

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.

PROGRESSIVE HALL.

Original Communications.

BRO. HACKER:—I have just been reading sister Cummings' attack on Matrimony in the last No. of the Chariot, and *think*, from the firmness with which she wages war upon the sacred institution, that she must have been preparing for the battle while at the wheel. I am not from the spinning wheel, for that good old piece of furniture has for long years been stowed away among the things that were, but I come fresh from the gentle embraces and fond "good nights" of loving little arms and lips. After such a baptism of love I cannot feel in a warlike mood, yet I would like to add a little to what my sister has said.

I believe the world begins to see, and *many* to feel that there is something *wrong*—but people are not so generally agreed regarding the reason *why* the "fettters gall."

I wish to ask her if we, as a sex, are not in *part*, responsible for these unhappy results?—Has not the early training which the mothers have given the daughters had something to do towards making them what they are? Is it not the hot-house pressure which forces young girls into society while they should be at their childish sports—instilling into their minds, the idea that they must of necessity, *marry*,—that it is *horrible* to be an *old maid*!—teaching them the art of coquetry instead of principles of truth and purity?—dressing them so as to attract the attention of licentious men—and in a multitude of ways developing and calling into action, prematurely, those functions which would otherwise lie dormant until the higher faculties were matured? Thus prepared, who can wonder that they are an easy prey to the spoiler?

I hold myself responsible for the happiness or misery of my daughter. If I give her superficial ideas of life so that she is better pleased with a showy *exterior* than with those interior principles of honor and truth from which all right actions flow, I can only blame *myself* if she fall in love with and marry a brainless fop or gilded *sensualist*. I believe that if we give our children right training our sons will not be *bad men*, nor our daughters their silly dupes.

Perhaps sister C. will think this does not better woman's condition *now*, but is it not a joy to feel that we are helping *remove* the cause that we may save our children from like suffering? She cannot regard the evil with greater horror than do I. Truly, it is the deadly Upas whose branches overshadow the earth,

and nearly all have inhaled its poisonous effluvia—never yet has been found an antidote which could eradicate its terrible sting from those who have rested under its shadow.

If a woman has vowed herself, until death, to a man who cannot *appreciate* and does not *love* her, no matter if the step was taken in inconsiderate childhood, she must toil by day for the *fruits* of that marriage and perhaps, at night breathe the nauseous fumes of whiskey and tobacco in lieu of God's pure air: yet never in her *purity* can she desire to be folded to the heart of *such* a husband. No, no, give the true woman coldness and neglect, and *harshness* even, but she will pray to be delivered from his *tenderness*. The edict has gone forth, "*until death!*" then if woman is true to her self-imposed duties, the memory of her trials *here* will make even brighter the joys of the glad *hereafter*; the heart which pines for sympathy and love will then drink its fill from the Everlasting Fountain. She must not let her affections be chilled by adverse circumstances, but let her love go out in all its fullness to her children and to all earth's suffering ones. She can point out to the inexperienced the rock upon which *she* was wrecked; she can strengthen and shield the tempted,—she can often raise the fallen; and in the glad fruition of Heaven she will see and know that her earthly mission has not been in vain; that although clouds and darkness were wrapped about her, as a garment *here*, the clear sunlight of God's boundless love was *ever* shining beyond.

GERMAIN.

FRIEND HACKER:—I was much interested in the piece in the 14th No. of the Chariot, headed "Excursion to Brunswick." I like these excursions; these pic-nics. Some people would never find out scarcely that they were social beings if something of this kind did not draw them out. Some would never know how beautiful is God's green carpet and laughing brooke and dashing waterfalls and refreshing, invigorating air, redolent with the sweet perfume of flowers, fresh mown hay and clover fields, if it was not for some such effort to draw them out from brick walls, heated pavements, stagnant, corrupt, heated air. I love to see the children of our city Sunday Schools going off for a bright and joyous day in the green fields—many a little one never inhaling such sweet, rich, healthful air at home. It gives vent to that social department of man's nature in a manner which adds life, and in too many cases is cultivated only at a larger beer saloon, or what is worse, a drinking, gambling den of iniquity which only brings death.

But there is one clause in reference to the College that I want to say a word about.—"That College has been for sixty years trying to *make men* by educating one half of the man, stuffing the brain and neglecting the body." Now I would be glad if they got as far as that, but in my view they are only taking care of one eighth of the man and leaving seven parts to be dwarfed, stunted and some almost entirely die out. Manufactories for grinding out well-tuned, well polished, educated, refined ministers, to preach the gospel to heathen at home and abroad, such a gospel as the writer

tells about which Elder Shimuel preached—Calvinism in all its horrible features!

The physical nature of man is scarcely of any account in these institutions. The body sickens, is starved for want of air, exercise, physical culture, while large draughts of Greek, Latin and Hebrew are being poured upon the brain, to say nothing of the horrid doctrines, the poisonous errors which are being sucked in to be again poured out upon poor, ignorant humanity.

The intellectual is the only department that is really fed and nourished; for I contend that the physical is abused, the relational is put under bonds, the social is held in "have no time," the moral is fed from poisonous streams, and also the spiritual in all its unfoldings—for where the moral and spiritual are drinking from impure and diseased fountains, they will not grow up in freshness and vigor, in truth, in purity and in love. If, for instance, that one thousand acres which now lie in common, could be made beautiful and productive by the labor of the delicate fingers of the young men of that Institution, what a harvest would it yield, not only of the good things of earth, but what a harvest of health! Men would become so imbued, so filled with the inspiration which proceeds not only from the heavens above us but from our beautiful, blessed mother earth, their souls would become so large, so exhilarated with the pure, the beautiful and the divine, that they could not swallow the noxious doses of Calvinistic orthodoxy which their musty old volumes would have them take. The God within them, the God of nature, the God of the mountains, the ocean, the grass, the flowers and the streams would cry out against those pages, and in thundering, and yet in gentle, quiet voice, would say, there is no such God. Our father, our God is a God of love, of mercy, and also of justice, for they are all combined in beautiful harmony. The flowers say, the grass says, yea, the whole earth answers with one simultaneous voice, our God is an *impartial* God; He makes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sends his refreshing rains upon the just and the unjust. Our beautiful earth, teeming as it does with life and abundance, looks in at the doors and windows of these old fossilized institutions, and prays to be admitted, to let at least one sunbeam of its joyous Godlike simplicity, innocence and love dart across that musty page which says "the best prayer ever offered by a christian contained sin enough to damn his soul to all eternity!" Where, O where did man ever invent—ever hatch out such blasphemy! Talk about the heathen's god! talk about the poor Pagan bowing down to his stocks and stones and dumb idols, won't compare with the god the Calvinist worships, for the wrath of their god can be appeased by sacrifices and offerings, but for a portion of humanity the *Calvinistic christian's god* can never be *placated*. But let us turn from this dark, this sickening picture and thank our God, the Father of Love, of Progression, of knowledge and of Wisdom, that the car is on the track and is smashing and grinding to powder all these manufactories that are in the way. Ignorance, the fruitful cause of spiritual and physical disease and death, is rising like a

heavy fog or mist from off this earth, and knowledge on wings of light and joy is traversing our planet. Not many years longer can these Institutions raise their heads and be sustained, for man is beginning to think, to investigate. No longer can priests and ministers manufactured in these noxious schools, hold the *thinking part* of man in their hands and pour into them the horrid ideas which have helped to fill our Lunatic Asylums with inmates, for the day has dawned, the clouds and tempests of night are gradually giving way to the Sun of Righteousness, of knowledge, of self-respect, of individuality. The spirit of intolerance, superstition, fanaticism, man-made creeds and dogmas must give way before the car of knowledge, of spiritual illumination. Self-sustaining Industrial Colleges for males and females, where all the varied departments of man's nature will be looked after and cultivated; where men and women will become intelligent, rounded up beautiful in body and beautiful in soul, these will take the place of these old foggy institutions, and man will and is fast learning that this wonderful mechanism of the Father's hand, these houses which the Spirit, the essential man inhabits, must be swept, kept clean, purified, made strong and beautiful, a mansion, a fit temple for the spirit of truth pervading our spirits to enter and abide;—for a bright and spiritualized spirit or soul wants a healthy body.

E. MARQUAND.

CLERICAL HALL.

Blind Men and the Elephant.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
 That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to ball:—
"God bless me!—but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:—
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,

"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail out in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant,
Not one of them has seen!

CHILDRENS' ROOM.

Albion, Sept. 3, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER :—I thank you very sincerely for those good letters you sent me, telling me how to be a good girl. I have been trying not to be naughty all the time since I got them, and I have not been but once or twice. Ellery says that you think I look like a butterfly. That makes me laugh, because I have not got any wings, but I can jump real high, and play sixty, and run as fast as the boys. Sometimes I climb to the top of the barn to find hen's eggs and swallow's nests. When my aunt Rachie was here she called me her little shadow, because I went so easy after her that she could not hear me. How I wish I had been there with you on the beach. I could have taken hold of your hand and climbed over the big rocks and we could have filled my little Indian basket that mother bought me, with shells. I filled the big shell you sent me with the cunning little ones, and put it on the mantle piece; but the little basket Mrs. Hacker sent me was the best of all, with its needle book, pincushion, emery ball, and two bees waxes in it. I set it up high, so that Bert Freddy can't eat the wax.

Tell Mrs. H. I thank her very much, and when I see her I will kiss her as many times as there were pretty things in the basket.

Next time Father and I are going too.

Your little Friend,

ADA M. CROSBY.

REPLY.—I am much pleased with your letter, Ada, and happy to know that you are trying to be a good girl; hope you will write a letter by-and-by in which you can say you have not been naughty at all, and you will if you keep trying; for I tell you surely that every one of us can so conquer the evil in us that we can always find pleasure in doing right. Keep trying, and don't give up till you have got the naughty spirit in you bound fast, for it is your enemy and if you allow it to rule you it will always be making you unhappy, and not only you but others around you will be made unhappy. But if you learn to govern the naughty spirit and make it behave itself, you will be happy and make others happy. I have heard people praise a show-man because he could tame wild animals, and go into the cage with big tigers and lions and make them lie down or get up or jump on his back, and put his hands in their mouths, &c., but the man or woman or the boy or girl who can tame the naughty spirits in themselves and always behave well, never be cross, nor sulky nor pouty, but always pleasant and kind even to those that misuse them, deserves a great deal more praise than the man that tames lions and tigers. I am glad you can run and jump and climb because such exercise

is healthy and will make you strong. But what do you do with swallow's nests when you find them? and what do you mean by playing sixty? That is a play I never heard of before.—Please tell us what it is and how you play it, for if it is a good play all the children that read the Chariot will want it. Do you know, Ada, that you are always making pictures of yourself on the minds of other people? If you do not know it you ought to so that you may learn to make pleasant, pretty pictures, not ugly ones, and I will tell you about it. When any one sees you if your face and hands are clean and neat, and your hair combed nicely and you look pleasant and speak kindly, they will think of you after they leave you, and when thinking of you they will see the pretty picture of you on their memory, and will love you and wish much to see you again. But if your face and hands are dirty, your eyes all red and swollen with crying, or your lips pouting out sulkily, you will make a very ugly picture in their minds, and when they think of you they will see that ugly looking picture, and will not desire to see you again. So now be careful, my little woman, and see that you behave so well that you will make a pretty picture on the minds of all that see you. Don't never be angry, nor sulky, nor pouty, for such pictures are dreadful—no body loves to look upon them. If you are ever naughty again just look in the glass and see how dreadful you will look. I knew a little girl once that was so often sulky and pouty, that she always had the sulky-pouty look even when good natured, for her face and lips grew in that shape that she kept them in the most. When she was 13 years old I talked with her kindly about it, coaxed her to look in the glass and then showed her how she was spoiling her looks by being so often ill-natured. I then told her it was possible for her to overcome that naughty spirit and be always pleasant, and that it would change her looks and she would become handsome. She behaved like a good girl, took my advice, tried to be good and pleasant, and now she is a very pretty, cheerful woman; the cross, pouting look is gone and all her features have a mild, pleasant, sweet expression because she feels so inside, for the spirit inside gives expression to the face. If you do not understand this now you will when you are older, so please keep this paper to read for it may help you to be good.

Yes, we had a real good time on the beach. I took Ellery across the ferry to give him a chance to see the vessels, and we saw two or three hundred with their white sails spread, skimming over the water, and several steamers puffing up and down the bay. Then we walked along on the shore gathering shells till we came to the Fort, and I took Ellery in there to show him how wicked people are to have wars and kill each other. There were sentinels with guns pacing back and forth as though they were expecting an enemy. When we came to the gate a soldier put his gun against us to stop us. I was too deaf to hear what he said, but told him we wanted to go in and see the guns. An officer then came out and told us we might pass. There we saw iron balls piled up, and

big guns almost large enough for you to creep into. There were big iron shells—bigger than large tea kettles, that they fill with powder and put a fuze in, then put the shell in a big gun and fire it into a city or a vessel. The fuze takes fire and the shell bursts, its fragments flying in every direction, killing and wounding the people. I wanted Ellery to see these wicked weapons that he might learn when young to hate war and keep clear of it.

We then returned along the shore gathering shells and looking at the vessels, and I wished every moment that you were with us, it was so pleasant and the scenery so beautiful, all but the forts.

The next day we all went to the Island and had a nice time; and there I wished for you again. We visited the Indian tents, where the Indian women were making baskets, and two of the happiest women we saw for the day were Indian women. One was 80 years old and had more baskets piled up round her than any other one, which she had made. She was very industrious and all the time cheerful, and as sprightly in spirit as a girl of sixteen. The other happy one was one hundred and one years old. She could see and hear as quick as any one and was so sprightly that when a question was asked she was the first to answer it. She was the widow of John Neptune who was formerly a governor of the Indian tribe. When you come up we will have a nice time in the same place.

I have written a long reply to your letter because I know that hundreds of children love to read these letters, and I hope they will do them good. Please write often, and coax other children to write.

Your friend,

J. H.

Since writing the above I have seen Ada May Crosby, and she is a sweet little girl and trying very hard to be good. I do love her more than I can tell. She went with her parents 14 miles to meeting, and they took me home with them where we had a nice time. I brought home her picture which now lies before me as I write, and all who have seen it say: "Oh, how pretty!" and she will always look pretty if she is good, for all good children are pretty.

PHYSICIANS' OFFICE.

Dr. Newton in Portland.

I had seen such glowing accounts in the Banner of Light and other papers, about the wonderful cures performed by Dr. Newton, that I had come to the conclusion that if but one half was true, his power over all manner of diseases was far greater than was ever ascribed to Christ. It was said that everywhere in his practice he was thronged with patients, that the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see and the lame to walk—that people were carried to him in chairs and on couches and instantly healed and walked home—that cripples left their crutches at his office and departed rejoicing. Hardly anything seemed too extravagant to be believed. Reading the papers

that praised him, and knowing by experience that some do have power over disease, I was willing to believe all that I heard of Dr. N. as soon as I could have proof of it, but not before, for I had seen so much deception, seen so many impostors, pretenders and worthless mediums praised in various papers that I could place no reliance on *hearsay* evidence.

Before Dr. Newton arrived in Portland I received a letter from an invalid friend some 30 miles distant, informing me that Dr. N. was to be in Portland on the following Tuesday, and requesting and urging me to lay aside all prejudice, put myself in a passive condition and visit his rooms and let him try whether he could restore my hearing; also ascertain what cures were performed and give the result, as the writer wished to visit him but was too feeble to do so unless there was a fair prospect of being benefited. Accordingly on the first day of his performances in Portland I presented myself before him when he told me he could cure me. He spread a cloth over my head, placed his face or head against my right ear, his left hand against my left, and held my nose fast with his right hand, requiring me to blow, probably with the expectation that it would open some passage or duct that had been closed. He then chafed my ears and throat, &c., and tried very hard to make me think or say that I could hear. He then told me to syringe my ears three times a day and I would hear well in nine days.

Said I, I have another difficulty. "What is it?" When I turn on my left side in bed my heart palpitates so much that I am forced to turn back and cannot rest on my left side at all. "I know it," said he—"I could have told you of your heart disease." If that be true, how did he know it, and why did he ask what the other difficulty was? Well, is there any cure for it? I asked. "Yes, I can cure it instantly, *instantly!*" he replied, and putting his arms around me against my left side low down, he raised me partly from the floor, and *manipulated* me, as the phrase is, for a moment, and then said, "There, you are cured, you will have no more trouble with that complaint." I returned home and followed his directions in syringing my ears but have received no benefit, and in regard to the heart disease, it is no better.

After he had been here a few days I went out to inquire about the cures he had done. The city was full of excitement; the talk in street, store, family—everywhere was about the wonderful cures, and his rooms were thronged with patients of all ages and colors, and with all sorts of complaints who had come to be healed. I called perhaps ten times in as many days, and there were never less than 75 and often 150 waiting their turn.

I heard of a woman who had not walked a step nor spoke a word for a year, who had been carried to the Dr's rooms and instantly cured. Went and found her. She had been partially paralyzed a year ago, but has always

been able to walk and talk some. She had been to him but had received no benefit. Heard of another woman who had not walked a step for years, who had been carried to the Dr. in a chair and instantly cured, and walked down three flight of stairs and across the street, rode home and had been out in her garden three times in one day. Went to see her. She had not been to the Dr's room, had walked down no stairs, across no street! The Dr. had called at her house and manipulated her, but no perceptible benefit had resulted. Heard of a man *stone* blind who had instantly received sight. Found him. One eye as white as an oyster, covered with a thick, white film, and the other eye shrunk and shriveled, and eyes of stone would see just as well. While running after these and other great cures a man came seven miles to ascertain if I could hear, saying the report was current that I had been cured. Here were four of the greatest cures and the first I could hear of, all *fudge*. But these and hundreds of other *similar* cures were reported as facts and brought in the multitudes just as well as though they had been facts. I continued the chase about a week, doing little else than hunt up great cures which were not to be found, and was forced to the conclusion that there was far more sound than substance in the reports. In questioning scores of persons who had been under the manipulations of the Dr., I found one woman who said her toes had been rounded up or crooked, and the Dr. streightened them some and she could walk easier. Another said she *knew* the Dr. had helped her. I asked her what her disease was. Said she, "I could not eat—my food *clogged* my stomach; now I can eat and my food don't hurt me." Another aged woman said she had been troubled with neuralgia and she knew she was better since seeing the Dr., but did not know as the benefit was permanent. A man from Lisbon Falls who had suffered over two years with a lame foot, says the Dr. replaced a bone that was out, and his foot felt better at once, and he could walk better, and these are all the cures I have as yet been able to find, though I have conversed with more than a hundred that have been through the hands of Dr. Newton in this city. I have given facts just as I have found them, not taken from flying reports nor papers but from the persons said to have been cured, and I give them here because I know of no other paper that appears to me to have published facts. My conclusion is that Dr. N. does help some, but that the number is but as a drop to a bucket full in comparison with *reported* cures. He advertises to cure the poor free. This caused a great rush to his rooms, and the crowds that flock to him and the false reports of great cures draw in the rich, while the papers, seeing the people love to be humbugged join in and make money by advertising. As we never receive advertising fees nor bribes and do not publish the paper for the purpose of making money, we can afford to tell the truth.

Dr. N. advertised to heal rich and poor free on the first Sabbath that he was here. I was present in the crowd, and have since seen many who passed under his hands that day, but as yet have not seen one who was healed on that day, and was utterly astonished to find the following in the Banner of Light :

DR. NEWTON, "THE HEALER," AT PORTLAND, ME.

[Knowing that Dr. Newton had engaged a large hall in Portland, Me., and had offered to heal, free of charge, all those who would call on him on Sunday, Aug. 27, we requested Hudson Tuttle, Esq., who was spending a few days in this city, to visit Portland on that occasion, and observe what was done. The following letter from Mr. T. briefly gives the result.—ED. BANNER.]

I premise that I was extremely prejudiced against Dr. Newton. My prejudice had grown from various rumors floating about his extreme severity of manner and repeated failures in his treatment. In justice to him I make this statement, for the purpose of showing how very different is his true character. He is gentle and suave in his manners, and when treating an eager throng of over a thousand patients he preserved perfect equanimity, and evinced no more sternness than the positive condition he assumed necessitated.

The first cures I saw him perform was at the office of the Banner of Light. A lady and gentleman came in and were treated before those in the room. The lady deaf in both ears; the gentleman in one. Hearing was restored to both by a few manipulations.

Interested in the phenomena, I visited Portland to witness the free healing of all who chose to come on Sunday, Aug. 27, and the scene of that day my pen utterly fails to describe.

More than a thousand were present in the hall. After a short speech explaining his method of cure, the Dr. requested any one who was suffering to come forward and be healed. Such a rush as then occurred is rarely seen. From the centre of the dense mass, as fast as they received the magnetism, the cured sufferers made their way rejoicing, and their number was not few. By this method great confusion was created, and he was obliged to retire to an ante-room and allow the people to pass continuously before him as they left the hall. I preserved many names of those who were cured; but the crowd was so dense that your reporter found it almost impossible to obtain the names of all those treated.

An old lady nearly blind, left the room in a delirium of delight, saying she could see as well as when a child.

Another lady with lung complaint, said she was perfectly well.

A gentleman walking with difficulty with a cane, walked away as well as any one.

Miss A. Southworth, of Neponset, the well-known authoress, received treatment for deafness with very satisfactory results.

Mrs. Sawyer of Portland, Me., was successfully treated for blindness.

J. E. Baker, Portland, Me., had deficient sight restored.

F. E. Dow, of Portland, subject to catarrh for several years, was completely cured.

I might multiply cases indefinitely, but it would be simply a repetition of the same story only using different names. But you ask, did he cure all who came? No; nor did Christ. Many cases are beyond the reach of any power. Organic difficulties, such as fractured limbs and distortions from birth, are not benefited. Diseases originating in a disturbance of the balance of the vital fluids, such as can be traced to a nervous origin, were cured as by the touch of a magician's wand, and so far as I could learn, almost without exception.

The physiognomy of the crowd passing before him would have furnished a fine subject for

an artist. The joy lighting the faces of the cured, the disappointment depicted on those who were incurable, and the eagerness of those who rushed in to have their cases decided, can only be told by a brush daring as Angelo's. Amidst this scene stood Dr. Newton, with a smile and a cheerful word to all, and a positive command for the suffering: "be healed!"

He is as gentle and meek as a child, wishing to ascribe all his power to the spiritual world rather than himself, and using it not for his own benefit, but for the good of mankind. He is doing a great and good work, and we hope wherever he goes success will attend him.

On the 10th of October next he intends to commence practice at Columbus, Ohio, and we congratulate the people of that State on the opportunity he thus will afford them, of not only being cured of disease, but investigating phenomena far exceeding what are called the miracles of Christ and the Apostles.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Boston, Aug. 30, 1865.

What could be the motive of the Banner in sending Tuttle here, or what could be Tuttle's motive in writing such a report for that paper I know not; but am satisfied that if the article had contained but one twentieth part of all it does contain it would even then have embodied more fiction than facts. In conclusion I will say, if persons who have really been benefited by Dr. Newton, or who may know of any that have been benefited will give me their names, I will take pains to ascertain and publish the facts, for I am not only willing but anxious that the Dr. and the papers and persons that back him, should have all the praise they merit. The public want facts, and as far as in our power they shall have them.

PREACHING ROOM.

Plain Sermons.

BY J. HACKER.

"Every tree is known by its fruit."

Was the Bible in all its parts written by inspiration? Certainly not. Many parts of it are merely historical, written by eye witnesses or by hearsay after the events had transpired, and in many cases the same circumstances are related differently by different writers, proving they were not written by inspiration. For instance: one writer says that Judas went and hung himself, another says he fell down and burst himself so his bowels gushed out. Different writers also tell different stories about angels and others that were seen at the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection; also about the stone at the door of the sepulchre. There are many such contradictions proving that the Bible was not all written by inspiration.

Again: the Bible holds out the idea that the world was flat and stationary and the sun traveled round it, when it is now known to be round and revolving. Inspiration would have given the truth.

The Bible says in one place that God is impartial, and in another place says, "Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated," this, too, before either of them were old enough to mer-

it either love or hate. It says the anger of God endureth but for a moment, and in another place says He was angry with the Jews 40 years in the wilderness. A pretty long moment! In an other place it tells of his ordering an exterminating war against a people, not because they had sinned, but because their forefathers had, long before they were born. Again it represents him so partial to his creatures that he would not permit the Jews to eat the flesh of animals that died of disease, but gave them liberty to sell the unhealthy food to others of his creatures. In one place it calls God a man of war, and in another place says he is Love.

A book written by inspiration would not be so wanting in clearness that no two persons could understand it alike; nor would a book written by inspiration teach anything which, if practiced, would make mankind worse than they otherwise would be; nor would it hold up for imitation men whose practices were evil. Solomon was called a wise man, yet his acts were such that if living now he would be hung or imprisoned for his crimes, unless he was a lawyer, an office-holder or a rich man. These three classes can do pretty much as they please. The lawyer can run over law as a spider can over his own net without being caught; an office-holder can escape because he has office-holders to aid him, and a rich man can bribe what are falsely called officers of justice. So these three classes are pretty safe in their sinning. If Solomon was living now with his three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, he would soon be in a State prison unless he belonged to one of the above named privileged classes. Then he squandered a large sum in building a grand house for a being who dwelleth not in houses built by men's hands, while the poor were suffering for food. Jesus who lived a better life than Solomon, and is entitled to confidence, declared that the house built by Solomon should be overthrown—that one stone should not be left upon another. Does this look as though God commanded him to build that house? And was not his example in building that house decidedly a bad one? Are not people all over christendom, falsely so called, grinding the faces of the poor, withholding food and raiment from the widow and the orphan, the aged and infirm, and defrauding each other to build costly temples for worship, justifying their robbery and folly by the example of Solomon? And what was Solomon's own testimony after spending his life in debauchery and lust? "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" Was this the testimony of a wise man or a fool? Could Jesus have borne such a testimony of himself after doing the good works that are accredited to him, even though he had not the riches and the popularity of Solomon in his favor? Could George Fox or any other wise benefactor of his race have ended his course crying "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity?"

Is this such a man as a wise being would hold up as a good example for others?

Then there is Moses, a reputed leader of God's people, who commenced his career by murder—slew a man and buried him privately. And the *chosen people*, when about leaving Egypt went about with a lie in their mouths borrowing all the jewelry they could, under the pretence that they were going forth to worship, and would return the articles, when they intended to flee with them, and finally made a golden calf of them for the gratification of their idolatrous spirit.

The Bible tells the chosen ones that they may spend their money for wine or strong drink, or whatsoever their souls lust after! What greater liberty could the drunkard ask for? What higher authority for getting drunk, if he believes every part of the Bible was written by inspiration? What greater liberty could the licentious ask? "Thou mayest spend thy money for *whatsoever* thy soul lusteth after," which includes the gratification of every passion and lust. Rumsellers can post up passages of scripture in their groggeries in support of their vile traffic, and so can the keepers of brothels! Again, the Bible authorizes the chosen ones to purchase slaves with their money, and if thou beat thy slave to death it is no body's business, for he is thy money or property; and for eighty years past this nation has been holding slaves under the sanction of the bible, and the land has recently passed through the bloodiest war ever known for the destruction of this Bible-sanctioned slavery, and this war, too, has been supported from the Bible as zealously as was ever the slavery it was destroying!

I claim the right to prove all things—the Bible and every passage in it among other things—to reject that which is evil or tends to evil, and to hold fast that which is good. As every tree is known by its fruit, so is every passage of scripture to be known by its fruit; and if one passage is true it does not prove that all other passages are true because bound up in the same lids, any more than one sweet apple tree in an orchard proves all other trees in the same orchard sweet because enclosed by the same fence. The different books of the Bible were written by different persons at different times and in various places. One might write truth and another error, and the simple fact that they are bound up in the same volume does not prove that they are all true or all false, any more than a fence round an orchard proves that all the trees bear the same kind of fruit; and as each separate tree is to be known by the fruit it bears so is each passage in the Bible to be known by the fruit it will produce.

But says one, "If we receive one part of the Bible we must receive all; if we reject one part we must reject all." This is just as ra-

tional as to say that if you eat the fruit from a good tree you must eat that from all the trees ever so crabbed, or if you reject the crabs you must also reject the good fruit, for the same fence encloses them all.

But, asks another, "Does not John the revelator say, "if any takes from the words of the prophecy of this book, his name shall be taken from the book of Life, and if any man adds to the words of the prophecy of this book, to him shall be added the plagues written in this book?" Yes, John says that, but he refers only to the book he himself was then writing. It has no reference to any other book in the Bible, and even if it had, we are not to fear John's threat if we know that to practice any part of the Bible would lead to evil, for we are not to do evil, but to reject all that tends to evil.

Am I giving any liberty to sin by speaking thus of some parts of the Bible? God forbid. I am taking away your license for sinning. Some parts of the Bible sanction every crime known in the records of infamy. The Bible sanctions the slavery of which this nation has been so deeply guilty; and strange as it may seem the same Bible sanctions war which has so recently been waged against the same Bible-sanctioned slavery, and so of other sins. Reject that part of the Bible which sanctions sin and transgression and men then have no covering for their sins; their consciences must come to the light and be judged, and the way of the transgressor will be hedged up.

We shall continue these remarks in future numbers, and in the mean time invite the clergy and all others concerned to come to the rescue of those parts of the Bible which conscience, the honor of a wise God and the good of humanity require us to reject.

[For the Chariot.]

Immortality.

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

"This world is heartless; it is cold;
Its friendships soon decay;
Its Brightness gathers rust and mould,
Its treasures fade away."

The experience of mankind in all ages, presents a picture of pain and discontent. This world has failed to satisfy human desires. Hence the inquiry for life and happiness beyond the tomb. "If a man die shall he live again?" is the ever recurring question. Traditions and sacred books proclaim its truth. Nature, the voice of God, demonstrates it in her perpetual life. Mortality pertains to external bodies, and not to the soul. God is the spirit life of all. The manifestations of nature, the mechanism of the Universe and its natural laws, exhibit a wisdom and power infinitely beyond the combined wisdom and strength of all the human race, and demonstrate to a certainty that there is a God worthy of all praise and adoration.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
Warns in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

The life of nature cannot die without "a wreck of matter and crush of worlds," which would be the suicide of Deity, the possibility of which would annihilate His Omnipotence and immortality, an absurdity belonging to a lunatic assylum. Man is a part of nature, partaking of her rude structibility and perpetual life. He must live from necessity, being governed by the laws of the universe which are established for ends of use in the development and consummation of perfection in the future.

"To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given;
To man, she gave the flame refined,
A spark of God, immortal mind."

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." When founded upon natural law, as demonstrated by facts in the nature of things, to be seen and read of all men who seek the truth in the infallible inspirations of nature, it becomes a reality to the mind beyond all doubt—a visible truth sure and steadfast, leading the soul out of the body into spheres of immortal glory—sustaining the despairing heart under the worst degrees of disappointment and painful life.

Ancient and modern Spiritualism are about equally reliable testimony in favor of the future existence of the soul, so far as future evidence can be taken for truth. The inspiration of either rest upon the same ground of belief to the unprejudiced mind, and are conclusive proof to the faithful. And when corroborated by nature in her infallible unfoldings, may be taken for granted without very great stretch of credulity.

Skepticism requires natural demonstration added to human experience to be convinced. Nature is ever ready with her testimony of truth, in all laws, among all people, "the same to-day, yesterday and forever," expressing the will of God in favor of endless life. Those who will not believe through all the evidence accessible to man, must wait until they cross the shores of time and awake to conscious life in spheres immortal.

The condition of the disembodied spirit depends upon its state of moral and intellectual development before the change. Neglected improvement will place such in a position corresponding to the one occupied before the dissolution. The illiterate and immoral cannot appreciate nor enjoy the happiness of the wise and virtuous in any sphere of existence. Hence the motive for self-culture in every good work. Virtue has its reward in the principle of cause and effect, as a natural consequence, in this or any other world, any theological dogma to the contrary notwithstanding. Natural law pertains to man's moral, intellectual and spiritual nature without any reference to the speculations of sectarianism. Nature deals in the exact truth. She is perfectly infallible from the everlasting past to the everlasting future. The field is infinite—all can find employment and truthful knowledge there:

"The flowery plains of her summer land,
May greet our raptured vision,
With myriad hosts of the happy band
Who dwell in bowers Elysian."

The natural salvation of perfect *cleanliness* comprehends the purification of body and mind. To be born again is to be cleansed from all manner of filthiness internal and external. Spotless purity is Godliness, acceptable in the highest spheres of angelic felicity. Foul breath, arising from decay, disease, tobacco, alcohol and flesh, is as disgusting to the physically pure, as are obscene propensity, unholy thoughts, hypocritical prayers, injustice, etc., to the angels of light and love. Nature calls for purity and love as a condition for the highest heaven of her munificence.

160 Broadway, New York.

Generation.

Regenerate! Regenerate! has been the burden of the clergy for ages and ages, and so, instead of teaching so to live that children may be rightly generated, they permit them to go on generating animals that need regenerating, finishing or transforming into something higher and better after birth. David says, "I was shapen in sin and in iniquity did my mother conceive me," and ministers have taken this as the common destiny of all, or decree of the Almighty. They act on the idea that there is no such thing as children being conceived in love and purity and shapen in virtue, so the people are left in ignorance and darkness to go on under the influence of lust, creating animals that need finishing, regenerating or transforming into men and women after birth. But can any reflecting mind believe that the Supreme sent forth people to multiply and replenish the earth under the influence of sin and iniquity—to generate children so imperfect that they would need regenerating before they were fit for the purposes for which they were created.

Suppose every animal was so imperfect at its birth that it must be made over into something else? Would it not prove that there had been some mistake or wrong action somewhere? Why have not human beings a right to be generated perfectly, so that they will need no regeneration, but only to grow as Christ did, without being transformed into something different from what they are at birth? I contend that every child has a right to a sound, healthy, well-balanced mind in a sound, healthy body, and all who are not thus born, have been marred by the sins of their parents. Christ did not need regenerating. He only grew from what he was at birth. He was not born a thorn tree that had to be changed to an apple tree after birth by a process of regeneration—was not born an animal, filled with animal passions—did not need to be changed from a beast to a man after birth. He was called the first born of many brethren. He was the offspring of Joseph and Mary, at a time when they were pure and good and under the influence of pure love, and when we see other children generated under the same influences, by parents that are sound and healthy, we shall see some of the many brethren of which Christ was the first born. But so long as children are made up of tobacco, rum and the thousand and one abominations and abuses indulged in by diseased parents, being under control of animal lusts, perverted appetites and unnatural habits, we shall see only animals in human form that will need to be regenerated by a power far higher than has been known by the clergy during the last thousand years.

If ministers had thoroughly acquainted themselves with physiology and the laws of generation, and labored as zealously to get the people into right conditions, as they have to proselyte them into their miserable churches, we should have had a different race of beings—better, far better without regeneration than they or their members are with all their religious creeds and good-for-nothing ceremonies.

"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

This world is bright and beautiful,
When Love within us reigns,
When kindness prompts each word and act,
And sin hath left no stains.

The days roll on, while sunny joys
Along our path increase;—
Our nights are quiet, free from care,
Secure we rest in peace.

We think with joy on that glad day,
When all the human race
Will cease from folly, practice truth,
And dwell in Love's embrace.

But when our selfish passions rise,
And Love is put to flight,
We grope through darkness, cold and storm,
Our day is changed to night;—

The beasts of prey around us howl,
The stars refuse to shine,
And on we stumble in the dark,—
We've left the path divine.

O mortals! think how great the loss,
When selfish passions reign;—
Return, *return!* to Love's highway,
Where pleasures banish pain.

J. HACKER.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

MEETINGS.—On the 3d of Sept. I held a meeting in Readfield which proved to be a greater gathering than I expected in a place that has been so carefully guarded by ministers, but many of those present came quite a distance. One man and woman rode 26 miles in the morning to be at the meeting, and returned at night. There were sincere, honest souls to listen to the truth, and if they will throw aside their worthless forms and ceremonies, give up the religious fashions and their desire to retain the favor of mere will-worshippers, coming out into the broad world to follow truth, their souls will grow in wisdom, and their path will be brighter than it is now. May this be their happy experience.

On the 10th of Sept. I held two meetings in Troy Town House, about one hundred miles from home. The day was delightful, and the house was not large enough to contain the people, though closely packed in every part. The Truth flowed freely, and many eager souls received it as gladly as famishing men do material food. A more quiet gathering I never saw. For about an hour and a half in each meeting hardly a limb was seen to move, but every eye seemed fixed, and every ear seemed eager to catch, and every mind earnest to weigh each word. Many came from 10 to more than 20 miles, and at the close of the meeting seemed in no hurry to part. What a difference there is in the meetings in places where I traveled 20 years ago and those where I have never been till recently; and where the Boat and Chariot have had a wide circulation, and where they have not! On my old routes the people came in crowds and appeared as though they were at home and at a feast; in new places they came scattering along, looking doubtful and fearful as though a priest were after them with a long whip, and the majority seem to listen with doubts and fears, to truth so plain that a child of ten years ought to understand them. I never received a more hearty welcome than from friends in Troy, Albion and Unity. Had I been a long absent brother I could not have been treated with greater kindness and respect. I spent the week with these good friends, riding, walking, talking, reading, writing and resting, and such a rest I have not enjoyed before for 20 years. And what a feast my soul had with the children of my friends, from five to ten years old, whom I never saw before. These little ones received me into their hearts, clasped their blessed little arms around my neck, and kissed me with all the purity and love of innocent childhood; and when parting with them in tears, asked for *one more kiss*.

On the 17th of Sept. I had two meetings in Unity Town House, where I had spoken twenty years before. These meetings were not so large as those at Troy, the rain preventing many from attending from a distance, though some came ten or fifteen miles. But truths were spoken which will never be forgotten by many who were present—such truths, too, as were never before uttered in public meeting in

Maine. Parting with my friends in that love which make free, with many regrets that such meetings cannot last always, and with bright, fond anticipation of a meeting hereafter that will know no end, parting, weeping nor death, I pursued my way home, but what a scene was presented to my view while passing through Augusta the Capital of Maine! Almost the entire business street on each side presented scarcely anything but smouldering ruins, with hundreds of men, women and children sauntering about with funeral countenances gazing at each other and the desolation before them. In all the fires I have ever witnessed in New England nothing will hardly begin to compare with this. While the cars were stopping on the site of their vanished depot, and while passing the long lines of blackened, half-fallen walls and chimneys, I wondered whether the priests and others who pretend to have seen so much of the hand of Divine Providence in the late war, would be able to discover the same providential hand in the ruins of this city. During the war Gov. Cony had great influence with the General Government, and had ordered the war matters in Maine pretty much in his own way. He and others of Augusta have done all in their power to have the soldiers of Maine quartered in that city before being mustered into the war, and returned there again to be discharged, because it brought them money; and by fair and foul means the city has reaped a rich harvest in "Greenbacks," but all is now swept away in a few hours, and ashes, smoke and smut are left in its place! Is the hand of Providence in this? It is if Providence has had any hand at all in the war.

CREDIT TO THE DEVIL.—A friend wishes me to give the Devil his due by saying that the Government has done well by making the public land free to all who will settle on it, but I cannot see that much credit is due to Government, Devil or any one else for this. The Government in making land free, has not performed any act of benevolence, but simply stopped plundering not wholly but in part. It never owned the public or unoccupied land; never had any right to claim, or sell or give it. It only had the right to let it alone; to leave it free for each man to use what was necessary for a home and to raise food on; but like a thief and a robber it claimed it as property. It has now released its grasp not on all of it but only a small portion, and even this it has not done through repentance or any desire to be just, but for its own selfish purpose.

It does not relinquish its pirate or robber claim to all the land, but to here and there a section, for the purpose of drawing in settlers whose labors will double and treble the land still held by the Government. Giving these tracts is like putting a little water in a pump for the purpose of getting a great deal more out of it. That is all the credit it deserves. Simply holding out a little of the land free to make the balance worth a great deal more. It is only a small bait laid to catch a large fish.

The same writer says the Government has done away with two of the greatest evils that existed. I suppose he refers to land monopoly as one of these evils, but leaves us entirely in the dark as to the other. What other evil can he mean that has been done away with? I know of none.

SMALL BUSINESS.—White men and women smutted up singing negro songs for a living, and would think it low and vulgar to earn their bread by honest industry. SMALLER BUSINESS. Other white men and women running to hear them. SMALLEST BUSINESS, to attempt to reason with or reform such simpletons.

If theatre-going in cities, on the Sabbath, were as popular as church-going, I have no doubt but three-fourths of the church-goers would attend theatres instead of churches.

REMEDY FOR PRIESTCRAFT.—I have known many families who were disposed to treat visitors and callers civilly, to be shamefully imposed upon and insulted by clerical gentlemen who called on them without invitation, and when their company was not wanted, for the purpose of proselyting them into a worthless church. These impudent fellows consider themselves privileged characters. They think their office as clergymen gives them the right to introduce themselves unbidden into any family, to look after their souls, inquire into their spiritual condition and bring them over if they can to their creeds and then fleece them at their leisure; and they seldom choose the opportunity when the man is at home and the family together, but generally make their visits at times when the men are engaged in their fields or shops or absent on business. They do this because they know that women pent up so much at home, with few amusements and their souls panting for food, are more readily proselyted than men whose minds have a wider range and are less hungry. They know, too, that women have much influence over their husbands, brothers and sons, and if they can get the women in a family interested, they will help much in drawing the men into their nets and gul-trap churches. Women are proverbially civil to visitors and callers, they do not like to dispute and argue with them, to contradict and oppose them even though the cause for doing so is very great; and this civility the priests take advantage of, shamelessly annoying people who out of civility quietly listen to them when their room would be far preferable to their company. If women would be frank and plain hearted in telling these intruders just what they think of them and their creeds, they would soon get rid of them. But as I have said, they do not like to contend—it seems to them uncivil to dispute with those who call on them, especially when they come in the name of the Lord.

Now every family may have an effectual remedy against these clerical intrusions and insults, and rid their houses of such vermin at once and forever, if they choose. Take the Chariot and keep a copy or two of it lying on your parlor table where these intruders will see it when they call, and when they attack it just let them know that you like it, and they are done for as surely as the rat that swallows "Costar's Exterminator," or the bad bug that has been hit by "Dutcher's Dead Shot."

Several years ago a woman was complaining to me of the annoyance she suffered from a Rev. Gentleman who was trying to draw her into his church. He always called when her husband was out, and no one present to aid or encourage her in the defense of her rights, so she had to give up her time and listen to him much against her will, without uttering any remonstrance. I told her to keep a copy of the Boat on her parlor table and she would soon be rid of him. I will do it, said she, and going to another room, she brought in half a dozen copies of the paper and scattered them over the table. In two days in came the minister, who at once renewed his work of proselyting, but had not got far before he took up a paper. "What!" said he in astonishment, "Do you allow this filthy thing in your house?" My husband has taken it several years, she replied, but I do not understand why you call it a filthy thing, for I have read them all and think if people would practice what they contain, the world would be much better than it is now. "But Hacker is a bad and dangerous man," replied the Divine Teacher, "he is an infidel, he tears down everything and builds up nothing." I can not see

that he tells anything but the truth, and if it is his business to tear down and remove error he is giving you and others room to build up truth in its stead, and instead of opposing him you should thank him for removing error and follow after him in building up the truth. As for Mr. Hacker being a bad man we have been personally acquainted with him some years, have visited him in his family and always found him the same—ever trying consistently to practice what he writes to others. Here the gentleman arose and took his hat; the lady kindly invited him to stop to tea, saying her husband would be much gratified to converse with him about the paper and the character of its editor. But the gentleman suddenly bethought him of an engagement he had made to meet a brother and left, and though several years have passed away, has never renewed his visit, and never will while the Boat or Chariot has a place in the family. I could relate many instances of the kind, and the base falsehoods the Rev. Gentlemen have told about the editor, but in no case have the families been further annoyed by their visits. Some of my subscribers are much amused at the ignorance of those pretended ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, when, on their proselyting visits, they take up a Chariot and upon reading a little, call Hacker a copperhead and abuse him for opposing the war. They appear to have entirely forgotten, if they ever knew, that the gospel is a gospel of Peace, and that it is utterly impossible for a true christian to countenance war, for the moment he does so, he has ceased to be a christian. One of my good sisters in Mass. writes that she has recently rid her house of a clerical nuisance by keeping the Chariot on her table, and advises others to do likewise.

Brothers, Sisters, Friends, we want more subscribers to the Chariot, and there are thousands of people scattered up and down the country who would be glad to subscribe if they knew of such a paper. Will you not show it to your neighbors and friends, or mention it to them? If each subscriber would send one we could go on and publish it every other week. But with our present list, and depending in part on little gifts, we cannot oftener than once a month. But few of those who read the Chariot are taxed for pew rent and priest hire, and therefore we think they might do much good by spending a little time in increasing our subscription list. One paper no better than the Chariot has received subscriptions to the amount of ten or twelve thousand dollars to aid in building a printing office. We expect nothing like this, but would like to have a thousand or two added to our subscription list, and this might be done if all would exert themselves to that end.

FARMERS.—While traveling or in the country I am more and more impressed with the fact that farmers keep themselves poor by having too much land. It is much easier to harvest three tons of hay from one acre than from three acres, and so with all other crops. No farmer should attempt to cultivate more land than he can keep in good condition and cultivate well, and all he holds beyond that is an outset. The interest, taxes and fencing are a dead loss.

VERY HANDY.—An apothecary shop in one end of a building; a coffin warehouse in the other and a Doctor's office over head.—When you call for a Dr. you can get the medicine and the coffin at the same time. Very handy arrangement.

Wonder if diseased parents and those who are living in the daily transgression of physical laws, in relation to food, drink and general habits, ever have any scruples of conscience about giving being to diseased offspring, that must suffer a few years from hereditary disease, and then sink into untimely graves?—Why do not ministers preach on this subject? The only hope of the salvation of the world from disease and untimely death, as well as from sins of all sorts, is a righteous generation.

There can never be healthy men and women, nor mental, moral and spiritual perfection under the present abuses. If children are born diseased physically and mentally, all the doctoring, regenerating and tinkering in the world never will make them what they would have been if generated under favorable circumstances. Parents are guilty of fearful sin in giving being to unsound offspring; it is a sin against themselves, their children and society at large. More attention is given to the improvement of dumb beasts than to that of the human race. No farmer would think of raising animals, not even swine, from diseased stock.

A CURIOSITY.—Last Spring I set out a crab apple tree in the yard where I live, and where there was not room for anything larger, as I wished for something green to look at and for the birds to light on. The tree blossomed and fruit set at the usual time. On the 20th of July came another crop of blossoms and more fruit formed. On the 20th of August came another crop of blossoms and a third crop of fruit formed, and two weeks later the tree contained three crops of fruit and blossoms still. A flowering shrub that I do not know the name of, has two crops of plums and a third crop of blossoms. Who can beat this, and why is it so? Nearly every year for a dozen years past, I have had pear trees blossom in autumn when loaded with fruit.

I want all my friends who believe as I do, and are trying to practice the truth, to meet me *in spirit* every morning and evening, and as much oftener as they please, and spend every Sabbath or a part of it with me. I know by experience that the spirits of friends can meet and strengthen each other in the truth, when their bodies are separated by time and space.—If people understood these things they never would be lonesome. When our best friends are with us we can feel their presence and never suffer loneliness, even though hours are spent in silence; and we can have the same sense of the spirit presence of friends though their bodies are far from us. People hundreds of miles apart can meet in spirit, and all have the same thoughts at the same moment. Those who are apt to be lonesome and fear to spend a night alone in the house, can, when left alone, have the spirit company of friends in the body and out of the body, to such a degree as to overcome all sense of loneliness and banish all fears. I have many friends who can witness to the truth of this.

Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha was in a trance, and the people ignorantly thought he was dead, and committed him to the tomb. Christ was brought into sympathy with him and was drawn thither in time to save him. Hundreds have been buried in the same condition who had none to save them.

Watermelons 75 cents; sour grapes 35 cents per lb.; peaches 6 cents each; sweet potatoes 5 cents per lb. Wish I was in Jersey! I know where one big melon is hoarded for me, but guess it won't keep till I get there, for I see two journeys before me in an other direction before I can go, and a few more chores to do.

Notice.—The Editor of the Chariot will hold two meetings in the UNION MEETING HOUSE, at SMITH'S MILLS, in North Appleton, Me., on the 15th of the present month. All honest inquirers after Truth, without regard to sect or party are invited to attend,

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—*Friend Hæcker*: You appear to write as though you were confident you are in the right path. My principles are nearly the same as yours, but I don't profess to know that they are right. All the religious denominations think they are right. The Methodists, Campbellites, Presbyterians and all others. They are all different in their principles; how can they all be right? How is any person to know that he is right? As you appear to speak with so much confidence, how do you know that you are right? How do you know that the spirits that attend you are pure? Your Friend,

HENRY.

We may know who are right and who are wrong by their fruits. All truths are known to be truths by the result they produce. All truths tend to make men better, to make them kind, loving, merciful. All truths lead men into harmony and peace. No matter what our professions are if practice does not agree therewith. By our deeds and not our professions are we known. If a man says he is in the right, that his doctrine and principles are true and that he loves God while he hateth his brother, his works prove him to be wrong. He who loves his fellows cannot harm them. He who can advocate or sanction war, engage in it himself or encourage others to, is not right, though his profession is as high as heaven and as broad as the earth. All that destroys the bodies of men is wrong. He who preaches peace when peace is popular, and then shouts on the dogs of war when war becomes popular, is not right.

I am not so sure as you are, that those whom you mention think they are right. I have known ministers to join certain societies in preference to others of very different belief, simply because they could get higher wages for preaching;—have known people to join certain churches simply because those churches were most popular;—have known others to join particular churches because thereby they could have more custom in business. Some years since while in debt and trying to sell my house and lot to pay my debts, a deacon came to inquire how much I would give to aid in building a sectarian church. I declined giving anything, because I believe all such churches are an injury—keeping the minds of the people from the truth. He then began to urge that a church in the neighborhood would increase the value of my property. I told him if he thought I would aid doctrines that I considered false for the purpose of putting money in my pocket, he had much mistaken his man. If he would urge me to aid in building a church from such sinister motives, he would act from such motives himself, either in building a church that he did not believe in, or in becoming a member. People, brought up from infancy to believe in falsehoods, and never examine into them for themselves, may think they are right, but their fruits will show their true character.

Whatever benefits mankind permanently,—making them wiser, better, more brotherly and loving, must be true and good; and whatever tends to strife, contention, war and carnage, is wrong. Let every man as well as every tree be known by its fruits; let every truth or falsehood be known by its fruit, when reduced to practice, and there will be no danger of going astray. We are not left to grope our way in darkness. We know grapes from thorns, and we as surely know whether the practice of what is declared to be truth will make the world better or worse.

How do I know the spirits that attend me are pure? Because they teach that which is pure and good.

Wheat mixed with chaff makes poor food for the body and truth mixed with worthless ceremonies and superstitions makes equally poor food for the soul. Winnow out, winnow out the truth from the chaff, friends, if you would grow in grace.

APPLES.—What is Maine to do for apples? The old orchards are dying and very few new ones are being planted. Every year the crop becomes smaller and will continue to diminish unless something is done to increase the supply. We know of very few orchards that have not been shamefully neglected. They have been mowed year after year, and many or most of them left without fertilizing until the land is exhausted. The trunks are filled with borers, and the branches are covered with worms. Dead limbs are allowed to remain and suckers to sprout up and grow on the live branches and about the roots—in short, nearly all the old orchards in the State look as forsaken and uncared for as a modern Quaker Society. None to prune it or remove the borers and worms, and utter decay appears inevitable. If a new orchard is planted the vermin from the old ones are ready to attack and destroy it. For these and other reasons very few are planting young trees, and hence the fruit so valuable is becoming scarce. This ought not to be. It is true that orchards can not now flourish with the same attention or want of attention as formerly, yet they will pay for all necessary care, and all who have suitable land should plant young orchards of good grafted trees. Farmers, think, act, be wise, plant trees,—prepare the soil well, take care of the trees after they are planted and you will surely reap a reward. The very poorest kind of cider apples are now selling in this market for cooking purposes at \$1.25 per bushel, and fair eating apples at \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel.

Orchards can be planted, well taken care of and the fruit be sold at a fair profit at less than fifty cents a bushel. At that price they will pay a better profit than any other part of the farm.

POOR DEBTOR'S LAW.—In the Sept. No. of the Chariot we put a few questions to the Portland Press in relation to the Poor Debtor's Law of Maine, a law which the Press had been defending, and though a month has passed away, no reply has yet been made, though the Press is printed daily! We now ask the Press if it is a fact that a former Clerk of that paper put a poor man in jail for debt who remained there many months simply because he could not raise funds to avail himself of the benefit of the Poor Debtor's Law? Will the Press condescend to answer this question; and if a poor man is committed to jail for a debt of ten dollars will the Press tell us how much it will cost him to avail himself of a discharge from prison under that law? We have heard of several who have been kept in jail many months for want of means to gain their liberty by the Poor Debtor's Law, falsely so called, and it is time that a law of this worse than barbarous character was repealed or amended.

If the funeral discourses and prayers of the clergy are to be believed, Divine Providence kills more people than all things else. Nearly all deaths are untimely—very few live to ripen in good old age, and the clergy charge nearly all deaths to Providence. A mysterious Providence called this woman away, says the priest, while there at the head of the coffin sits the murderer, the husband who drove her to an untimely grave by his lusts. It is time people were looking for the causes of untimely deaths, for the life of each generation is shorter than the last. Where once stood broad-shouldered, full-chested, stalwart six foot men, that lived to old age, we now see puny, spindle-shanked pigmies with narrow shoulders, sunken chests and weak lungs, who die early. There are causes for this great change, and it would be well to become acquainted with these causes and apply the remedy instead of charging the degeneration to Providence and continuing to grope our way in darkness and ignorance to the pit.

Subscribers who find a pencil mark at the end of this line, are requested to make me a present of their pictures, with name and age written on the back of it.

Is there not wisdom enough in all the women of America to invent fashions for their garments without sending to France for patterns? If I had the wealth of an Astor, after providing a home for a few hundred of the friendless and deserving, I would divide the balance among the women that would discard fashion and adopt an economical, decent, convenient, healthy costume. My very eyes are weary of the hay-stack shaped women sweeping and mopping up the filth of the streets.—Oh! ye sluts! Look at your bedraggled garments and heels! Faugh! And you are dressed in silks, ornamented with ribbons, flowers, feathers and jewelry and call yourselves ladies. Faugh! Well, your ranks will soon grow thinner, for you have again adopted the fashion of tight lacing, but woe to your children who must suffer innocently the consequences of your sins.

Why is there such a running after Lo, here! and Lo, there is Christ! when each one has within himself sufficient light, if obeyed to lead him out of error into truth, and make him wise unto salvation? The sum and substance of all true preaching is contained in those few words, viz:—Behold within thee is the kingdom of peace, seek for it as for a hidden treasure; reject all known error and embrace all known truth, and the path will be plain and thy salvation sure.

DR. NEWTON.—Since writing the article in another column about Dr. Newton, I have heard of one more case out of some thousands that he operated on, in which the patient has been very much benefited; still all the cures he performed were as a drop to the bucket in comparison with the number that he operated on, and his best friends pronounce Mr Tuttle's article a very extravagant affair. Perhaps people will yet learn that in a long run nothing is gained by exaggeration.

Nothing can possibly be more absurd than the idea that God who is love, or Christ who is the Prince of Peace, can sanction war. Those who go to battle need not expect aid from such a source. They must fight their own battles. Ministers who go into any army to pray for divine aid in battle are fools or knaves.

Any and every religion that does not improve the daily life of its votaries, make them less selfish, less animal, more benevolent and loving, is worse than no religion at all, for it keeps the mind from something better.

THE TRAVELER'S LUNCH BAG.—Is an article every traveler ought to have unless he has more money than he knows what to do with, and had rather spend it fashionably and of course foolishly on swindling hotels and boarding house keepers, than to give it to the virtuous poor. Hotels have become swindling establishments, which every honest man will be justified in keeping clear of as far as possible. From 50 cents to \$1.50 is charged at a hotel for a single meal that costs less than half, and sometimes less than a fourth of that price. People who earn the money they spend can often save it easier than they can earn it, and he who takes one of the new Lunch-Bags and uses it, can travel for less than half of the present hotel bills. This Bag is manufactured by the Oneida Community, at Oneida, N. Y. It is a regular Traveler's valise for clothing, but in one side a door opens into a tin closet in which a traveler can store food enough to last him several days, and can replenish at a bakery or grocery when his supply is exhausted. It is much easier as well as cheaper to open your own private closet when traveling in a car and partake of food at your leisure, than to rush to an eating house when the cars stop, and swallow food without time to chew it, keeping one eye on the cars all the time fearing you will be left behind. These bags are of different sizes, and dealers can get them by addressing Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., or at the Oneida Agency, 335 Broadway, N. Y.