

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER, CONDUCTOR.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

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

GOVERNMENT HALL.

ROSLYN, Nov. 26, '64.

Please stop sending to my address, what you call the Chariot of Wisdom, as I can not see much wisdom in it. Copperheadism, Spiritualism and a spirit of fault-finding with all existing institutions seems to be your delight, especially the laws of your country which protects your life and property; yet you are very ready to avail yourself of the advantages of those institutions, their postal system carries your papers, their laws protect your press that issues documents to abuse them; you find fault with everything and build up nothing in their places; you have no moral right to claim the protection of the government, consequently you should remove to some place where there is no law, where you would have a fine opportunity to organize a new system of jurisprudence.

Yours, Truly,
SILAS W. ALBERTSON.

REMARKS.—This war is trying men's real principles—many did not know who or what they were before the war commenced, but they are beginning to learn their true character, and may yet see room to change their opinions. The brother who wrote the above, was a subscriber to the Boat, which was just as much a peace paper, just as opposed to war and to all governments that live by war as the Chariot is; but he found no fault then, and very likely he, like Garrison, Wright and others, considered himself a peace-man and a non-resistance, for war then, was seen at a distance. Now it has come home to him and his real principles, like Garrison's and others, show themselves; stick up above profession and show which side the man is really on.

I am accused of copperheadism, but whether to plead guilty or not guilty I know not, for copperheadism is a new word that has recently sprung up out of the political filth as mushrooms spring from similar places, and I have not heard the word defined, and know not its meaning. If it means to declare plain, honest truth, though the sky falls, I am guilty of the charge and will glory in it.

Spiritualism comes next. If this brother intends to feed his soul on politics and such trash as our blood-stained Government can furnish, while he lives and then die, and know no more forever, he of course needs nothing of spiritual; so we pass on.

A fault-finding spirit is the next charge; but this is not true, for we do not try to find faults, they are not lost but stick up all along the

high way of life, and we only point them out that people may remove them and not be stumbling over them all their lives.

I find fault with all existing institutions, is the next charge. I challenge him or any one else to show that we find fault with anything really good or useful. The laws of our country are founded on bloodshedding principles, and are therefore wrong, or rest on a wrong foundation. It is time that all this ignorant twattle about our laws protecting life and property were exposed and done with; it is all false. How has the Government protected me? Just look! At the age of seventeen years, I was left without the aid or care of parents, to shift for myself. I needed food, raiment and a shelter from the storm. I saw that nature had spread out the earth for the use of all her children, that they must draw sustenance from the soil. I saw that all were born equal and each and all had a natural right to enough of the soil from which to draw support. When I inquired where my share was, I was told by government that I had no share—that all the land not then owned by individuals and corporations, was in Government hands, and that if I planted a potatoe in any part of the United States, or even kindled a fire to keep me from perishing in a storm, I was liable to fine or imprisonment for trespass! So government turned me into the high way to starve. This is the way our falsely blessed Government protected my life—took from me the means to support life, and cast me out into the open street, placing a tax on my head, forbidding me the use of land enough to sleep on, and the reason why I did not perish was, that men found they could make money out of my labor, and therefore hired me, paying only a portion of what my young, weary frame could earn. And this is the way Government protected the lives and property of others. I have seen thousands of men who went some miles into the wilderness—ran in debt for land because the government had robbed them of their portion that nature gave them—fell tress, cleared farms, erected buildings and fences, dug wells, lived scantily, worked hard and fared hard, sold the best of everything they raised, and toiled till forty, fifty or sixty years of age before they got their land paid for, while many broke down in health by reason of hard labor, and then lost their land or what they had paid for it, and all their improvements just because Government had robbed them of their birth-right to land. And this is the way Government has protected the lives and property of people! A man who can use a pen or read, or even one who can only look around on the works of nature, ought to blush with shame when he talks about Government protecting lives and property. The bottom of the ocean is paved with the bones of men who, being robbed by Government of their right to land, were forced to peril their lives at sea to provide the necessities of life.

This land robbery of the Government has driven millions from cultivating the soil, where they might have been industrious and virtuous, into cities where the labor market was overstocked with hands, and thousands have fallen into vice and crime, and now Government or its ignorant friends boast of the protection it gives us, against the rogues of its own making!

Government has established a row of custom houses all round the nation, and a duty is collected on all articles imported; and I and others who purchase such articles must pay the duties, and where does the money go to? Why, to pay the miserable loafers for collecting it! And this is the way Government protects property. Government protects my press, does it? The truth is, Government, by robbing me of my right to land, and by taxation, has kept me too poor to own a press, and Government is the only rascal that has ever laid claim to the one I hire. Government, like a bold robber, as it is, lays claim to that press every year, and it must be paid for in the shape of taxes or carried off. This is the way Government protects my press!

I avail myself of the postal arrangements, is another charge, and even the Government, and not I, is to blame for that. If Government would get out of the way with its postal arrangement, we should soon have a safer and better system established by expressmen. If you wish to send a hundred dollars to another town or State, and inclose the money in presence of the Post Master, and deliver it to him and have it registered, paying him not only the postage but an extra price for registering it, and then if some rogue in the post office department steals the money, you must lose it; the department will not be responsible for it; but not so with the expressman, he accounts for the money if stolen from his possession.

All this is only a fraction of what might be said about Government protecting life and property, but it is enough to convince any honest man of common sense, that the nation would have been a thousand times better off if it had never had a Government to make people rogues and rascals, and then make them pay high prices for inefficient laws under a false pretense of protecting their property against the rogues of its own making. Political Government and Priest craft, its twin brother, the two bound together like the Siamese twins, have made the world a field of blood, under the false pretense of protecting life and property, and saving souls. They are twin brothers and so intimately connected that when one dies the other must die with it, and the sooner they are buried out of sight the better for the world, for had neither of them ever had existence, the world would have remained in comparative innocence and peace, as nearly all the rogues have been made so by their influence! Let us hear no more of this ignorant talk about Government protecting life and property, for it has destroyed more of both than all other causes combined.

We do not abuse the Government or its laws, but merely speak the plain truth, of which people in general appear very ignorant.

"I find fault with everything and build up nothing." How untrue this charge, yet the Bro. must not be blamed for it; a man too blind to see no wisdom in the Chariot, can not be expected to see the truth working in the minds of its readers. It is building up in thousands of minds the principle and disposition to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us"—the Golden Rule—the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which will eventually dash in pieces all the governments of the

earth whose existence depends on fines, imprisonment and wars; and to sustain the life of which monster curse, the people of this nation are now paying treble price for all they eat or wear, to say nothing of the sacrifice of life and the untold miseries that follow in the train of war! Better adopt the Golden Rule which costs nothing, and let the political dragon die.

I have no moral right to claim the protection of Government, says my brother A. I would like to know what business he who believes in the dog power, the brute force, the vote, where might makes right—where the majority rule if ever so wrong—I would like to know what business he—being in this brute force system, has to talk about moral right. Go back, brother A., to the dog power and stick to it, and say nothing about moral right, till you are prepared to relinquish the brute force or vote right, for we want no mongrels, no half-way men but whole hearted, earnest souled people under the moral government. You political government people, who can cut up the bodies of your brothers by thousands and hundreds of thousands just because you have the most animal power, have no business talking about moral rights.

But I do not claim the protection of the Government; I never did; never asked for its protection, do not want it, but want Government to stop robbing me and other civil people, do its own fighting if it will fight, foot its own bills, and pay honest people all damages sustained by a war and other government sins which they cannot sanction.

As for removing, Government has left no place for me to remove to, it claims the whole earth. Besides I am not the one to flee; the wicked should flee if any, and if your wicked Government can not bear the few truths that one small paper can hold, it had better flee at once, for certain it is that the truth is gaining ground, and its testimony never will be silenced, but will roll on until all war-supported Governments shall be overthrown, and earth be given up to the Government of righteousness, justice and truth.

"Yours Truly,"

J. H.

Since writing the above I have fallen in with an article in the Portland Press of December 13, and I make the following extract, which helps, as far as it goes, to show up the hypocritical sham called government, and assure my readers that every part of the Government down or up, no matter which, from the President to the door-keepers of the lowest or highest office is just as corrupt as the courts, and *always will be*, for the corruption springs out of the very nature of all governments founded on fines and penalties and supported by the sword.

The Impartiality of Justice.

Nothing tends more certainly to bring reproach upon the bar and the bench than the fact—too often illustrated in our country—that criminals occupying positions of wealth and influence escape the meshes of the law, while those from more humble ranks are sure to suffer its utmost rigor. Convictions are difficult when the offender is a man of wealth, or has family friends to interfere in his behalf. All the technicalities of the law, as well as the ingenuity and artifice of counsel, are brought to bear, to stave off or defeat justice. The poor boy who steals a pair of mittens to protect his frost-bitten fingers, or the man who unlawfully takes a vest from a clothier's shop or a pair of shoes for a bare footed child, is sternly dealt with, and very likely atones for the act by a term of years of hard labor in the penitentiary. The rollicking, mischievous boy, who, without liberty, appropriates a horse and

sleigh found hitched at the street side, for an hour's ride, finds himself—as he should—in the firm clutches of the law, and there is no release except upon full payment of whatever penalty is "nominated in the bond;" but the man of hundreds of thousands may literally drive over his humble neighbor, leaving him and his a mere wreck, and then slip out because there is no one to pay the expense of prosecuting a suit against him. A poor man obtains credit for a barrel of flour by prevarication and false statement, perhaps to save his family from the alms house, and at once and without sympathy he is called up to answer for obtaining goods under false pretense, while the very merchant of whom he obtained it goes into the market and purchases a stock worth tens of thousands, then sells out, pockets the money, "fails up," and makes an assignment, compromises for twenty per cent., putting a comfortable ten thousand in his own pocket, and he is called "smart;" and as he rides through the street in his splendid carriage with his liveried driver, the poor man whom he has cheated out of his honest earnings is expected to lift his hat and do him homage.

A young man trifles with the affections of an innocent girl, who, unwittingly makes shipwreck of her virtue hoping to win his everlasting love, and, shrinking from the responsibility imposed by family relations, he leaves her to travel the road of exposure and shame alone; but the law—especially if he is not very rich—lays its heavy hand upon him, and compels him to be just if not affectionate; while a rich millionaire, full of years and experience, forgetting that he has a family of his own, artfully lays plans which culminate in the ruined hopes, the blasted prospects, the degradation and shame of a before happy and well united household, and then, by suborned witnesses, by threats of impending poverty, by the most hellish insinuations against those whom he has injured, by pleadings of "conspiracy," and by all the machinations that an infernal spirit can devise, often succeeds in closing and barring the prison doors that should stand wide open to receive him, and proudly holds up his head in the presence of the very victims of his passion and his crime.

Such, alas, too often is the result of legal proceedings. The small criminal is punished; the greater criminal escapes. The man, who, maddened by intoxication, strikes the fatal blow, swings upon the scaffold, while he who furnishes the maddening draught, knowing its inevitable tendency, looks on, and joins in the general verdict of "served him right!"

It is the reproach of the times and of our country, that these things are so common as they are. The wise and sound maxim, "*judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*"—the judge is found guilty when the criminal is acquitted—is ignored or forgotten, and even judicial eyes too often discover crime only beneath a rough or poverty stricken exterior, while guilt is no longer intolerable when gilded in gold and sparkling gems.

It is also a reproach that after the conviction of a rich criminal is once secured, he too often escapes punishment, while the poor man is followed to the extreme. Who has forgotten the case of the two poor wretches who, a few years since expiated their offenses upon the gallows at Auburn? and who that remembers the tragic end of those two sailors, has forgotten the more aggravated case of the shipmaster, tried, convicted and sentenced in this city, and then released from prison by executive pardon, and enabled to go across the sea, there to engage in business as though free from the blood of his fellow-man! Who can think of such cases and not feel mortified that the law and justice are

so prostituted to favor the rich, while the poor are made to suffer their utmost rigor?

POLITICAL.—Governments have no mercy. If a man commits a petty larceny, no matter how severe were the wants of himself or family that impelled him to the act, nor how penitent he may be, he receives no mercy from the court, unless he has influential friends. It is true, the Governor or President has the power to pardon him, but this power, vested in the hands of one man, is oftener abused than otherwise. I have known the deliberate, willful murderer to be pardoned after he had been sentenced to be hung, just because he belonged to the same political party with the officer who held the pardoning power, and had political friends to intercede for him; while one of the opposite party, convicted of some petty offence was doomed to suffer the full penalty of the law.

Governments give no encouragements to virtuous deeds. Two men may purchase, each a given amount of land, one may, by temperance, industry and economy make his land worth one, two or five thousand dollars more than it was when he took it, and is taxed accordingly. The other, through idleness, intemperance or extravagance, adds nothing to the value of his lot, and pays merely a nominal tax. Thus the law virtually puts a tax on industry, temperance, economy and other virtues and holds out a premium or exemption from taxation, to idleness, intemperance and other vices.

Besides political craft to warp and sway the mind and defeat the aims of justice, the world is full of secret societies, Masons, Odd Fellows and the like, all of which are bound to favor members of their respective parties, and it is therefore next to impossible for an honest man to obtain justice in court. In short, the whole system of political government is one continual series of corruption and iniquity, a humbug, a cheat and a swindling establishment used to oppress the honest and exalt rogues.

YOUNG MEN'S SALOON.

PORTLAND, Dec. 10, 1864

Mr. Hacker:—I have read the two last numbers of the Chariot, and like them very much, with the exception of one or two ideas advanced in them. I am a young man, but think for myself, and in my effort to know the truth, and live by it, I find I must differ from the world, and stand upon a basis that is both separate from the world and unpopular. But "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

This world is full of humbugs, pretensions and all manner of evil. But in your columns I find a truly refreshing draft of truth, that is pleasant to read. You are engaged in a work of reformation that is as unpopular as it is noble. Indeed the truth always was unpopular. But it still lives, and will always have at least a few defenders, who know more than the rest of the world.

I am pleased with what you say of woman's dress, which sadly needs reforming. And I am glad to see by your paper that others are

moving in a change in this matter. I cannot however agree with those who think the male dress the best one in all respects for women. It seems to me that there should be a radical difference between the male and female styles of dressing, at least in this state of the world, so that the sexes could be distinguished at sight, by their dress. I saw two ladies in the street of this city, one day last spring, who wore my idea of a woman's costume. It consisted of a dress coming to the knee, without hoops, and with pants to the feet. This style it seems to me, is all that is necessary to secure comfort and convenience, and would be more sure of success in its introduction, than any greater change from the present style.

But I said that I differed with you somewhat in views. The most important difference is upon the subject of Spiritualism. You appear to believe in that doctrine, while I consider it one of the greatest humbugs yet produced, as it is explained. The phenomena I will admit but the explanation given to them by those who call themselves Spiritualists, I deny, and ask them for the proof. A theory made merely plausible I cannot embrace. There are too many of them in this world. But to say where the spirits of the dead, so called, are, and what is their life, I shall not, because I do not know. Neither do the Spiritualists. I say, dead so called, because I do not call them dead. The only death I can admit in reason, is death in error. So subtle is belief, and we are so apt to think what we believe is reality, that I cannot admit a belief. I want a mathematical explanation.

You ask in your article on Quaker Evidences what it was that brought the Quaker preacher "into such sympathy with the tried and tempted man, that he could describe the state of his mind as well as though the conditions were his own."

You do not answer the question. But was it a spirit that did it? What evidence have you of anything of the kind more than the belief? I can show you a man who has performed such acts as that hundreds of times, and others of the kind still more remarkable, and who does not believe in Spiritualism at all, but can show that that explanation of these phenomena is all wrong; for he understands how he does it, and knows that the explanation of spiritualism, so called, is an error. And he is an honest man, one who would sacrifice all for the truth, let it be what it would.

D.

REMARKS.—While the world remains in its present condition, all who would live truthful lives must live separate from the world's customs and fashions, and travel in the most unpopular lonely path imaginable, with scarcely one in a thousand to understand their natures or sympathise with them; yet all who bow to this heavy cross and attempt to carry it will find that the cross will bear them—will find that in the sympathy and love of the one in a thousand that can understand them, there is more pure enjoyment, than they could derive from an intimacy with the nine hundred and ninety-nine who do not understand them; so here is encouragement for this young brother and for all others, to walk in the path of wisdom and her paths of peace, though they may be like exiles, or hermits in the midst of society.

These things I speak from sweet experience, notwithstanding my path, outwardly, has, during nearly the whole of my life, been one of

isolation, as much so, nearly, as if I had been a hermit in a wilderness. I have not only traveled a lonely path, but have been called to endure scorn, contempt, ridicule and some things worse from vast numbers whose professions gave me the right to hope for better things; yea, those who, had their professions been real, would have been the first to encourage and aid me, have been the worst opposers; but knowing in whom I have trusted and what path I have traveled I am satisfied, and so will he, in the end, who seeks truth at the loss of all things else.

I believe with this brother that there should be sufficient difference between the costumes of males and females, to distinguish sex at first sight; yet as I said before, people in any reform, are not willing to come up to the true line till some daring pioneer has gone beyond it, and for that reason I am glad that a few females have adopted the entire male dress, for now others will not be so fearful of coming up to the proper point.

Who were those ladies that were seen in this city in the new dress? I know of only one in the State that dresses thus. There were several a few years since, and they talked as though they never would return to hoops and street moppers again, but they have fallen from grace, and are now flounced and furbelowed inside and out with the toggery of vanity and pride.

When my young friend comes to understand me, he will find we are not so wide apart in our views on spiritualism as he supposes. The answer he gives to my question about the Quaker proves, instead of disproving what I believe about spirits. He thinks the cause of the Quaker minister perceiving the condition of the stranger's mind was, his susceptibility and sensitiveness to the influence of minds around him. That is just what I call spiritualism, or a part of it. The minister *felt* a mind or spirit present in that meeting, felt the sad condition that mind or spirit was in, felt its wants, and administered to those wants. And the same power or whatever you please to call it, might qualify him, under favorable conditions to feel minds or spirits at a greater distance, to feel their condition and to administer to their wants by letter, or even to send or go to them in spirit silently and give them thoughts that would relieve them! and now, if we may *feel* spirits that live here in the persons of others and feel their condition, why may we not feel the presence of spirits that have left the body? How plain and simple this is to one who has not only *felt* but *seen* and *conversed* with the spirits of *strangers* dwelling in the flesh, and has afterwards met and known the persons, and even described them before meeting them personally, so that other strangers knew them when they met, and has also seen and conversed with the spirits of those who have left the body. These things I know to be true, and this is what I mean by spiritualism. When I speak of spiritualism I have no reference to tipplings, rappings, &c., for I am not acquainted with them.

HALL OF PEACE.

A Song for the Faithful Few.

BY J. HACKER.

"Glory to God!" the Angels sung,
"Peace and good will on earth!"
When they proclaimed in sweetest strains
News of a Savior's Birth.

Oh, blissful news! an end to wars!
An end to wrath and strife!
Peace to each harsh, discordant note,
In all the scenes of life!

A Paradise of endless joy,
That Angel-song proclaimed;
A world of pure, angelic minds;—
Each beast and reptile tamed!

And see that child, in manhood years,
The Heir and Prince of Peace,
Offering the vilest of the vile
A full and free release,

From every passion, wish and thought,
That could their bliss annoy,
If they would but accept His truth,
And follow Him in joy.

His weary path with tears was strown,
His soul was bowed with grief,
His body famished, as he toiled
For guilty man's relief!

Yet those whom he had come to save,—
The self-styled priests of God,
Classed him with malefactors vile,
And vilely shed His blood!

And that glad state of love and peace,
The Angel-band proclaimed,
The world has never welcomed yet,
Though oft it hath been named.

The self-styled priests of peace and love,
Like those we named before,
Are crucifying Christ afresh;—
Preaching in human gore!

And with blasphemous tongues proclaim,
That heirs of God may fight,
May drench the earth with brother's blood,
And dwell in barbarous night;

And still find favor in the sight
Of Him whose name is Love,
And claim a home with angel bands,
In peaceful realms above!

Arise! *arise*, in power and might,
Ye few who love God's Truth,
Proclaim, *pr proclaim* in thunder tones
To aged and to youth,

That those who fight, yet preach and pray
About God's love and grace,
Now occupy in sin's deep hell
The lowest, foulest place!

Teach all to spurn and lothe the sight
Of these blasphemers vile,
Till they *repent, confess, forsake*,
And win the Savior's smile.

Fourteen tons of the old *Farmers' Almanac*, Boston, are said to be printed annually, going into the hands of a million of readers. And these fourteen tons of almanacs are worth more than all the millions of cannon balls and shells that have been made during the war and all the forts to boot.

Among the evils that follow in the train of war, the deterioration of morals is not the least. Young men away from the restraints of home and friends, and exposed to a thousand temptations to each one that they had ever before met, must be stout in principle to resist the flood that sets against them. They are brought into contact with temptations to vice in all its forms at their encampments and on their way to the army; and there, every vice known to each is likely to become common stock—so that he who left his home with but one fault, may soon become the victim of many; for among the young congregated under such circumstances, and for such a purpose, evil spreads much more rapidly than good.

For these reasons all who hold correspondence with soldiers should aim to warn them against temptations to evil, and labor to fortify their minds against the immorality to which they may be exposed; for with all the best guards that can be thrown around them, their exposure to war influences and the evils that follow in its train will be great, and their danger imminent. I have seen many return from the war comparatively little changed in character, while many others are ruined in morals, and will be a grief to their friends.

War calls into action all the lower passions of our nature, and benumbs, if it does not paralyze all the higher faculties. Then let all do all in their power to throw around the soldiers their restraining, saving influence.

The danger to morals in time of war is not, perhaps, greater to males than females. They too, are brought in contact with temptations, especially the younger and inexperienced portion; and particularly, those who have not the protection of wise and discreet parents. In every city and in almost every country town, they are more or less exposed to the society of young soldiers who are removed from restraints that cluster about them when at home; and if large numbers of them do not fall, it will be matter of surprise. It has been stated in papers that this class of females have multiplied at least five fold since the commencement of the war—and even that they had become, at times, so numerous in and about some of the armies, that it had become necessary to use the ambulances to convey them without the lines.

In all that is being done for the *poor solders*, shall this class of the great family be forsaken, forgotten, and abandoned to their sad fate?—or shall the hand of mercy be reached forth to save and restore?

Let this subject claim at least a share of public sympathy and attention. None of us are too good to seek and to save the lost; and every man and woman who can resist temptations, should do something toward finding homes for these erring ones, and do all that is possible to save such at least, as are weary of evil and yearning for the hand of mercy to be extended. He or she who is too good to save even the least and the lowest that can be saved, is too good to dwell among erring mortals.

Will any who read this, give this subject some attention, and each one inquire, "Is there not something that I can do, if nothing more than to give a cup of cold water to the perishing, in the form of a kind word, or an offer to try to find a home where honest industry may procure the necessities of life? I know several individuals who have been more than twenty years privately engaged in this holy

work, and though they have not saved all whom they desired to, and have met many who have turned a deaf ear to the offers of mercy, yet the grateful tears and heartfelt thanks of those who have been saved, have repaid them ten fold for all their labors. Go, thou, and do likewise! The late Isaac Hopper, of N. York, always had homes open among his friends, in various parts of the county, for the reception of such as desired to be saved, and many a penitent soul has blessed him and his memory for his labors of love. The noble Emma Hardinge is also laboring in that direction—trying to collect funds to found a "Home" and ought to receive the sympathy and aid of all who wish well to their race.

LITTLE FOLKS'S ROOM.

Little Songs for Little Folks.

"When my ship comes home from sea,"
And the cargo I have sold,
Oh, how happy I shall be
Counting o'er my shining gold!

Then I'll build a palace grand,
Making all the people stare;
And how happy I shall be,
When they ask, "Oh, who lives there,—"

What great man so rich and grand,
In that palace all so fine;
Oh, how happy I shall be,
When they answer "Peter Cline."

In a chariot I will ride,
With a dashing, spanking span,
And how happy I will be,
When they say, "See that great man!"

And I'll buy houses, farms and lots,
Stores and wharves and shipping too,
And how happy I will be,
When they see what I can do.

People then will bow and smile,
When they see me passing by,
And how happy I shall be,
When there's none so grand as I!

But poor Peter Cline is sad,
And as poor as poor can be;
For his ship was burnt or sunk,
And has ne'er returned from sea,

There are many Peter Clines
Dreaming of "rich ships at sea,"
And they'd better go to work,
Or they'll be as poor as he.

J. HACKER.

An old song improved.

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,
Had a wife but couldn't keep her;
So the Priest and Peter found her,
And by marriage law they bound her;
Now they breed, and fight, and kiss,
And the people call it bliss.
But the young Peters, pumpkin-eaters,
Are inhuman, mongrel creatures;
Scratching, fighting,—no affection,
And the people for protection,
Make all laws for just such creatures—
Law and lust made pumpkin-eaters!
When the marriage bond is Love,
Children are gentle as the dove;
Those whom penal laws must bind,
Are animals, not human kind.

The Wife to her Smoking Husband.

Smoke, smoke, smoking, blinds my eyes!
Puff, puff, puffing, chokes the flies!
Spit, spit, spitting, on my clothes,
Stink, stink, stinking, my poor nose.

[For the Chariot.]

The Mysteries of the Bible.

By MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

It is, and always was a strange thing to me how people could pretend that all within the Bible is the Word of God. It is strange to me that they do not see the inconsistency of believing this. I am sure if we are to believe that part of the New Testament, wherein Christ affirms that he dwells in the Father, and the Father in him; also, that he and the Father are one, we must reject that part of the Bible wherein people and nations went forth to battle, murder, steal, lie and commit fornication and adulteries with a "thus saith the Lord." And this in the face of the eleven commandments—the original ten—and "a new commandment I give unto you that you love one another." (Perhaps I do not quote the exact words, but the meaning is the same.)

Read the smiting and destroying in the Old Testament, and then look at the greatest, grandest, holiest, sweetest definition of the Divine Creator in the New Testament, "*God is love*," and tell me by what sectarian twist these two statements can be reconciled. Yet the bigoted simpletons say that the Bible does not contradict itself. Even in the New Testament there is, we think, some things that sit up against each other curiously, to say the least; for example: "Love our enemies; do good to them that hate, and pray for them that spitefully use us." (I quote from memory, not having time to give the passage right from the Bible.)

Then comes the story of the Samaritan.—Christ had said, "love thy neighbor as thyself." He was asked, "who is my neighbor?" Then came the story. Taking it as it reads, we are not to love Priest or Levite, only the one who poured oil and wine upon our wounds, paid our expenses, &c. An easy matter to love such friends as that. Nothing is said there about our enemies. Again, "if our brother sin against us seventy times seven, we are commanded to forgive him if he turn and repent." Another very easy rule, in general, as but few who sin against us are willing to acknowledge their error, and ask to be forgiven. It will be noticed there is nothing said, in the passage I have just quoted, about forgiving him unless he repents and turns again to us. A loose rein is given there, too.

Again, let us take the history of the Creation. Taking it as it reads, man came direct from the hand of God; he had no earthly parents from whom to inherit wicked and sinful instincts, and the principles of disobedience. They were forbidden this one tree. We have no record of their wishing to disobey in this respect, until the serpent, "subtle more than any beast of the field" came to Eve. Who created the serpent? Who sent that most subtle thing?

Why was he sent, when they were so happy, and with no inclination to disobey? If he went of his own accord, on him be the punishment for leading them astray. Says some dissenter, "she ought to have resisted the temptation." Let me give you another hard Bible consistency. Had she but thought, "I would like to taste the fruit, but will not;" she, according to the Bible had sinned just the same as if she had eaten it. Do not cry me nay. "If a man looks after a woman to lust after (or want) her, he has committed adultery al-

ready." The passage reads like that. Then where is the use of resisting temptation if that hard thing is true? Where would be the use of restraining evil doings, if our thoughts—uncontrollable things—will sometimes think evil. According to that passage, *to think is to do*, which is decidedly a hard thing to swallow.

Again, hear the old sectarians answer me this, if we all are justly doomed to hell for that transgression of eating the apple, why was there no mention of it in the curse. Man was to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and woman to bring forth children in sorrow, &c., but there was no mention of hell at first, as the orthodoxes persist in affixing it. Now the curse has fallen on woman with a vengeance, but I don't believe it was for eating the apple. If so, by what right, moral or divine, should every female thing, down through the brute and insect creation bear the curse in proportion. There's an argument for somebody. And it is no use to say they do not suffer, for they do, although not in proportion to us who transgress known laws. I say they suffer—every female kind—and I can prove it beyond argument. If they had not one pain arising from the fact of being pregnant, they suffer. Let any person take a burden big in proportion to their bodies as is the case with the young of any kind, and carry it weeks or months, never letting go of it, lying down with it, and getting up with it, *never* losing hold of it in that time, and this same burden all the time, or at least, half of the time in motion, and tell me if they did not suffer, provided there was no other cause than extreme weariness. These are homely truths, but be not shocked; I can point you scores of homelier things in your Bible, any day.

Again, the inconsistency of the ban placed upon man. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow is no curse. Look at the laboring classes everywhere; the healthiest, the happiest, and purest and best. Had God wished to bless man incomparably, he would have pronounced that edict, which somehow people have turned into a curse. Intelligent and observing people answer me, if what I have said is not God's truth, in regard to labor being a blessing?

Without any wish to add or subtract from all that there is good in the Bible, yet I would like to have these things explained to my satisfaction.

I have only one more remark to make, and then I will close this tiresome article. A majority of mankind ascribe every evil to woman. When their transgressions call upon them, they say, "woman did it." If we, therefore, are so full of iniquity, being only a small bone—a rib—of man, what a certificate we are for the evil of the *whole carcas* from which we sprung.

PHYSICIANS' OFFICE.

A Warning.

A few weeks since, I saw in a paper, an account of a woman giving birth to twin children that were perfect in form to the top of the shoulders, but had necks and heads like snakes. To get rid of the frightful objects the physician bled them to death. It was stated as a cause for this singular misformation of the heads and necks, that the husband of the woman, some months previous, threw a snake at her *in sport*, for the purpose of frightening her.

The question might arise in the mind of a wise physician, whether it would not have been better to let the children live, that people might have living preachers before them to con-

vince them of their ignorance, or sin in playing such tricks on females.

I have sometimes thought that there was scarcely one man in a thousand fit to have charge of, or be the companion of females;—though nearly all people know that mothers may injure the bodies of unborn children, most men appear to be as regardless of the fact, as though it did not exist; and the world is suffering untold misery in consequence.

Yet the parental injury done to the bodies of children, though often great, is but slight compared to the injury done to their minds. As the body of the child is made up of what the mother eats, its mind is made up of what hers lives on. All that the mother sees, hears, says, thinks or does, has an influence on the mind of the child, which is far more susceptible than the body, and there is so much evil of every kind almost every where in the world, it would seem that if people were wise, they would give up all desire for off-spring, rather than produce the best kind that they possibly can, under existing circumstances and surroundings.

The perusal of a daily political paper by the mother, is alone, enough to make her child a brute in disposition, instead of a man. The usual frivolous conversation of society, the plays, amusements, customs, &c., to say nothing of church mockeries all aid in twisting and injuring the minds of the unborn.

Children are born drunkards, thieves, liars, slanderers, murderers, &c., honestly inheriting these infirmities from the minds of their parents.

I once knew a woman to get angry with a neighbor, and poured forth her malignant passion with all the power her tongue could command. She felt all the vengeance of the diabolical murderer within her, and stamped it on the soul of her unborn child, who in time became a murderer. The mother in that fit of anger planted the seed in the being of the unborn, and it at length brought forth fruit.

Trace the histories of the wars of all nations, as far back as we have a reliable history of them, and you will find the leaders in, or getters-up of each war, were the children that were born in some previous war.

Warriors breed warriors, as sure as snakes breed snakes; and peace men breed peace men as sure as doves breed doves, if circumstances are favorable; but as the world is now full of human animals, I know of no place where the best couple could produce a perfect child unless it might be in the quiet retreat of the Shakers, and they allow nothing of that kind there; so, on the whole, I would suggest whether it would not be wiser for people to stop multiplying till they can get the world into more favorable conditions.

Madame Grundy may roll up her eyes in horror at these remarks, and Miss McFlumsey may go off in a convulsion fit, if they please, yet these hints I have given concern the well-being of thousands and thousands yet unborn.

Will the wise receive them and try to profit by them; or will they go on breeding serpents, warriors, and other reptiles and wild beasts in human form?

[For the Chartot.]

O'er wayward children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, hope and patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

AGE.

"The drying of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

WASH ROOM.

The Union.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none shall sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of the Union forever."

FRIEND HACKER:—You are doubtless in favor of freedom in speech, thought and action, when such liberty does not violate the equal rights of others. Governments are necessary for the protection of such rights. The union of the United States formed by our fathers on the basis of the constitution secures these invaluable privileges, and leaves the way clear for all needed repairs. The South has wickedly chosen to break the contract *unconstitutionally*, by acts of war—long before the North made any effort to stop it. The majority of the North have decided to put down such acts of violence by the sword, the only way possible in these times, and with such a people, as the South and their friends at the North, have proved themselves to be, before and since the commencement of the war.

War is terrible on both sides. The strongest will conquer and restore peace, liberty and justice, if the Union policy as represented by Lincoln and Johnson succeeds; not so if the South gains her object in the war—which is slavery—"mudsils, greasy mechanics," etc. Man was born to die in various ways. His destiny is written in the nature of things beyond his control, as seen in all past and present history sacred and profane; many by the sword, the watery deep, volcanoes, tornadoes, pestilence and famine. "Man was made to mourn," as seen in every age since Adam. From the cradle to the grave, tears, sighs, anguish and groans greet the sensitive ear in every cot or palace on the earth. Pain and suffering are incident to humanity in all conditions of life. We must submit freely, or by force to the decrees of nature until a new people and a new earth shall be ordained for a more harmonious destiny.

Washington and his soldiers of the revolution were men of war for freedom and the rights of the human race. They have gone to glory as their reward for noble deeds in the defence of the same principles which the friends of the Union are now fighting for; and every spirit which rebel bullets disconnects from its body shall join these revolutionary patriots in the realms of bliss, where the emblematic flag of the Union and freedom with its stars and stripes shall attract them to the citadel of God the Infinite Republic. Don't oppose the war for freedom, justice and mercy. Let the besom of destruction cut down all enemies to the sacred right of humanity. The issue is of indefinite worth as a principle of progress and reform for all coming time. Millions yet unborn of all nations and colors are to be blessed by the success of the Union army. Encourage every man capable of bearing arms to fight for freedom and just laws, that permanent peace may the sooner come to bless the living and the dead.

It is not more terrible to die in a just cause than to live in slavery under corrupt rulers. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" If the South succeeds, their allies at the North will unite with them and establish a government of slavery for colored men and of gag laws for white men who love freedom. Then reformers may go to the caves of the mountains to die

with broken hearts. "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman."

My voice is still for war till not a rebel arm is seen through all the land—until the stars and stripes shall float triumphantly over every State in the Union, let it cost what it will in treasures and blood. The sacrifice is not equal to the end in view; we can get a permanent peace in no other way. We must go on, united in the cause of right until not a foe shall be in power at home or in the field. The war at the ballot box must be as warmly contested as in the army. Every voter should come out who loves freedom, justice and progress, and vote for Lincoln and Johnson, the representatives of such heaven-born principles—which are to bless mankind long after they have gone over the manes unto their haven of rest.

Turn the Chariot into a Spiritual Ambulance to convey aerial passengers from battle-fields to glory. Imagine yourself the driver with these shining letters on your forehead—"The spirits of Union soldiers to the realms of bliss"; and as you gained the last summit of your journey overlooking the fathomless gulf separating time from eternity, spanned by a suspension bridge, and the indefinite undulating plains—green and flowery hills and rosy mountains of immortality, in connection with the vast city of the King Eternal, with glittering domes and golden streets, and myriads of happy angels sending forth a company of white-robed maidens with banners of red, white and blue, and songs of celestial harmony to welcome and escort you into the glories of endless day. May such be your destiny should other wars occur on earth as righteous as the one now raging on the part of the North to put down the most infamous rebellion ever known since Adam.

"A song for our banner, the watchword recall,
Which gave the republic her station,
United we stand, divided we fall;
It made and preserves us a nation.

What God in his infinite Wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder."

REMARKS.—The union of our States never was a *true* union, if it had been it could not have been severed. It never was founded in love, the only true basis on which a permanent union can be built, but was a combination of rogues, not from love to each other, but from necessity against a common foe. It was founded in selfishness, and the same selfishness that formed the combination has ever stood ready to sever it, when it would be for the interest of any member of the combination to do so. So much for our blessed union and the old striped rag that has so long floated over the heads of people who have wickedly destroyed the Red Men, robbed the Black Men of themselves their wives and children, stolen a part of Mexico, and been lusting after Cuba and the Canadas, and more. *over ready to take whatever they dared to.* A blessed union that, wasn't it, for rogues and oppressors, and nobody else; and we are sorry, very, to see the good sense of Brother F. overflowed with the popular flood of nonsense about the Union that never was a union, and an old flag that must be the token of shame in all coming time.

Yes, Bro, F., I am in favor of freedom; the

freedom to do right; freedom to be just; freedom for all to practice the golden rule; freedom to live up to the highest perceptions of duty, and had we always been allowed this freedom, had there never been a combination of rogues to rob this nation in the name of government, we should have found ourselves in a prosperous, virtuous, happy condition. All the government that is necessary, is that of wisdom and love which would make all men brothers; which would train children up in the principles of justice and right, in which the majority would possess the moral and spiritual power to *look* sinners to repentance. All other governments are, ever have been and ever will be a curse. They have drenched the earth with blood, squandered its treasures, made nations, and even members of the same nations, enemies; aye, more! they have brought strife into the family circle—have set father against son and brother against brother, and protected rogues more than they have honest men. They do not give, nor even sanction, nor allow of the freedom named above; but honest men are forced against their own consciences to pay a tax on all they eat and wear to support wars that they do not want, and are often forced into war to slay those who have never harmed them, or to be slain, leaving their wives and little ones to pine and mourn, and suffer poverty and want till death relieves them. The records of eternity alone can unfold the miseries that these combinations falsely called governments, have brought upon the world. What are now called governments do not protect the rights of the people, and all such talk only exposes the ignorance of the talkers.

The boasted Constitution is a sham and a mockery. The nation has lived near a century under it and it has proved to be a band of thieves and robbers and nothing else. The North is equally as guilty as the South. The North possessed all the elements of war that the South did, and this war was not begun by the South, but the North and South both commenced the war when they stole the first African from his native land.

Again, if the South had a right to form a compact with the North for selfish purposes, she had the same right to dissolve that compact when its object was accomplished.

The *majority* in a nation as corrupt as this, is nothing but brute force, for the majority are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, and act on the principle that might makes right, if ever so wrong.

True, the strongest will conquer, craft and cunning being equal, but we have no reason to believe that they will restore liberty and justice when they never have known what justice and liberty are, but have been trained from infancy to work wholly from selfishness, without any regard to justice or right.

We deny emphatically that the destiny of man is written in the nature of things beyond

his control. Man was not destined to die by the sword, but has brought all wars upon himself by his selfish transgressions; and if selfish men in their ignorance or from want of principle send rotten ships to sea, we have no right to charge destiny with the death of those who perish in them. If men have by various means abused themselves till their natural instincts are destroyed, and they are consequently too ignorant to keep out of the way of volcanoes, they need not charge destiny with the fruits of their own transgressions. If by the same abuse of themselves, they have not sense enough left to keep out of the way of tornadoes, or are filthy enough to breed pestilence, or indolent enough to cause famine, they have no right to charge the suffering to destiny.

Man has mourned in all ages, but not because he was *made* to mourn, but because he has not obeyed the light and knowledge that was given him. It is his own fault.

Nearly all the pain, suffering, &c., have come in consequence of his transgressions of known truth. And even if it was necessary for man to suffer by tornadoes, pestilence, &c., it is no reason why he, a rational being, capable of thinking, should add to the misery by needless and wicked wars.

Washington, as far as his military life was concerned, is no pattern nor authority for any true man. He was a warrior and engaged in a bad cause. He and the people he fought for were not prepared for liberty when they fought for it, and clearly proved it by their enslaving others as soon as they got the power to do so. Had the nation waited till they were prepared for liberty instead of trying to take it by force, a way would have opened for them to secure it without war; but in their exertions to take it by force they got, not true liberty, but a system of sin and oppression which has caused the present blood-shed and squandering of treasure. If they have gone to glory, their glory is no greater in consequence of their foolish, wicked war. Fourth of July orations from ignorant priests and demagogues, have done much to keep the people in ignorance. If all who get killed by rebel bullets go immediately to bliss, it is a great pity that all who favor the war are so unwilling to fight! Better go and get killed off as fast as possible and get home to glory, leaving what little food there is in the world to the few who would like to live a little longer, and who could live without fighting.

If I should ever get to the gate of that *Infinite Republic*, and see the old striped rag there, and the same crazy-headed politicians, warriors, thieves and drunkards there just in the same spirit as I see them rally round the old rag here, I shall ask *as a favor* to be allowed some little corner in *that other place*, for Job has said, "if I make my bed in hell God is there," and I would certainly rather be in that place with a God of love than to be in an

"Infinite Republic" among spirits that believe in war, and I think that would be the most quiet place, for we have no account of its inhabitants having ever attempted to slay each other. We have no faith in principles and reforms that require war to aid them. "Encourage every man capable of bearing arms to fight," says Bro. F. Well, Bro., I will begin with you. Start right off in twenty-four hours after you receive this Chariot, and take your place in the front rank, and let a rebel bullet send your soul home to glory in the great "Infinite Republic." If you don't do so I shall think, and so will all others who read this, that you only wrote this letter to get others into the army while you intended to keep yourself on safe ground, and perhaps get an office to boot. Now, "right about! march!" and when you get into the front rank in the army, please telegraph the fact, that we may all know that you are a true man and live up to your preaching.

The reformers won't all flee to the mountain caves, let what will come. It is possible they may be carried there if the spirit that maintains this war has full sway; but even then they won't die of broken hearts. Men who honestly, boldly and openly stand forth before the world in its present spirit, to denounce war and advocate peace, are not the men to die of broken hearts. They can praise God in a cave or a fiery furnace if need be, after performing their whole duty. They won't have to go to the "Infinite Republic" to get their reward, and then be cheated out of it, as poor, crippled soldiers and their ragged families are out of their bounty and wages.

We should be very glad to carry the souls of the poor soldiers to the realms of bliss, but it will probably take so long to get them washed up and fit for such a place, that we think there will be time to finish our 26 excursions with the Chariot here on earth, before they are ready to embark.

Bro. F. probably expected his letter to be published before the election, but I was absent when it came and did not arrive home till the day after election; and since that I have been waiting for the political mud to settle a little, and give him time to get his eyes washed out, so he can see just how dirty and bloody he was when he penned the letter. I was very much surprised to find one possessing so much common sense, so befouled with politics. Hope when he sees the foregoing picture of himself, he will be careful in future and never tumble into another political mud hole.

Horace Walpole wrote: "Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, and they are strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death. Is this true?"

Running Rhymes for the Times.

Great fishes move by little fins,
And great men move by little sins;
Down stream, down stream, to perdition;
Health, and wealth and high position,
Wrecking in overwhelming ruin,
All the hopes of life undoing.
He that takes one glass to-day,
May yet take five e'er he can stay;—
He that stays out one hour too late,
May yet stay five at early date,
And he, who now plays but one game,
May soon play ten nor feel the shame,
And so with every vice and sin.
That we permit to enter in
Where truth and goodness e'er should reign,
Without a blemish, spot or stain.
Sin's streams grow deeper as they go,
(And stronger,) to 'ards the gulf of woe;
And he that ventures on their tide,
Unconsciously will downward glide;
Deluded by some syren charm,
Half-blind to all impending harm,
Till in the breakers he is cast,
And dieth like the fool at last.
Oh, then, young men, be wise in time;
Shun every sin, and vice and crime;
Be wise, be prudent, good and pure,
And thus long life and bliss ensue.

The feat of Wm. Tell, with modern improvement, was attempted at Vicksburg recently, with disastrous results. Captain Maurice Dee and Capt. Jessup, Illinois officers, got drunk, and Jessup undertook to shoot a cup from Dee's head. The ball passed through Dee's brain, and he lived about half an hour.

And the North and South, drunk with passion, are doing just the same thing, and the priests and people shout Amen!

Hark! the church bells are chiming. Hear what they say:—

Ding dong diddle,
The priest and the fiddle,
The bible, the gun and the sword!
Well might the dogs laugh
At such insolent craft,—
And all in the name of the Lord!

SISTER GOOSE.

We have found one young man who rather spend an hour in our saloon than out of it, and that is more than we expected in such a babel city as this. May his example influence others.

TO FRUIT EATERS.—The Rhode Island Greening, as an apple to eat raw, is one of the very worst for the teeth that I am acquainted with. It contains acid that softens the teeth, and makes them rough and sore and finally destroys them.

A letter from the place to which I think of moving, dated Dec. 16th, says: "We had a little flit of snow last night, not quite an inch, but it is nearly gone now and the birds are singing as merrily as though it were spring." At that date we had sleighing here and I found a buffalo overcoat and fur cap really necessary for comfort while walking, and as for birds, where are they?

A letter from another friend, in the same place, written a week earlier, talks about plowing and setting out strawberry plants! Just think of that! setting plants in Dec., with birds singing around you, while here in Maine we have to keep the wood saw and the fire singing. A record of the weather kept in the two places shows the one I am speaking of to range from 10 to 20 degrees warmer than it is 25 miles south of Albany, N. Y.

(For the Chariot.)

IOWA CITY, Nov. 30, 1864.

Friend Hacker:—Inclosed I send you \$1.25 for the Chariot. Although it contains some sentiments that I cannot sanction, yet I cannot agree with friend Mitchell in not seeing "any wisdom" in it,—but taking it altogether it suits me very well, and as Mr. Mitchell says it "will do for silly girls and old women," I suppose I must be content to be rated with that class.—And now, if your reply to Mr. Mitchell's letter has not entirely annihilated him, please give us his response if he has made any.

I have received four numbers of the Chariot, and I was particularly pleased with the last one, there being but little space devoted to Spiritualism, was one feature I liked; for I am not a believer in spiritual manifestations, never having witnessed anything of the kind myself; of course your experience in matters of that kind, would not interest me; but if the remaining twenty-two numbers should contain no wisdom, I feel that I have got the worth of my money in your reply to Mitchell.

That the wheels of the Chariot may not be blocked as long as it keeps on the right track, and that the present daring Charioteer may be blest with long life and prosperity, is the sincere wish of

Your Friend,
CYRUS SANDERS.

NEW HOMES.—I would like to know very soon, how many good, honest, upright people, capable of governing their own families, or are without families, there are among my readers who wish to find new homes, in a delightful climate, where they can raise the most delicious fruits in abundance and have good markets for the same; in a town where there is no grog shop, gambling house, nor loafing place for the corruption of the youth; where the people are too honest to steal their neighbors fruit, and strive to train up their children in honest industry; are in favor of good schools and general improvement, and where they may by industry live easier, after getting under way, than they can in the cold New England States. I have found such a place, and would like to see the right kind of people settle there, and if any desire to, they should be there in February in order to prepare for spring, which is early in that climate, some planting being done in March.

The most profitable productions are sweet potatoes, melons, pears, peaches, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, &c., &c. But few animals are kept there and it is a good place for vegetarians.

A good shoemaker who understands making all kinds of shoes and boots, one who is faithful, honest and punctual, can hear of a good place to settle and find employment, by addressing the Editor of this paper. He must be all that is named above, and if he has a family, his children must be well managed and well disposed. No other need apply.

THE WAR.—We hope we are done talking about the war. We shall try to avoid the subject if correspondents will let us. It was caused by the wickedness of both sections and all parts of the country—was unnecessary, wicked in the extreme, and should be carried on, if at all, by the wicked who caused it. The righteous should keep as free from it as possible.

ALL RIGHT.—I have just received two lengthy communications, advocating the doctrine that "All that is Right." I do not know but the writers expected me to publish them. If it is right for me to, of course I shall, if the doctrine is true.

Pure is the air and the morning delightful;—
Clear shines the sun blessing mortals on earth;—
Reminding the souls of the weary and way-worn
Of the land they will gain through the heavenly birth.

Persecution.

"My father is sneered and pointed at," says a young friend, "for reading your paper." And I have been sneered and pointed at near twenty years for publishing it, and twenty years before that for declaring the same truths publicly and privately, before I commenced the publication of a paper. But what harm has that done? Others, in all ages, have been treated the same for declaring truth, and many thousands I have heard of have been treated worse.

We have the history of one who was condemned and sentenced to die, by a court. He was compelled to bear part of a tree to the place of execution; the tree, or post, had a cross-bar near its top. The hands of the condemned were nailed to that, and his feet to the upright post. They then mocked him, pierced his flesh with a spear; and, when, in his agony, he called for drink, they gave him the most bitter draught in their power. There he hung in the midst of revilings till he expired. Thousands, before and since that time, have been slain in some cruel manner for proclaiming the same truths. Some were sawn asunder; some had their heads chopped off; some were burnt alive; some were thrown upon a revolving cylinder in which were fixed sharp projecting spears and knife-blades, and were cut in pieces; some were torn asunder; some thrown to wild beasts; some put into hot oil, which heats hotter than water, because the heat cannot escape, as from water, in the shape of steam; in short, there was no means of torture which malice or ingenuity could invent but what have been used to punish people for declaring truth; and shall we shrink from manifest duty, because the same dupes of error scorn and point at us? No. It will be soon enough for us to complain, if we do at all, when we are bound to the stake and the fagots are lighted, yet even there, if we are true, we may triumph over our tormentors. One John Huss, I think his name was, was sentenced by the priestly rabble and their officers to be burnt at the stake. He had certain friends who firmly believed in the truths for which he was condemned. They knew his faithfulness and integrity, but doubted whether he could endure the torment of the flames until death—and feared that he might recant to save himself from the terrible pains. They requested him to give them some sign, if he found the pains tolerable to bear, and that he would rather die than recant. He replied to them, that if he found the pains endurable, and that the love of God which he had so often preached was sufficient to make him happy in the flames, he would raise his hands above his head and clap them three times together. Accordingly after his clothing was consumed and his skin roasted, and they thought he must be dead, he raised his hands above his head, while the blaze rose from his burning fingers, and clapped them three times together as he had promised to, thereby testifying to his friends, that the soul could triumph over the pains of the flesh.

We have not come to this yet, and shall we complain that an ignorant world, too blind to

see the great truths we love, sneer or deride us? If we sat down hungry at a table filled with all desirable food, should we be driven from it because creatures who never tasted anything but worms, snails and sour grapes sneered at us for not living as they do? I went all through these trials all alone, long years ago, and now the derision of the world serves to show where and what the world is. If I hear a dog, fox or wolf bark as I pass along the road, I know a dog, fox or wolf is about, but that is no reason that I should turn aside to join such animals and live with them to stop their mouths. Let them bark, and do thou thy duty.

CHILDREN'S SALOON.

The Boy and the Robin.

BY J. HACKER.

Pop! goes the gun; the wounded robin falls;
The father hears, and to the urchin calls,—
"What's that my son? Come, let us see your game."

The boy detected, hangs his head in shame.

Poor Robin Redbreast torn and bleeding lies!
Oh, how rebuking are her tear-filled eyes!
They pierce his heart, and plainly seem to say,
"Oh! cruel boy, you've torn my life away!"

I came to charm you in the early spring;
On that tall tree each morn I sat to sing;
To cheer your life, e'er yet the morning sun,
Had o'er the earth his golden blessing flung.

I built my nest near by your Father's door,
Thinking you'd love and prize me all the more,
For that sweet trust which I had placed in you,
And being honest, thought you'd trust me, too.

And in that nest are now my precious young,
O'er which in fondness, I so sweetly sung,
When you so rashly shot my body through,
And now I die! my babes I leave to you!

Go, end their days as you have ended mine,
Don't leave them there, to chill, and starve, and pine;

Then think how cruel, and unjust you've been,
And may God help you never more to sin!"

This read the boy in his mute victim's eye,
And then he saw that victim gasp and die!
And to his Father, bathed in tears of grief,
He told his tale ere he could find relief.

He placed the nest beside his writing stand,
He fed the fledglings with a tender hand;
But mercy, now had touched his heart too late,
Their mother's death had sealed her children's fate.

They pined and died for warmth and proper food.

And left the boy in sad and mournful mood;
And all through life his heart will suffer pain,
When'er he thinks of that fond mother slain.

Thus vice corrodes the joys of future years;
Bright scenes are mingled with sad, painful tears;—

I tell this tale, that you, my children dear,
May love the birds that come your lives to cheer.

How sweet their songs!—their lively joyous notes,

O'er flowery field and beauteous gardens float,
Oh, let their music on your heart-strings play,
And charm you upward in the better way.

✦ In Paris the fashionable ladies have their poodle dogs dyed red, blue, green, or any desired color to correspond with the color of their dresses.

Snakes Wanted.

There lived—no matter when nor where—
An awful wicked creature;
A wretch as bad as bad could be,
Whom people called "Old Peter."

He had a lot of wicked sons,
As bad as "Awful" Gardner—
E'er he "found grace" or took a fright—
And some declared them "harder."

The priests had tried to save their souls,—
At least to proselyte them,
But all their brimstone, fire and rant,
Could neither save nor fright them.

They then pronounced them past all grace,
And left them to old Tony;—
For him to ride them straight to h—ll,
Like hired horse or poney.

At length young Peter got a bite,
(Or thought so,) from a "serpent,"
And such another frightened wretch!
You can't imagine half on't!

They sent for Parson Giles to pray,
And save his soul from burning,—
The Parson took a "bee line" there,
Nor thought of crook nor turning;

And thus he prayed—"We thank, thee, Lord,
That snakes have bitten Peter,
For nought but snakes can ever save
Such awful, hardened creature;

And now, we pray thee, Lord, to send
More snakes to bite each brother,
And send a *big* one, Lord, in haste,
To bite the wicked mother;

And send the *biggest* snake of all,
To bite that Father hoary;—
For nought but snakes can ever turn
Their souls from sin to glory!

Now, if salvation comes by snakes,
May all the vast creation
Be searched for snakes to bite and save
This awful wicked nation.

Let one bite Jeff; let one bite Abe,
And Tom, and Dick and Harry;—
Oh, send them on at "double quick!"
Command them not to tarry!

And if 'twould poison common snakes,
To bite such awful sinners,
Oh, let the *biggest* bite the priests,
That snakes may be the winners.

J. HACKER.

✦ The net results of the great Metropolitan Fair, held in New York, have been figured up, amounting to \$1,180,091.27.

Millions for war, and little or nothing for peace. Well, go on if ye will, but remember the dregs of the cup are to come yet; for as ye sow ye'll reap.

✦ A law suit has been recently terminated in Hungary, which had engaged the courts in that country for one hundred and eighty years.

Which shows the *benefit* of political government.

✦ The Palmetto *Herald* says that in one graveyard twelve thousand prisoners lie buried. The rebel surgeons begged and implored for medicines, but the Confederate government was unable to fill their requisitions.

They had no good business to be there. If they had remained at home they would not have died of disease, hunger, and wounds.