

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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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.

FAMILY HALL.

[For the Chariot.]

Economy.

BY MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

It seems to me that people have less to make them cry out about "hard times," when they live in the country than any where else. There you can keep about your work all day, if need be, without fixing up for callers; but in villages, this one fears that that one won't think she knows anything, without she gives nearly half of her time to idle callers, or to senseless calling; in either case, with no object but to hear the news and see what there is going on at Mrs. So and So's.

I think this is very foolish—this throwing away of precious time. I think every one ought to keep their clothes clean, however poor or scant they may be, health and decency demand this; and also they ought to be kept whole, even if patched with several kinds of cloth. There are some cases where poor women are burdened with such large families and so much work, that they cannot do themselves and family justice in any respect; but there are always neighbors enough, especially in villages, who have plenty of spare time to help them. I have been with all sorts of people, but I never found any yet that I could help to do their work without offending them,—I mean those not able to obtain sufficient help to do their work.

I wonder at those, (*professed* Christians, too,) who have plenty of time, but would rather squander it on useless pleasures than to assist the over-worked females around them.—I should think if for no other reason, to brighten and keep consistent their *profession*, they would occasionally assist with their strong well hands, their wearied sisters.

"We were placed here to enjoy ourselves," said one of these Church sisters; "I couldn't sit up with the sick, or wait upon them, or work much, because I don't feel as well for it."

In my heart of hearts I was in disgust.

"What would become of the afflicted in this world if every one believed and acted upon your principle of self, first? Enjoy self, if all mankind else is dying for the willing hand to assist them in their need?" She didn't know, but she was going to take life easy, and why didn't I do thus and so, or have thus and so? "Because," I answered, "before I could have, or do these things, I must annoy and discommode some one else, or cause too much

extra exertion of other people's strength and muscles, ere I could obtain my ends; and that would destroy all enjoyment for me; and I've always held it, "better to wear out than to rust out."

I advise every woman to make herself decent and comfortable; and keep so, without trying to make any great show, merely to please aristocratic, or would-be aristocratic neighbors, and in other ways pinching herself to keep up a false appearance. It doesn't pay, friend, it doesn't pay. That same neighbor for whom you may make these sacrifices will only laugh at you behind your back for your pains.

A neighbor was saying the other day that she was ashamed to have her husband go into the street with a patch on the knee of his trousers.

Said I, "Mrs.—, a patch honestly worn is more honorable than broadcloth which one owes for."

Said another during the recent cold weather, "my potatoes will freeze, owing to the cellar not being banked, and I would have banked it myself, if it had not been for the speech of people."

How many of these whose opinion you honored will bring in a peck or half-bushel of potatoes and give you, if you should lose yours? She did not answer me.

What pinching and twisting and contemptible subterfuges, are resorted to in these hard times, rather than let people know that the community at large has come to patches.—These used to be the insignia of poverty, but now quite respectable people own that they have learned a new trade. All honor to patches. Patch, mend, patch, friends and neighbors, rather than daringly run in debt in these hard times.

Getting in debt is like sliding down hill;—you go with a rush, getting down a long distance in a few moments, which will take a long weary time for you to climb back to the starting point.

PROGRESSIVE HALL.

The Dark Spot.

It is a law of life that the amount of misery which any function of human nature may produce while perverted and governed by an evil spirit, is a measure of the amount of joy and happiness it may produce under the control and inspiration of God.

This law applies to the sexual natures of men and women with more force than to almost any other department. In the present state of mankind, and under the rule of evil influences, this department is probably productive of more suffering, degradation, disease and death, than all the other bodily functions together. It is the gate-way of existence; it is also the gate-way of the fires of hell in human society. It is not alone in that great and terrible form and source of suffering, which society terms the "social evil," or prostitution, that the destructive results are seen. We have only to examine the conscious records of nearly every man's and woman's life to find that here center deep sources of bodily and

mental misery in a thousand forms. What in one word expresses the condition of mankind generally, which subjects them to disease and death? Is it *weakness* of life? Men and women everywhere are conscious of limitations of genius and power of accomplishment. Life to a very great extent is a long struggle against the inroads of disintegrating influences. The beauty and vigor of youth slip away; the power and magnetism of manhood and womanhood depart. And what is the cause? It is a seminal one. It is the want in them of that element which, connecting on the one hand with the spirit and interior forces, on the other hand gives to bodily life power of resistance against evil and outward control. Back of many secondary and apparent causes, it will be found that the sexual natures of these men and women were under the control of false and evil influences, and that either they did not know the infinite value of the forces connected with that part of their nature, or knowing they failed to husband and rightly direct them.

Let us clear away the rubbish of evil thinking, of condemnation and darkness, which surrounds this subject, and open it to dignity and freedom of thought and expression. Next to the relations of man to God it is the most important subject of which the human mind can take cognizance. More than this it is *very intimately* connected with our relations to God. Can any one tell, then, why it should not be as much a matter of free investigation, of conversation, of public discussion, of education as religion? It is written, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; *male and female* created he them." Here is our charter of investigation and utterance on this subject. By all the considerations which summon us to the study and knowledge of God, we are summoned to the consideration and study of that which constitutes man the *image* of God—his sexual nature. He who passes by that nature, taboos it, thrusts it into darkness, does so at his peril. The Spirit of God calls that department into the light, into the dominion of science, purity and inspiration. Man has known the depths to which he can sink through this department of his nature. Why should he not know also the heights of life and glory to which it may lead.

REMARKS.—We copy the above from THE CIRCULAR, a paper published by the Oneida (N. Y.) and Wallingford (Conn.) Communities. It is as true as anything contained in the Bible, and on a subject of the most vital importance to the entire world; for the world is now on fire of lust; and Mrs Grundy and her associates who are looked to as the leaders of society and social systems, are themselves so corrupt that they will not, if they can prevent it, permit a word to be uttered on this *delicate* subject. Hence the fire of lust burns on with so much impediment; its victims are falling on every hand, and very few are found to raise a warning voice. Society is not what it was

once, when every child was trained up to honest industry, which was like a safety valve for animal power, but young people grown up in comparative idleness are consequently more than formerly exposed to vice of every sort; and children now at 12 or 14 years of age, are riper in vice than were their grandparents at 40. They are as a general thing, sapping their systems of vital power—are burning out their lives in the fire of lust, right under their parents' noses, and there are none to utter reproof, or knowledge, or warning against perverted sexuality, because the subject is too delicate to be named—made delicate, disgustingly so, by its perversion and abuse.

We are glad to find one paper beside the Chariot, that dares to speak out plainly on this subject, and we rejoice in the hope of a good time coming, when physiology in all its parts and bearings will become a common study in all families and schools—when the youth will be taught that there are wild beasts within themselves, capable if not caged and restrained to destroy them, and not be left in ignorance to be devoured by beasts that sing and serpents that charm to destroy.

Nothing can be truer than that the faculties of man capable under right conditions to afford the most happiness, become when perverted, engines of the most disease and misery. Yet parents seem almost ignorant of this, and children are kept in ignorance to burn themselves up alive in the furnace that was designed only to warm and support life. Hope the Circular will follow up the subject, turn over the old slabs called marriage, sexuality, &c., and let in the daylight of truth on the reptiles that nestle there.

Reply to E. Marquand.

I promised in the last number of the Chariot to say something in reply to Sister Marquand, and first will reprove her for disobedience; and in so doing, will let the lash touch others who are alike negligent of duty. She says she intended writing to me last Summer, when she first saw the Chariot, *but did not*. Just so it has been with thousands. They have felt like writing; the waters of Truth and Love have sprung up and sought for a channel, but none was opened, and I, and the world have suffered through their neglect. Demand and supply go or should go together. The world, or individuals in the world, ask for truth, for light, for knowledge, for sympathy. One here and another there in isolation are sensible of soul wants. The Great Spirit that is moving and operating on our minds, preparing them for a higher and better condition, and as fast as they are prepared for new truths, those more advanced, are inspired to send out through the various channels the light and truth that is needed; but neglecting to do so the hungry souls grope about in darkness and ignorance pining for that which others withhold, and who can estimate the loss?

I feel that I am but a channel for communication; often feel that persons in various parts of the world are thinking of me, thinking of writing; and that the very things they would write would be like light, knowledge, food, life, to those who sit pining in spiritual hunger, ignorance and darkness. Sometimes the communications come as I anticipated, but oftener fail to come, and then there is loss.—Why do people feel impressed to write? Because there are minds prepared to receive, hunger demands food; and demands should be supplied, and would be if they were in their proper places exercising their gifts in the light of truth. Take these hints, all of ye who are impressed to send good thoughts out to the world but are unfaithful; remember that you are withholding that which belongs to others, and for the want of which they must suffer. If it is but a word, a simple thought that is withheld, the hungry and thirsty feel the loss. A cup of cold water has saved many a one from perishing, and a few simple words of truth have led many a benighted and thirsty soul into the sunlight of truth and to the still, pure waters of love and peace; and for want of faithfulness in those more advanced, the world is now wading through a wilderness of ignorance and through fields of blood and misery.

Send along what you feel to write and let us know whether it will be instructive or useful. The Chariot is free to all honest laborers in the cause of humanity, so far as its size will admit. That is, it is free to articles on all subjects connected with the happiness or misery of the human race, so far as the articles may have a tendency to improve and benefit their readers; but as it is not large enough to contain everything, we must of course, select that which seems best. No fear of man or of all the machinery and implements of torture and destruction that man has invented will ever hinder us from publishing any article on any subject, when we are satisfied that the article is needed and might do good. So much for the freedom and boldness of the Chariot.

The subject of marriage is like an old meal bag that has been used for potatoes, onions, and general rubbish, it needs turning inside out and cleansing before it is fit for use. It reminds me of the old bags I have seen the rag pickers carry to put their rags, old bones, newspapers, &c., into, when they took them out of the mud in the streets; so begrimed with dirt that you could not tell what sort of material it was first made of. That's marriage as it is now, sister M. An old bag to cram everything into, and if you have the courage to empty and overhaul its contents and expose the strange mess to the daylight, and the skill to do it well, the sooner you commence the better. We will give you a room in the Chariot any time when you will occupy it, and invite the world to be present and see

what strange things are stuffed into the marriage sack. There is a good deal of trouble in the old bag of late, and matters seem to be getting worse. We noticed a short time since a brief paragraph in a paper, saying that at a late session of a court in Connecticut, which held only twenty days, *one hundred and thirty cases of divorce* were disposed of; and my candid opinion is that if three fourths of those married were divorced, it would be better for the world, than for them to go on multiplying miserable specimens of humanity, as they are doing now.

Spiritualism I firmly believe in, but not in the humbuggery, imposition, and deception that so often pass under its name. I have no sympathy with pretended Spiritualists who can mix and mingle their spiritualism with politics, and fight to uphold a Government or restore a *forced Union*, which true spiritualism must eventually destroy—have no faith in any spiritualism which does not tend to save its votaries from vices and sins of all kinds, and lead them onward and upward in the path of progression. If you give us manifestations and tests that are genuine and reliable, we shall receive them with pleasure, but do not want stories about instruments of music being played on in the *dark*, and especially if the mediums have been repeatedly detected in playing themselves, and such proceedings, for there are other papers devoted to imposters; but give us anything real and reliable and we will place it before our readers with pleasure.

Communities of Interests is the only true life, but where are you to find people prepared for it? Many attempts have been made, in the last thirty years to establish communities and nearly all of them have failed, not because the principle is wrong, or cannot be realized, but because the people are not sufficiently reformed and advanced to be fit for association. Before communities can prosper, its members must all be so far saved from selfishness as to count it a pleasure to be *servants* to each other. When thus prepared communities will prosper, for each and all will then be willing to perform their proper part in the places for which their several gifts and qualifications fit them; but all communities whose members are not thus prepared will be like carriages made of unseasoned materials. Let it season a little, then on the first drive the spokes will fly in every direction, and you will be left sprawling on the ground.

The Shaker communities have succeeded better than others and contain many as worthy and spiritual people as I ever met with, and they have room for more, but as they reject marriage and generation, their gate is too straight and the way too narrow for many to enter. They receive such as can give up marriage, and live as they say Christ's disciples should do, in virgin purity, after His example.

Then there are the communities at Oneida N. Y., and Wallingford, Conn., which believe in marriage or generation, which have been in existence sixteen years and with my imperfect knowledge of them, I am inclined to believe they are far in advance of the outside world.

Besides the twenty Shaker communities in the (dis)-United States, and the Bible communists at Oneida, N. York, and Wallingford, Connecticut, there are communities of Rappists, one at Harmony, Ohio, and one at Economy, Penn.,—one Amana Society, Ohio Co., Iowa—the Conjepezites, Monona Co., Iowa,—the Ebenezer Society, near Buffalo, N. Y.—Bishop Hill Colony, Henry Co., Ill., a community at Bethel, Shelby Co., Missouri,—one at Communia, Clayton Co., Iowa,—two in Warren Co., Penn., Moravians at Bethlehem and other places in Penn.,—and Bimeler's Association, in Tuscarora Valley, Ohio; thirty-four communities in all, and if there are other individuals outside of these communities who are unselfish enough to be fit members of a community, do hunt them up and get them together, for I after all my travels, should not know where to find a dozen of them.

Now please let us hear from you again.

A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

We found the above in an exchange, without name or date. Can any one tell us who wrote it? It is worth a year's subscription to any paper, to the soul that can sing and *live* in its true spirit. Blessings on the pen that can give the world such thoughts.

Progressive Spiritualists of Hammonton, New Jersey.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to associate themselves together for the the promulgation and dissemination of truth, and to assume among the various associations of men that position which the laws of Nature entitle them to, a decent respect for the opinions of others might require that they should declare to the world the aim, name and object of such association.

Therefore, believing that all men and women were endowed by the Creator with equal rights, we the undersigned, citizens of Hammonton, New Jersey, feeling desirous of attaining to a higher and better condition of life, through the cultivation of our intellectual, moral and spiritual natures, do hereby associate ourselves, with the view of becoming a body corporate, to the end that we may devise the ways and provide the means for individual and social improvement and elevation, and for the welfare of the human race.

OUR AIM.

To Be, and to do right.

NAME.

Progressive Spiritualists of Hammonton,
New Jersey.

CREED.

The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man.

OUR COVENANT.

To deal justly and fairly with all;
To live moral and virtuous lives;
No fellowship with *Affinity Hunters*.

OUR OBJECTS.

The investigation of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the development of its members into a higher life in harmony with those facts; together with the instruction and education of the children of the present generation with a more exalted and enlightened view of the present and future life.

OFFICERS.

President—P. N. Parkhurst.
Vice President—E. B. Coles.
Treasurer—M. Parkhurst.
Secretary—W. Sampson.
Ladies' Committee—Mrs. N. M. Sampson,
Mrs. Martha B. Nichols, Mrs. V. M. Rexford,
Mrs. R. H. Burber.
Hammonton, N. J., January, 1865.

REMARKS.—Progressive Spiritualists. Well if you are true to the name and try to progress, God speed to you—for the world needs such. That's all we have to say at present.

YOUNG FOLKS' ROOM.

Buy The Truth.

"Go thou in life's fair morning,
Go in thy bloom of youth,
And dig for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

"Go while the day star shineth,
Go while thy heart is light,
Go ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright,
Sell all thou hast and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Scepters, and crowns of kings.

"Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice."

Yes, buy the truth and sell it not; for it is worth more to a young man or woman than any sum of money.

A truthful young person will always find friends; and in all trials and troubles they have the pleasures of an approving conscience which would otherwise crush them to the earth.

The above song was sent me by one of the most truthful men I ever met with, with a request to give it to the youth who read the *Chariot*. He has tested the value of truth in prosperity and adversity, and is the right one to recommend it.

The Rev. Professor Kellogg, of Appleton, Wisconsin, went crazy in a religious excitement, and when taken to the insane hospital, dashed his brains out against the wall. I have known quite a number of ministers who become insane in their false excitements, and thousands of their hearers have been ruined by them.—Great efforts are now being made by the clergy, in various parts of the country, to get up excitements, but the thing will not work as it did thirty years ago. The people see that such fires are kindled in the animal passions, and leave behind them very little except moral smut. We would rejoice with joy unspeakable to see a revival of honesty, justice, purity, goodness—a practical application in every man's daily life, of the Golden Rule, to do unto others as we would have others do unto us; but have no desire to see any more of the brush burning revivals which leave the people worse than they find them.

Will those who have improved places for sale in Hammonton, please give me a description of them. The number of acres, the number cleared, the quantity in strawberries, in blackberries, number and age of apple, pear or peach trees, &c., together with the size and condition of buildings, the lowest price and best terms, the distance from the depot, and on what road or avenue. I have inquiries for such places often. Many would like to go there soon if they could be sure of securing a home. This information is wanted *immediately*.

We understand that in these expensive, suffering times, Congress appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars to refurbish the Presidential Mansion, also one thousand for removing a thousand loads of filth from the Avenue. Had they attempted to remove the *moral corruption* of the city, and could they have measured it by cartloads, the sum would without doubt have been more than ten times as much.

The War.

Who that is not blinded by some base unbridled passion can read the history of this war without abhorrence, loathing and disgust; without feeling that those who aid and encourage the war are more like incarnate demons than like men created in the image and likeness of God?

Think of the enormous struggle—three thousand lying dead or wounded at the close of one battle! four thousand at the close of another! five thousand at the close of another! and so on through the battles of four years, counting up the sum of hundreds of thousands slain, and scores of thousands more hobbling on crutches, and scores of thousands more mutilated and maimed for life, in every conceivable manner,—hundreds to linger in pain till death relieves them! Think of the aged parents in all parts of the land, bereft of the sons to whom they were looking for aid and comfort, in their declining years! of the loving sisters whose brothers are torn from them forever! of the widows with their helpless orphans whose protectors have fallen in the wicked strife!

Think, Oh think of the hundreds of thousands of the youth and vigor of the land, thus madly swept away! of the enormous amount of treasure squandered, to replace which hundreds of thousands must toil themselves into the grave! Think of the hunger and nakedness, the pain and anguish that must follow in the train of this insane and worse than infernal strife! Think of the waste of stores of food wilfully and wickedly destroyed by armies,—the railroads torn up, the bridges burned, the fields laid waste, and the growing food trampled in the dust, while the poor are starving—of the cities laid in ashes, of the hundreds of thousands of innocent women and children, aged and infirm forced from their burning homes without food or money, to suffer untold misery! Think of all the blighting, withering curses that the mad strife has forced upon the innocent, of the slaves turned loose,—a large portion of them to perish of want, and the remainder to become homeless vagabonds, incapable of supplying the absolute necessities of life, and dying one by one of want! Think of all this and then tell me what is to be gained by this war, by the nation or any section of it that will balance a millionth part of all this waste and misery?

Then think seriously for what purpose this war has been carried on—that its object has been to sustain and prolong for a brief space, the life of a government which the God of Heaven has cursed,—the government which must surely go down to perdition if the love of God ever finds a dwelling place in the universal human mind! Yes, all this destruction, misery and woe to prolong the twin brother of

priestcraft, a government made up of fines and penalties, to crush the erring, rather than of love to purify and save, a government abhorred and cursed of God, and which should be executed, exposed and denounced by all good men. Talk of a few heathen dying under the car of Juggernaut in the heathen land! How many lives has this government cost? How many human beings to gain and prolong its own existence?

You tell us if there were no political government there would be anarchy, confusion, theft, robbery, and assassinations on every hand; but if there had never been any other government in this nation than that of wisdom and love, there never would have been a thousandth part as much waste of life and treasure for want of government, as it has cost to keep the government alive. Political government is a moloch that is ever consuming and never producing. It swallows up cities, devours men by thousands and scores and hundreds of thousands,—consumes treasures by millions and billions, drenches the earth with human gore, and yet is never satisfied.

If all political government in this nation was removed to day and forever, there might be some outrages committed for a time, by those whom the government has in various ways corrupted; but the moral and spiritual power of the people would be aroused, and the time would soon come, when they would "look a sinner into repentance;" and were all political governments banished to day and forever, the loss of life and property by outlaws during the next century; would not be a ten thousandth part of what it will cost to sustain the government. Priestcraft and political government are twin brothers, and must both perish together, whenever the majority of mankind open their minds to wisdom and love.—They are both as opposite to the Millennium state, as darkness is opposite to light; and if they are not eventually overthrown and banished from the earth, then all who have been counted the wisest in all past generations, have been the greatest fools.

I have repeatedly resolved to say no more about this war, but cannot hold my peace; and openly and boldly in plain english, my whole soul, all my being abhors it; all the religions that sanction war I trample under foot, and all the pretended ministers of the gospel who countenance it, I class with thieves, murderers and robbers. Whine as they may about patriotism, the love of country, &c., they are emissaries of Satan—wolves in sheep's clothing they were before the war, but have now become so bold that they deem the sheepskin of no use and appear in their true character,—wolves without the sheep covering, and even blasphemously declare that Christ himself was a wolf, and not opposed to fighting, notwithstanding he laid down his own life in preference to having it saved by the sword.

Yes, this war has been carried on to save the life of a government, which has, since its existence, destroyed ten thousand more lives, and wasted ten thousand times as much property to save its own life, as would have been destroyed and wasted by all the rogues in the nation, if they had been left without a government.—And then, like the false religions, it has prevented the rise of a better, by keeping the trust of the people in itself—has prevented them from establishing a moral and spiritual government, the same as priestcraft or false religion has kept people looking to itself and prevented them from finding a religion pure and useful. All who in any way uphold this government or labor to restore a forced union between the two sections of the government, are fighting against God, and are laboring to support and prolong what he has doomed to destruction.

A Warning.

Hear, Oh Heavens! and give ear, O Earth! for the Lord God hath spoken it! By Heavens, we men, the righteous few in whom dwelleth the spirit of justice, mercy, wisdom, love and peace; and by Earth, we mean the vast multitudes in whom dwelleth the spirit of selfishness, injustice, cruelty, folly, hate and strife. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts to the people of the (dis)-United States of North America:—Ye have for thirty years past run riot with God's Heritage; ye have been even as swine rioting in gardens of rich flowers and fruits, and in fields of ripe corn; each one in selfishness bent on his own purposes; filching, devouring, destroying; the strong oppressing the weak, the pretended righteous grinding the faces of the poor, devouring widows houses and orphans' bread, and, for a pretense making long prayers and loud professions, building gaudy temples and tall steeples with the substance withheld from the aged poor, the virtuous infirm, the widow and the orphan. Ye have in all manner of ways squandered God's substance on your lusts, while his little ones have been pining for food and raiment, in miserable hovels, in dark garrets and loathsome cellars. Your laws have been executed in a manner to aid the rich and oppress the poor, justice has been turned away backwards, truth has fallen in the street and equity could not enter your councils.

Ye have banded together in secret societies, as Masons, Oddfellows, and the like, for selfish purposes, shutting out the poor and needy and squandering God's substance on yourselves.—Your priests are dumb dogs barking for their bread, mere sounding boards standing before you to echo your own thoughts, and dare not reprove you for sin and transgression, for fear of losing their places, for they preach for hire, divine for money, looking for gain from their quarters. They float with the multitude in public sins, and dare not reprove the guilty.

Hence your churches are filled with hypocrites; and shylocks, extortioners and murderers occupy the chief seats in your synagogues undisturbed.

Instead of acting as conscientious stewards over the Lord's substance, and distributing His goods to his poor children as they have need, ye hoard it, to squander on your lusts and pride, while the poor are pining in want or perishing by inches for lack of food. Ye have ignored the command, "Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth when ye give alms," and blow the trumpet before you, that people may praise you. Benevolence ye have cast out among the heathen, and when ye would make a show of doing good, ye must get up a tea party, or use your temples as gambling shops, where by your grab bags and other games of chance ye lead the youth into the downward path of the gambler, which endeth in ruin. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his masters stall, but ye know not, or if ye know, ye will not consider. Ye have made a god of the riches of earth, your days are given to lying and cheating, ye hide the faults and defects of what ye have to sell, and praise it beyond measure, that ye may obtain the highest price for it, and when ye are about to purchase, ye disparage the article and try to obtain it for less than its value.—Ye defraud the laborer of his hire, or take advantage of his necessities and obtain his labor for less than its value, and when ye can lawfully strip a man of all he hath without compensation, ye do so, and then say to him in actions, "Stand by thyself for I am holier than thou." Your religious ceremonies are mockeries—selfishness and strife rule in your hearts, ye have denied the Holy and Just one in your practices, and desired a murderer released unto you. Your sons and daughters are trained up in pride and haughtiness, and the fear of God is not before their eyes, nor the truth in their hearts. These are but a small part of your sins, saith the Lord of Hosts, and for your numerous transgressions I have given you up to reap what you have sown, a harvest of blood and tears! Your priests and lying papers comfort you with promises of peace when there is no peace; and now, Oh ye transgressors! hearken unto the truth, for thus saith the Lord, scourge after scourge shall come upon you until you are humbled, and repent of your sins, and become as stewards over the heritage of God, doing justly, loving mercy and walking humble in his sight.

CHRISTIAN HALL.

Blasphemers Cast Out.

I seldom meet with anything that appears more blasphemous than some of the sentiments sent out into the world by the agents of a society calling themselves "Christian Commission," and other friends of the war. Some one has sent me a paper named 'The Soldiers' Friend,'

containing an article headed "Can a soldier be a Christian? Then in reply to the question, it goes on to say that at a prayer meeting of soldiers in the tent of the Christian Commission, a wounded soldier arose and commencing with the above question said: "I find that a great many of my comrades do not believe that a soldier can be a christian, but I know that they are mistaken, for I have tried it, and have found that it has power to give peace to the soul, and lift it above the fear of death; yes comrades, a man can be a christian and a soldier, and the christian soldier is the happiest and serenest in every time of trouble and every hour of danger."

Now whom shall we believe, this soldier or Christ himself? The Hindoo fanatic who casts himself under the car of Juggernaut, can tell the same story about his religion; the cannibal while hunting down a human victim can bear the same testimony in favor of his religion, but Christ declared that his servants could not fight, and he gave up his own life without offering resistance, when his disciples stood ready to defend him. He reproved Peter for smiting the enemy, and bade him put up his sword, declaring that he who takes the sword shall perish by it. As to be a christian is to be like unto Christ in spirit and practice, how blasphemous it is for men who claim to be his ministers, to send forth such doctrine as this lying priest has put into the lips of this soldier, for the story is doubtless a fiction, written by some priest of Jezabel to overcome the conscientious scruples of soldiers who have not entirely lost all sense of what christianity requires. "Love your enemies, resist not evil, but overcome evil with good; forgive those that trespass against thee; forgive thy brother seventy times seven," &c., are precepts of Christ, which he practiced in every day life, and then finally sealed his testimony with his own blood; and yet men who call themselves his ministers, in a bold, blasphemous spirit represent his character and doctrine to be directly opposite to what they really were.

It may truly be said now as at a former time: "The prophets prophesy falsely, by them the priests bear rule, and the people love to have it so." If the people did not love falsehood and error, how could they, after reading the life of Christ, for a moment countenance the preachers who declare that a soldier who deliberately takes the life of his fellow men, can be a christian? The fact is, people will let their selfish wills close their eyes against truth as clear to them as the noonday sun, and will rejoice to hear their preachers utter falsehoods so absurd that even fools deride them. It is an utter impossibility for a soldier to be a christian, for the moment the spirit of Christ takes possession of him, the gun must fall from his hands and he must cease to be a soldier.

The paper before me, calling itself the "Soldiers' Friend," has for its motto the following:

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ—2d Timothy 2: 2." Wilfully and blasphemously perverting the meaning of scripture, applying that to a destructive slaughter of human beings, which was intended simply to destroy error and save from misery.

An article has gone the rounds of the war papers, headed: The Final Campaign, and signed, George H. Stuart, Chairman of the Christian Commission, No. 11 Bank St., Phila., which is filled with this bold shameless blasphemy. Its object is to beg funds to aid the wounded soldiers, but the means used for this good purpose should make idiots blush with shame, that they belong to a race who can so falsify and blaspheme the name of Christ.

This unfaithful Stuart, who, instead of watching and giving each one his portion in due season, has risen up to slay the other servants, "tells us that the last great campaign which is to put an end to the rebellion (a very doubtful story) is near at hand, and says every energy should be now directed to prepare our armies for the last desperate struggle;" very different from the teachings of Christ, "put up thy sword into its scabbard, yet he all the time pretends to be a christian, and signs himself Chairman of a Christian Commission. He has not a word about striving to make peace and save life, and wants every one directed to a bloody slaughter! And he is very anxious to have those who are to sacrifice their lives prepared, so far as we can prepare them, for this solemn service (fighting!) by christian instruction and earnest prayer!" There's for you with a vengeance. Will he tell us how far he and his associates can prepare men to fight and die, by all the christian instruction and fervent prayers they can possibly utter?—For my own part, were I now dying, and were Geo. H. Stewart and all his blasphemous associates around me, offering me their christian instruction and fervent prayers, I would say to them all: "Get thee behind me Satan, I had as lief have your curses as your prayers, for neither would avail anything. Prayers and christian instruction from men who believe in war! Why I would just as lief have the prayers and instruction of Satan himself. He further says that no soldier should be allowed to die without having the hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, presented to him, and without prayers to God for mercy in his name, and then the blasphemous beggar appeals to the sympathies and purses of mothers and wives, asking them if they would wish their loved ones to die on the battle field without any one to receive their last message for them, or to kneel beside them and offer a prayer for the departing soul.

We would say to all wives, mothers and sisters, that the prayers of such men over their dying friends amount to just as much as the barking of wolves and no more. A prayer to be of any use, must come from the spirit of

Christ dwelling in the heart of him who prays, but where the spirit of war is, the spirit of Christ is not, and all words of prayer without the spirit of Christ are empty as the wind, as sounding brass. This fellow also tells us that in one hundred and forty chapel tents, our soldiers assemble every night in the week, and three times on Sabbath, many of whom rise to ask prayers, and profess their design to lead *christian* lives! Can anything be more blasphemous? Designing to live christian lives—that is lives of love, forgiveness, peace and good will, and yet their guns loaded ready, at a moments warning to speed the bullets through their brothers' hearts! My soul sickens—enough of this—I have seldom met with such bold blasphemy as this letter of Geo. H. Stuart contains, and all to beg funds to help on human slaughter in the name of a God who is love, and a Christ whose servants cannot fight.

In conclusion we will say, that if men will sink themselves so far below the brutes, and so far below even the devils as to keep up wars for months and years, let them do so, after giving them warnings and reproofs, but let them lay aside the name and profession of Christ and fight in their true character. We are not here reproving you for fighting, but are solemnly protesting against the liberty you take in blaspheming Christ by dragging his name into the strife, for neither He nor His true disciples ever did or ever will fire a musket at any human being.

RAGGAGE ROOM.

The Clergymen and Their Traps.

We stated some time since that this outer war was a figure of a spiritual war, yet to come between truth and error, or Priestcraft and the Gospel of Truth, Life and Love; and already we see signs of the coming battle.—The priesthood of the nation have, during the war, become so mixed up with the government—and rendered it such service by drumming up recruits for the army, praying to an imaginary god of battles, encouraging on the soldiers to battle, &c., that they now think they have gained so much favor and power as will enable them to gain of government, the realization of their long cherished hopes. They are becoming bold and confident in the belief that in return for the services rendered in the war, the government will restore to them their lost power, and permit them once more to rule the people with their rod of iron, and trample such as will not submit, under their holy heels as did their fathers of old.

They have meetings at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and other places to mature their plans, and prepare to demand of Congress that their religion be incorporated into the Constitution.

If they can carry their plans, woe to the consciences that cannot bow to their cabals and subscribe to their ereeds. Again the tythe

gatherers will beset every family for funds to support their miserable gunpowder gospel.—The poor widows will again have to part with their only cow or bed, as formerly, to pay priest hire to those whose meetings they do not consider worth attending; and heretics who, for conscience sake, cannot play the hypocrite, will have to walk up to the stake like John Rogers, and other martyrs who had too much truth to exchange it for error, and too much sense to make themselves fools.

Time was once in this nation when the priests could extort church taxes from people who never heard them preach, came those who dared to expose their rottenness, and drag dissenters from their own meetings by the hair of their head. Yea, Boston Common can bear witness to the death of a Quaker saint hung there by instigations of the priests, while Groton can probably produce records to show that the Mother of the Shaker Fraternity had to seek a hiding place, like a hunted beast, to save her body from being slain and mangled by a pious mob set on by priestcraft; while Baptists suffered whippings and the cropping of ears because they dared to worship differently from the forms established by the ruling priesthood.

Man, without Wisdom, Love, Justice, Mercy or a true sense of right to restrain his selfishness, is the same in all ages—priests of different times may vary their modes of persecution and torture, to conform to circumstances beyond their control; but in spirit they are alike in all ages, and give them the power, they will rule or ruin. Priests who will take a part in a war like this, and cheer on the slaughter and rejoice over it, when they should be in the spirit of conciliation, striving in love to restore the enraged parties to reason and to bring about peace, would not hesitate, if they had the power, to hang or burn all who refused to attend their meetings and put into their greedy maws. We therefore warn the people to beware how they legislate in favor of these vampires lest their hearts blood be sucked away by the serpents that they warm to life in their bosoms.

The conduct of the clergy in this war, with here and there an individual exception few and far between, proves them no better than murderers and highway robbers, and give them all the laws they may ask for and that will be their occupation. For some years past, having no laws in their favor, they have been under the necessity of using death and the devil as hunting hounds, to gather in the people to their fleeing pens; but these hunters having lost much of their power to terrify, they feel the need of laws that will touch the pockets and persons of the people, and hence their cry to have Congress incorporate religion into the Constitution. Let their plans perish with them, for they are on the down track, like the ancient herd of swine, of which they are the antitype, and may they make a cleaner sweep of it than the swine did, taking all the war devils with them, leaving not one behind.

Since the above was put in type we have received the following from a correspondent in Ohio, which contains solemn truth that none can deny. The priesthood have been helping on this war with all their might, when had they been the ambassadors of Christ, as they profess to be, they would have been laboring

to convince the contending parties of the error of their ways, and the inconsistency of rational beings resorting to bloodshed, for the settlement of differences.

FRIEND HACKER:—By the perusal of a Buffalo Advocate, (Methodist paper) I have been led to a few thoughts upon the Influence of Clerical Power; which I submit to your disposal. I send also the article referred to, thinking perhaps it may demand something at your hands.

It is often said that we live in a progressive age; but if we should take a survey of the situation of this American Nation at this day, we might be led to think that its course was backward in its tendency, since this four years of war and murder, the person who would advocate the principles of Peace, Humanity, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, is at once denounced as a heretic, or an enemy to his country.

Any number of men can be found ready to advocate Despotism, Tyranny and Oppression; and who are the advocates of the present war?

Now we ask, who are they that mould and fashion the public sentiment with such universal sway—who that guide the masses to such deeds of carnage and unrelenting war?

It is a truth, that our political demagogues have ever been a tower of strength in this direction; but have we not still another power more potent, more predominant? I refer to the sectarian churches and their rampant ecclesiastical Priests.

Previous to this war, we might think that some little progress had been made towards the advancement of Truth, Wisdom and Love.—But alas! the notes of war have been sounded in our ears. The motley Priesthood have all combined to sanction and urge on its prosecution, with all their Priestly arrogance, marshalled and arranged in one common Phalanx to strike the notes of unrelenting war against their neighbor foe. The vast influence and power that the Clergy bring to bear upon the destiny of this Nation, who can tell or who will attempt to deny? Read their so called christian papers, published in almost every town and city in this land! read of their boasts of Clerical power; of their controlling influence over the common mind; endowed by the Holy Ghost to lead and encourage their heroic dupes to deeds of blood; to slay, murder and destroy their fellow men; all such, they say, being commissioned, ordained and set apart by high heaven, to direct and urge forward this hellish sin; ignoring in toto the teachings of their pattern, Christ, who taught and enjoined on all to "love your enemies;" and to "render good for evil." Oh ye blind guides, Hypocrites! You who have devoured widows houses!—you who so tenaciously claim to pattern after Christ and so tauntingly point the finger of scorn—and so sanctimoniously and hypocritically denounce all peace reformers, as Infidels and Heretics!

Christ says "Render not evil for evil."—But the Clergy say, send the fire and the sword; send our armies with guns and cannon balls, that we may revenge and lay low our enemies in the dust; follow, harrass, burn, pillage, destroy and exterminate them (if need be) from the face of the earth! Ah! This is no new revelation to us, that this Fiat has gone forth from these evangelical, patent gospel makers, for all great bodies of them for the last few centuries, have ever been ready to lead the van in any great war movements.—Both sacred and profane history too truly verifies this to be a certainty.

In former times, were they not always on

the side of despotism, tyranny and oppression? Always ready to oppose freedom of speech, and free inquiry, and thus instead of enlightening the world by their teachings, they have served as a barrier to shut out truth and investigation. No wonder, then, that men have become worse than barbarian savages; hirelings as they are; being led on by a sycophantic Priesthood. Let us ask a Gallileo, a Hervey, a Locke, a Newton, a Hume, a Volney—let us with history unlock the avenues of antiquity and inquire of the now sainted dead, of a Solon, a Confucius, a Homer, a Socrates, a Plato, a Pythagoras, and all that immortal host, whose names can never die, and read to us their doom; their miserable life and ignominious death, all the offspring of free inquiry which wakened the indignant fury of a Priest-ridden world.— Now if men had dared to open their eyes—had examined and read the noble truths that God has written on his Universe, think you, kind reader, that the strong arm of Priestcraft would have prevailed over humanity's dearest rights, would have prevailed against those reformers with their frightful engines of injustice and cruelty? On the contrary, justice, humanity, mercy and a love of peace, would have been the result of their actions.

S. S. D.

PUBLIC HALL.

[For the Chariot.]

War, Slavery and Spiritualism.

BY DR. C. H. DE WOLF

BRO. HACKER:—Three years ago precisely, I was in this city practicing my profession and lecturing on Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy and kindred subjects; and incidentally referred to a staunch, consistent reformer of my personal acquaintance in the East, by the name of Hacker, editor of a little paper called the "Pleasure Boat." After the lecture, several of my auditors informed me they took the Boat! Among them was Mr. Kincade, Gale and Cummings.

I was delighted to get a few copies for perusal, to learn how the Capt. and Mate were prospering while cruising in piratical waters, etc. I afterwards learned to my regret that when *privateering* was added to *piracy*, the Boat thought it prudent to haul into dry dock.— Judge of my pleasure to learn in this, my second visit to Eugene City, that the "Old Drab Coat" was still above ground, not at sea in the Boat, but a Chariot driver! Thank the gods, I am sure you have no affinity with the modern Jehu's, or the majority of omnibus, hack and cab drivers, but are a messenger of love and good will to man!

Now Bro. Hacker, with renewed assurance of the love I bore you aforesaid, I hope you will allow me to question, criticise and remark somewhat on your opinions of the *War, Slavery and Spiritualism*, in the 2d No. of the Chariot, on doors, ceilings &c.

First you rely confidently on the teachings of the Nazarene, and would to heaven that the world better understood his *spiritual* teachings and holy examples; but remember, He said that offences must needs come, &c. I agree with you as regards the causes of offences, but all that does not obviate the present condition of our national trouble. *Facts* are stubborn things; as bad as war is always, is there not a worse condition? Is not slavery worse? In that one term we find Despotism, Monarchism, Aristocracy, Land-monopoly, Pauperism, Licentiousness, Knavery, Theft, Falsehood, Robbery and Murder!

On this coast we see the effects of the peculiar institution in its attenuated form and embrothling spirit; and yet the hydra-headed monster, even under these conditions, lays eggs that hatch into the rum saloon, gambling den

ill-fame-house, bowie knife and revolver! And wherever they outnumber persons opposed to their hell-born and inhuman principles and practices, free speech and liberty of press are abridged, and the full, just exercise thereof perils the just freeman's life!

What could Lincoln have done otherwise than he has done? Given them presents to let us alone? Had not the North (*guilty* North, I know she has been) been giving continually to the spirit and literal letter of the demand of the South ever since 1819? From the purchase of Louisiana and the Missouri compromise, down to that *infamous* Fugitive Slave Bill and repeal of the aforesaid compromise, including the purchase of Florida, the expense of the Seminole war, Mexican war, Texas debt, &c., &c., costing the Nation \$270,000,000!!! including their Post Office deficit! All of this national treasure, bloodshed, sin and disgrace have we suffered to *please the South*—to make a hunting ground of all the North, for the Slavocrat and his bloodhounds!! rather than enforce obedience! Up to the election of Lincoln, these compromises of the Constitution had been faithfully carried out by the North; and never more perfectly enforced than on the day Sumter was bombarded by the traitors of Jeff. Davis, and our national flag trampled in the dust, and our forts and arsenals seized, and mints sucked and treasures stolen! Now, my dear Brother, would you have Jeff Davis rule over us all? Would you have us all bow the knee to Baal? Would you have the best government on earth (as imperfect as it was) broken, despoiled and overrun by the Barbarism of the despot? No, no, war is far better with all its horrors. This war will destroy the infamous "sum of all villainies," and the struggle is for HUMANITY—the whole world!! Of the thousands that pass the river of death, they go only a little earlier than those left behind, many of them never would have been better, if allowed to remain; but now will live on a higher plane, and progress faster than if "in the bonds of iniquity and gall of bitterness," from which they have been removed. *Christian* principles and moral philosophy are only applicable to certain developments of body and soul. *Animals* may be benefitted, enlightened and progressed, but when infuriated, or over stimulated by desire, will and passion—reason, love, and good will are idle toys, unless force and power can join with them. I agree with you in placing the fighting priests in the van of the battle! Such pharisees, hypocrites, or at least ignorant asses can be best spared from the society they pervert more than purify, and can stop a bullet from a more useful man.

You see I am not altogether a christian—though a believer in truth, virtue, love, progress and immortality; also in hell and heaven, if that will afford some people any comfort; but I never expect to see a worse hell than earth presents nor more fiendish devils than undeveloped white men, some of whom are D. D's.

Now a word about Spiritualism. Remember Bro. Hacker, not many years ago you believed Phrenology was a humbug, also Modern Spiritualism, and shaved your face smooth, long after I wore the full beard. Now, you wear, the full beard and see and talk with spirits. Thank heaven, I have lived long enough to hear you say so. Simeon could not have been more rejoiced to see the Babe, than I to learn of your heavenly gifts. I knew before you believed that you were a medium! Now, Brother, you have not seen all that others have in spiritual phenomena—don't judge hastily. You have seen a table move, but you cannot hear, you know, instruments are played upon by spirits, I know, without any deception or aid from mortals. I have seen, and so have scores of good witnesses, a medium lifted to the ceiling of a room, and floated in the air by spirit power, like a feather, when the gas lights were up and also by bright moonlight! You are right in believing that a *material* article cannot be *spirit-ed* through *material* doors, ceilings, etc. Do not bet your \$50, Brother, but wait a little

longer for the good time coming, when you shall be convinced.

THE STRAINER.

The above is such a mixture of chips, porridge and other matters good and bad, that on first reading it, I thought of throwing it into the fire. My second thought was to put it in the "Swill Tub," and set it in the baggage room without a word, permitting such as are beastly enough to believe in war, to help themselves to it; but I have finally concluded to run it through the strainer and try to separate it, giving the porridge to the children, who are hungry enough to devour all that is wholesome, and leave the chips, bones, blood, &c., to the animals that prefer such food.

First, then, I am glad to hear once more from my former friend, with whom I become acquainted at one of my meetings on the Penobscot, near twenty years ago; and whom I have not before heard a word from, since he sailed from New York several years since for California, after closing his studies in Philadelphia.— I am glad to hear he is yet in the body, though if his own doctrine is true he would probably have progressed much faster than he has, if he had possessed the courage and consistency to carry out his own doctrine, and get into Bro. Flagler's "Glorious Republic" through the battle field, at the commencement of the war.— How is it that nearly all the sternest advocates of war, like Brothers, Mitchell, Dutcher, Bowers, Flagler, De Wolf &c., have kept at a safe distance from bullets these four years of war, while so many that did not believe in war have been dragged off against their will! Pity it is that their practice does not convince us of the sincerity of their profession, when they take so much pains to defend the war—with words.— The loudest spouters, at war meetings got up to urge *others* to the battle field, and the fiercest writers for the war all keep safe at home, but are very anxious to have others pour out their blood like water, for the salvation of their dear country and its blessed government, which requires the sacrifice of several hundred thousands of lives, and some hundreds of millions of money every few years to keep it alive!

You wish to heaven that the world better understood and practiced the spiritual teachings of Jesus, and then you go on to tip it all over and exalt the war spirit in its place! If He did say offences would come He did not tell His disciples to join hands with the offenders and help them along. Yes, Bro., Facts are stubborn things, and I now intend to give you one of the most stubborn facts ever uttered in heaven or earth, a fact that upsets all your argument in favor of the war and the government, whose life the war is aiming to sustain.

All that you say about slavery, and the licentiousness, land monopoly and other sins that accompany slavery, is true, and the most stubborn fact you ever will hear, and which you have not perhaps, even yet thought of, is that the GOVERNMENT, which you are defending is the PARENT of all the sins you have enumerated! Let this sentence be written over the door of every public building in the nation; let it be inscribed in large letters on every pulpit, let it be taught in every school and family, and proclaimed at the corners of the streets and from the house tops all over the Nation, that "The GOVERNMENT for which your armies are fighting, is the hydra-headed hermaphrodite PARENT of Slavery, Land-monopoly and every other vice following in their train!! Kill the Government—the parent stem, and the whole family dies. Save the life of the Government, the Parent and you perpetuate the evils you denounce. If you kill Slavery in one form, the Government so long as it exists, will keep hatching it out in other forms for it is impossible for an evil tree to bring forth good fruit or for a hawk to breed doves.

Every word you said about Slavery, &c., is a testimony against the Government, and you did not see it! You are feeding the parent and fighting its offspring! You would kill Slavery in one form, and nurse up the parent and save

its life to hatch out Slavery in other forms!—Now if you and some others who may read this, were as spiritual as you profess to be, there would be no need of another war on the subject for you would see as clear as daylight, that the Government you are fighting to save, hatched, fostered and matured Slavery and the whole brood of evils, which you say is connected with it; but as many of you are not quite so spiritual as you profess to be, I will add that had there never been any other Government in this Nation than that of Wisdom and Love, like or similar to that of the Shakers and early Quakers, chattel slavery never could have had an existence. The Government sanctioned and protected slavery, fostered and nourished it; it is the child of the Government; and now the Government is fighting its own offspring! If the slaves at any time attempted to gain their liberty, the Government stood ready to put them down! All concessions and compromises with slavery, which you have enumerated were but the concessions and compromises of the parent to pacify and please a stubborn offspring.

The Government was also the parent of Land-monopoly. It claimed all the wild land, set a price on it, withheld it from the people, and in consequence of this, millions have worn themselves out in earning means to purchase back their natural rights to the soil, while millions more, despairing of ever owning land, have crowded into cities, overstocking the labor market, and fell victims to intemperance and other vices! The Government was also the foster parent of intemperance—licensed men to sell liquor until nearly the whole Nation were drunkards. So with all the vices you have named; Government is the parent of them all. Government is the main tree, and Slavery, &c., are the sprouts springing up from its roots.

Slave-ground does not harbor all the sins in the Nation. There is not on this whole continent a more filthy sink of iniquity than Washington, the capital of the Nation, where Government has its power.

Even the political papers state that nearly every house on the great avenue of that city south of Willard's Hotel, is a house of ill-fame, and a year ago a contract was made for building another of that character, to cost eighty thousand dollars! And all this for the lustful accommodation of men assembled there to keep alive the Government which has hatched and fostered all the sins you have named! A Government founded in blood, accursed of God in the beginning—a Government which has sacrificed millions of lives and hundreds of millions of money to save its own accursed life,—a monster that no really enlightened christian spiritualist, or honest man can move a finger to save!

Not one hour ago I read in a political paper that the Vice President of the United States was drunk on the day he was placed in office! A more drunken den of sin and debauchery exists not on this continent than Washington, and with here and there an honorable exception, the members of Congress when at Washington, are little better in morals than the hangers on about the low pot houses of other cities! A nice foundation to look to for a wise Government! "What could Lincoln have done?"—asks Bro. DeWolf. He could have hung himself before betraying Christ, as Judas did afterwards, or he could have jumped off the wharf; or what is better, he could have returned to the honest occupation of splitting rails, and either would have been better than such a waste of life and treasure, to prolong the existence of a Government that must surely perish, if ever christianity, true spiritualism or Wisdom and Love prevail in men over the animal passions.—What I have here said of the Government is not new to me, but the time is come for me to call attention to the subject, and the Government is the last great enemy that I shall have to contend with. I do not expect to kill it, but shall deal it blows that will aid others who come after me, to accomplish the work. So much for your "best Government on the face of the earth," which has destroyed more lives to save its own, than all the Juggernauts, Aligators and other

gods and idols of the whole human world. I never pronounced Phrenology a humbug—only called those imposters who pretended to practice it while in ignorance of it; and the same of Spiritualism—simply expressed my disbelief of it, and pronounced those to be imposters whom I knew were deceiving the people; and I do the same now. Have not *betted* \$50, but simply offered it to any medium who can show before competent judges that Spirits play on material instruments. That spirits do make music I am certain, for I have heard trumpets, bells, singing and other music, both by night and by day, in darkness and in light, but there were no instruments of music in the house. Repeatedly have mediums been detected in playing on the instruments with their own hands, but the circles were so anxious to be duped, that they were angry with those who sprung the lights, and went on to sustain the mediums in impositions. The pretense that Spirits cannot play material instruments only in the dark, is a *pretense* only, the purpose of which is to favor the imposition, for day and night are all the same to Spirits—they do not depend on sun, moon or stars for the light they have. You never saw the body of a medium raised to the ceiling by Spirit power. If you saw anything like it, it was the spirit of the medium, and that, you did not see with the outward eye. To me Spiritualism is too solemn a thing to be trifled with by imposters, as it often has been, and those who appreciate it will be careful how they believe large stories about things done in the dark. Yes, Bro., I know I am deaf, but deaf as I am I think I can trust my ears quite as well as most people can their eyes in a dark room! at any rate I have had spirits walk by my side for miles together by day and night, have seen and heard them and could converse with them as well as I ever could with my own mother before my hearing was impaired; and as for mediumship, I spake and wrote under spiritual *impression* long before I ever saw you,—and long before Modern Spiritualism was heard of. If this is not a sufficient reply to your remarks, you shall have more. You are in the dark about this war and the Government, as you once were about the Temperance Reform, when combined with those called Ramrods, you labored to cast out devils through Beelzebub the prince of devils, or in other words tried to stop intemperance by law. You at last saw and confessed your error, and gave up the law. If you stick to the Chariot, you will yet have an opportunity and good reason to give up this Government and all wars to the beasts in human form, and leave the dead to bury their dead.

WORKERS' HALL.

A New Movement.

"The Portland Labor Reform Association," is the name of an organization recently formed in this city. There appears to be quite a shaking among the dry bones that have so long been trampled under the iron heel of capital; and who knows but they will yet become living men and stand erect, and live and act in all the dignity of manhood?

There have been two classes of slaves in this nation, from its birth. The African slaves that have been driven in their toil by the lash, and the white slaves that have been driven about as hard by hunger and nakedness.—Years ago, when the Abolitionists were spending all their sympathy on the slaves that toiled under the whip, we used to ask them to give a few drops of their kindness to those that were enslaved by hunger, and thus labor to destroy all slavery—set all free—give all a chance to become noblemen.

While the laboring classes have been toiling in ignorance, like slaves, to procure the necessities of life, the lawyers, demagogues, traders, loafing capitalists, priests and other rogues have had nothing to do but study how

to filch away their hard earnings, and set their traps and snares for that purpose. When the workmen went forth into the wilderness, to make for themselves homes, no lawyer, office-hunter, rich loafer, priest or other rogue came near them, for there was no food for rogues in the beginning of the settlement. The workers hewed down the trees, dug out the stumps, made fertile farms and gardens, built houses, barns, fences, mills and workshops, sunk wells made roads, and none of the *priviledged* loafers and rogues came near them, for it was all work, work, work, and drones are not fond of that; but after the new settlers get along far enough to have plenty to eat, and money in their pockets, then come the lawyer, the trader, the priest, the capitalist the loafing speculator, and other human parasites and vermin, and mounted the necks of the workers.—In ten years they owned the best lots and houses, wore the best garments, lived in comparative idleness; their children must attend Academies and Colleges the year round, while the children of the workers must be thankful if they could find time to attend the district school two or three months in a year, doing a day's work each day besides, and all the property and privileges of the *upper crust* was in some way filched from the workers.

While they and their children were toiling, without time to improve or inform their minds, their riders had nothing to do but look ahead and guide the team to their own profit and pleasure. In this way the workers get into the habit of thinking their labors were vulgar, degrading, wanting in honor, and so they *looked up* to the rogues that were living on them, and riding them, and gave themselves up to be ridden like a team of donkeys. In this way the rogues—the vampires in human shape, got control of the national government, divided the offices among themselves, and their donkey team ratified the robbery by their votes;—and now see where the nation is. Had all the rulers been honest men, chosen by the workers, we never should have had this war. A way would have been found to settle all difficulties harmoniously. It was not working people but miserable demagogues who plunged the nation into the pit where it is now.

These are but a few of the evils that the working classes have suffered to exist, by not exercising their own rights, and it appears that the new movement is intended to starve all the drones, loafers and speculators, and to introduce the doctrine of Paul: "He that will not work neither shall he eat."

We have not yet learned how or by what means they are to be set to work, or prevent the *middle men*, the merchants from getting as much for selling a bushel of potatoes, as the farmer gets for raising and carrying them to market; but the old saying that "Where there is a *will* there is a *way*," may prove true in this case as well as others. The workers, in their new movement, appear to be determined that one man shall no longer do the work of two, while the other does nothing; but propose to make all do their proper share. We say success to them, and offer them the use of a hall in the Chariot to promulgate their truths, and a luggage room in which to transport the loafers and rogues that have been riding on their necks.

I shall not be ready to leave for Ham-monton, New Jersey, in less than a month or two; and all letters for me or the Chariot, should be directed to me at Portland, Maine, until further notice; and why cannot my friends obtain at least one thousand new subscribers? Please try, for there are yet many honest inquirers after truth, who have never yet heard of this paper.