

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,
BY A. B. CHASE, M. D.
DEBRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

ANCANA OF NATURE,
BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
DEBRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

TWENTY DINOZAUERS
BY
GEO. L. F. HAYES.
Price \$1.00.
DEBRY, COLBY & CO., Pub.
Price, \$1. DEBRY, COLBY & CO., Pub.

THE GREAT DISCUSSION
OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM
Between Prof. J. Estlin Gilman and
Leo Miller, Esq. Single copies \$5.00;
\$10 per hundred. Published by
DEBRY, COLBY & CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Single copies, one year, \$2.00
Six months, " " 1.50
Three months, " " 1.00

Mailed to Europe
One year, \$3.00
Six months, " 2.00
Three months, " 1.50

CLUB RATES.
Circle of four or more persons will
be taken at the following rates:
One year, \$6.00
Six months, " 4.00

All subscriptions discontinued at
the expiration of the time paid for.

Money sent at our risk; but
where drafts on New York are
procured, we prefer to have them
sent, to avoid loss.

Subscribers wishing the direction
of their paper changed from one
town to another, must always state
the name of the town to which
it has been sent.

All business letters must be
addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT,
Boston, Mass.

VOL. VII. {DEBRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR} NO. 25.
Publishers. Payable in Advance.

INTERN ABBEY. Among the Ruins at Evening.

How still the scene! Within you rained choir
The low wind sighs as with some vain regret,
Murmuring as though some sad and solemn friar
In spirit walked its hallowed precincts o'er.

The wailing sunlight lingers on the tower,
As lovingly as in the years long flown,
Shedding around a fascinating power,
Exalting it with beauty all its own.

But, ah! then floating phantom of a day,
Thou bear'st a trivial splendor from thy clime;
These ruins reap a grandeur in decay,
Made solemn by the touch of envious Time.

How sombre grow the dark and mould'ring walls
O'er which luxuriantly the ivy clings,
As from the tower the sun's last arrow falls
Lost in the dusk the coming twilight flings.

How silently it treads the hills, a shade
Which draws the spangled veil of night, attires
In gloom the bosom of the orn'ral glade,
While, bathed in tears, the vanquished day expires.

Sourced far in dark Plynlimmon's rugged height,
Here gently glides the placid Wye along,
Pouring its countless cadence to the night,
While Tintern whispers back its liquid song.

Slow, from the starry curtains of the sky,
With solemn step, comes forth the pallid moon,
As if to catch the wailing melody
The nightingale weaves in the groves of June.

Sweet bird of sorrow, chaunt thy lay once more,
My heart forgets while thy troubling woe;
'T was worth a pilgrimage to Britain's shore,
With thee, by Night's pale lamp, to find repose.

Strange, wizard shapes are mooring to and fro
In Tintern's gloom, where only silence dwells,
While at the hour, five centuries ago,
The good Cistercians sought their lonely cells.

You tangle wood, bending above the stream
Which winds its dimpling course through all the vale,
Where Phyllon still courts vain Cynthia's beam,
Still freighted the zephyr with her mournful tale.

To good St. Robert once lent grateful shade,
And bids, 'tis said, bidding its leaves and boughs,
When'er the friar knelt him down and prayed,
Lingered, spell-bound by his inspired tongue.

When Love shall all her sacred vows profane,
And poison Poesy with her rustidious kiss;
When Virtue wears Deception's gaudy train,
Who would not wish for some such place as this?

When Fate in ruthless rage assails the breast,
Friendship delights in scorn, and Hope deceit,
Who would not fly the world, to find him rest
In such a realm—in such a calm retreat?

A stranger unto joy, here he might live,
And still endure, yet find him some relief
In that dear land the world could never give—
The quiet luxury of lonely grief.

Prate good St. Robert, of the Brotherhood,
For this retreat, where Grief found rest at last!
Its ruins stand a lesson, as they should—
A Future's pattern from the glorious Past.

TEMPESTUOUS LOVE; OR, WORLD STRIFE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.
CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.
CHAPTER V.
THE RECEPTION.

Well had Avarilla begged sympathy,
We can love those who will be useful to us.

While Madame De Vergy seeks the solace of rest-
less slumber, we will revisit the Gipsy encampment,
and record the singular occurrences which there took
place.

The fortune-teller raised the bundle from the
floor. With expert hand she threw aside the closely
enveloping blanket, and brought forth from its
many folds a beautifully formed child, just ushered
into this sphere of existence, yet already feeling the
bitter breath of its late and ignorance. Sweet as a
rose-bud just bursting into fragrance; its eyes blue
and serene, as violets awake in the meadow by the
warm spring breath. It was a model to fashion an
angel or cherub from; a model of anything but
an outcast consigned to the cold heartlessness of the
world. The Gipsy women gathered around it
in wonder. "What an acquisition!" they murmured.
"And how much gold. A prince dwells here in the
wilderness." The fortune-teller, whose name was
Avarilla, gave a dark, mysterious glance to her
sister; but both preserved unbroken silence. She
suspended a large round basket, by a long rope
hung down from the top of the tent, and after pre-
paring a soft seat in it, placed the little stranger in it,
and carefully covered it with a lacy blanket. She
then called a little girl, and gave it to her charge to
swing it to and fro. After the surprise of its un-
expected advent had subsided, Avarilla, exchanging
glances with her sister, exclaimed:
"Come, Lenora, the moon shines gloriously, and
the stars await us; it is not a late hour for us. Let
us take a stroll through the forest. To-morrow,
you remember, we leave its shades, while, during
our six months' stay, have become friends to us."
"Willingly," responded Lenora, and the sisters,
leaving the tent, wandered along the wood-path.
For a long time silently they pursued their way.
Avarilla, half hesitatingly, broke the trance-like
silence.

"Dear Lenora, did you recognize the dame who dis-
posed that child with us?"

"If memory serves me aright, it was the wife of
De Vergy, who shot our father in a duel, be-
cause he gave her a slight offense, which she ex-
aggerated into a mortal affront; and then inflamed
him until he robbed us by law, and cast us
homeless into the world, to turn Gipsies, and swear
by the temples of Thebes, and the Pyramids, that we
came from Egypt, and are true and direct descend-
ants of the Pharaohs, who, being from immemorial

time astrologers, and we being seventh daughters of
seventh daughters, can cry *ecce ego*, and the book of
fate lies open."

"Ay, good Gipsies we make. It is not often we
mistake the character of those who apply to us;
and understanding that, it is easy to determine
what the past of such an organized character has
been, and what its future will be."

"But the life is hateful—so hateful. To sink
from our position of honor, respectability and
wealth; to lose our splendid equipage; to cast from
our parental hall, and instead go dressed in rags,
creeping about the streets. My late, my noster, is
augmented every time I think over our wrongs. My
heart becomes a bed of coals fanned by a strong
blast."

"I suppose it is wrong for us to indulge in anger,
Lenora; but we are not Christians now as once;
we are not supposed to know a commandment; we
are mean, degraded, Gipsy hags, lying to procure
bread. Why endeavor to restrain our passion?"

"If we were never so good, and prayed three
hours a day, who would believe us? No, I am not
a Christian; I make no pretences. I could gaze
over the agonies of the De Vergy race."

"He dodged the law as an old fox a hidden
snare."

"As well when he forged the papers which wrong-
ed us of our estate."

"It is a mystery how his widow came in this
wilderness."

"I know a greater. Yesterday I passed the
Countess De Orsay, our aunt, as I wandered along
the dell."

"And she recognized you?"

"No, for I appeared suddenly crippled and wry-
faced."

"You have great forethought, dearest Ava."

"It is a singular mystery. I am certain that the
babe is related to the De Orsays. This supposition
has with me all the force of reality."

"I am similarly impressed. Do you not recollect
that ere we left France the De Vergy's and De Or-
say's had departed for unknown parts?"

"And here, by a providence, we find them."

"Well, Ava, you have been perceptive and a cool
head. What do you propose?"

"Perhaps the babe is our cousin; if so, he is heir
to the immense estate which has lately fallen to our
uncle De Orsay, which he has never claimed, for rea-
son, I presume, that, shut up in the wilderness, the
advertisements and inquiries which have been in-
stituted, have never reached him."

"How can the babe be our cousin?"

"I cannot positively answer; but I have observed
that our cousin Dora, whom we often met as we
strolled up the glen, has been absent for several
months, and my suspicions are awakened. If the
babe is hers, then, as she is the only heir of our
uncle, it will be sole heir to this estate."

"Do you dream thus wildly?"

"Yes, more wildly. Providence has been just.
It has placed the means in our hands whereby to
regain the position and fortune we have lost, and
that, too, by the same means by which we have lost
them; for you remember it was by De Orsay's aid
that De Vergy swindled us of our estate, and by his
influence he escaped the law."

"What do you propose?"

"By aid of the child to become heirs to this
estate."

"Oh, then, we may go home!" cried Lenora, in ex-
stasy.

"Perhaps. Do not too hopeful my Lenora."

"Now you come, a great black cloud, between me
and the sunlight—go away."

"We have much to do before we can hope for suc-
cess. The child must be identified, you well know.
Perhaps my suppositions are wholly untrue, and
my castle of air."

"How can we identify, or learn anything concern-
ing it?"

"You know Gustavo."

"I should know one who, although a count, loves
you so well, that he has sacrificed friends, honors,
bounty, and become a Jockey and vagabond, that he
might remain by you, protecting you from harm in
the rude life you have adopted. Ava, you have done
him a great wrong."

"No, Lenora, I cannot, will not bind his noble des-
tiny to my at present degraded one, for I should
forever feel myself a fatter to his ambition. I must
become his equal before I consent to be his, though
I pine for his love, and feel myself slowly dying
because of this deference."

"How can he aid us?"

"He must go on a tour of investigation, and
make himself acquainted with everything pertaining
to these two families. Some one approaches. Let
us conceal ourselves until they pass."

"Suddenly had they disappeared before a tall and
elegantly formed man appeared among the shadows.
He was engaged in conversation with himself.
"Soliloquy! Poor fellow, you have chased this
will-o-the-wisp you call your love around the world,
and made yourself a fellow with outcasts—a tinker,
a jockey, a beggar. Strange, silly fellow! Dear
friends at home—journeying in the East. You are
in two foreign countries at the same time; this wil-
derness which you have well learned, and the human
heart which, poor fool, you never can learn. Mak-
ing the tour of the continent! Ay, the continent
of Despair. Doubt is good, sometimes, interspersed
like plums in pudding; but a life all doubt is a
pudding soured, and moldy, too. I was mournful
—very mournful; now I am gay, because I have
resolved to follow no longer. I will present my
suits for the thousandth time; if she still rejects it,
I will persuade her at last to return with me. If
she refuses even this, I go, for if so, she cannot love
me."

As he thus soliloquized, Avarilla grew livid, and
as for the support yielded by her sister she would
have fallen.

"Gustavo, dear Gustavo!" unconsciously escaped
her lips. He stood electrified; for not since he left

the shores of France had such endearing words es-
caped her lips. Schooled to cold reserve, she dared
not to venture a more familiar manner. The depth
of his heart was entered by these words, probing
like magnetic flame. He plunged into the shade and
caught the fainting Ava in his arms.

"You have read my heart, and have answered,"
he murmured.

"Oh, Gustavo," she repeated as she revived, "do
not press your suit now. You know I wildly love
you. You know that I never can, nor will I love
another. Be content."

"No, I cannot be content in doubt. Oh, exile me
no longer, but return."

"And be a pensioner on your bounty. Never—
Go—I can trust you if you cannot me."

"It is not because I cannot trust you—you know
it is not; but this life is abhorred, and I wish to
deliver you from it. Oh, Ava, go—go with me."

"I cannot."

"You are hard-hearted."

"Gustavo—Gustavo," she cried, tears gushing
from her eyes, "will you go?"

"Never without you."

"Then listen. A babe has been given us. It was
brought to us by De Vergy."

"De Vergy?"

"Do not interrupt me. I have reasons for think-
ing that it belongs, or is closely connected with the
De Orsays. Oh, do not start. I have a mission for
you, and if you perform it faithfully, I will return,
within six months, with you to France."

"Quick, quick, what is it?"

"Our departure must be postponed for a few days.
To-morrow evening you must call on these two old
acquaintances, disguised of course, and learn all
you can of their affairs."

She then stated all she had surmised, and what
she so ardently hoped.

"After you have accomplished your task, you must
meet us here under the oak, when the moon is
exactly in the zenith, which will be at one."

"For this you will return, my own, to our native
land," he exclaimed passionately.

"Return, but not as yours. Perhaps in a few
years I will be; but now my heart only can be
yours forever," she replied in mournful but deter-
mined accents.

"Strange, inconsistent girl! I, like a belated
city, always am obliged to surrender at discretion.
But stay, I return with you."

The three confidants slowly walked toward the
encampment, talking of other scenes and other
years.

CHAPTER VI.
GUILT.

"Justice treads on wood, but its head is iron."
Faithful to his engagement, Gustavo, as soon as
the shades of evening fell on the forest, began his
task. Inquiries made during the day had made
him familiar with the position of the two cabins he
was to visit. After a lengthy consultation with
himself, he concluded to pay his respects first
to Mrs. De Vergy. After a rapid walk of a mile he
entered her chamber. A feeble voice bade him
enter.

"Good evening stranger," said a timid maid, half
shrinking behind the jam of the chimney, and who
will be at once recognized.

"Good evening father," was the reply.

"I believe Mr. De Vergy dwells here."

"Madame De Vergy and her husband, sir; but
please speak in a whisper, for there is a sick girl in
the chamber, and if I disturb her, my ears will
smart."

"Ah, who is so unfortunate?"

"She is daughter of Madame De Orsay; Dora is
her name, and a fine lady she is."

"How very unfortunate! Does her mother at-
tend her?"

"No, Mrs. De Vergy says; but now both mother
and my madame are with her."

"Is she in the chamber?"

"So says Madame De Vergy."

"And her father?"

"Madame De Vergy told me he died a year ago."

"Ah!" exclaimed Gustavo, forgetting for a mo-
ment his prudence in his success; correcting him-
self, however, he rejoined, "A comfortable place you
have here."

"No; Madame De Vergy says it is not."

"I should be thankful for the direction to the vil-
lage of M——; I am a stranger here."

"No, do not depart; you can entertain us; Mad-
ame De Vergy can—I will ask her."

"Thank you; urgent business compels me to
decline your hospitality. When can I see Mrs.
De Orsay?"

"She will return to-night; and it is already
nearly time for her going."

"Many thanks for your kind directions. Good
evening."

He walked along the path a short distance, and
coming to a moss-grown daddock, he seated himself.
"She will come in a short time, and then her fate or
mine must be decided. A conference here without
witnesses will be most agreeable. Ah, she already
follows."

Arising and advancing he saluted her: "Good
evening madame, a very pleasant eve."

"Who are you, sir, who thus accosts me?" ex-
claimed she, in severe tones.

"A Gipsy, madame—one who received the child
you sent yesterday."

"The child I sent yesterday! I sent no child,
villain."

"No parleying, madame; I know all. If you ex-
pect money, confess."

"Confess, highwayman, what shall—"

"That the child is your grandchild."

"I never had a grandchild."

"Not a lawful grandchild; but Dora has had a
babe, and it has been consigned to my care by its
atrocious grandmother."

"You lie, villain—let me pass!"

"No, madam, I have an account to settle. I know

you and your guilty accomplice. Others with me
know you too well; and Justice resides, I believe, in
all countries—here in the wilderness as well as in
Paris. How easy I could set the law bounds on your
track, and then the orows would feast!"

"Who are you?" she shrieked, "who are you?"

"Count Gustavo, the affianced of a niece of yours,
whose father's blood cries for revenge."

"What will you do?" she gasped.

"What would you do in similar circumstances?"
She hesitated a moment, then replied: "I'd take
gold."

"Ay, you devil—you'd sell yourself in the mar-
ket for gold, infernal fiend! Vengeance is too sweet,
too sweet!"

"But will not gold satisfy it?"

"No; we must have vengeance, dire, fearful ven-
geance! The blood of our father cries—we must
make an example of your two accomplices."

"Ours will rule me. You will not rule me?"

"When we try with such hearty good will as you
have to ruin ourselves, we must not blame others for
helping us."

"Will nothing satisfy you?"

Gustavo paused for several minutes, during which
the agitation of Madame De Orsay increased, and
her whole frame quivered.

"You can never return to France," he began;
"one word from me when I return would ruin you.
Your husband is dead. An estate has fallen to him,
which he has never claimed—he dare not. It will
be useless to you. This child you gave us, in justice
should have it. Ava and Lenora should have a part,
which you know by right is theirs. My proposal is
this: if you will go to the town to-morrow, and pre-
pare the necessary papers, deeds, etc., identify the
child as legitimate proving that your husband is
dead, and that he is the sole heir, and deliver them
to me at this place, to-morrow eve, I will set out for
Europe next day, and never trouble you more. If
you refuse this most reasonable request, I shall be
reluctant."

"I have no disposition to refuse. Repair here at
an early hour."

With a light heart, Gustavo returned to the en-
campment.

CHAPTER VII.
DORA.

The soul is light when buoyed by hope.
Beneath the dusky branches of the great tree by
the side of the bubbling brook, Gustavo met Ava and
Lena.

"Ah, truant," cried the latter, "for two long
hours we have awaited you as earth awaits the sun;
and you, as the sun when wrecked seamen, storm-
tossed and dying, await him, delayed your coming."

"Nay, truant, I delayed not, but on swift
wings of love hastened to fulfill my pledge. See, the
moon is not yet in zenith. I am an hour before the
set time."

"No excuse, dear Gustavo—case my disquietude,"
cried Ava, in a voice trembling like a harp-string.

"No more, Lena. Life or death depends on his re-
velations. Such levity is out of place."

"There is consistency in joy now, Ava—all is as
you anticipated. This evening, previous to my
coming here, I received a packet, containing all the
evidence required to substantiate the child's claim
to the De Orsay estate."

He handed her the packet he had received. She
eagerly grasped the papers, and glanced over their
titles. "They are all right, I presume, or they would
never have been received by the best law student of
Paris. What is this?" she exclaimed, as a stained
paper, bearing the label, "Confession," met her eye.

"I know not. I must have overlooked it—let me
see it." He quickly unfolded the paper, and glanced
over its contents. He came to a passage which,
after pausing, he read aloud:

"The notes and obligations by which I claimed
the estate of Charles Louvier were all forged. If
I shot him in the ill-fated duel, did not owe me a
france. I deeply regret the hardness of heart which
made the demon of me, and his children miserable
outcasts. When I am dead, I desire my wife to send
them the proper evidence, that they may claim their
rightful inheritance of those with whom I left it.
Where, if they present the enclosed papers,
they will without difficulty receive more than all I
took from them."

"Unspeaking joy," cried Ava; "I am again to
be mistress of the Hall!"

"And Verlonas Castle," interrupted Gustavo.

"Yes, then I will be joyful."

"What are the papers of which he speaks?" asked
Lena.

"Let us examine. Ah, they are all sealed except
one, which is evidence of the forgery." She read it.
"Ah, it implicates the most popular man in Paris."
"Then we are safe. The babe shall have his
whole fortune, you shall have yours."

"Ay, Gustavo, ever generous, you speak my
mind."

"Our departure need not be postponed," said
Lena, "we can go to-morrow."

"Yes, we go to-morrow to the nearest city, from
thence to a sea port; and then blow gently, breeze,
spread the sails, and waft us to our native shore."

CHAPTER VIII.
THE RESCUE.

As Providence turned back the blow.
We should have told long ago how Albion Hayden
escaped from the fearful position in which we left
him, eluded in the iron grasp of a pirate, whose
saber already entered his heart; but, although
desiring to do so never so much, other matters in this
truthful story prevented. We resume, therefore,
with alacrity to allay the reader's curiosity.

Disturbed by the noise on deck, Captain Stanley
broke open the cabin door, which had become
fastened by several dead bodies falling against it,
and rushed forth. No sooner, however, did his foot

touch the deck than a thrust from a sword brought
him down reeking in his gore. As he fell, his face
fortunately remained upward. The pirates no sooner
saw his haggard lineaments than they uttered a loud
exclamation of surprise and regret, and at once
ceasing from strife, crowded around him.

"Our old captain has perished by our own hands."
"Do not trouble yourselves, good fellows—it is
fate; thus ran Gill's blood from his back by my
hands, and thus runs mine. I dreamed it all. I am
a gully; do not grieve," he exclaimed, as those
hardened men wept, "I am only a man. Before I
go, however, this young man," pointing to Hayden,
"saved my life. As a reward for which, and from
respect to your old commander, I desire that he
should have this ship and cargo. Do you consent?"

"Ay, my hearty, and we will add as much more."

"Give me your hands, boys—leave this life—be-
come honest seamen—and—"

He had passed away. The three pirates wept like
children. After the intense feelings of the moment
had subsided, they approached Hayden and saluted
him commander. He thanked them kindly.

"Our beloved captain needs rest; let us place him
in the bony bed, rocked by the waves and guarded
by sea monsters," said the chief of the pirates.

A sack was soon prepared, some old iron placed
in it for stowage, and then the earthly remains of
their captain.

"Who shall pray?" asked a hard visaged sailor.

"Hayden," answered all.

Slowly they lifted the body over the vessel's side,
and lowered it down to the water.

"Our Father who art in heaven, we deposit this
body in the bosom of the illimitable deep; the spirits
already rests in thy equally boundless love. May
his robes be blotted out as the waves efface the
track of his vessel, and his good deeds shine glorious
as the star by which he so often laid his course.
May he rest in the peaceful haven of Divine benevo-
lence, nor be tortured by the storm and whirlwind.
If he can come back and realize the turmoil of this
life, may he watch and guard us. We consign him
to the keeping of the deep. Father protect him,
Amen."

A plash came up from the waters, the waves closed,
and he who for a few brief years fought life's battle
hero, passed away, scarcely leaving a vestige of his
existence. So devout the waves our hopes and am-
bitions, our loves and our follies, and nought remains
but the undisturbed sea.

Silently the pirates dropped from the side of the
vessel into their boat, and rowed away to their own
ship. A loud cheer greeted their generosity, to which
they replied by silently lifting their oars, and paus-
ing for a moment.

After making necessary repairs, Hayden sailed
for Jamaica, where disposing of his cargo, he con-
cluded that his fortune had already far exceeded
all expectations, and that he would return directly
homeward. Propitious gales wafted him and his
rich cargo homeward. He had passed the Florida
Key, and felt the wind and wave of the mysterious
gulf river bearing him swiftly onward. At this mo-
ment he remembered the treasure revealed to him
by the captain. "Perhaps," he argued, "he said
truly, and there really is a treasure concealed. At
least, I might run close to the shore, and should I
discover this headland with its tree landmarks, I
could run ashore in a skiff, and make investiga-
tions."

Persuaded to this intention, he ordered the ship to
stand for the shore, much to the surprise of all.
The crew, who devotedly loved their young com-
mander, considered he had certainly lost his senses,
or he would not give such unreasonable orders. Nev-
ertheless, schooled to obey, the helm was turned. In
a few hours the shore loomed grandly from the wa-
ter, and as the sun declined, the expected headland
with its giant trees were seen. Calling the trusty
colored water to his cabin, he presented his plans.

"I shall go ashore alone, Gar, this evening in my
skiff, unless you will accompany me."

"Go ashore alone, Massa, dat will never do; I'll
company you if it be to de infernal regions."

"Well, then, get the skiff ready, with some tools
for digging."

"Yah, massa. I am suffocated wid the honor
you bestow."

As he was busily engaged placing the requisite
articles in the skiff, Gar was accosted by the mate's
"Hallo, Gar, what are you about?"

"Bay'n' orders," replied Gar, with a consequen-
tial air.

"Who in ——— gave such orders?"

"Massa and I'm going ashore!" answered he,
showing a long row of polished ivory.

"In the name of the furies, Hayden has gone
cray."

The latter individual interrupted further remarks
by appearing on deck.

"Run as near to that headland as you dare, pilot,
and there hold until I go ashore."

The order was unwillingly obeyed. The ship
swung to the wind. The sails fluttered against the
masts. A moment afterwards Hayden and Gar rowed
toward the shore. They kept the two trees in range
until they touched the shore. Dim twilight darkened,
and they seated themselves to await the rising of
the moon. When it arose, they could plainly follow
instructions.

"This is the rock," exclaimed Hayden; "thirty
feet from this rock is the treasure."

"Hush, Massa, who be this?" hurriedly whis-
pered Gar, pointing to a group of men busily engaged
in digging.

"I am defeated, Gar. Carefully let us return
without delay."

As they turned, the sentinel of the advance party
discovered them, and without further warning, taking
as accurate aim as possible, fired. The heavy ball
grazed the temple of Hayden, and crushed deep in
the skull of faithful Gar, who, without a groan, fell
quivering backwards, dead. In a moment a fleet
foot pursued the bewildered Hayden, and a blow from
a pike fell him to the ground. His comrades
gathered around.

"Who in ——— could have discovered the deposit?"
asked a fierce specimen of tiger humanity.

"Lift him up," cried another. "It's him! It is
Hayden, to whom we gave the Ocean Bird, and there
lies his ship!"

"Well this is a nice job."

Nothing shorter. Come, let him come too, if he
will, we'll secure the treasure and be off."

"Good, my hearties."

When Hayden awoke the waves thundered against
the rocky shore; a terrific whirlwind shook the very
earth. The recent occurrences seemed a frightful
dream. The reality slowly dawned, and he felt the
fearful position in which he was placed. Impatiently
he waited the dawn. When it came he anxiously
surveyed the ocean; no vestige of a sail appeared.
He was unable to stand, he could scarcely move. By
great exertion he crept beneath a ledge of rocks and
found partial shelter from the merciless storm. With
the appearance of the sun the force of the wind in-
creased, and it remained all day unabated. For two
days its violence remained unchecked; on the third
it grew more calm, and on the fourth, lightened by
a tropic sun, the sea rolled like a sheet of glass,
gently bending to the force exerted beneath.

Almost famished, Hayden gazed eagerly for a sail.
Two came in sight, but both disappeared. Somewhat
recovered from the blow, he searched the shore for
shell fish, and partially allayed the pangs of hun-
ger. That night as he slept, he heard a voice as if
from the skies:

Albion! return to my daughter. She mourns your
absence. Her grief is great."

He awoke frightened. His fully and want of affec-
tion came like a deluge and drowned him in their
remorseless waves. "Oh, why did I not obey the
old adage, 'let well alone'! I have lost all the
Lost even myself. Dora, like an angel, pines in un-
conquerable grief—long will she weep my absence—
beware I make my grave." Such thoughts disturbed
him. As his only occupation he watched the sur-
face of the sea. Just as the sun was setting, a white
sail came in sight. When the moon arose, it stood
close to the shore. There it remained until morn-
ing, when the long boat, well manned, came ashore.
His affectionate men found their beloved commander,
for whom they had returned, almost completely ex-
hausted. They carried him to the boat, and soon
had the satisfaction of seeing him comfortably quar-
tered in his cabin.

They had scarcely sailed a league, before a signal
of distress on the shore attracted their attention.
The long-boat was again sent to the beach, and
brought four haggard looking men aboard. They
were recognized by the crew as a part of the pirate
band with whom they fought so desperately. As
soon as Hayden was sufficiently recruited to come on
deck, he met the rescued. They immediately recog-
nized him, and fell on their knees before him, begg-
ing for pardon.

"I understand you. With what crimes do you
charge yourselves?"

"First, as pirates; second, as robbing you of your
buried treasure; third, as nearly murdering you."

"Then to you I owe the perils of the last four
days—four days of starvation on this shore, my ship
being obliged to fly the coast for safety, and leave
me to my fate?"

"We knew not who you were. We only saw you
through the gloom of night," pleaded the principal per-
sonage.

"How learned you of this treasure?"

"Two men overboard Captain Stanley, when he
and his mate planned the various points where they
would bury their board. The mate died, and Stan-
ley got wind of the eavesdropping of one of those
men, and stabbed him in the back. His name was
Gill, of whom he spoke when he died. I am the other;
but I never dared think of the treasure while
Stanley lived. When I knew he was no more, I at
once sought it. You met us there. You know what
followed. We found the iron chest, placed it in our
boat, and rowed toward our ship some miles along
the coast, and anchored in a deep cove. We had
scarcely set out, when we discovered the squall in
the south-east. Your vessel must have descried it at
the same time, for she immediately put to sea. Be-
fore we could gain the shore, the squall struck, and
almost instantly swamped us. Three of us went
down. Four, by desperate exertion, gained the
shore. You know the remainder. We came to you
divested of everything. Our ill-gathered treasure is
in the possession of the deep. We cannot purchase
pardon. Do what you will."

"If your ship was loaded with gold, you could not
purchase pardon of me," mildly but firmly replied
Hayden. "I have no hatred for you, misguided men.
You seek gold as the end of life, and sacrifice your-
selves and brother men for your insane designs. You
have kindred everywhere, on land as well as water,
and you are educated in your way of life. But I
have this condition to make with you, and upon
which I pardon you: You are to become honest sea-
men, as Stanley desired. I will take you into my
service, until we arrive in Boston, and then will re-
cure you good berths for the next voyage."

The hard-hearted men were subdued by this unex-
pected kindness. They fawned like grateful curs at
his feet, and a thousand times expressed their grati-
tude.

Of them we will say now—for fear of forgetting it,
and closing our story without the moral "of the
power of kindness,"—that four better or more trusty
seamen were not in the American navy, in which
Hayden secured them desirable situations. After
arriving in Boston, he disposed of his cargo and ship,
and set out on the wings of love for his distant home.

CHAPTER IX.
A MOTHER'S LOVE.

You may stand the ocean's depths,
And the stars which shine above,
But no finite comprehension
Can compass a mother's love.

After Madame De Vergy had taken her child in
charge, Dora fell into a profound slumber. Sweet
dreams of early childhood came. She accompanied
her parents on an excursion from the dusty city

