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The Weekly Ledger.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1879.

HAVE FAITH.

BY CALEB DUNN.
Brother fainting by the way,
Have faith!
What though clouds obscure the day?
What though storms unfold the sky?
Look above with steady eye—
Have faith!
When the darkest hour is near,
Have faith!
Bravely bear and show no fear,
Stand firm in your manhood's strength
And the light will come at length—
Have faith!

Sailors on the stormy sea,
Have faith!
Let us all trusting be,
Let us cling to Truth and Right!
Wrong, is weakness, justice might—
Have faith!
God will help the brave men through—
Have faith!
Who to duty's work is true;
He will shield him in distress,
He will yield him in blessedness—
Have faith!
Truly noble man is he—
Have faith!
Let "I will" defeat "I would;"
There are crowns awaiting you,
If you battle for the true—
Have faith!

THE INDIAN COUNTESS.

BY R. W. NEWMAN.

In the year of the French Revolution, 1792, a young man of good birth, fine education, and of good address, who was glad to escape with his life from those dreadful scenes of carnage that were being enacted in Paris, came to this country. He was tall, lithe and handsome, with the manners and the hands of an aristocrat. Finding nothing to do, for he was prepared by education for no labor whereby he could earn a livelihood, and the physical labor of the docks was so much better done by the negroes, that he could not stand the competition, he finally gave up in despair; and while he had money for the few implements needed, he started for the Oneida country, where he cut down a few saplings and built himself a shelter from the weather. He endeavored to support himself by fishing, shooting and trapping, but had made little progress when he was stricken down with fever. His end seemed to have come; nothing could be done. He was alone and helpless, and commending himself to the care of Heaven, he laid himself down to die.

On the other side of the wood near which he had built his hut, but hidden entirely from his view, there lay an Indian village. One afternoon an Indian maiden, out berrying, espied the hut of the stranger, and naturally peered into it. Hearing no noise, and seeing no one, she finally entered, and beheld a handsome man lying prone, very pale, and apparently dead. Her woman's heart was touched with pity, and glancing around the hut, she noticed the want of all comforts. She saw too, that though insensible, he was still alive.

The young girl paused not to think of his nation or his tribe. Her fleet feet took her back to her wigwam, whence she returned with milk, rum, and a robe and blanket. With the latter she covered him, and pouring a little rum down his throat, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and sat still and watched him there. Presently he opened his fine eyes, and gave her a dim, wandering, wondering look. But he was faint; he saw, however, in the large, lustrous, black, deep-set eyes of the squaw legibly written, "Thou shalt not be forsaken, stranger."

She administered to him of the restoratives she had brought, and signified to him as well as she could that he must sleep now, and that she would return after a while and see him. He saw in the kind, anxious solicitude of his nurse, that he was cared for—that God had sent an angel to him in answer to his prayer.

In a couple of hours the Indian girl returns to her stranger patient

with food and medicines for the night. She finds him very weak and feeble, but much better; she makes him eat something, and gives him to understand, by eye and pantomime, that he must sleep, and she will see him as early as possible next morning; she then makes him as comfortable as she can, and with a happy smile and a cheerful heart trips back to her wigwam.

In the morning the Indian girl tells her mother about the stranger. At first she is doubtful and suspicious, but she goes with her daughter to see the stranger, when her heart warms to the handsome and young, but very sick pale face, and with true womanly feeling, she busies herself about the sick man, who, she finds, has a great deal of fever, and is really ill. She leaves her daughter to watch by him, and goes to seek her husband, who comes to him. The old warrior pities the pale face, and they remove him to their own wigwam for better nursing, where he leaves him to the women to make him well.

In three weeks good nursing brought him round, and he was a man again in all but strength. The patient endurance of the Count, with his quiet, graceful manners, had won upon the little community, and Nanita herself found a pang in her heart and a sigh on her lips at the mention of his departure. She had taught him somewhat of their language. He felt grateful to his nurse and benefactress; while she—Why is it, O woman! that the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love?—though she knew it not as yet, loved him.

The old warrior, after breakfast one morning, said:
"Stranger, the time has come when you should no longer be a stranger to us. You have a name in your own country, what may it be?"
"Arthur De Lille they call me in my own country."
That name fell on one heart, engraven as with an iron pen upon a rock forever.

"Then, Arthur De Lille," said the chieftain, "stay with our people another moon. Hunt with us, fish with us, go to our council fires, smoke with us, then go to your own country.—Or if you like the red man's life, and will cast your lot with us, we will adopt you into our tribe. You shall be my son; you shall be a hunter and a warrior. Adopt our customs and our costumes, and we will give you a wife from our tribe."

Nanita explained what he did not understand to De Lille, who, turning to the chieftain, said:
"It is well said, O chieftain. It shall be so;" and offered his hand. They smoked a pipe together. And the understanding was complete.

Arthur De Lille grew from convalescence to robust health rapidly. He walked, he wrestled, he ran, with the young Indians, where his great height was of much advantage to him. His education in the school of the athletes, and in fencing and shooting in Paris, now became of great service to him. With returning health he developed great physical power; the Indians were proud of him; he was their equal in all sports, their superior in many things.

As the time approached for his decision, De Lille went to the old warrior, and said:
"De Lille wants to go into retreat for three days, to consider his decision, which is at hand. He wants to be alone, to consider the past and future, to consult the Great Spirit."

"De Lille speaks wisely," said the chieftain. "It shall be so. No one shall speak to thee, for three days."

And so it was ordered. He took his gun and went to the top of a

mountain, and there considered his situation. He reviewed the civilized savages of France destroying everything that was good. Then he turned to the peaceful civilization of the savages going on around him, and thought of what he should lose, nay, had lost, in France: then of the life of toil and labor before him; then of its freedom—the joyous, wild life of the Indian.

He thought how he had been snatched from death at home, how he suffered in New York, and since; how now, by this Indian woman, he had been brought from death to life; and he looked up to the Great Spirit, and prayed, "Direct me in all my doings with thy most gracious favor, and further me with thy continual help." Then he laid down to rest and think. For three days he continued the meditations that were to fix a life, and at length rose from the ground rejoicing in a psalm of praise: "I am an Indian," he said. "I thank thee, Father, for this revelation of thy will."

The mind thus made up is fixed for ever, and it was so with De Lille. He now sought the accomplishment with avidity. On his way home he spoke to every one he met, and meeting the old warrior, he said:
"I am an Indian; embrace me."
"Welcome, my son." And he embraced him.

De Lille told him that whatever ceremonies were necessary, he was ready for them.
"I'll settle it at a council of the braves to-night," was the reply.
"You promised me a wife," said De Lille. "Give me Nanita? One moon from my adoption into the tribe, I'll take her."

"My son, we must see what she says to that; but I'll not object."
They entered the wigwam, carrying sunshine into it. He strode up to Nanita's mother and kissed her. He went up to Nanita and said:
"Nanita, I am an Indian! Help me to be a good one."

Her bright eyes danced in ecstasy as she threw herself on his bosom and wept there. He looked round and the mother was weeping on the old man's bosom. Even the old warrior's eye was moist; but they were blissful tears these people shed.
De Lille was adopted into the tribe with the usual ceremonies, and great rejoicing was there on the occasion; and at the feast of the sweets when the maple sugar ran, he brought Nanita home to his wigwam as his wife. She proved a good wife; always smiled upon him, and bore him many children. The blessing of the Great Spirit had come with her.

De Lille became a great chieftain among the Indians. His superior education, his knowledge of the French, English and Indian dialect became of great value with the tribes, and he kept his own tribe at peace with the whites, and he was much respected by our government. Thus he lived twenty years.

He visited New York, where he learned so much of the restored tranquility of France, as to beget a hope that some of the broad lands he had left there might be restored to him, and he was not mistaken. He sent one of his sons to France to be educated. He sent another to be educated in Columbia College, who afterward became a prominent lawyer in New York.

He stayed with his tribe, a useful and most valuable man. He was universally respected as a faithful ally of our government, and so he continued until his death in 1835.
He was restored to his titles by Louis XVIII, when our squaw friend became the Countess De Lille. She visited France with her husband and was well received. She returned to this country and spent her life in elegant luxury, on a large estate in the neighborhood of the spot where

she first saw her husband. She survived him, and dying, he blessed her, and thanked God for his early troubles which had brought him such changed ideas and such an angel wife.
"Truly, my dear," he said, "behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."
His son and hers is a titled man in France to-day.

A HEROIC CONVICT.

In Memphis, when the fever's deadly breath first smote the city, a man, a stranger, offered his services as a nurse. They were accepted, and he began his duties in the hospital. He was skillful, attentive and unremitting in his care of the sufferers. It turned out later that this man had but recently been released from prison, where he had served out a sentence of ten years. Some of the physicians upon learning this part of his history, regarded him a little suspiciously, and hinted that his attention to the sick was not without a questionable motive. They watched him sharply. Finally, from the funds sent by the North, he was paid for a month's service. It was enough to have taken him out of the fever-stricken country, had he chosen to go. He was seen to go out of the hospital on the day he received the money, and a colored policeman followed him. He hurried along the streets until he came to the post-office. There was a box in which to deposit contributions to the fever fund. The ex-convict dropped in every dollar he had received for the month, and then returned to his post at the hospital. Two or three days later he was missed from his accustomed place, and it was not until the next week that his body was found with that of an old negro, in a miserable shanty. He had gone to nurse this negro, who had been left to die alone, and so met his fate, being himself stricken with the fever. There was none to offer as much as a cup of cold water to him who had tenderly cared for more than a hundred of the fever's victims. This man had spent ten years behind prison-bars. His crime is not told. Perhaps he was a thief, perhaps a forger, possibly a murderer. But however black his blots upon his life's page, let it be said that his death wiped them out. If living he trod only the paths of sin, his death at least was divine—for he died for others.

HISTORICAL BELLS.

The famous chime of bells belonging to St. Michael's church, of Charleston, S. C. have had an eventful and varied history. A hundred and fifteen years have gone by since they were first hung in the belfry, and their music called to religious service the church-goers of the colonial days. In 1770 they were seized and sent back to England, and at the close of the Revolutionary war they were returned to South Carolina and restored to their position. For eight years they did their duty, till in 1863 the Union forces besieging Charleston sent their shells flying around the steeple. The bells were removed to Columbia for safety, and in the great fire which devastated the town when Sherman's soldiers occupied it they were ruined by the heat. Once more they made the voyage to England, and were there recast, and a duty having been imposed upon them when they brought back here, Congress is now petitioned to remit it. Six times they have crossed the ocean; they have twice suffered from the fortunes of war, and now they are speaking to the ears of the great-grand-children of their first owners. In our comparatively new country they are certainly historic.

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D. McCAULEY
Chapel Hill N. C., May 18, 1878.