

# The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER EDITORS.

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## Poet's Corner.

### From Putnam's Monthly.

#### THE FISHING SONG.

Down in the wide gray river,  
The current is sweeping strong;  
Over the wide gray river,  
Flies the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke tells the singing,  
The song falls with the oar;  
And an echo in the tinging,  
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current  
The song brings back to me,  
A cry from mortal silence,  
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,  
Love that had died of wrong,  
Hearts that are dead in living,  
Come back in the fisherman's song.

I feel the maple leafing,  
Just as they fall in the air—  
The green grass grows no greener  
Down to the very shore—

With the ruddy strain swelling, sinking,  
In the cadence of days gone by,  
As the oar from the water drinking,  
Singles the misty sky.

Yet the soul hath life divine,  
Its part returns no more,  
But in echoes, that answer the minor  
Of the boat-song, from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness,  
His judgment walketh long,  
He breaks the heart of a woman,  
With a fisherman's careless song.

## Fortune Telling.

### THE FORTUNE TELLING.

I was spending a few days with my friends...

The Countess, in the country last summer...

when, one evening, in the midst of a terrific...

thunder-storm, the door suddenly opened, and...

an agent entered, and apologized for his un-

ceremonious intrusion by saying that his horse...

had become terrified at the lightning, and not...

being able to proceed he had taken the liberty...

of fastening him under the shed, which he...

was not doing so, and as it afterwards turned...

out to be a false alarm, he had returned for...

me, but I had just retired, and he had...

been obliged to wait until I had returned...

to my room. He then presented me with a...

little book, which he said was a very rare...

and valuable one, and that he had bought...

it for a large sum of money. He then...

proceeded to open it, and I saw that it...

was a book of fortunes, and that it was...

very old, and that it had been in the...

family of the Countess for many years...

and that he had bought it for me as a...

gift. He then asked me if I would like...

to try it, and I consented. He then...

took out a slip of paper, and began to...

read it. He said that I was a very...

fortunate person, and that I should...

soon be married to a very rich man...

and that I should live a very happy...

life. He then asked me if I believed...

in him, and I answered that I did not...

believe in such things. He then...

asked me if I would like to see the...

book again, and I consented. He then...

took it out, and I saw that it was...

very old, and that it had been in the...

family of the Countess for many years...

and that he had bought it for me as a...

gift. He then asked me if I would like...

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fortunate person, and that I should...

soon be married to a very rich man...

and that I should live a very happy...

life. He then asked me if I believed...

in him, and I answered that I did not...

could as soon believe in palmistry as in phys-

ionomy. "And why not in both, my dear young

lady?" We were all surprised at such a question,

and asked in so serious a way by a man who

was beginning to look upon as a sort of hu-

man wonder, and Mr. Cummings drew himself

up as if to make battle against such a propo-

sition. But the Doctor continued:

"Mark me—I do not say I believe in for-

tune-telling, though I do to a very great ex-

tent. But as an art, the former, I think, is

the easier to practise. "Do you think so, Doctor?" asked Mrs.

Cummings. "Certainly, Madam. In the latter, you

have to take in the ever-changing and varying

expression of the human face, under all cir-

cumstances, and combine it with the quite as

hypocritical and false terms to which I

ought to say artificial—conduct of the

individual, and arrive by a roundabout road at

your conclusions. It requires great skill, and

long-continued and constant study of faces

and actions. Men hide their motives in their

hearts, and in this false age of the world they

are constantly striving to muzzle their faces

to suit up their thoughts. You must make

them at unguarded moments. "And in fortune-telling," I inquired,

"you have only the unchanging lines of the

hand, which are not under the control of the

will, and the book is open before you.

"You do not mean to say you are a believe-

er in palmistry?" Mr. Cummings asked.

"No, no indeed. But you will not under-

stand me unless I relate my own expe-

rience. May I do so?"

"Do, Doctor," said Nina.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cummings.

"I had just finished my travels in England

and Wales, after my return from the Conti-

nent, and was creating a few weeks with a

friend in the North, to recruit a little before

I sailed for home. We were one day walk-

ing in one of the shady lanes near his resi-

dence, when we came across an extraordinary

display of gipsy life. There were several

of different nations, and especially in Spain,

where they are very abundant, but had never

before I had seen them. One of them, who

was a woman, was particularly attractive, be-

cause, like you, Sir, I looked into her face

with interest. She had a very beautiful

countenance. But now, when a pretty girl

belonging to the tribe approached us and

asked us to look at her fortunes, I, unhesi-

tatingly, consented. She then, however, re-

sisted to look at the girl I had crossed her path

with silver. Giving her half a crown, with

the stipulation that it should pay for both of

us, I had not my hand again, and after gaz-

ing at it a moment, and tracing the lines with

her finger, as a child would trace the let-

ters of the alphabet, she suddenly started

up, and said to me, "You are a very rich

man, and you will be so in ten years, if you

do not die before that time. I will not say

more to you, but you will be very rich."

She then bowed and disappeared. I

was so much interested in what she had said,

and as she had said that I should be rich

in ten years, I thought of it, and the more

curious I became, and I thought of it, and

thought of it, and I thought of it, and I

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thought of it, and I thought of it, and I

thought of it, and I thought of it, and I

dividual, that any of the gipsy tribe could tell,

of fortune events I had yet an infinitely more

of skill, though I had the same book

before me. My friends were all astonished,

as well they might be—as I was myself. I

was a system regulated by fixed rules, and

which were the same in the hands of any two

of the same tribe. Each line had its

peculiar meaning, as well as the relative

positions and the crossings and curves of the

lines, and by the aid of a good memory I

soon became as expert as the gipsies them-

selves. "Through all this strange narrative we listened

with the most intense interest to the Doc-

tor, almost compelled, by his perfect air of

truthfulness and veracity, to believe, even fur-

ther than he seemed to, in it. "Tell me, Doctor," said Nina, approach-

ing him with her hand extended.

"I can read it, Mademoiselle, but not tell

you what it means. Oh! there is no satisfaction in that, Sir."

"I have always said my knowledge in this

is a self-endeavour—simply the gratification

of my own fancy. I do not believe in it as a

science, and all its apparent truths being on-

ly correspondences, and therefore can not

use it for the entertainment of others, which

is the object of the art, and which is de-

signed to give to the individual a true and

correct knowledge of his own mind, and of

the things which are to befall him. It is a

self-endeavour, and I do not believe in it as a

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science, and all its apparent truths being on-

ly correspondences, and therefore can not

use it for the entertainment of others, which

is the object of the art, and which is de-

to determine whether there is really any truth

in it. "You know I make no pretence to the

last, Sir. But you can not be more solem-

nity than I am to learn all that can be known

about it. But what is your test?"

"Nina hastened to this morning the com-

munication you made to her. Will you look

into my hand and tell me if there is really

any thing there to warrant such a caution

as you give her?"

"We all gathered around him as he took

Nina's hand, which he looked at but not

instant before he said, as if speaking to himself,

"Could I have been so much mistaken—

I must have been or else she is deceiving

me. Will you allow me, Miss

Nina, to say this morning what I saw in your

hand at that time?"

"Yes."

"Remember, I believe not a thing—you must

believe nothing. You will observe these lines

in this part of the hand. The night before

last there was a great storm, and in these

lines which are crossed and terminated in this

point. In the language of the gipsy, this

would denote a child and one which had been

gathered about you for some time, and was

now centered in the present. A little farther

you appeared again, separated into two

one following a different course till it grad-

ually vanished, the other being confined and

lost. These were by the figure and de-

scribed two paths, one leading to trouble, sin

and sorrow, and the other through sin and

shame."

"And which was her path, Doctor?" asked

her mother.