

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN M. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.

SEVENTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JACK MELVILLE;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

Early on the morning of the 17th of June, while rambling along the southern shore of the Isle of Wight, viewing the shipping passing along the English Channel, I met a gentleman, who, after the usual salutations of "good morning, fine weather," &c., inquired if I could appreciate the glorious sea-scene before us. "It is," said he, "a scene which only a sailor can appreciate in all its bearings. The artist may transfer to canvas the image of the ships, the sky, the water, but the sailor only can feel the life that animates the whole. A landsman would hold up his hands in admiration; and well he might, for before him, on a sunny sea, with a leading breeze, are all classes of vessels, from the stately liner to the tiny yacht; but the sailor knows that, of all hours of the day, this is the most disagreeable. The sailors on board of that magnificent fleet are washing or basting-staining decks. I almost fancy I hear the grating sounds of the stones and sand upon the decks of the men-of-war and Indiamen, and feel the swishing water upon my bare legs, as some clumsy second-mate of a merchant ship sends the contents of his bucket along the deck. The beauty of the weather, the steadiness of the wind, are additional reasons for an extra wash down, or, more properly speaking, for performing an extra penance. Were the wind blowing a gale, the sailors would not be more harassed than they are at present; yet it is necessary that ships should be kept clean, however disagreeable the mode of cleaning them. After all, there is very little poetry in the life of a sailor. In storms he must work or sink; in fine weather he must be worked to keep Old Nick out of his mind, and the sunny out of his bones."

"You are a sailor, then?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Yes, sir, I have been a sailor."

"Where did you sail from?"

"The United States."

"Were you ever whaling?"

"Yes, sir, out of New Bedford."

"Out of New Bedford, did you say? Why, I was born there. Give me your hand, my dear sir. My name is Jack Melville, and I live in that cottage among the trees. That yacht riding at anchor is mine. I came down to have a look at her before breakfast."

"I informed Capt. Melville (he was a retired shipmaster) that I was bound on a cruise over Great Britain and Ireland, and that my time was at my own disposal. He invited me to breakfast, and introduced me to his wife and family."

Mrs. Melville was a beautiful woman, tall, finely formed, and easy and graceful in every motion. Though past fifty, yet so clear, fresh and smooth was her face, and so brilliant her dark, intelligent eyes, that she might easily have passed for twenty-five. Capt. Melville was nearly six feet high, and well built in proportion. Long exposure to the sun in tropical climates had darkened the natural color of his skin, but his eyes were deep blue, and his countenance open and manly. He was sixty years of age, but nimble as a boy, and about as light-hearted.

I remained with him nearly a month, and during that time his family presented a scene of perfect domestic bliss. In the course of conversation, Capt. Melville informed me that his parents died before he knew them, and that at an early age he went to sea with an uncle, who was very kind to him. On a voyage from Havana to Cowes, the brig in which he was lost her masts in a hurricane, and all but three hands were washed overboard and drowned. The captain, his uncle, was among those who perished. A few days after this event, the survivors were rescued by a British brig-of-war, which carried them to Malta. His companions were landed, but having no friends, he volunteered for the brig, and found a warm friend in her captain, who made him his coxswain. When the brig was paid off, he fell in with some of his countrymen in London, who were bound whaling, and, at their suggestion, he shipped in the same vessel. This cruise, he said, was the accident which made his fortune—for he contended that most fortunes were made by accident. One day, while we were seated alone on board of his yacht, smoking a social pipe, occasionally seasoned with a glass of grog, he told me the following yarn, which I shall hand—

NOW HIS EYES WERE LOST, LOST HIM A SWEETHEART, AND GAINED HIM A WIFE.

I joined the ship Diana, Capt. Hunter, bound on a sperm whale voyage. The captain and most of the officers were Americans, for, at that time, the English had very little experience in South Sea whaling. Capt. Hunter was a kind-hearted man between fifty and sixty, and soon every one on board felt toward him more like a friend and a father, than a captain clothed with almost absolute power. At an early stage of the voyage, I had the good luck to attract his notice. Shortly after passing the Western Islands, it was my mast-head in the morning watch; I saw a snub and sang out—"There she blows!" but the officer alongside of me laughed at my eagerness, and informed me, when he saw the spout, that it was made by a snub. The cry, however, caused some stir on deck; the captain and the watch below rushed up before the echo of my song had died away.

"Never mind," said the captain, calling me, "keep a bright lookout, Melville, and I'll give you a bottle of rum if you see the first sperm whale, and two if we catch any."

The chief mate, Mr. Swain, of Nantucket, was alongside of me, and described the appearance of a sperm whale's spout, as low, spreading like a bush as it ascends in a slanting direction, very regular, and not long visible. While he was thus enlightening me, I saw in the horizon, many spouts such as he described. I pointed to him the direction in which I saw them, but though he brought his spy-glass to bear, he could not see anything. He asked the boatswain at the main-top gallant mast-head, if he could see whales in that direction, but was answered he could not. To me they were quite plain; not only could I see their spouts, but the direction they were heading.

"You must have good eyes," said the mate; "now if you're cook-sure, sing out till your throat rings, so that the ship may be headed for them, and the boats made ready."

"There she blows!" I bellowed; "there again! there again! twenty or thirty of them!"

"Where away?" sang out the captain, as he mounted the rigging with a spy-glass slung over his shoulder.

"Broad on the lee bow, headed to windward."

"Brace up sharp, fore and aft," ordered the captain, "keep her full and by."

The ship was going free at the time, and the captain's object was to keep to windward. By bringing the ship to the wind, the whales were on her lee beam. When the captain reached the mast-head he looked through his favorite glass in the direction I pointed, but failed to see whales or anything that appeared like them. Receiving no further orders, the crew crowded up to see if they could make out that which I alone saw, but not a man discerned a spout.

"Melville," said the captain, "I can see with my glass a whale's spout ten miles off, and if you can see further than that with the naked eye, you're a lucky fellow."

After gazing half an hour and seeing nothing, he ordered the ship to be kept off, and the yards squared, and left me to say when she headed for the whales. I was now captain; the ship was steered as I directed. We had run full six miles to leeward, when the captain turned to me, and said, rather sternly—

"Melville, I hope you are not playing with me!"

"Why, captain?" I replied, "you must all be blind. I not only see the whales, but their backs. Look there!" said I triumphantly, "how they breach! Can't you see that?"

"By all the fins and skins afloat, Melville, that's a sperm whale's breach, but it is ten miles off, if it is an inch. What glorious eyes you must have! Now if we get a good fare out of them, in addition to the rum—two bottles—I'll give you a monkey jacket. Keep a sharp look out."

"There, captain, said I, look on the starboard bow; not far off, you can see a fellow spout like a mill-stream."

"A large whale, my lad; but he's five miles off; we must forelay him. On deck, there! brace up sharp on the starboard tack."

Once more by the wind; the whales first seen were on the larboard quarter, and the large one on the beam headed slowly to windward. In half an hour the hands were called from aloft, the mainsail hoisted up, the ship hove to, and the boats lowered. This was our first lowering, and two-thirds of our crew were green hands; the consequence was, that our boats as they cleared the ship formed rather an awkward squad. Such catching crabs and barking knuckles were far from interesting. Though somewhat of an overman myself, I must confess that I felt as if my wind would give out before I had been down five minutes. I pulled the bow on in the captain's boat. The sea had just swelled enough to make the boats lively, but too much for the comfort of greenhorns. Our boat took the lead at starting, and kept it. The whale was about two miles off, and had gone down about the time we lowered. When the captain thought we were in a good position to meet him when he came up, he ordered us to peak our oars and keep our eyes open. By way of encouragement, he gave us a lecture about how we should act, when fast, assuring us there was no danger but in being confused. We must obey orders, and always feel confident that he was doing right. Looking the boatswain full in the eye, he said:

"Joe, come aft. I'll fetch this time, and I want you to notice how I dart; and mind, if you don't lay the boat as I order you, there will be a fight."

Joe came aft, and the captain went forward, and almost at the same time I saw the whale break water, about half a mile off, headed toward us.

"Down to your oars, my lads," said the captain, "and pull slowly. For God's sake, don't be clumsy, or make a noise. Take your time, for it is our chance."

Slowly the great whale raised his venerable head, white with scars from the jaw to the spout-hole, and after blowing heavily three times, straightened himself out his whole length along the surface of the water, and glided, with no apparent motion, to windward, the sea rippling along his fins and over his hump. The captain told us to look at him over our shoulders, saying, in an undertone, how gloriously he looked, and that he would stow down a hundred barrels. We could hear him about, and knew that the critical moment was at hand. The captain motioned to the boatswain the way he wanted the boat laid. He was afraid to speak, lest the sound of his voice should be heard by the whale, and gaily him. We were pulling directly for his head, out of the range of his eyes, intending to take him head-and-bead.

"Way enough," whispered the captain, "lay square on his hump. Now look, boys, and see me fasten."

As we passed his head, the boat, by a dexterous sweep of the stern-oar, was laid square off and on, and still the captain, with the iron raised in his hands and poised, stood without darting. The boatswain, impatient, sang out, "Dart! Why the deuce don't you dart?" But the captain took no notice of him. The instant the whale saw the boat, he raised his head and then his flukes, rolling from the boat and exposing his side. This was the chance the captain calculated on, and swiftly he took advantage of it. He sent the first iron rocket up under the fin, and the other a little shaft it, as deliberately as if he had been darting for amusement. The whale cut from the boat with his flukes, scattering the sea like an exploded water-spout.

half filling the boat, and making us feel, for a few seconds, as if our last minute were at hand.

"Slack line!" roared the captain. "Bale away—peak your oars."

The whale was sounding—that is, going down—and the line was raising a cloud of smoke from the logger-head. Down, down he went, and every attempt to check the line threatened to drag the boat under. The mate's boat was near us, and we were compelled to take the end of her line and lend to our own. This is always a delicate job; for a blunder will either capsize the boat or lose the whale. Our captain attended to it himself; and though the line was flying out, he deliberately showed us how to avoid accident. The check-rop was taken out, and as the last fluke vanished from the tub, he guided it clear of the loggerhead and threw it overboard. We were free, and now the mate's boat was jumping up and down, as the line was checked or slackened. The other two boats which were pulling to windward, ready to lance or fasten when the whale came up, were signaled to come to the aid of the mate, who seemed in danger of having his line run out, while we took their places. Boat after boat bent on, and still he went down. The chief mate remained by the last boat, and seeing the line flying out with undiminished speed, ordered the third mate to make the end fast, and taking the oars and craft out of her, took her crew in his own boat and left the abandoned one with all the lines fast to her. Up went the empty boat's stern and down sank her bow. She floated from side to side, then capsized, and was dragged under water, bottom up. All our lines and the whale were gone. The mate put the third mate's crew and the boat-gear on board, took the spare boat, with the only lines, which were ready, and once more joined us.

"Melville," said the captain, addressing me, "I fear this will prove a bad lowering. I know that I have killed the whale, but if he dies under water we shall lose him, as well as a boat and all our lines—rather bad work for a beginning."

"Captain," I replied, quite composedly, "look over your shoulder, and you will see more whales."

"Sure enough!" my lad, and as I live there is the wounded whale among them, spouting thick blood. Spring to your oars, my hearties! The sun is yet high, and still there is good luck ahead. Bend your backs."

A school of whales—spouting, breaching and running round the wounded whale—were a couple of miles to leeward. Again we led and dashed onward; clear of the weight of the lines, the boat slipped from the oars in glorious style; eager with excitement, fear was unknown; we had seen the monster, and the coolness of the captain had inspired us with confidence. We ran alongside of the wounded whale, flaked the line with our boat-hook, and began under-running it—a very dangerous operation; when the mate came up and fastened to a large cow whale near us. The second mate also set an iron, with a drag to it. Into another whale, giving her a lance a second afterwards. The large whale was rolling over and over, winding the line around him, and spouting thick blood. Our captain was afraid to lance him, lest, in doing so, he should cut the line, and therefore contented himself with under-running; and the result showed that he acted wisely. After two or three feeble cuts with his flukes, the whale ran in his flurry and turned up. The mate soon turned up his whale also; but the one which the second mate had dragged, took off with the others to windward.

We passed the bight of our line on board the ship, and after a long and weary pull, hauled it all on board with the boat fast to the end of it. The boat was not much damaged. Thus, good luck closed the day's labors, and I received my rum and monkey jacket. The whales stowed down one hundred and thirty barrels of sperm oil. Three days afterward, I saw the whale which the second mate had dragged, floating dead, five miles distant. My power for sight was now acknowledged as superior to that of any other person on board. Poor Joe, our boatswain, was killed by a young bull whale the next lowering, and I was appointed to fill his place. Luck followed me in everything I undertook. Over two-thirds of the whales taken during the voyage were seen by me, and I never made a miss-dart from first to last.

We were nearly full ship lying in the port of Komar, in the Island of Celebes, sitting for home, when we were joined by the ship Nimrod, Capt. Sharp, with three hundred and fifty barrels on board.

In the rear of the town there is a very high sugar-loaf mountain, named Mount Clobat; and while ascending it, I turned my eyes seaward, and saw in the horizon a large school of whales. I immediately descended, and found the captains of both ships in the Rajah's house, and told them I had some news for them which I was willing to sell for a suit of clothes.

"I know what it is," said our captain; "you have seen whales in the offing!"

"You have guessed it, sir; but you can't see them."

"A suit of clothes, my lad," said Sharp; "yes, if I get a fare of oil out of them."

We hurried on board, and soon both ships were underway, standing out of the Bay before a moderate breeze. By noon we reached the whales, and lowered after them. This school was very large, and quite tame. And soon both ships' boats, eight in number, were fast; but the whales rushed together like frightened sheep, and fouled the lines. Boats were dragged against boats, lines were cut again and again, lancing and darting were the order of the day. The sea for miles was colored with blood—sharks and killers mingled in the fray; but still the whales kept together, as if at a loss where to run for shelter. "Lay off!" "Lay on!" "Stern hard!" "Pull ahead!" "Cut!" "Mind your oars," &c.; mingled with some awful swearing, might have been heard. We were fast to a large cow, which ran us foul of Capt. Sharp's boat, gave her a clip on the quarter, and sent the after-careman overboard. Capt. Sharp's whale in the meantime rushed out of the school, clear of us, with such velocity as almost capsize his boat; and in the hurry of the moment, the man overboard appeared to be forgotten.

Our whale went in her flurry, and while clogging, I perceived the man who had been thrown overboard almost surrounded by sharks, and nearly exhausted, for he was a very indifferent swimmer. Prompted by uncontrollable humanity, I sprang out of the stern-sheets among the sharks, and in two or three overboard strokes

reached the man and raised his head above water. Capt. Hunter as promptly cut the line, and, darting the lance among the sharks, soon dispersed them, and hauled a both into the boat. The young man was badly cut and bruised, but had no bones broken. Capt. Hunter took the shirt from his own back, tore it in bandages, and bound up the young man's wounds; then gave him a drink of water, and laid him in the bottom of the boat.

Our whale was dead, and each of our boats had also turned up a school whale. These we towed to the ship, and flaked, leaving the Nimrod's boats still among the school, out of which they captured fourteen whales. She was five miles distant at sunset, and as we were busy we could not spare a boat to send her man on board. All that night both ships' crews were employed cutting in; but when ours were on board, we returned to Komar and tried them out. They filled every cask—coolers and all; we had three thousand barrels of sperm oil on board, and were "full ship!"

The young man whose life I had saved was Gilbert Bartlett. His father, a retired London merchant, finding no limits to his extravagance, induced him to go to sea with Capt. Sharp, who was a rigid disciplinarian, and who, it was hoped, would reform him.

We remained in port four weeks, refitting and cooping our oil for the homeward passage. A few days before we sailed, the Nimrod returned to port, having caught five hundred barrels of oil before the whales took off. Capt. Sharp was highly pleased with his luck, which he attributed to me, and expressed himself deeply indebted for saving Bartlett and attending him. After his wounds were doing well, he was removed from the cabin to the half deck, the quarters of the boatswain, cooper, carpenter, &c., at his own request, and I spent all my little leisure in his company. He regretted the pain he had given his parents, and longed for an opportunity to ask their forgiveness, and to show them that he was thoroughly reformed. He desired to return to his ship, but Capt. Sharp sternly objected.

One day when young Bartlett and I were ashore together, we were joined by Capt. Sharp, who made me a good offer to join his ship. Capt. Hunter had told him that I had seen twenty-three hundred barrels of the oil we had caught, and had spoken of me in other respects very favorably. As both vessels belonged to the same owner, he urged that my services would be more highly appreciated at home if I joined the Nimrod, than if I went home in the Diana. I thanked him gratefully for his good opinion, but informed him that this was my first, and should be my last, whaling voyage; that, even if I considered myself qualified, I would not accept the command of the best whaler in the world. I requested him not to repeat to Capt. Hunter what I had said. At parting, he put into my hands an order upon his tailor in London for a suit of clothes, for having seen the whales which had turned up so richly in his favor.

Bartlett said that Sharp was a stern, precise man, who kept every one at arm's length; rigid in discipline, but not unkind. Though Bartlett was the son of a wealthy man, and of a personal friend, yet he fared no better than the poorest greenhorn on board. At parting, he entrusted to my care a quire of paper containing an account of his adventures since leaving home, and gave me a flattering letter of introduction to his parents.

In three months we arrived in London, and the same day our captain, in fulfillment of his promise, gave me an order for a suit of clothes, which I selected ready made, then dressed myself, called a cab, and drove to Mr. Bartlett's house at the West End. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when I was ushered into the entry by a footman in livery. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bartlett were at home, and I was told to wait a few moments, till the footman inquired whether Miss Bartlett would see me. I was not even invited into a room, but kept standing in the entry. This rather damped my ardor, for I naturally expected to be civilly treated; I knew nothing of the formalities of genteel life.

After pacing the entry about five minutes without an answer, I became impatient and roared out in nautical style, "Flunkay, aboy!" drawing the aboy with my hand held out. If there had been a policeman near, he might have thought the house was on fire, and have rushed to the rescue; but I soon had company enough without police. Half-a-dozen servants, male and female, hurried into the entry to know what the matter was.

"Look here," said I, in answer to their inquiries, "I've been kept knocking about in this street parlor almost a dog-watch to see Miss Bartlett; now I want to know, in a brace of shakes, whether she's to be seen to-day, or some time next year? Jump! you son of a gun!" I continued, addressing myself to the footman who admitted me: "Jump, and bring me an answer at once, or I'm off like a galloping whale."

"Sir," said a pretty, blue-eyed girl, stepping into the entry as the footman departed, "Miss Bartlett wishes to know your business?"

"My business, tell her, is to see her; she need not be afraid—I won't eat her."

Another full of a minute or two, and Miss Bartlett, followed by her maid and a footman, made her appearance. She was a beautiful young woman of nineteen, above the medium height, nose slightly Roman in outline, and skin very fair and clear; but her every motion indicated pride and consciousness of personal endowments. Her eyes were hazel.

"May I ask, young man," said she, patronizingly, at the same time scanning me from head to foot, and ending by a steady gaze as if to look me down, "may I ask your business with me?"

I met her gaze without a wink, and was making my mind up to quiz her a little by way of letting her down a story or two.

"My business is this, lady," (taking the package from under my jacket, and showing her the direction on it: "Three months ago this very day, Gills (his name was Gilbert) Bartlett asked me to put this package into the hands of his father or mother, and as you're his mother, take it.")

"You are mistaken, sir. I am his sister; I am not his mother!"

"Well, you look old enough to be his mother. (She started and stared at me, but I kept my gaze on her steadily, and continued:) But seeing you are not his

mother, you must give me a receipt for this package before I deliver it."

The servants laughed outright. She turned sharply round and ordered them imperiously to withdraw.

"I cannot write a receipt," she said; "will you not trust me with it; I will deliver it safely to my father or mother, when either of them return?"

"What! a big woman like you not able to write a receipt! Hand me writing tools and I'll write one, and you can put your cross (x) mark to it in the presence of witnesses."

She tried again to look me down, but failed.

"This is trifling, sir; I have not time for further conversation."

"Neither have I—so good-day," and I made for the door.

"Stay, sir, I entreat you; my father would never forgive me, if I permitted you to take that packet away. Give it me, and I will give you anything in return."

Her whole manner was changed; she trembled with agitation, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears.

"Give me the packet, young man, and I will pay you well for your trouble," she continued.

"Give me a kiss, then."

"You are impudent, sir," partly resuming her imperious air, and retreating a step or two.

"Why, I've kissed a score of better looking ladies than you, and they did not make any fuss about it. So, good-by, I'm off."

"Oh, do not go, sir; you do not know what a passionate man my father is. Let me entreat you—I do so with tears in my eyes—to give me that packet, and to forgive me, if you think I have treated you unkindly."

She was in tears; I looked her full in the face, and said, seriously:

"Miss Bartlett, though not much older than yourself, I'll give you a piece of advice that may be of service to you in future. Act upon it, as a rule, that every decent person is as good as yourself. When a sailor calls upon you, have him shown into a room, and don't keep him standing, hat-in-hand, in the entry, as if he were a beggar. I freely forgive your want of courtesy. Here, (handing her the package,) when you read its contents, you'll know more about me."

Making a bow, I was about to depart; but she put her hand upon my shoulder, and said, smiling sweetly through her tears:

"Say you forgive me, and promise to call again this evening, when my father will be at home."

"I have an open letter of introduction to your father, but I shall light my pipe with it when I reach home. Good-by."

"You are cruel; you say you forgive me, and yet seek further revenge, as if you had not humiliated me enough already."

"Turning sharply, my arm was around her neck in a jiffy; I kissed her on both cheeks and the lips, gave her a parting hug, and vanished—saying as I opened the door:

"You're a charming angel; I forgive you."

When Capt. Hunter learned my determination not to embark in another whaling voyage, he procured me the berth of second mate with his brother, who commanded the ship Carnatic, a free-trader of a thousand tons, bound to Calcutta. Thus, I was booked for another voyage, and determined to have a spree with my shipmates before I joined my new ship. My boat's crew were rigged for a cruise up town, and were on the eve of starting, when a carriage brought up at our boarding-house door; out hopped two detective policemen, and calling my name, said I was wanted.

"Assault and battery," one said, pushing me before him into the carriage, where I found an elderly gentleman seated, with a handkerchief raised to his mouth, as if to prevent coughing. The policemen joined us, and said "We must search you." I saw through it all. Miss Bartlett had complained of me for kissing her, and I considered myself in a fair way of spending a month in the treadmill. Among the papers in my pockets were several songs; those he returned; but the letter of introduction to Mr. Bartlett, he passed to the gentleman by my side. He continued reading it over and over until the carriage stopped.

I was hurried out unceremoniously, and thrust into a splendid drawing-room brilliantly lighted. About twenty ladies and gentlemen were present; and in the centre of the room stood Miss Bartlett, dressed exactly as when I last saw her. The police officer confronted me and said:

"You assaulted this lady, sir; kneel down and beg her pardon."

My pride was up to the boiling point; and shaking my arms clear of the policemen, confronted him, and said savagely—

"I'll see you d—d first; I'll not kneel to any woman—not even to the Virgin Mary, if she were here."

"Well, then," said Miss Bartlett, stepping forward, "I must kneel to you and ask your forgiveness."

But I seized her in my arms, and before I could look round, she had kissed me, passed me to her mother, who paid me the same compliment, and she in turn to other ladies, who were equally kind, until I had been kissed by every lady in the room, the gentlemen all the time laughing and clapping their hands. I was amazed, taken aback, brought up all standing—had not a word to say. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself surrounded by the gentlemen, who shook me warmly by the hands, calling me "a brave lad—a noble fellow," &c. Young Bartlett's long yarn to his father had described me in very flattering terms, and I soon felt the necessity of being continually on my guard to avoid blunders. For, like most sailors, I was in the habit of mixing my conversation with salt-water oaths. I felt anxious not to belie the good name I had received.

Mr. Bartlett had many friends and acquaintances, and kept much company. All these present at my introduction dined with him that evening, and I occupied a seat at his right hand, and became the oracle of the occasion. I had to spin whaling yarn after whaling yarn, with but few intermissions, until three o'clock next morning. In vain they urged me to drink wine, rum, brandy, &c., after each yarn; I liked grog too well to trust it down my throat, and dreaded the consequences of drinking even a single glass. I managed, therefore, to rub along without uttering more than



was necessary to give as nearly as possible the exact words used by whomever in the exciting scene. Mr. Bartlett extorted a promise from me that I would make his house my home until I joined my new ship. During these weeks, I was introduced to many of his friends, and found myself a favorite wherever I went. I felt myself perfectly at home in Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett's company, and talked as freely to them as if they had been old friends; but with Miss Bartlett it was otherwise. She had many admirers, and I noticed the consciousness of her power over them, which she sometimes exhibited. Even the most favored of her lovers, Capt. Burke, of the army, one of the handsomest men I ever knew, was made to feel her pride. All seemed to bow before her. As I was not one of her lovers, I spoke of her as a pack of soft-headed fools, always excepting Capt. Burke, who, I said, was probably a little less, and ought to be pitied rather than censured.

About a week before I was required to join my ship, she declared herself in love with me, and told me that if I would prove true to her, she would wait until I had made my fortune. It would occupy more space than the subject is worth, to repeat all that passed between us, before I consented to write to her as her lover, when I joined my ship. But I felt that she only desired to get me at her feet like her other slaves, and I was not very enthusiastic. Still, I must confess, from that time I felt much pleasure in her company. At last I joined my ship, which was lying at Deptford; and while she was waiting, I wrote several letters to Miss Bartlett, and always received replies. The correspondence was not interesting on either side. The word love occurred not in any of our letters.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

#### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER FIVE.

Our fossilized churches suppose the gift of tongues peculiar to the Apostolic Mediums. This was not the case. The parallel holds here, as in all the phases of the ancient mysteries. Herodotus relates that when the Gentiles went to "inquire of God," as by Seers or Prophets in Hebrewdom, oracular responses might be given in unknown tongues, as in early Apostolic times, and among the Irvingites in England some thirty years ago. It cites an instance of "Mys, the European, having visited all the Oracles, came to the temple of the Helian Apollo. When this Mys arrived here, he was attended by three persons of the place, appointed for the express purpose of writing down the answer of the Oracle. The Priestess immediately made reply to him in a barbarous language, which filled those who were present, and who expected the answer to be given in Greek, with astonishment. Whilst his attendants remained in great perplexity, Mys snatched the tablets from their hands, and wrote down the reply of the Priestess, which, as afterwards appeared, was in the Carian tongue."

And so, too, the parallel of "riddles," "dark sayings," and "parables." "To understand a proverb," says Solomon, "and the interpretation; the words of the wise and their dark sayings." And the Psalmist, "I will open my mouth in a parable; I will utter dark sayings of old; which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us."

A Bear in the Persian army foretold its destruction to a companion, and wept as he beheld it on his inner sight. When asked why he did not impart the knowledge to the Persian leader, he replied, "It is not for man to counteract the decisions of Providence."

The officiating Augur of the Greeks at Plata, by the sacrifices, foretold victory to the Greeks, "if they acted on the defensive, but the contrary, if passing the Asopus, they began the fight." The Soothsayer in the Persian camp, though he eagerly desired, in hope of reward, and from private pique against the Lacedæmonians, could find no encouragement from the entrails of his sacrificial offerings. Compare this with like sacrifices of Balaam in the camp of Balak, where entrails smoked on seven altars, though Balaam, by his familiar Spirit or Lord, could only read them as unpropitious to the Moabite chieftain. Not for all a house full of silver and gold, but as the spirit gave him utterance, must he speak the truth in the then "impending crisis."

If it should be objected that the familiar Spirit, or Lord, sometimes makes use of obnoxious vessels, as Jehovah speaking through the trance-medium, Balaam, and others of Gentile stamp, so, too, it is written—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

If the Hebrew Esther be the same person as the Persian Anestris, as maintained by some critics, though not without dark stains in the Hebrew account, she appears much blacker as a Persian, and David, the so-called man after God's own heart, was rather discomfited in much of his life.

Balaam did not succeed in corrupting the familiar Spirit of Balaam by the offer of great riches. The Gentile Scriptures relate parallel cases of like incorruptibility of their prophetic founts and oracles divine. Diodorus informs us that the Lacedæmonian, Lysander, sought to bribe the Prophetess at Delphi, but failed. Neither by Urim nor by Thummim would the Lord hearken to him. He then went to seek the Lord through the Oracles at Dodona; and there, too, he failed to buy oracular responses. But not yet willing to give it up so, he went to inquire of God at the temple of Jupiter Ammon; but neither here, by silyver and gold, could he purchase the Holy Spirit. From all, doubtless, he received reply emphatic as when Peter said to one, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

Mr. Grote admits that the divine prophecies of the Gentile Seers were fulfilled, and adds, "These prophecies were men of great individual consequence, as may be seen by the details which Herodotus gives respecting their adventures."

In speaking of these sacrifices to which we have already alluded as prelude to the battle of Plata, Mr. Grote says that the different divisions of the Persian army "had each a separate prophet to offer sacrifice, and to ascertain the dispositions of the Gods. The two first had men from the most distinguished prophetic breeds in Elia; and yet the prophets in both armies 'delivered the same report of their respective sacrifices.' As horrible as these bloody rites, what philosophy reaches them but that Odysseus of flesh and blood in departing life, which constitutes the support between scenes of blood and the substrata spirit-world? Can our chaplains or divines in land or naval warfare, show any arguery by which they can foretell defeat or victory of armies? What harmony of place can there be for a chaplain of the Prince of Peace on the embattled field of armies, where blood slakes the thirst of the infernal Gods?

The bloody sacrifices of the Jews were of the same dark spiritual orgies which, with smoking incense, rose to "sweet smelling savor" to the Lord of such rites; and yet, deep down in all this hellion of blood, is the root of our blood theologies in this nineteenth century of Jesus.

The holy stones, or magic crystals, by which the Hebrew Priesthood divined in Urim and Thummim, have their counterpart in modern spiritual phenomena, as may be seen in the works of Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh; Calagnet, of Paris, and in the works to which they refer. Josephus says that Moses left no room for the evil practices of the prophets; but if some should attempt to abuse the divine authority, Moses left it to God to be present at his sacrifices when he pleased, and when he pleased, to be absent. But "when God was

present at their sacrifices," he would manifest himself by "shining out" from one of the holy stones of Urim and Thummim; hence it was that ordinary stones were so often held as symbols of their tutelary God—as Jacob's stone at Bethel, which he set up with a title of the Lord, anointed it with oil, and entered into covenant with it for bread and clothing; for which, it showed he called the Lord his God.

Theophrastus, speaking of a man addicted to superstition, says, "He adores every shadowed stone." These God-stones, or altars, were the places of the Hebrew sacrifices offerings for the propitiation of their blood-loving Elohim, or Gods. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission; and the libations of wine had, doubtless, a kindred rapport in Odysseus with the substrata, thirsty souls, who engineered the Hebrews in the name of the Lord. The love—or habit—of strong drink accompanies the soul over the Jordan, and though sooner or later the alcoholic perversion is cured by the progressive efforts of the submerged soul, yet it were better the higher law had been lived while still on this side of the river. A lover of strong drink, with whom we were acquainted before the passage by his body's death, has since informed us, that for awhile, in spirit life, he put himself in rapport with the spheres of the ether, controlled them to drink, and himself partook of the essence of the libations. Tobacco, glutony, and all perverted, physical, moral, and intellectual, from the true and the right, have, doubtless, kindred rapport in congenial spirit life; for what we love, and what we are, form the status of the soul; nor can the Jordan of death immediately transform grossness into light.

Upon the ancient worship of Holy Stones, Jew and Gentile were upon a level, from the rough-hewn stone of the quarry, to the magical Urim and Thummim of the breast-plate of the Jewish priest, with corresponding fane of the Roman augur; and, look in what direction we may, we shall not find the divinity of the Jews above the plane of contemporary nations in sacrifices, in prophecies, nor in any of those matters alike claimed as agreeable to their tutelary Gods. The Jews were sectarian, intolerant—the Gentiles cosmopolitan. The *Dii Zemiini*, or boundary Gods of the early Romans, were God-stones, or altars, on which they sacrificed their victims; and Polybius informs us that "in one of the treaties between the Romans and Carthaginians, these swore by the Gods of their country, and the Romans by a stone, agreeably to an ancient custom."

The Athenians swore "by the Stone in the marketplace," as Jacob bowed, or swore, by the Stone which he set up at Bethel. In the Exodus of Moses, he set up one of these Stones, "and called the name thereof the Lord, my exaltation;" or, according to the common version, "Jehovah-nissi;" though this is forbidden in Leviticus and Deuteronomy. Joshua set up one "in the sanctuary of the Lord, and said to all the people, Behold, this Stone shall be a testimony unto you, that it hath heard all the words of the Lord, which he hath spoken to you, lest, perhaps, hereafter you will deny it, and lie to the Lord your God." Here the Stone is a conscious personification, and witness of the covenant. Samuel set up one of these Gods, and called it "The Stone of help," or Ebenezer, because thus far the Lord has helped us." When the Ark of the Lord was sent back from Ashdod to Abraham's bosom, it was "set down on the great stone of Abet, the sacrificial God-stone of Abraham. The latter prophets denounced this worship of the Hebrew People, "Saying to a stock, Thou art my father; and to a stone, thou hast brought me forth; for, according to the number of thy cities, are thy Gods, O Judah."

"We unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise; it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it. But the Lord is in his holy temple." Yet, according to the Gentile Scriptures, when Antiochus besieged Jerusalem, and subdued the Jews, "he entered into the temple of God where none were permitted to enter but the priest, he found the image of a man with a long beard, carved in Stone, sitting upon an ass." This was probably the exterior God, intended for the people, as level with their superstitious plane, who was claimed to have uttered oracles from between the cherubim, was voted too hard in the country in the talliseric Ark, and proved too hard in a close set to, for the Dagon God of the Philistines.

See we not the sympathy with stocks and stones, garnished with gold and silver, with the symbolic and ceremonial tinsel of our exterior churches? and those who have gone out, in search of newer and higher life, excite the alarm of Dr. Bellows, who fears they may find too much light burlesque to weak eyes, and so he would have them "return as a dog to its vomit, and as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

"The priests of all religions are the same," says Dryden, and all ages bear witness that they never willingly permit the people to cast the swaddling-clothes of their nursery superstitions, but strive to cement them in mystical rites and dead formulas as the way of life to the kingdom of heaven. Ignorance is the cloud which overshadows man. He takes as religious truths the outward interests of an hireling priesthood—insanely dragged by the craft of medicine, and litigated by the Quirks, Gammons and Snaps of the law. Better, oh man! to know thyself in fullest growth of all thy being, with simplest of food for the body, and plainest of garments wherewithal to be clothed, than to revel in sensual abundance amidst darkness and death. Let no mysteries hedge thee, but scan closely the holy of holies by all the light thou canst gather; and if thou chancest to find in the temple "a God carved in Stone and sitting upon an Ass," receive it as a symbol of thy ignorance—a decision of thy stupidity, as being willing to worship the nothings of thy priests.

Yes, we say, walk in all the light you can find. From whatever source it streams, do not shut it out. Gage it by every law of the great whole—whether of the mystical arena, whence have been wrought the yokes for your necks, and harnesses for your backs, boot and spurred by your riders in the name of their God—and by every law more open to the grosser sense. The Esoteric ought not to conflict with the Exoteric law of our being. Correct penetration adjusts and harmonizes them. Animal, magnetic, and spiritual phenomena have but a glimmering veil between them; and in the fuller light this is lifted off rent between the two worlds. Let us then lift the humblest of our brethren up, face to face with their angel friends, without the go-between of a priesthood, who would do rather for the church and its hire, than for the love of God, or the true; and forming one leg of the tripod, in superficial law, phylle and divinity, the dreadful price must be paid of continuous disease to the body, with gross darkness shrouding the same.

We who have been through this bondage, and at great price have purchased our liberty of the commonwealth of heaven, let us "remember those in bonds as bound with them." Their millenium can only begin with the first steps from their "dark valley and shadow of death," where clouds and thick darkness have hedged them about, and the word of the Most High has reached them "in riddles and dark sayings," with the insolent demand that reason should be immolated at the shrine of their idols.

Our various superstitions utter their oracles in the name of Jehovah, and give us, as a gage of authority, the many-sided utterances of old Jewry. But, for the name of this God, see "Danah's Vestiges of the Spirit History of Man." The Douay Bible says that Adonai is the name, and offers the syllables God, Ho, Yow, He, as a basis. "Hence," says the annotator, "some moderns have framed the name of Jehovah, unknown to all the ancients, whether Jews or Christians," and

elates authority to show that the word Jehovah is the invention of the early part of the sixteenth century. Of the manifold names of the Ancient Gods, it matters but little to speak at this time. The question is, Was he of Israel above the plane of contemporary nations? and so much above, as to be worthy of distinct canonization as the Most High of today? as manifest in the higher clairvoyant or spiritual phenomena, or in any superior celestial indications? It does not so appear in a just parallel of the Gentile and Hebrew Scriptures. With what we have already cited, Diodorus informs us that the Oracle at Delphi, on the birth of Agathoselos, foretold that "the child would bring dreadful calamities upon the Carthaginians and all Sicily," and so it came to pass. Epimenides clairvoyantly foretold of Athens a state of things which was fulfilled two hundred and seventy years after the prophecy.

Mr. Grote, in his History of Greece, relates of the battles of Plataea and Mycenæ, that, "at the moment when the Greeks were advancing to the charge, a divine phæno, or message flew into the camp, (equivalent to the barley cake which flew into the Hebrew camp, and was received as the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,) while a herald's staff was seen floated to the shore by the Western wave, the symbol of electric transmission across the Aegean; the revelation—sudden, simultaneous, irresistible—struck at once upon the minds of all, as if the multitude had one common soul and sense, acquainting them that on that very morning their countrymen in Bœotia had gained a complete victory over Mardonius." In this connection, the same author speaks of a "divine voice, or Goddess, generally considered as informing a crowd of persons at once, or moving them all by one and the same unanimous feeling—the Vox Dei passing into the Vox Populi." We may notice, as partial illustrations of what is here intended, those sudden, unaccountable impressions of panic terror which occasionally ran through the ancient armies or assembled multitudes, and which was supposed to be produced by Pan or the Nymphs."

From the same source we learn, as from the ancients, that the Gentiles had their holy chest of mysteries, which the uninitiated were excluded from seeing, and forbidden to look at, "even from the house top." We see how analogous were these surroundings to the Hebrew Mystical Ark, when those who ventured too curiously near were sacrificed to the ambulatory God within the holy of holies.

The Gentiles had their false prophets, as well as the Hebrews. The ill-judged decision of the Athenians to attack Syracuse, absorbed this class of Godly pretenders to their side, whilst the good Demon of Socrates forewarned him of the result that was yet in the future. He, or she, whoever this familiar Genius was, was ever truthful to Athens's wisest son. Probably it was a Goddess, the same who appeared to him, in such transcendent glory, but a few days before he cast his body, assuring him that she awaited his entrance to the spirit-world. There are many of these familiar Goddesses awaiting their conjugal companions from the earth-plane, and with each, as the good Genius, shining with exceeding light, and leading them through the submerged vale of flesh and blood, as shown by Swedenborg, and in later Spiritual unfoldings. The ancients felt the near presence of the ministering angels of the Supreme God, whether as Gods or Goddesses. "It was," says Grote, "on the protection of the Gods that all their political constitution, as well as the blessings of civil life, depended. This was, in the minds of the people of Athens, a sincere and literal conviction, not simply a form of speech, to be pronounced in prayers and public harangues, without ever being construed as a reality, in calculating consequences and determining practical measures."

When Thrasylus went out against the thirty tyrants, there went also by his side, in foremost rank, the prophet, or man of God, habitually consulted before a battle. While promising victory, he predicted his own death, which he clairvoyantly saw in the impending conflict. As he saw it, so it was.

"The mystical lore."

Cast the coming events in the shadow before." Socrates claimed "a special religious mission, restraints, impulses, and communications sent to him by the Gods. Taking the belief in such supernatural intervention generally," says Grote, "it was indeed no way peculiar to Socrates; it was the ordinary faith of the ancient world—inasmuch that the attempts to resolve phenomena into general laws were looked upon with a certain disapprobation, as indirectly setting it aside." The more extended insight of the spirit-world, as manifest in the present unfolding, readily reconciles the supposed imbalances of special monitions with general law. Odysseus and magnetism so hold the two worlds in interrelations that causation is uninterrupted by miraculous intervening or suspension of law. The wires are not cut at the bodily death. The spiritual is the only real existence. Its clothing of flesh is only its shroud for a time, and, though thus discredited, has its magnetic current in correspondental mode of being with disembodied spirit life. Special interposition, then, from that source, may as readily be without suspension of law as in ordinary mortal surroundings, where, according to our abilities, we constantly intervene for the rescue of others. Admonition in one case is as natural as in the other; and philosophic discerners of spiritual things, see the two worlds in rapport from the universal soul of the whole.

Says Grote: "The kindness of the Gods, in replying through their Oracles, or sending information by sacrificial signs or prodigies, in cases of grave difficulty, was, in the view of Socrates, one of the most significant evidences of their care for the human race. To seek answers to these prophecies, or indications of special divine intervention to come, was the proper supplementary business of any one who had done as much for himself as could be done by patient study. But as it was madness in a man to solicit special information from the Gods, on matters which they allowed him to learn by his own diligence, so it was not less madness in him to investigate, as a learner, that which they chose to keep back for their own speciality of will."

This lesson may be profitably pondered to-day, by those who cry Lord, Lord, under the old dispensation, but do not; and by those, under the new, who would bring angels down to supersede the labors of one's own mind—to point out a pot of money, or to bring cosmopolitan intelligence from Europe, as per request of the New York Tribune; not immortality and light, but how will it pay in earth surroundings—in dollars and cents, and in vicarious escapes from needful working out of proper salvation. Those who expect heaven from this point of view, may find themselves in status not unlike those in Hebrew chronicle, who, while "thus carefully waiting for good, evil came down from the Lord."

C. B. P.

GREAT MEN.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Paul Borgia had fourteen trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; Camens, the writer of the "Lusad," ended his days in an almshouse; and Vaueles left his body to the surgeon to help pay his debts. In England, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer died in want; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for \$75, and died in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway perished of hunger; Leo died in the streets; Steele was in perpetual warfare with his bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grasp of the law. Alas! was not Genius to them more a bane than a blessing?

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### THE HOPE-QUEEN.

TO MISS LIZIE DODD.

Enthroned above, with brow serene,  
Blest in her state earth's fairest queen;  
To tell her garb, or scaple mold,  
I should feel many a tale unfeigned.

Each differing sight  
Disgusting quite  
The form of Hope, the Comforter.

One soul, allied to earthly things,  
Doubtless decked with gems and rings;  
This veils her clothed in rays of light,  
And this, arrayed in robes of night—

Her changing dress,  
Her living aspect;  
Hope smiles for all, the Comforter.

When, o'er the wild and billowy wave,  
Above his lost companion's grave  
The sailor goes—though heaven's eyes  
May fall upon the concave skies,

Unto his soul  
A brighter glow  
Shows Hope, the Queen, the Comforter.

With lifted eye of changeless blue,  
She calls for you, she calls for you,  
That thou within her halls wilt stand,  
One of the choicest of her band,

Then through bright day  
Thy path shall lay,  
Illumed by Hope, the Comforter.

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я—"Do spirits exert evil influences up-

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[illegible]

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complaints of him. I wish that he would either be honest & go off lecturing on Spiritualism.



[illegible]



