

THE MARRIED BELLE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"True as the worm in this cold heart is— I am Mokannah's bride—his, Azim, his."—MOORE.

Oh, sweet the music seemed that stirred The perfumed air of princely halls, To one whose ear had only heard Wild songs of birds and waterfalls; And then the gems, the radiant light, The picture's hues, the statue's grace, And the exotic rags and bright gleam, Low drooping from the marble vase— All these had tempted her—and she Was gitted, beautiful and young! Then blame not so remorselessly That love on pride's cold shrine was flung. Alas, she'll sigh again ere long For—Violet-bloom and blue-bird song.

In purple, flashing with the light Of India's diamond heart, through crowds She glided, regal as the Night. When crowned with stars and robed in clouds, And words of praise from that bright train Were murmured as she moved around— And yet her homage seemed in vain— Why heard she not the soothing sound? 'Twas that a bracelet formed of hair, And clasped with gold round one white arm, Clung like a fatal serpent there, Though warm its hue and light its form; And, for a promise early made, She dared not lay aside that braid.

Paul Allyn Baymonde was the name Graved on the bracelet's simple clasp; And o'er her cheek a crimson flame Seemed burning when—an old man's grasp Tore from his bride's unwilling wrist, In playful mood, that triumph night, The braided curl that crows like a crown, His post-brow of blue-veined white. Just then, a stranger through the crowd In traveler's garb impatient broke; Calm seemed his brow, his bearing proud— Yet trembling was the voice that spoke: "Mary!" he muttered—this was all— With ashen lip she answered, "Paul!"

Then came the thought of curious eyes— She said: "An early friend long gone." None deemed him more, and in such guise They left them trees, and glided on. She gazed—his boyhood's lovely hair In careless waves of wandering gold; His deep-blue eyes with dreamlight there; His lip and brow sweet as of old— These agonized her heart—and yet The practiced features were serene, Till that soft voice none could forget. Said, "Mary, does this splendid scene Bless more than had my love? If so, I will not murmur?"—"No—no—no!"

"I dreamed these lost—and I was full— Was proud, and lovely was my lot; And I must live, I thought, as pale My brow grew—I could bear this not. And so—and so—thou knowest the rest. "That love's devoted should all things be?" This feverish question sang my breast, Till—"Hush, I've no reproach for thee!" He whispered hoarse—"Thou'lt smile and wear Thy splendor with crushed heart below— I too my poisoned dreams must bear— But this is life." Farwell—I go. And with calm brow and writing brain, Paul Raymond crossed the seas again.

THE SETTLER AND HIS SERVANT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Just before the breaking out of what is commonly known as Lord Dunmore's war, a man by the name of Jonas Parker settled in the western part of Virginia, on a small creek which emptied into the Ohio. His family consisted of his wife, three children, ranging from five to twelve, and a negro servant. The place where he located was some distance from any settlement or station, and the scenery around very wild and romantic, with lofty and heavily-wooded hills sloping back from the valley. He brought his family here early in the spring, built him a rude log cabin, and, by great exertions, succeeded in clearing and planting a considerable patch of ground the same season.

One day, near the close of summer, as Mr. Parker and his negro Tom were at work in the woods, about half a mile from the dwelling, the latter, who had gone down to a creek near by, came hurrying back, with an expression of alarm depicted upon his black features.

"Well, Tom, what now?" inquired his master, suspending his work to look at his frightened domestic.

"Oh, Marse Jonas," answered Tom, in a quavering voice, looking fearfully around him as he spoke, "I tink I seed suffin down dar."

"You are always seeing something wonderful," pursued the other; "but it generally turns out a very trifling affair. Did you see a black face in the water, when you stooped down to drink?"

"Oh, Marse Jonas, I seed suffin woss'n'n' dat. Dar, don't larf, Marse Jonas! Great golly! I seed eyes in de bushes—Jesse I neber seed nuffin afo're—nuffin—during dis life!"

"Well, eyes are not apt to hurt anybody, Tom," returned Mr. Parker, with a laugh; "I've seen a great many eyes in my time."

"Yes, but, Marse Jonas, it's a difference what they's 'tached upon."

"That is true, Tom. Well, what did your eyes belong to?"

"I tink dey was 'tached upon a Injin."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, appearing for the first time a little startled. "Why did you not say so in the first place, you blundering fool! Pshaw! there are no Indians about here, except in your imagination. What makes you think it was an Indian?"

"Case I tink de Injin was dar, dat's all," answered the black, looking timidly about him. "I tink, Marse Jonas, we'd bes' go down to de house, to 'teet missus and de chillern."

"I believe it would be folly to do so," rejoined Mr. Parker, "for I am almost certain you have seen nothing at all. Still, as you have made me uneasy, I will go back; but if you fool me many times, look out for a tanning."

"I's not de chile to fool you, Marse Jonas," said Tom, hastily gathering up the tools, while his master took up his rifle, which was leaning against a tree, and, keeping his eyes warily about him, proceeded to examine the priming. "No, I's not de chile to fool you," pursued Tom. "If I didn't see de horriblest eyes—and dem dar eyes Injin's—den I neber seed nuffin—neber—nuffin during dis life—dat's true."

Mr. Parker now suggested that it might be as well to go down to the creek and make a search through the bushes; but to this proposition the negro excitedly demurred—saying that if there were Indians there, they would be certain to shoot him before he could find them.

"That is true, Tom," replied the other—"if there are Indians there, which I do not believe. However, as you seem so much alarmed, and as I am willing to admit the possibility of such a thing, we will return to the house."

Accordingly Mr. Parker and his servant set off, along the side of the hill, to a point whence they could get a view of the dwelling, he carrying his

rifle so as to be ready for instant use, and the negro keeping close at his heels, with the axes and other implements, and both looking warily about them, closely scanning every tree and bush.

Nothing occurred to justify the alarm of the negro till they reached the edge of the corn-field, which ran down to the house; when, just as Mr. Parker was in the act of reproving his servant for exciting his fears without cause, there suddenly came reports of some three or four rifles in quick succession—instantly followed by wild, Indian yells—and both Tom and his master dropped together, the latter struck by two balls, one in his side and the other in his leg.

"Oh, my God! my poor family!" he groaned, as he gathered himself upon his feet, and beheld the negro stretched out on his back, apparently dead, and the savages, with wild yells of triumph, in the act of bounding forward to finish their work and take the scalps of their victims. Hastily staggering to the nearest tree, Mr. Parker now set his back against it, drew up his rifle, ready for the foremost, and so stood as if were at bay. Perceiving this, and knowing too well the certainty of the white man's aim—and also feeling themselves perfectly sure of their prize, and therefore not caring to throw away a single life—the Indians immediately took shelter behind different trees, and began to reload their pieces.

To remain where he was, Mr. Parker now saw would be certain death in a few moments; wounded as he was, and continually growing weaker from loss of blood, it was vain to think of flight; and yet, with death staring him in the face, and an almost maddening desire for self-preservation, equally for his family's sake as his own, he felt that something ought to be tried for his salvation, though never so hopeless the attempt.

Looking quickly and searchingly around him, he perceived, about ten paces distant, a dense thicket, and believing if he could reach that, his chances of life would be increased—as the savages, without actually entering, could not make their aim sure—he gathered all his strength and nerve for the effort, and ran forward to the spot, falling in the midst of the bushes, and just in time to escape two balls of the enemy, which at the same moment whizzed over his head.

Seeing him fall, and supposing their last shots had proved fatal, the two savages who had just fired, uttering yells of triumph, darted out from behind their trees, and, flourishing their scalping-knives, bounded forward to the thicket; but ere they reached it, Mr. Parker, who had succeeded in getting upon his knees, and his rifle to bear upon the foremost, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a crack, and a yell at the same moment, and springing some two or three feet clear of the earth, the Indian fell back dead, at the very feet of his companion, who suddenly stopped, uttered a howl of dismay, and for a few moments seemed undetermined whether to advance or retreat.

That momentary hesitation proved fatal to him also; for the negro, who had all this time been feigning death, but was really unharmed, now thinking there might be a possibility of escape, clutched one of his axes nervously, quickly gathered himself into a kind of ball, made two sudden bounds forward, the distance being about ten feet, whirled his weapon around his head, and, before the astonished warrior had time to put himself on guard, brought the glittering blade down like lightning, cleaving the savage through skull and brain, and laying him a ghastly and bleeding corpse beside the other.

"Dar, take dat, you tieving red nigger!" shouted Tom, with an expression of demonic ferocity; "take dat dar! and don't neber say nuffin more 'bout shooting down white gentlem'n."

The words were not fairly uttered, when crack went the rifles of the other two savages, one grazing the left cheek of the negro, and the other causing his right ear to tingle.

"Great golly!" cried Tom, ducking his head, "dat dar was most nigh being de finishing of dis chile. But as you isn't got no more loads in, you ole varminters," he added, shaking his fist in the direction of the savages, "s'posen you doesn't shoot nuffin more afo're us gentlem'n does."

Then seizing the empty guns of the two slain warriors, he rushed into the thicket, where Mr. Parker was concealed, exclaiming— "Marse Jonas, I's hopes you isn't dead yet, but two of de Injins am, and here I is, wid dar two guns, dat only wants suffin in 'em to blow de oders to de debil."

"Ah, Tom," groaned Mr. Parker, as he lay on the ground, making every exertion to load his rifle which his failing powers would permit, "thank God you have escaped! I feared you were killed at the first fire."

"Not 'zactly, dat time, Marse Jonas; but dis chile was drefful skeered, dat's true, and seeing you drap, I 'fought I'd jest make 'believe I's dead too, and wouldn't neber know nuffin more during dis life. But when I seed you get away, and shoot dat dar rascal dar, and 'feeder stop so 'stonished to look at him, I concluded I'd quit playing de possum, and get up and do suffin; and I did it—dat's true. Ah! dear Marse Jonas," he pursued, bending down by the side of the other, and speaking in a sympathetic tone, "you is hurt bad—berry bad—I know you is—and I's berry sorry; but you knows I tote you dar was Injin eyes in de bushes."

"You did, Tom, and had I then hurried immediately homeward, it is possible I might have escaped, though it is equally probable the Indians were on the watch to take us at advantage, in which case the result might have been no better than it is. Oh! that I was home with my family! for they must have heard the firing here, and be terribly alarmed, or if not, they may be off their guard, and successfully attacked by another party, for it is more than likely these few have not ventured hither by themselves. Ah! God forbid," he ejaculated the next moment, fairly starting to his knees, "that they should have been attacked and murdered first! But no! for then I think we

should have heard their cries, and it is probable the savages would have wrapped the house in flames. I must get home, Tom—oh! I must get home. But how? how?"

"Why, Marse Jonas, ef you'll jus' let dis yere nigger tote you on his back, he'll fetch you dar."

"But what of the other Indians, Tom? have they fled?"

"Doesn't know—but guess dey am. I axed one on 'em to stop—and he did—but I guess de oders didn't want to."

"You are a brave fellow, Tom, for all!" said his master; "and if I live, I will not overlook this affair."



"Well, you see, Marse Jonas, I is one of dem as goes in for prudems—for keepin out of de fight as long as I can keep out of de fight; but when de fight does come, I's dar—I is—during dis life!"

"Hist!" whispered his master, as he carefully brought his rifle forward. "I think I see one of the Indians peeping around yonder tree. Ah! I am too weak to raise the piece. Get down here, Tom, and let me rest it across your shoulder. There—that will do. Quiet now!"

"Does you see him, Marse Jonas?" whispered Tom, after keeping silent some half a minute.

Scarcely were the words spoken, when crack went both the rifles of the white man and the Indian at the same moment; and then the latter, uttering a wild yell, was seen to run staggering from tree to tree on his retreat; while his companion, taking advantage of the opportunity, bounded forward, and secured his person behind a large oak near at hand, keeping his rifle ready to fire upon his foe.

"Drop down, Marse Jonas," whispered Tom, "and let dis chile fix him."

Taking his master's hat as he spoke, Tom placed it on the end of a gun, and pushed it with some noise through the edge of the bushes, a few feet distant from where he lay. Scarcely was it visible to the savage, when, believing it to contain the head of his enemy, he brought his piece to his eye, and sent a ball whizzing through it.

Fairly chuckling at the success of his ruse, Tom instantly dropped the hat, made a thrashing among the bushes, uttered a few groans, and then kept perfectly quiet; and Mr. Parker, comprehending his design, kept perfectly quiet also, though managing meanwhile to reload and prime his piece.

But though he believed his shot had proved effective, the wary warrior was resolved upon prudence and caution. First reloading his rifle, he next carefully reconnoitered the thicket; and then, finding all still, he suddenly darted from his tree to another, and from that to another, and so by a sort of semi-circular movement came up as it were in the rear of his enemies.

Still finding all quiet, he at length advanced cautiously to the bushes, and began to part them gently. In this direction the thicket extended some twenty yards from the place where our friends were concealed; and with the assistance of Tom, Mr. Parker now noiselessly got himself into a position to cover the approach of the savage. Then waiting in breathless silence, till the latter had so far advanced as to make his aim sure, he fired again. A sharp yell of pain, and a floundering among the bushes followed; and Tom, seizing his axe, at once bounded forward toward his adversary.

The Indian was badly wounded, though not sufficiently so to prevent him making use of his rifle; but fortunately for the negro, it only flashed in the pan, with the muzzle fairly pointed at his heart; and the next moment the axe of Tom descended with Herculean force, and ended the work.

With a shout of triumph, Tom now rushed from the thicket, and, without heeding the call of his master, set off in pursuit of the only remaining savage, whom he could easily follow by his trail of blood. About a hundred yards from where he had been shot, he found him concealed behind a log, and in a dying condition. Too weak to make a defence, the Indian looked up at his enemy, and, extending his hand, said:

"How de do, brudder?"

"Jus dis way?" cried Tom: "dis is jus how I does to all sich rascals as you!" and with the last words the bloody axe descended, and was buried in the brain of the Indian.

Tom now went back to his master, and proudly recounted his exploits.

"Thank God, we are saved!" said Mr. Parker, warmly grasping the hand of his faithful servant; "and I owe my life to you, Tom."

"'Spec de Lord fit on our outside, wid dis yere choppin'-axe," muttered Tom, as he coolly wiped the blood from his formidable weapon.

He then carefully raised his wounded master, and getting him upon his back, carried him safely to the house, where both were received with tears of joy by the terrified family.

Mr. Parker's wounds proved not so serious as was at first supposed; and the night following he and his family were removed to the nearest station by a small party of scouts, who had been sent out to warn and protect the more exposed settlers against the expected incursion of the Indians, who, as we have shown, had already begun their bloody work of laying waste the border.

Mr. Parker finally recovered, though not in time to take part in the sanguinary strife which followed; and Tom, for his gallantry, was given his freedom, and lived many years to boast of what he had done "during dis life, merely jus wid a choppin'-axe."

Flowers are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PARENT says a young man courted his daughter, married her, took her to a neighboring city, placed her in the company of infamous people, and then deserted her. Learning his daughter's situation, the father immediately went for and brought her home. The infamous husband has returned to the city where she dwells with her parents, and our correspondent wants to know, inasmuch as there is no law that will punish the villain, if he would be justified in shooting him down like a dog, as, in fact, he has determined to do the first time he meets the scoundrel. No; you would not be justified in shooting the scoundrel. It is a hard case, most certainly; but in a civilized community no citizen should attempt to administer the law, or what he considers justice, with his own hand. If one may do so, then all may do so, and this brings us back to savagism at once.

IMPROVEMENT.—All kinds of food are healthful if eaten at proper times and in proper quantities; and any kind of food by injudicious use may be rendered hurtful.

J. M. B.—We have no bound volumes of the Ledger for sale, but can furnish back numbers from June 7th, 1855, up to the present date, as our paper is electrotyped.

J. HOCKENBERG.—Your subscription can date from the first of January last, and we will send you the back numbers from that date.

C.—You are very much mistaken in supposing that an editor copies all his contributions; such as need copying are not accepted, except in rare cases.

O. F. T.—The paper to which you refer failed several months ago. Be careful, next time, to whom you send money in advance for a paper.

MEMOR.—By all means let your sons study mathematics, no matter whether he is to be a lawyer, doctor or clergyman. It is very true that mathematical knowledge is not immediately applicable to law, physic or divinity, nevertheless, it is indirectly connected with, and fundamental to, all science. It necessarily induces a habit of reasoning justly; it accustoms the mind to rational investigation and intense thinking. Now intense thinking, without which one must always remain on the surface of knowledge, is, to an editor, an occasional and irksome exertion, but to a mathematician it is habitual and easy. In all subjects of difficulty, therefore, a mathematician has an evident advantage: his conceptions will be more distinct, his deductions more accurate, and his conclusions consequently more just. As for your daughters, though it would not be advisable for them to pursue an extended course of mathematics, no student could benefit from their studying algebra and geometry; on the contrary, such studies, if properly pursued, would be highly beneficial to them.

CONVUL.—Husbands and wives should settle their squabbles without appealing to strangers. As a general thing it is the husband's fault when there is strife in a family. The existence of domestic bickerings usually shows that the husband is either too selfish or too weak to prevent them. Xanthippe still has her faithful representatives on earth, no doubt; when a meek man happens to get one of them for his wife, he is of course done for, and is not responsible for the domestic thunderstorms which occur under his roof. If your case is of the last-mentioned kind, you are to be pitied; if you come under the first-mentioned class you are to be despised.

R. S. having read that a bill has passed the State Senate of Ohio, prohibiting the marriage of first cousins, anxiously inquired if there is any truth in the reports that the offspring of parents who are so nearly related are apt to be rickety, deaf and dumb, blind, deformed, insane, idiotic, etc., etc. We only know what persons who have investigated the subject say, namely, that the more nearly parents are related to each other the more apt their children are to be afflicted with the diseases above-mentioned; and that the relationship of first cousins is not so remote as to insure their offspring against such deplorable ailments.

R. C. M.—Sir Walter Scott was at one time very well off. It is said that for several years his income from his works was over seventy-five thousand dollars per annum. He finally lost much money by the failure of his publisher, and greatly involved himself by extravagant outlays upon his "baronial residence," Abbotsford. Burns never attained such a high permanent worldly prosperity, though he ran a very brilliant but brief social career when he first went to Edinburgh. He was a man of most excellent heart, and deserved a better fate than he met with.

BENJAMIN.—You did right in not accepting the challenge. Had you accepted it, you would have been liable to a prosecution, and broken not only the law of the State, but the law of God. The time has gone by when honor or character can be brightened on the duelist's field. The best guide in such matters, as in everything else relating to morals, is the Sermon on the Mount.

CLAUDE.—You have not stated anything which enables us to see how you could hunt up and recover the property left to you by your grandmother's brother. If you are in earnest about it, ascertain the name of some good lawyer in London and send him all the facts you can that bear upon the case, with a fee of a hundred dollars, and ask him to look into the matter.

THEY.—"Ladies" who, on overhearing a conversation such as you describe, make it known that they detected the use of a phrase which was impolite and get up a high-pressure state of delicate indignation on account of it, probably have not much genuine modesty to spare. A lady would not speak of such a thing.

W.—You were justified in knocking the burglar down with the hammer, and had you killed him you would have been acquitted. We think it would not only be the right but the duty also of a man who, on being aroused in the night and striking a light, should find a burglar in his house, to cut or shoot the villain down without ceremony.

DOCTOR.—The frankest and the most straightforward way is the best, in everything. Tell your sponging friend that you cannot and will not stand his conduct any longer. You can do this in a kind manner, and if he takes offense, let him be offended.

LETTERS.—Letters are sometimes addressed to ladies as "Madam," and to gentlemen as "Gentleman," but if you mention, namely: Mrs. Rev. John Smith, Mrs. Capt. John Smith, or whatever their husband's title may be, but we are inclined to the opinion that the custom is "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

J.—No. A book-keeper should be able to write grammatically, as he necessarily has to write many letters, and it would not do for him to blunder in his syntax and orthography. You should study grammar and read as much as possible about your business.

CHARLES H. S. sends the following problem for the readers of the Ledger, namely: Will a body projected perpendicularly into the air acquire a force by falling equal to the projecting force? What say the boys and girls who are studying natural philosophy?

PUNY.—You are too puny. There can be no excuse sufficient to palliate the raising of a son's hand against his father, except to save life or prevent dishonor. And even then, the force exercised should be that of restraint only, and not in any manner vindictive or retaliatory.

REFLECTOR.—You can engage yourself to a young lady without asking the consent of her parents or yours, but it would be unkind to your own and disrespectful to hers to do so. As you are a minor, you could not be held to such an engagement, or any other, if you should wish to avoid it.

ROSALENE.—You must wait until the gentleman shows his colors. If he really loves you he will not be able to conceal the fact from you long, unless you are much less keen and penetrating about such matters than most of your sex.

SAN SOU.—You should show the pertinacious lover, by your manner, that his attentions are disagreeable to you, and if he will not take a gentle hint, give him a forcible one. JACK MANDERS.—You may get along with the matter, in the manner you propose, without difficulty, but we think that the most straightforward way would be the best.

N. T. L.—Bind the child's ankle with cotton batting and keep it wet with tincture of arnica. That is the best thing we know of for a sprain or a cut.

ETTY.—Yes. In writing an article for a newspaper, write on only one side of a leaf, and let your handwriting be as plain as possible.

W. B. S.—Obey your parents and don't talk about getting married until you are of age.

HEN.—Your share of the claims against the Federal Government for the famous "French spoiliations" would be valuable, were there any probability that the claims will ever be paid. We cannot give you "all the facts about these claims," because to do so would require several entire numbers of the Ledger. In amount they reach many millions of dollars, and are claims for nearly two thousand vessels with more or less valuable cargoes, belonging to our citizens, which were captured by the French in violation of existing treaties and of international law, and they date from the year 1791 up to the 31st of July, 1801, embracing the whole period of the French revolutions. The subject has been before Congress for several years—first early in 1802, on the petition of the original claimants, most of whom have since died. Their successors, in the character of executors, administrators, widows, heirs, &c., have followed the matter up from that day to this, with petition after petition; the Legislatures of Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Alabama have urged upon Congress the favorable consideration of the subject, and twenty-two reports of Congressional committees have been made in favor of the claimants, and yet nothing has been done by the government to secure to them their just rights. This being the case, you can yourself judge of what poor value your share of a "claim" must be. It would be better for you to give up all hope of getting it, and have been made in favor of the claimants, and yet nothing has been done by the government to secure to them their just rights. This being the case, you can yourself judge of what poor value your share of a "claim" must be. 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