and assassins in the nation would have wasted, if there had never been any Government; and all that you, one of the bloated leading Government presses, fed on public pap, can offer in reply to these solemn truths is the above sneer about "Progressives," "converse with angels,"—"rarified air," and "money." Shame on you! You can not deny a single charge I named against the Government, and your reply only serves to prove their truth.

But why not be honest and quote me correctly instead of twisting what I said around your own crooked brain, trying to make it appear as deformed as your own ideas? I did not say

Mr. Lincoln *shou'd* have hung himself, but in reply to Dr. De Wolfe, who asked what he could have done, I said he *might* have hung himself, or, *what would have been better*, he might have returned to the honest occupation of splitting rails, instead of wasting so much blood and treasure to prolong the life of a government founded in blood, accursed of God, from the beginning, and which must go down, just as sure as the will of God is ever done here on earth among men. Will you pretend to say that a government of fines, penalties, prisons, and bloodshed, can ever exist in a land where all the people are actuated by the spirit and principles of Christ? You cannot! Then why sneer at the few who are required to declare this solemn truth, which never would have been lost sight of at all, had it not been for the erroneous teachings of designing priests and demagogues? Had you been manly and honest, laboring for the good of mankind, you would either have shown my remarks on the government to be erroneous, or else would have admitted their truth and helped to destroy the bloody monster: put lacking manliness and honesty, or being tempted by government pap, you undertake to turn the minds of the people from the solemn truths we utter, by sneers. If our charges against the government are true it matters not, in the minds of honest people, whether they came through a "progressive," "living beyond the mortal sphere," "holding converse with angels," and "breathing only the rarified air of the upper spheres," or through a non "progressive" political editor, sitting in mire and blood, "holding converse" with war-demons, and "breathing air" of the lower spheres, condensed and poisoned by the fumes of beer, brandy and tobacco; for Truth is Truth let it come through what channel it may; and you have no right to sneer at a self-evident truth, whether it comes through an instrument higher or lower than yourself.

With regard to asking for money to defray the expenses of the Chariot; I need only say to people who have examined the subject, I am necessitated to do this by this same government I am exposing. The government has made money necessary to all who live within its borders. Had the true christian spirit and principles ruled men, instead of a grasping government of blood and carnage ever breeding errors and wrongs, money never would have been necessary. Mankind would have been united in love; and mutual kindness and good will would have established a system of co-operation which would have made money needless. We

challenge you to candidly discuss the Government question with us. Will you do it, or will you close your eyes against the truth as you have against Spiritual phenomena, after being repeatedly invited to investigate them, and go on dreaming in your paper about "polecats," "progressiveness," "higher spheres," rarified air," and the like, as you have the last two months? We shall see. [April 5.]

CHILDRENS' SALOON.

Rensselaerville, N. Y., Mar. 25, '65.

FRIEND HACKER:—I am a little girl nine years of age, the one you saw when you were here visiting us. I feel anxious to learn to write, so I thought I would write to you. My parents are well. I have one sister older than myself. We heard from you by way of our neighbors; learned that you are well and talk of going to Hamonton to live. I think it must be pleasant down there or you could not have written those pretty verses about Jersey. I like them so much, my sister and I have found a tune for them, and we make the house ring with "Jersey," sometimes. We almost fancy ourselves there;—maybe we shall be there some day with those "fruits so fine." I think I could eat my share of them and pick them too.

Spring has come. The Robins have come. The birds sing very fine these bright warm days. It makes me very happy to welcome Spring again. We have had a long cold winter. I have been to school all winter. Have enjoyed myself very well trying to learn, and have had plenty of fun coasting. It has made me very healthy. I intend to go to school in the summer. I will have to walk almost two miles, and it is all the way up hill. It gives me four miles a day to walk. Please excuse my mistakes and come and visit us again. Ever yours,

HATTIE WINANS.

Thanks Hattie; for your kind remembrance and neat little letter. It came when I had been working hard and was weary and lonely. It was like a nosegay of sweet flowers, or a draught of cold water to the thirsty, and my heart exclaimed "there is one little friend that has not forgotten me," and I thank you for it. Yes, I remember the little rosy checked, healthy looking girl, with her sun-bonnet and basket gathering apples. How nice those white Pippins were, and the red apples. We seldom get such nice apples here, and all kinds are scarce now. The last Baldwins I bought four weeks ago were 75 cents a peck. Now I see none but Russets at the shops, and as I cannot afford to buy them, I have bid adieu to fruit for a while; but if I can get cleared out here and get to Hamonton before Peach time, I will not grumble! I wish all the little girls and boys in the nation would make the houses, hills, and plains, ring with sweet songs. If there was more heartfelt singing of the right kind of songs in this nation, there would be less fighting. In Italy, Africa, and some other countries, when the sun

is going down in summer, all the little boys and girls sit on the doorsteps singing, and they do not fight much there. People who have purity and love enough to sing sweet songs, do not love to fight. But war songs and patriotic songs have a very bad influence, and children should never sing them. *Patriotism*, you know, perhaps, means a love for one's country. It is a low and selfish love, and patriotic songs are low and selfish, giving one an exalted opinion of his or her own country, if ever so wicked, and a mean opinion of other countries.

The love of the true man and true woman is not confined to one little country, but takes in the whole universe. The true man and true woman regard all human beings of every clime or country as their own brothers and sisters, travelling the same journey of life, to meet at last on the same happy shores; and they love them all, and will do good to them all as far as in their power, and strive to make the whole world happier, and rather suffer themselves, than do an injury to others, and if all the people in any nation would live in this spirit of love to all, then all other nations would love and respect them; and if any little boy or girl tries to love and do good to all when they can, they will be loved by others; for love and kindness will change the hearts of enemies and make them kind and loving. Try this with your schoolmates; forgive injuries and return kind acts for evil ones and see if I do not tell you the truth. When I was a little boy in school one wicked fellow older than I hated me because I could cypher better than he, and he was all the time pestering me. He pinched me in school and snow balled me out of school, and sometimes struck and kicked me. One day I gave him an apple, and that seemed to soften him some; then I showed him how to do his sums, and explained them so he understood them. In a little time he was my firm friend, and I have published some of his letters in the Boat. He subscribes for five copies of the paper and gives four of them away. Since that I have tried the same principle of kindness on grown men. I had a neighbor who was a very bad man. I had always treated him well, but one day my horse left the pasture, when some boys left the gate open, and this man put the horse in the pound. I did not know any cause for his treating me so. In a few days when I was riding alone, I overtook him walking. I thought of the trouble, expense and unhappy feelings he had given me by emponding the horse, and thought of riding by him, and leaving him to walk; but something said to me "Do not be a savage because he is; be a man." I stopped my horse and asked him to ride. He looked very much ashamed but could make no excuse for walking, so he got in. I conversed with him pleasantly, and after that he never injured me, but many times went out of the way to do me favors without being requested to. The poor man is dead now, and I feel much happier when I think of him, than I should if I had cherished hard feelings and left him to walk three miles in the hot sun. I have tried this principle so many times, and seen such power in it that it seems very strange to me to see the people of this great nation that call themselves so wise and good, blowing out each others brains by scores, and thousands, and hundreds of thousands, when love and kindness, if they would but use them right, would settle all their troubles. Remember these things, my little friend, and if your schoolmates or others ever wrong you, return not evil, but conquer them by love and kindness. Can not you find a tune for the "Cricket song," and make the field and garden ring with that, till crickets, grass-hoppers, and other beautiful things are all singing with you? Hunt up all

the good songs you can and see if you can not sing some of the wickedness out of peoples' hearts, and cause them to love each other better.

I love little children, love to talk and play with them, love to see them happy, and would write a great deal more for them in the Chariot if I knew they would read it; but having asked them many times to write to me, and very few of them having done so, I have thought they did not care much about the paper. But if they will now write they shall have half the paper to themselves; for I rather talk with the children,—think it would do more good, for many of the grown people are so set in error there is not much hope of benefitting them, and I would like to work where I can do the most good.

Your walks to school will do you good, if you dress right and do not walk too fast up hill. Girls brought up in hilly countries are the strongest and healthiest. Running over the hills develops their muscles and gives them large healthy lungs. When I was young I knew women that could walk fifteen or twenty miles without stopping to rest, and I have a sister who could mount a hard trotting horse and ride forty-five or fifty miles in a day all alone, sometimes passing through a dense forest ten or twelve miles long. Now I see poor sickly looking women every day, who get into the horse cars to ride less than a quarter of a mile, when they are dying by inches for want of proper exercise.

They lace up their waists so tight that their lungs are so compressed and deranged that they can not take a full breath of pure air; their blood is not purified for want of pure air in their lungs, their cheeks are pale, their eyes dim, they feel languid and feeble, and their weak bodies are weighed down with steel hoops and long skirts mopping up the filth and swashing it onto their heels. Do not be a fool Hattie, like these, but dress so that you can fill your whole lungs with pure air and give them room to grow, to boot, and let no limb or muscle be bound. Dress so you can run, jump, climb fences and trees, and if people call you a "Tom-Boy," tell them that Tom-Boys always make the smartest women, if they do not ruin themselves by fashionable dress when they grow up. There, Hattie, we have had a nice good talk, have we not, and when you write again we will have another. Please give my love to your parents and neighbors, "and the rest of mankind." Ask Mellie what has become of her pen, and tell all the children to write to me. Your friend,

J. H.

To All the Children.

Hattie's letter will probably be read by more than five thousand little boys and girls! Only think what a company! Think too that you can sit down all alone and by writing to the Chariot, talk to all these children. Let others send along their letters, and when we get enough of them we will get up a picnic in the Chariot. There are thousands of things to write about,—farms, gardens, fruits, flowers, beasts, birds, insects, reptiles, schools, homes, playmates, and more than I could name in an hour.

I have often thought what an interesting study the history of insects would be to children. We have thousands of insects all doing good or harm to field or garden. One kind of insect lives on rose-bushes, while another kind save the rose-bush by eating the insect that lives on it, and so it is through all the insect world. By studying the character of each, we should learn which are our friends and which

our foes. The toad is one of the homeliest things we can find, and yet one of the farmer's and gardener's best friends. He is an enormous eater, and feeds on worms and slugs and bugs. See how near his color is to the ground. If he was not that color hawks, owls, and other birds and animals would see and destroy him; but being so near the color of the ground they do not notice him, and nature, in wisdom gave him this color for his safety, because he can not run fast to escape from his enemies. He can keep still when he sees an enemy and they do not notice but what he is a little lump of dirt, his feet and legs hid under him. Do you not see the wisdom of his being formed and colored as he is. And then how clumsy he appears. He cannot run like the squirrel, because there is no need of running. He was formed for a different purpose; nature does not give gifts where they are not needed. If toads had needed the sprightliness of the squirrel nature would have formed them different. The squirrel lives on nuts, seeds, &c., and needs to climb trees and hop from limb to limb, to get its food; so nature made the squirrel just as he should be for that purpose; but the toad was made to live on the ground and feed on insects, and was made just right for that. See how clumsy he looks, yet he is as spry as a cat in his own way. Watch him, when he comes out of his hiding place at twilight. You do not often see him out in the day time, because the kind of insects he was made to feed on are not out by day. Can you not see wisdom in that? He comes out at twilight when the insects that have been hid away from the warm sun begin to come out. See how still he is, his sharp eyes looking all around for a worm. If he sees an insect that can fly or run fast he watches it till the insect gets his head in such a position that he can not see him, then the toad hops towards him. Here you see wisdom again, fitting him for his work. If he walked right along, the bug would see him, and fly away, but as he makes a sudden hop, when the bug is looking another way, he is not seen. After making one hop, he watches again and as soon as the bug is in such a position that he cannot see him, he makes another hop, and when he is near enough, he makes the last hop, and at the same time throws out his long round tongue at the bug, like striking with a whip lash. His tongue is covered with a sort of slime or gluten and the bug sticks to it, is held by the gluten, and the toad by drawing in his tongue, draws in the bug with it. Throw the toad a long angle-worm and he takes him up in a different way. He knows the worm can not fly nor run fast, so he is not so sly, but goes up to it, takes one end of the worm in his mouth and draws it through his hands to clean off any dirt that may be sticking to it. You can see wisdom running through all the works of nature, fitting everything to its place. When the insects seek their hiding places in the fall, then the toad's work is over until spring. What does the toad do then, when his food is hid away? Does nature feed him in idleness all winter as men do their animals? No, she has provided a better way, for there is no waste in Nature's fields and gardens, all is economy, everything has a place and is in its place, if man does not change Nature's plans. The toad, when his insect food is hid away in the fall, creeps into his own hiding place, freezes up, and knows no more, till spring, than you do when sound asleep. But when the spring sun comes to him, he wakes the same time the insects do and begins to work anew, and destroys thousands of insects that have been living on the plants and grains that men cultivate. I love the toad as well as I do the Robin or other

birds, because I can see wisdom in his form, color and all his motions.

I could tell you much more about this *homely, handsome* little creature, but it would make this article too long. I say homely, handsome because to one who does not see the wisdom that created and fitted him so nicely for his purpose, he is very homely; but to one that sees how wisely he is made, he is beautiful. There are larger animals that sleep, or lie torpid through the winter when their food fails, of which I may tell you at some other time, if I find by your letters that you are interested in these things.

One man in this nation says his spirit has been to the "Summer Land," and there seen children marching with little flags like our war flags, only smaller, and he has established Sabbath schools in which scholars march with *war* flags. I do not believe he ever saw or ever will see a flag in the "Summer land," though very likely he has seen a great many in his own imagination since he made shipwreck of love and harmony, and allowed the wicked war-spirit to take possession of him; and it looks to me very silly for children to march up and down the hall with war flags, when they might be studying the history of animals, birds and insects, and unfolding their minds to a world of beauty and wisdom surpassing all our most beautiful imaginations, and when this man gets into the "Summer land," I think he will be more engaged in studying this wondrous wisdom, than in marching about with war-flags singing war-songs, for though he will not find the toad, the bird, or the butterfly there with their perishable bodies, he need not be surprised to find the soul or life of all things there, and can spend thousands of years in beholding their uses, and adoring the wondrous wisdom that fitted each for its place; for

There, birds and beauteous beings
Of every form and hue,
Reveal to the enraptured
What God in love can do.—
The use for which he made them,
Their fitness to their place,—
Myst'ries which men have studied,
But ne'er could fully trace.

See Chariot No. 1, Pilgrim Song.

There Hattie, your letter has drawn out all this long talk, and I hope it will stir up the children and set them to thinking and writing.

And here is a letter from a little girl who says she should not have dared to write if Nellie Parsons had not written in such a familiar style.

To THE GIRLS.—I suppose many of you read the Chariot and have read about that place in New Jersey, that Mr. Hacker thinks of going to. Don't you think it would be a delightful place? Only think of the nice fruits that grow there. You all know how much we think of a strawberry pie, peaches, grapes, and sweet-potatoes, *when we can get them*. You know that we all love melons, and pears, and all those nice things. Don't you think we should be happy there, surrounded by all of these things, combined to make us happy. If we could go there and have all the fruits we could eat and sell the rest, how we would work, and take comfort in it. I guess we would have some new dresses, and pretty ones too, but we should have to wear bloomers if we worked much at farming. Now just think of it, Girls, and perhaps we may conclude to go. I hope we may meet in that sunny land.

From your friend, M. A. E.

HALL OF PATIENCE.

Be of Good Cheer.

BY J. HACKER.

The true, the brave who face the world's dread frown,
And toil for Truth, for Justice and for Right,
Are Kings and Priests by whom the world is moved
From sin's dark ages to celestial light.

Though hard their toil, and scanty their reward
In things of earth, and loving friends are few,
And blessings scarce, and curses plentiful,
There's power *within* to bear them bravely through.

Their minds, above the common joys of earth,
Are fed on manna by the world unseen;
Along their pathway fruits celestial grow—
Their spirit's clime, clothed in perpetual green.

Scoffs, jeers and taunts, to them are founts of joy;
Scorn and contempt are changed to power and might,
They see the source whence these foul offerings come—
From reptiles startled by the coming light.

Though their own age may bind them to the stake,
Blacken their name, or nail them to the cross,
The next will crown them as the "Chosen Ones,"
To purify the world from dregs and dross.

Then rise! ye weak ones, o'er desponding fears,
Gird on the armor of celestial light,
Go forth to conquer, *knowing* you must win,
For Wrong must yield, and flee from coming Right.

SUPESTITION HALL.

The Church Then and Now.

BY J. HACKER.

Dark ages back, the Church its Witches hung,
Petted false priests, shut Quakers up in jail,
Whipped women, naked, through the frozen streets,
From town to town, tied to the horse-cart's tail.

Reared its proud temple on an eminence,
Like Jezebel, to win the gaze of men,
And side by side temple and gallows stood,
Pound, whipping post, gun-house and ducking pen!

Rigged all their children out in Scripture names,—
Hugh, Agag, Saul, Job, Eli, Shem, and Lot,
Hope, Faith, Desire, Comfort, Peace and Love,
And scores and hundreds which I have forgot.

Observed the Sabbath with most rigid care,
Made it a sin for one to kiss her babes,
Wore faces long, till Monday morn came round,
Then shot poor Indians and belabored slaves.

They made up mouths at the old Church of Rome,
Called her the mother of a harlot band,
While they were members of her family,
Who'd fled and settled in this distant land!

Bought rum and drank it, fuddled their own brains,
Till church and deacons were a jolly set,
All touching torches to each others' wigs,—
I've laughed to hear it and I'm laughing yet.

The times have changed some, but the self-same breed
Of churches, now is scattered o'er our land,—
Not scorching wigs in alcoholic mirth,
But drunk with passion, fighting hand to hand!

The priests are praying for their God to aid
The frantic slaughter of deep wrath and hate,
While Quakers aid them with their voice and votes,
Too sadly fallen from their high estate.

GERRIT SMITH has written a long letter to Wm. Loyd Garrison, denouncing the *Theologians*, and declaring that they should all be put aside and give place to natural Justice. This is well, but is he not on another point, just as absurd and inconsistent as Theologians themselves? Does he not believe in a political government of fines and penalties—a government which often makes war on others unjustly, and frequently requires the sacrifice of thousands of human beings in order to preserve its own existence,—a government which is the twin brother of Priestcraft and Theology?

Look at these questions, Bro. Smith, and see if there is not quite as much to be said against political governments as theologies, and quite as much need of getting rid of the former, as the latter.

DECEIVER'S CABIN.

THE OUTCAST.

BY LENA HERDNA HUNTER.

"Ope' your door and let me in;
Cold the storm and I am weary,
Chilled and drenched e'en to the skin,
And my soul is dark and dreary.

Ope' your door and let me in,
E'er with cold and want I perish,—
Though I am a child of sin,
I'm good enough for you to cherish.

Once my virgin heart you won,
Vowing your truth would be eternal,
By your vows I was undone,
Then you played a part infernal.

Spurned me from you in my shame,
Only because I had believed you,
Stained and tarnished my fair name,—
'Twas you that sinned—I ne'er deceived you.

Others spurned me from their doors,
When'er I begged for crumbs or labor,
Like the man wounded and sore,
But no Samaritan my neighbor.

Downward step by step I sunk.—
Bartered my soul to feed the body,
While you with legislators ranked,
And soon grew rich on shoes and shoddy.

You are honored, I am cursed,
You revel while I am dying,—
Ope' your door and let me in,
I'll lay me where your dog is lying.

Ope' your door and let me in,
For your own solemn vows betrayed me;
Though I am a child of sin
I am only what you made me."

Vainly plead she, that drear night,
Those gilded halls her plea denying:—
Near his door at morning light
Her once pure form a corpse was lying.

His sin now haunts his guilty soul,
Conscience aroused is ever burning,
There's no escaping its control,
Whichever way he may be turning.

In the halls so gay with mirth,
He ever sees her form before him,
Sees her as she was at first,
Ere the traitor spell came o'er him.

Sees her as she plead that night
Cold and hungry, weak and dying;
Sees her as at morning light,
On the frozen pavement lying.

In the church pew, mart or street,
In the palace he erected,
There she stands covered with sleet,
Pleading still to be protected.

Souls that thus betray their trust,
Plunging the pure in helpless ruin,
Must see the victims of their lust
On their guilty path pursuing.

A young gentleman was paying special attention to a young lady, and one day a little girl about five years old, slipped in and began a conversation with him: "I can always tell" said she, "when you are coming to our house." "You can?" he replied; "and how do you tell it?" "Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and to get good; and she gives me cake and anything I want; and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about." This was a poser to the young man. "Fools and children tell the truth," quoth he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

HALL OF BROTHERHOOD.

A Glimpse at Unitary Life.

How much happier mankind would be, if they would live and act in the true spirit of Brotherhood! How much labor, and time, and money might be saved! What opportunities they might have for all kinds of improvement!

Reader, let us look into this subject a little. Here are ten farmers living in one neighborhood, each owning 100 acres of land, a house, barn, and other buildings on each farm. Now suppose these ten families possessed enough brotherly and sisterly love, to dwell together in one family, think how much they might save in time, labor and money. In the first place, their thousand acres of land would not require half the fencing that the ten farms do. Each man now, must have pastures, fields, and a garden, each enclosed by a fence or wall; whereas if these ten farms were all in one, each field, pasture, and garden, could be ten times as large, and consequently the larger portion of the expense of fencing would be saved. Take a sheet, of paper, call it a thousand acres of land, then draw lines where you would want fences if it was all in one farm, and measure their length. Then take another sheet and divide it into ten parts, calling each part a hundred acre farm, and then draw the lines where you would want fences on each, to make the necessary divisions of field, pasture, &c. Then measure and compare it with the amount of fence on the thousand acre farm, and you will be utterly astonished at the difference, and all this difference in the expense of fencing would be saved if the ten families possessed enough of the love which is indispensable to their happiness, to dwell together in one family. Then each of the ten farms needs a well at the house, and another at the barn, if there is no spring or running stream handy. So the ten farmers must have twenty wells, whereas if the farms were all in one, two wells would probably be sufficient for all purposes. Then, again, suppose there is a living fountain on the thousand acres; the ten families living in one, can afford to unite their means and bring the water a long distance, and have all their houses and barns supplied with pure, flowing water. If the ten families live separately they cannot afford the expense of bringing the water to each farm.

The Shaker Society at Harvard, Mass., bring their water from a hill-side spring, a mile or more, into a large reservoir on high land, and thence flowing streams are carried in pipes, into houses, shops, barns, and gardens, wherever wanted, so that they always have a supply of the purest water. If the same number of people were scattered in isolated families over the same amount of land, they could not afford to bring this water to each family, but must spend perhaps twice the amount in sinking wells, and then have to pump all their water, which is much like working one's passage on a canal, by going on foot to drive the horse.

I have noticed in many of the Shaker families that in washing and cooking, that the women only turn a faucet, and in some cases place a tube, and the water flows into their kettles or tubs.

Then again the ten families must have ten houses. If they were brothers and sisters in spirit—if they were true christians as they all pretend to be, they would need but one, somewhat larger to be sure, but not costing half as much as ten small ones. So it is with all other buildings, and the same rule obtains in furniture. Excepting beds and a few other articles, the ten families want twice the amount of furniture that they would want in one family. Each must have a parlor and a spare bed room for company; but living all in one family, one or two large parlors would be sufficient.

Then again, the ten farmers must each have an orchard; but are all too busy with other matters to take care of it, and it is not large enough to pay the expense of a hired man; and the consequence is, the trees need pruning, are filled with borers, and covered with moss. If the ten families were all in one, and their ten orchards all in one, it would pay for a man to attend to it, and the amount of fruit would be doubled or trebled in quantity, and greatly improved in quality, and the profit correspondingly increased. On isolated farms, each man and woman must perform certain kinds of work that they have no taste nor genius for. Some men never can learn to manage an ox team to advantage; others have no faculty for managing horses. Some have a taste for fruit raising, others are fond of other work; but in isolated families, each man and woman must be "jack of all trades," must perform the various kinds of work, whether they have taste for it or not.

But let the ten families be united in one, and there is better opportunity for each to work at whatever he is best adapted to.

Again, some men have no faculty for marketing, and sell at the lowest, and purchase at the highest prices. If the ten families were in one, the business could be transacted by such as are capable of it. In all business departments, the unitary system would be of immense advantage.

Look at the ten farmers on their way to market, all in a row, each with a horse and wagon. One has a carcass of veal, a calf skin and a firkin of butter. Another has a few boxes of butter, and a can or two of milk. Another, half a dozen small cheese, and a box or two of butter, for this is the way farmers near cities do marketing. Another has a few bushels of potatoes, a few dozen of eggs, and so on with them all. They arrive at the city, sell off their truck, and then one wants a bushel or two of salt; another or perhaps several want grass seed; some of them want two or three gallons of molasses others a few pounds of sugar, and so forth, and so on, to the last of the ten. Now here are ten

horses, ten wagons, ten harnesses, and ten men, spending a whole day in doing what, (if they all lived in one family) one man with two horses and one wagon, could do in the same time. If in one family, the time of nine men, nine wagons and eight horses, would be saved; and as the one best calculated to do the trading, would do the business, he would probably receive more for what he sold, and buy cheaper; and besides, fifty persons in a family by purchasing in larger quantities separately, save much.

So much for the business affairs of unitary life; and now what shall we say of other advantages?

Ten or more families living in one, can have a school for their children, under their own roof. The children will thus avoid exposure to weather on their way to and from their school-room; and what is of still more importance, are not exposed to the vices they must ever meet in a school composed of all sorts of scholars coming from all sorts of families. Their teachers could be those of their own household, and many other advantages would cluster around them. The adults could have meetings, lectures, discussions, &c, every evening in the week, without regard to weather—without going from under their own roof. The advantages for mental, moral, and spiritual improvement would be far greater than if living in isolated families.

Even in cities and villages ten or more families in one could live much cheaper than if separate. Rent and fuel would not cost half as much; and food and fuel purchased in large quantities would be much cheaper.

These hints are only part of what might be said in favor of communities, provided the people were prepared for such a Union; and that communities will become more common than they now are, as fast as people are prepared for such a state, I have not the least doubt. The Shaker fraternities, that have been in existence seventy or eighty years; the Oneida, N. Y., and Wallingford, Ct., communities prove that such Unitary movements are practicable; and many inquiring minds in various parts of the nation are looking into the subject more earnestly than ever.

SLAVE PEN.

[From the Circular.]

Marriage Slavery.

IN THE CIRCULAR of Feb, 20th, you desired to be supplied with facts on the above named subject. I opine if all the tyranny and abuse that have been practiced on women (who were just as good after marriage as they were before, and would have remained so until death had they been treated with the same attention, kindness and consideration) were written, the world could not contain the books. In no instance need the picture be overdrawn or colored beyond a strict adherence to truth. I thank God the veil is being rent; there are those who dare to say to the doomed "thou art permitted to speak for thyself;" or at least some may obey the divine command, "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." I have in my mind now, one

whom I knew when a little girl, the oldest of a large family of children and consequently brought up to work, initiated at an early age into not only the simpler mysteries of house-keeping, but also of spinning, weaving, sewing, making men's clothes, cutting and making her own and the rest of the family's. At the age of seventeen she commenced teaching district school. Much of her education had been acquired while tending babies, which came along in quick succession, every now and then hearing her mother's voice call out, "Lay down that book and take care of the baby." She was only fifteen months older than her next brother; next after whom was a boy only ten and a half months younger; and so on until when the mother and father had been married six years and six weeks they had six children. The sick and nearly worn-out mother, was only allowed a hired girl until each of her children was two weeks old. At one time she had three that could not go alone, the oldest being lamed by rocking the cradle with her hands until her arms were lame, then with her feet, until she could not walk. The father seldom spoke a pleasant word to his wife, and never paid any attention to his little ones night or day. He acted as if he thought it beneath his dignity, yet exacted all the rights which the marriage ceremony gave him. The mother's task would have been lightened one half could she have had the sympathy of the man who stood in the place of husband; but instead, she was his property in the eye of the law and custom, as verily as if he had paid a thousand dollars for her, and must be kept in subjection, no matter if she had laid by from her own earnings five times as much as he had, to put into the common fund. She must become a pensioner upon his bounty, and give a strict account of every shilling doled out grudgingly to her by him. Then he might save or squander as the case may be, but she must not say a word, or she was taunted with being out of her place—minding that which was none of her business—when her own support and that of her and his children were involved in the issue. When sharpers were prowling around to overreach in a bargain, a timely word from the wife, heeded by the other half, might have saved more in a moment than years of patient economy and persevering toil. (Those who stand by can oftentimes see deeper into the game than those who are playing). Should she volunteer a word of advice, she was taunted with wanting to "boss the business," "wear the breeches," and a whole vocabulary of abusive, withering remarks which petty tyrants know so well how to make.

Now I am not a sour old maid, nor an irredeemably, disappointed wife; but having taught district school seven years out of twenty-four, and "boarded round" it has given me many a peep behind the curtain of matrimonial infelicity.

E. M. A.

Naples, N. Y., Mar., 1865.

REMARKS.—Thus it is almost every where. While a few men—a very few, treat their wives as equals, the many regard them as property, to be used at the pleasure or convenience of their "lord and master," and in things most important to their happiness, not allowed to have any will of their own. They are not allowed to say when or how often they will bear the pains and cares of maternity, but unwelcome children are forced upon them, and often when so feeble that life is destroyed. Thousands in this nation, every year, go down to untimely graves from this cause alone, and the priests that attend the funerals, instead of searching out the

cause of death, and making it public, for the instruction and warning of others, pray over the "mysterious, and afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence;" and the sin is buried up in the grave with its victim, while the husband, the murderer, dressed in weeds, acts the part of mourner, and then goes forth in a few weeks or months to choose another victim to be treated in the same manner! How common it is to see a woman with two or three little children clinging to her skirts, and another on her arm, while at the same time she is expected to do all the cooking, washing, and other household work for her family. They tell us that African Slavery is now at an end in this nation, and if so we hope the reformers will turn their attention to the wrongs of married women, which are, to say the least, quite as numerous and severe as were the wrongs of the southern slaves. Marriage as it now exists, is one of the most aggravating forms of slavery; and if it cannot be corrected, the sooner it goes into disrepute, the better. It is now a slave pen, over which the husband, benighted priest and the ignorant justice preside as drivers.

HYPOCRITES' ROOM.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

Who Are Christians?

"We cannot tell who are Christians nowadays."

MR. EDITOR:—The above saying has nearly passed into a proverb. A young friend is much surprised that I, an infidel, should oppose the saying. I was engaged at the time, but promised to give him my understanding of the matter in the INVESTIGATOR. whoever utters this saying, could not have read the character and doctrines of Christ, or must admit that there are no Christians; for Christ and the Apostles, in the most emphatic and unmistakable manner, have pointed out the distinguishing characteristics which were to establish the claims of Christianity.

Let us examine and see, if it be so hard a matter to judge who are Christians:—

"If ye are my disciples, the things which I do, ye will do also."

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

These were the especial evidences promised by which to judge between those who were to be his followers and those who were not. And yet, in the face of this evidence, there are to be found even professed Christians themselves who in the most paradoxical and distrustful manner, give utterance to the saying quoted above. It seems amazingly strange that any who have read the New Testament should query, doubt, or hesitate in judgment as to who are Christians, when there is recorded so great a number and variety of specified rules, signs and modes, by which to judge of his followers.

Lest there be some who have not read all or any of the modes, customs, and precepts of Je-

sus Christ and the Apostles, I will quote a few examples, which if they mean anything mean everything; and if they were the divine mandate and authority then, where is the record to prove that they are abrogated now?

Christ directed that "the poor should have the Gospel preached unto them without money and without price." Are the vast sums paid to and received by the clergy, an acknowledgement of and acquiescence in this command? Christ counselled, *i. e.*, commanded his followers "not to resist evil, but to turn the other cheek also when smitten." Do his pretended followers do this? When Christ forbids an oath, and swearing at all by any consideration, can those be his followers who take the oath, and swear in Court? When Christ gives a rule how to make a feast—to "call in the poor, the halt, and blind," &c., are they his followers who entertain their rich neighbors to the exclusion of the worthy poor? One of the principal requirements of Christ was faith. Is the lightning rod upon the church spire, and the insurance policy, an evidence of faith? "Let no man judge you in meats and drinks, nor of holy days."—[St. Paul.] Is this wholesome advice appreciated and regarded? Christ himself never prayed in public, not even before his disciples; but commanded that his followers should pray in secret, in contra-distinction to the Pharisees and hypocrites. Do modern professors do this? A rule is given how to give alms,—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," but bestow in secret. Do professors do this when they publish their acts? "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth;" "Take no thought for the morrow," &c. Do his pretended followers heed this injunction?—"Be not ye called Rabbi," nor Reverend. Do our clergy honor this command? "My disciples will not fight." Are they Christ's disciples who go to war? "Dare any of you having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust?" &c. Is this rebuke heeded?

"Neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." How many rich young men are there, who on joining the church sell all they have, and distribute to the poor? Do they not rather, like Ananias and Sapphira, keep back a part?

Did the professors of religion in the revolution against the Government of Great Britain, heed the command "to be submissive to the powers that be?" Did they find any warrant or toleration in the Bible for a Representative Government by the people? Christ's followers were to "suffer persecutions, privations, tribulation, poverty," and all manner of evil, for Christ's sake. In the name of reason and common sense, I ask, with what propriety can the clergy and their flocks, who are self-exalted, affluent, and aristocratic, be called the meek, lowly and persecuted followers of Jesus Christ? But enough. I have not the time nor space, else I could more than double this catalogue of stinging rebuke.

The foregoing distinguishing tests will apply with equal force in the consideration of the questions:—"Who is a Democrat?"—"Who is a gentleman?" &c. Wherever there exists a system, celestial or terrestrial, certain specific rules unmistakably follow that system. General Scott, in his system of tactics, lays down certain rules. But, if I only put on Scott's uniform, and do not practise his system, in what sense can I claim to be the follower of Scott? With equal propriety I might claim fellowship with the Masonic fraternity, by simply appropriating the title, and putting on the regalia.

A suggestive proverb forcibly corroborates the distinction:

"A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one."

Judging by the signs, customs, and precepts quoted, we may barely conclude that there are but few if any Christians living, save in profession, and these professors do not approximate so near Christ as non-professors; for while the non-professor's sin is that of omission, simply, the professor's sin is one of dereliction, commission, and transposition of both his precepts and acts.

JOHN EWEN, Jr.
Williamsburgh, (N. Y.) March 8, 1865.

REMARKS.—The above from the Investigator, is a truthful mirror, in which the clergy and churches may see themselves as they are.

REFORMER'S HALL.

(From the New York World.)

Anna Dickinson on the Social Evil.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of young girls to-day whose honor is resting upon a needle's point, and hanging by a single thread, and year by year they are crushed down, until perchance the honor slips from the needle's point, and the thread, breaking strand by strand, gives way at last, and drops these women into infamy and shame. Miss Dickinson referred to some of the prices paid now to sewing-girls. These women meet this question of the death of the body and the death of the soul, with starvation, destitution, and despair driving them on, and so, falling into this life, are, perchance, driven into it, saving the body at the expense of the soul. Society sweeps on, no matter how hard these women strive to do better—no matter how they may long—no matter how they may pray—no matter how they may stretch up eager hands out of this gulf of degradation and despair—society, sweeping on, tears loose the clinging hands, and presses them down, down, down! eternally down! into this frightful living, breathing, enduring death.

STORY OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

Will you let me tell you a little story to illustrate the whole matter? Some time ago I was going home one night, just as the shades were closing round; it commenced to rain, and I saw walking before me a beautifully dressed woman unsheltered. I went up to her and said: 'Madam, will you have part of my umbrella, will you walk with me up street?' She looked at me and shaking her head slowly, said, 'I don't think you know what you are saying.' 'Oh, yes,' I responded, 'I say will you walk up the street with me under my umbrella?' She said again, 'I don't think you know what you are saying. You don't know who I am.' Still I said, 'That makes no difference, I don't care whether you know me or not; shall we go up the street together?' 'No,' she said, 'I don't think you would care to have anybody who knows you, meet you walking up street with such a woman as me! And I turned, looked into her face as the gaslight struck across it, and saw there traces of a life that always leaves its traces; knowing that the young and beautiful woman standing beside me was one upon whom society had branded, 'outcast and abandoned'; and I said, 'No matter, we will go on together.' And as we walked I said to her, 'What could have brought you to such a life; you are young, you are very pretty, you look well; what could have brought you to such a life?' She told me her story; and I questioning thereafter, found the story was strictly true. She was the daughter of a clergyman in West Pennsylvania, who had died, leaving his widow and herself penniless and unprovided for. The

girl had tried to find something to do. It was the common story repeated. She tried to stand behind the counter, but they preferred young men; she tried to keep school, but there was only one in the village, and that had its teacher; she tried to sew, but could not find the work there to support herself and mother by it; and so they found their way to the great busy bustling city in pursuit of work. She tried to keep school there but could not obtain an appointment. She tried to get into a store, but was told she must serve six months as an apprentice, without pay. She was not so completely learned in her accomplishments as to teach them. She was driven to the slop-shop, making her miserable pittance by sewing. On Saturday she took her work to her employer and asked for her pay. He looked at it, and tearing it apart and flinging it back to her, told her to do it over again. She carried it back, and the next week bringing it home received no pay, but was told to carry it back again; and so for five weeks she received no money. She had sold or pawned everything she had for bread, that she might live, and have a little fire beside which she might work; and she stood with clasped hands, and tears trickling over her face, begging for the money she had rightfully earned, and it was still withheld from her; and then this man said to her, 'You are beautiful and young—you need not labor for such a price as this, you might get plenty of money if you would.' She did, mother, what your daughter would have done, she left the store indignant and outraged, and wandered up and down in that city hour after hour, and went up one street and down another, into store after store, pleading for work; and some kind-hearted people said to her, 'We would give you work if we could, but we have 500 such applications every day; or, perchance, they would ask from her a certificate from her last employer, and she had none to show; others turned away carelessly, and others insulted and outraged her as her old employer had done; and she found herself standing without work, without money in front of her old store. There she stood, in the night, and the storm, and the cold; there she stood, the gloom gathering about her, the wind driving the rain in gusts into her face, and through her torn garments. Oh! she said, do not think I hesitated then. She looked up this long street, dark with the night and tempest, up narrow allies and passage ways, up winding flights of stairs, into a little garret-room, all poor and empty, into the fire-place, no fire there—not a stick of wood—not a cent to buy any with; into the little corner cupboard, all bare and empty, not even a cent to buy any with. Ah, she said, don't think I hesitated then! Don't think so meanly of me as that! But looking into the little room poor, starved, wretched, miserable; looking round it into one corner, there, she said, I saw my poor, poor mother, dying of hunger and cold. Oh, what marvel, what marvel that she fell! And so she had gone on lower and lower, step after step. I said, 'You must stop this life; you shall go with me, maybe I can find you something to do. You shall stand an honored and respectable woman once more.' 'No, no,' she said, 'don't try it; you need not talk to me so. I have tried it again and again, and I am always discovered and driven back. You need not try to help me. There is no hope, there is no help, for such a woman as I; and then turning and looking at me—oh, men, oh, women, careless and indifferent—oh, that you could have seen the girl's face, and could have heard her say, 'You are young, you are handsomely dressed, maybe you have position, maybe influence, oh, I beg you, I pray you, to use

them all to save other young girls. They are coming into this life, living it as I live it, suffering it as I suffer it, dying in it as I shall some day die.' And so I promised her; and to keep that promise I come and put the matter before you to night. The speaker said; That girl's story had an ending. One Christmas eve, not long ago, in one of our elegant streets, in front of a beautiful dwelling, blazing with light from garret to basement, stood this girl,

"With amazement

Houseless by night;"

and the officer that testified afterward said, that looking in at those beautiful windows into this rare and elegant room, there stood the young man who had been her employer, with a young girl resting her hand in his, promising to love and honor him for life; and it is said that up and down in the night and cold, wandered this miserable outcast still; and when the morning sun streamed up the street, there she rested, dead and at peace. And the next day this girl, daughter of a clergyman, gently and tenderly reared by the mother who loved her, this poor girl was carried to the potter's field, with four miserable abandoned women following her as her only mourners.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

The Insult to the American Flag.

We mentioned yesterday an indignity to the American flag at the Grand Trunk depot on Monday, by its being taken down and thrown into the mail car by Mr. Latham, the train dispatcher.

The affair created a good deal of excitement Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning, and it was contemplated that an indignation meeting should be held at the Exchange, and a committee appointed to wait upon Mr. Brydges, the Managing Director, and Mr. Bailey, the Superintendent for the Maine District, who were both in the city, and insist upon the removal of Mr. Latham. This meeting was superseded by a suggestion made that St. John Smith, Esq. President of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company, should see the Manager and Superintendent and state to them what were the views and feelings of the Portland merchants.

But the feeling had spread widely that our flag had been insulted, and that reparation must be made by the person who was guilty of it. Accordingly yesterday noon, a squad of about thirty of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and Home Guards went to the depot, called Mr. Latham out, took a large flag and fastened it to the blade of an oar and required him to wave it several times over his head.—They then gave three cheers for the old flag and departed.

Soon after the trains had departed, another squad of about a dozen soldiers made their appearance at his house, accompanied by a large crowd of men and boys. Mr. Latham was called out again, and a small flag was fastened to a staff and placed in his hands. He was then placed between two soldiers, and was compelled to march through the streets bearing the flag. The procession stopped at City Hall where Mr. L. addressed the crowd and stated that in what he did on Monday, he was only obeying a rule of the company, that no flags should be carried on any train. The procession also halted at several other points, and compelled Mr. L. to wave the flag. At the junction of Exchange and Middle streets it halted and furnished Mr. L. with a soldier's coat and cap which he put on. Finally they marched to his residence, obliged him to nail the flag to his house and then left him. No violence whatever was offered him, and it was only intended that he should publicly apologise in this manner for the indignity which had been offered the flag on Monday. Everything was conducted with good humor.

It is only justice to Mr. Latham to state that in a conversation with Mr. Bailey the Superin-

tendent, yesterday, we understood him to say that the managers of the Grand Trunk Railway could not censure Mr. Latham without censuring one of their own regulations. If this is the case the sooner such a regulation is repealed the better it will be for the Grand Trunk Company.

In justice to Mr. Bailey, we would say that he deeply regrets the occurrence of Monday, and he has stated to us, that, notwithstanding it would have been against the regulations of the company, he should on such an occasion have allowed flags to be exhibited on the train, and he is ready at all times to show due honor and respect to the American flag.

P. S.—After the above was in type we received the following note from Mr. Latham, which we most cheerfully publish:

PORTLAND, April 11th, 1864.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR:—Having been charged with offering disrespect to our National Flag, by having removed a small one from one of the cars on a train about to leave this city yesterday, I beg to say that in so doing, I was carrying out an old established rule, that no flag but those used for signals should be exhibited on any train, and I had no intention of offering any slight to our Flag, or of interfering in any way with manifestations of joy, in which I was disposed to join most cordially.

I am Sir, your most ob'dt servant,

A. A. LATHAM.

We learn that a representation of the affair has been sent to Washington. As the flag was on the post office car, it is presumed that Department will take some notice of the matter.—[Portland Press.

REMARKS.—Our government professes to have been established mainly to afford protection to the life and property of those who are living under it. Many hundreds of thousands of lives, and billions of money have recently been squandered to prolong the existence of this government; and after all it affords so little protection that a band of lawless men, men too, in the employ of the Government, and who should be among the first to obey its laws, can take a citizen from his own dwelling in broad daylight, for a pretended insult which existed only in their own jealous and excited brains, and march him through the streets in the insulting, degraded manner described above; the street at that very time filled with policemen and officers of government of nearly all ranks, under oath to keep the peace and protect every citizen; and yet so far from performing their duty, they acquiesce in the outrageous insult and mingling with the insane multitude, enjoy it with a broad grin! Is any further comment needed? Is any more proof necessary of the utter worthlessness of such a government? They offered no violence to their victim, says the report, and why? Simply because, knowing himself overpowered, he submitted to insult. Had he been as bad as those who undertook to outrage his feelings and degrade his manhood, he would have met them at his door with a dose of cold lead, and then very likely would have lost his own life on the spot. Had he attempted to resist their insulting orders, they would have tortured him into submission, perhaps. They did not injure his person because he quietly submitted to the insults, and we are glad he did, for it is much better than it would have been for him to have been killed, or to have killed or maimed others even in self-defence.

The sympathies of all the really good and order loving portion of the community will be with him, and he will be more honored, than those who committed the outrage, or the authorities that suffered it. The order to have no flags carried on the train, except their own signal flags, is a wise one. Men who are constantly repairing the track, daily taking up and replacing rails, are directed or notified by the signal flags in relation to the trains, so that they know when they can remove a rail with safety; conductors of trains, station masters, and all

employed on the road are warned of danger by the signal flags; the safety of trains, the lives of thousands, millions of passengers every year depending on these flags, and others should not be mingled with them, giving any chance for mistakes to ignorant foreigners and green hands who are often employed on the road. In conclusion we once more express our great joy in the firm belief in that glorious day when this outrageous Government and all its bloody war-flags will be numbered with the past, and buried with other relics of barbarism; and though we do not expect this old body will live to see that time, we rejoice with joy unspeakable in the anticipation of it, and expect to behold its glory in spirit, and rejoice over the downfall of Babylon and its friends.

THE CHARIOT.—Many of my subscribers are asking me to publish the Chariot oftener. This I would be glad to do if it could be done with safety; but the subscription list not being sufficiently large to defray the expense, I am under the necessity of depending partly on little gifts from such as feel an interest in the paper and have the means to help, and these gifts come in slow. My friends must remember that the Chariot has no political or religious party to sustain it, and it is devoted chiefly to the most unpopular truths, which not more than one in a thousand are willing to read; it has no income from advertisements, and though it costs much more than papers half full of advertisements, yet it is offered at the same price. If under these circumstances we can publish it monthly, when the expense is almost double what it used to be, we will be satisfied for the present.

Let it be distinctly understood by all, that wherever I may be, whether in Maine or in New Jersey, I intend if possible, to finish up the Volume of 26 numbers. Those, therefore, who are hesitating about subscribing, can send along their names as soon as they please, directing to Portland, Me., until further notice. I can supply a hundred more new subscribers with back numbers complete, and would advise those who subscribe to have the whole volume. Let us have a few hundred more new subscribers, for when the Chariot stops many will wish they had secured a volume for preservation. Hundreds who preserved files of the Pleasure Boat, have written that they read them often, and would not part with them for a large sum in money.

The papers all over the country are giving accounts of religious revivals, reminding one of children's play. You know children like change. They soon tire of play if they have only one kind. They want to skate a little, then coast, then snowball, &c, changing from one play to another. Just so with children of a larger growth. They have had war four years and begin to weary of it, not because it is wicked and wrong, but because like children, they want something new,—desire variety. Weary of war meetings and war news, it will be quite refreshing to have a change, so we may expect a new play, and look for religious revivals or brush-burning for a while, till they become weary of that kind of smoke and smut, and then something else will be sought for a change. If we could have a real reformation from sin to holiness, from insanity to sense and reason, it would be glorious; but an excitement of the passions, a renewal of the same old gunpowder gospel, which finds the people sunk in sin and iniquity, and sinks them still deeper, will not afford much joy to the well-wishers of the race. However, they will go on with their brush burning till their souls are smutty and weary, and then turn to some other play,—perhaps a war for Cuba or the Canadas.

Senator Wilson says, that collectors under the internal revenue laws, hold at present more than twenty-two millions of dollars, which should have been handed over to the treasurer, but which they use for speculation in whiskey and other commodities! Blessed government set to protect property against rogues!

HYPOCRITES.—Some of the religious papers are very much shocked because President Lincoln reviewed the army on the Sabbath; but these same papers have never uttered a word against killing thousands of men on that day, but head the battle accounts "Glorious News!" and shout on the people to slaughter! Oh, ye hypocrites! Ye strain at a gnat and swallow a whole caravan of camels, saddles, riders, spurs and all!

It appears from all we can learn of religion from papers devoted to the subject, that Christianity has nothing to do with the spirit of war, nor man's daily acts toward his fellows, but consists entirely in certain mummeries, creeds, and ceremonies to be performed in temples, and then put away during the week with the Sunday clothes. Is it not astonishing that any honest, well-disposed seeker after truth, can be ignorant enough to think of looking to such papers, priests and churches, for saving truths? We should as soon think of going to a cess-pool for pure water, as to such a source for spiritual instruction.

BEAUTIES OF WAR.—In the last two years sixty-four thousand national soldiers have died in rebel prisons! A costly government that, whose life must be saved by such sacrifice, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands who have been killed in battle. Better give up such a costly government, and establish one of justice, love and good will.

MORMANISM has made great progress among the ignorant people of England. They have 222 churches, with sitting room for 30,783 idolaters. But their religion is probably about as good as that of the Orthodox, the Methodists, &c. The Methodists have 8,836 places of idolatry, with seats for 2,406,249 gapers, sleepers, and feeders on wind.

The time of those who are receiving the Chariot on account of money paid for the Boat, will soon expire. Those who wish the Chariot continued must notify me soon, as all papers are stopped as soon as the time paid for expires.

J. R. H. of New Village, L. I.—You are not ready yet to receive the Truth. You have too many old crusts in your knapsack, and are too well satisfied with them.

IMPROVED LANDS [FOR SALE

In Hammonton, N. Jersey.

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

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

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

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

R. J. BYRNES,

Hammonton, N. J.

All letters answered.

THE HAMMONTON SPIRITUALISTS.—We notice that a late No. of the Circular classed the "Spiritualists' organization of Hammonton, N. J., under the head of "Communitic Movement," giving the reader the idea that it is a Community or Union of Temporal Interests. This is not the case, but persons living in separate families, (each one owning and controlling its own property as usual,) have associated, or formed a society for moral, mental and spiritual improvement and progress. They will probably provide a hall, and library, have meetings, lectures, discussions, &c., and have organized simply for business purposes, connected with the above named movement, each family to live separately as before.

One Thomas Cook, who calls himself the second Christ, and eight or ten other persons, men, women, and children, met in or near Hammonton, a few months since, for the purpose of forming some sort of a Community, to be called the Kingdom of Heaven; but as the Spiritualists of Hammonton were not disposed to go after Lo, here, or Lo, there is Christ, believing the Kingdom and the true Christ must be sought for within themselves, Thomas and his disciples after a few days spent in informal discussion, decided that the people were not prepared to enter a kingdom like his and own him as a second Christ, so they left the place, to meet somewhere else at some future time. It appears that somebody has confounded the "Organization of the Hammonton Spiritualists" with this movement of Cook's, but there was no connection nor affinity whatever between the two.

It appears that the Clergy in England are in danger of losing their legal power over the persons and pockets of the people as they have here.

Mr. Clifford gave notice in the House of Commons, that on an early day he would move for permission to bring in a bill to repeal the provisions of various Acts of Parliament, imposing fines for non-attendance at church on Sundays.

What right has Parliament or any other body of men to force people to attend church? How blind must have been the rulers that enacted such laws!

British justice is a queer thing. The English papers tell the story of a young lady who jumped from a railroad train, on the North Kent Road, on the 14th of last month. She was severely injured. She said she jumped out to save herself from outrage by a fellow passenger. She was brought before the court and fined 2s 6d., for leaping from the train in motion.—[Investigator.]

American justice is a queer thing. If a poor man is sick all the week so that he can not provide for his family, and then on Sunday morning is able to crawl to the water and catch a few fish, or dig a few clams, or to the field and dig a few potatoes, to keep his children from starving, he is liable to fine or imprisonment for breaking the Sabbath.

A man may be a drunkard and spend all his time at the pot-house, while living on the food his wife earns; yet when election day comes round he may be taken to the polls half drunk, and vote for any officer in the nation, from President down, or up to dog-whipper or pig-driver, while his wife who supports him and his children, and herself to-boot, can not so much as vote for a teacher for her children!

A foreigner too ignorant to write his name, and covered with rags and vermin, by taking the oath of allegiance, can vote for President; while the intelligent widow, who has fed, clothed, and educated her children, and had all her sons shot in the army, is not allowed to vote on any question. She is liable to legal punishment if she does wrong, but has no right, like the drunkard or the lousy foreigner, to decide by vote whether she shall be hung, shot or imprisoned, for wrong doing.

You need not go to England to find a queer kind of justice; we can give you samples enough of the queerest American justice to fill your paper any time.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Political Editor walks leisurely to his office, seats himself in his cushioned arm chair, places his feet on a table covered with exchanges, lights his cigar, and smokes, reads, clips,—reads, clips, smokes, and occasionally scribbles a few paragraphs, or reads an article written by some demagogue in pursuit of office, and substitutes it for his own. His clippings and manuscripts are called for at his office by the compositors, and his work for the day is done. Politics pay well, advertisements of Quack medicines pay well, and the publisher of such a paper can afford to pay his editor well; so he fares sumptuously, cares more for creature than anything else, and is as contented as a pig in his pen, knowing no higher enjoyments, wishing for nothing higher, if he can only have his pockets well filled and a fair prospect of a good berth at the public crib when his turn comes round.

Not so with him who undertakes to publish truth. He has no time to rest his feet on the table, no means to indulge in luxuries, and but little use for scissors, for the few good articles he might find in exchanges, would not pay for the time spent in searching them out from among the rubbish. He must write, write, write; and write conscientiously too. He must pen things that he knows will offend more or less of his readers, and raise the cry "Stop my paper, you are off of the track," and though he knows he is right on the track, he must often part with friends, dropping them in the mire, simply because they are too blind to see where they are. No small trial, this, to one who labors to do good. It is often very discouraging to part with those whom he had reason to number among his firmest friends; but he must do it, if he is faithful to his calling or mission. He must be true though all men forsake him. And when he has written, instead of handing it to one ready at hand to take his copy, he must carry it a mile or two perhaps, for he is not able to have an office near the printer; and then comes the drudgery of proof-reading—spelling every word and correcting the errors of the compositor as well as his own; and next comes the folding, wrapping and directing of the papers, all of which is done by himself, and then he must take them to the post-office himself, for he has not the funds to hire help. And before his papers are disposed of, the printer is calling for "copy, more copy."

As for pay, he expects none. Truth is unpopular, and but few will read it. With two thirds enough of subscribers to defray the expense of paper and printing, and now and then a little gift from those who love the truth, he manages to drag along and pay expenses, living as best he can on the crumbs that fall into his dish. He can not advertise, for a majority of the articles advertised are positively injurious to those that use them, and even if requested to advertise useful articles, he knows not but the advertiser is a rogue and will cheat those who deal with him, so he can realize nothing from that source, and yet he is expected to put his paper at the same price of others, that are three fourths filled with standing advertisements well paid for, and costing much less. These are but a few of the many differences between the political editor, and him who devotes his life to the Truth. And so it has been in all ages. Inventors, discoverers, and reformers have always toiled hard and remained poor, while others have reaped the advantages and profits of their labors.

HAMMONTON N. J.—Persons who wish to move from Maine to the above place, can ship their goods by water from Portland to Philadelphia, and have them forwarded thence by Railroad to Hammonton. But it strikes me the better way would be to sell what can not be packed in barrels and boxes, and purchase again at Philadelphia.

At a family gathering in Danbury, Vt., not long since, Mrs. Irene Taylor held in her lap, a child, a grand-child, a great grand-child, and a great great grand-child, in all five generations.

LINCOLN AND THE DAILY PRESS.—Being in the Express Office the other day, I there met Mr. Lincoln, sub-Editor who goes about the streets picking up news items for the Daily Press—as young boys do old bones, rags, &c., for the junk shops; and on making some remark about the outrage committed on the railroad man, under the noses of high officials, Lincoln asked me why I lived under such a government? Why not go somewhere else?—Where can I go? I inquired. "Go to the Devil," replied Blake, the horse jockey, thereby not only exposing his own breeding or want of breeding, but also exhibiting the true spirit of the government. There is no need of my going to the Devil, I replied, for I have his imps all around me here. This, with a broad laugh from A. B. Winslow, who knows when and how to put in the laugh, and a sort of a done-up look from Lincoln and Blake, ended the scene there; yet Lincoln, being in want of an item for the Press, and not having brains enough to manufacture one, undertook to draw on me; but his organ of memory not being much larger than its mates, he broke down before he got to the end of the story; so here it is in full: and if the Press will copy, it will not only set its readers right on the subject, but will save the weak brains of its Editors from the wear and tear of preparing an item to sweeten and spice the trash in to-morrow's issue.

The Freewill Sabbath School of Bangor, has furnished since the war commenced, 45 men for the army.—Argus.

A Sabbath School furnishing men to blow out other men's brains—to multiply widows and orphans, to desolate the earth, burn cities, waste and destroy!

If a Sabbath School does not teach its pupils that such doings are wrong, in the name of heaven, we ask, what does it teach? Who can tell us? If the greatest sin on earth is accepted there as virtue what else can they call sin, and what in the name of all goodness, is their school good for?

The members of the last Congress were not content with voting themselves each a set of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, from its commencement, in 1837, but they passed a joint resolution distributing among themselves all the books in the various places of deposits at the Capitol and the Departments, which will swell the "book spoils" of each member to at least one thousand dollars in value. Not a bad operation.—[Washington Letter.]

Blessed government! Heavenly source for a Christian people to look to for wise and just laws!

A friend has handed me a copy of "The Christian Intelligencer," of New York. At the head of the first column is the national flag, over which are these lines:

Our country's flag with lines of blood,
Forever telling as it waves,
How, side by side, our fathers stood,
And died to found it o'er their graves!
Then follows a blasphemous hymn—blasphemous because from bloodstained lips, commencing thus:

"Nearer to Thee!
O, God! send out Thy light;
Keep me from sin and error's night;
Lead me defended by Thy might,
Nearer to Thee."

Now as the Intelligencer, while pretending to be a Christian paper, places the bloody old murder flag before everything else, why not have with the flag a cut of the Prince of Peace mounted on a war horse, with cocked hat and sword? It would not be a whit more blasphemous than introducing the war flag into a Christian paper, or offering up prayers for the God of Love to aid the armies in battle.