The "Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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From Holden's Dollar Magazine.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne, a simple chair:
I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my rod,
My couriers take the sea;
The lightning leaves the charm'd cloud
At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Let monarchs wear a crown;
I wave my pen across the page
And crowns have tumbled down.
The world rolls on, the millions stride;
Without, the tempest rolls—
Within, I brood a quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host of embattled types
With them I quell the tyrant's horde
And rear the stars and stripes.
I give my hand to all the race,
My altar Freedom's sod;
I say my say and bend my knee
Alone, alone to God.

MR. HEMPSTEAD—*Sir*:—Believing that the following would be acceptable to your readers generally, I forward it for your paper. It is copied from *The Ipswich Phono-Press*, printed in Phonographic Shorthand, by Isaac Pitman, Bath, Eng. A. N.

The Fugitive.

[The following poem was composed by an English lady for Frederick Douglass, the remarkable fugitive slave who has been lecturing on anti-slavery for some time in different towns in Ireland, and excited great interest by his eloquence on that subject.]

I'll be free! I'll be free! and none shall confine
With fetters and chains this free heart of mine;
From my youth I have learned in my God to rely,
And despite the oppressor, gain freedom, or die.
Tho' my back is all torn by the merciless rod,
Yet firm is my trust in the right arm of God.
In His strength I'll go forth and forever I'll be
'Mong the hills of the north where the bondman is free.

Let me go! let me go! to the land of the brave,
Where the shackles must fall from the limbs of the slave,
Where Freedom's proud eagle screams wild thro' the sky,
And the sweet mountain birds in glad notes reply.
I'll flee to New England where the fugitive finds
A home and her mountains and deep forest winds,
And her hilltops shall ring with the wrongs done to me,
Till responsive they sing 'Let the bondman go free.'

New England! New England! thrice blessed and free,
The poor hunted slave finds shelter in thee,
Where no blood-thirsty hounds ever dare on his track;
At thy strong voice, New England, the monster falls back!
Go back! then, ye blood-thirsty that howl on my path,
In the land of New England I'm free from your wrath:
And the sons of the pilgrims my deep scars shall see
Till they cry with one voice "Let the bondmen go free."

Great God! hasten on the glad Jubilee,
When our brothers in bonds shall rise and be free;
And our blotted escutcheon be washed from its stains,
Now the scorn of the world with three millions in chains.
O then shall Columbia's bright flag be unfurled,
The glory of freemen, the pride of the world,
While earth's struggling millions point hither in glee,
To the land of the brave and the home of the free.

From the Democratic Review.

CAPTAIN DAN HENRIE:

His Adventure with the Wolves.

Every body remembers the famous escape of Capt. Dan Henrie at Encarnacion. This reckless and daring ranger has probably passed through a greater number of perilous and singular adventures than any other man of the same age in the service—though one of the most light-hearted mortals that the warm sun ever smiled upon. Yet he has a careless knack of getting into the most desperate scrapes on every possible occasion, and then, of course, he fights his way out again with the most dashing gallantry.

Mark you, Dan never got into scrapes with his own people; he was far too kindly and generous for that; but he had a hatred for the "cussed yellow bellies," and "copper heads," as he called the Mexicans and Indians, which was refreshingly orthodox. His hatred of the Mexicans was amusingly bitter and contemptuous while you listened to hear him talk of them; but when this hatred came to be expressed in action, it was of the most savage and deadly character. At Encarnacion, when the little band found themselves surrounded by the heavy masses of Minon's cavalry, the proposition, which, we believe, originated with Cassius M. Clay, was made to stand to their arms and fight it out with the Mexicans, to the last gasp, in spite of the disparity of numbers. Lieutenant Dan, who was then guide, seconded this proposition warmly, and went about among the men, urging them "to stand up to the rack," as he called it, representing that they could hope for nothing, but bad faith resulting in cold-blooded massacre if they surrendered to the Mexicans. He reminded them of Goliad, and the Meir surrender, and of his own experience in the last case. After showing, to his own satisfaction, that the resolution of fighting their way through was the only possible chance of safety or honorable death left them, he concluded, with the characteristic piece of savage advice, "shoot low, boys—shoot them through their bellies, so that their greans will frighten their comrades—one greaser is worth half a dozen dummies!"

His perfect knowledge of the Mexican character, as well as his mortal hatred of them, was fully displayed in his advice. Dan knew perfectly that there would be no chance for him, for he had already been recognized as one of the Meir men by several Mexicans, whose faces he remembered well; the surrender, therefore, placed him in a desperate predicament. He knew, perfectly, that whatever faith he might keep with other prisoners, they would keep none with him, although his safety had been provided for in an express stipulation of the terms of surrender. I have never seen the mode of his escape correctly related yet, so that it is worth while to give it in his own version. The Mexicans have a mortal hatred of the Meir prisoners, one and all—but most particularly do they detest those of them who rose at the Salado and escaped from Perote. Dan had, unfortunately, not only been prominent in both these affairs, but from the fact of speaking the language as well as a native, he had always acted as interpreter, and thus been put forward more conspicuously than any one of the other prisoners. Besides this, he had made himself very notorious, too, as a ranger. All these causes combined to make his recognition general and sure at almost any point on the whole route to Mexico; and even if it had not occurred immediately, there was no telling at what moment it might occur, and of course, when his body might be made the target of their cowardly hate.

He saw those men who had recognized him whispering among themselves, and from his knowledge of the Mexican character, felt sure that so soon as the commanding officers had retired and left them in charge of the guard, he would be shot from the ranks. It fortunately occurred, that when they were started, Minon and his staff was moving in the same direction down the lines of the Mexican force. Col. Gaines rode a very swift and beautiful mare. Dan rode up to his side and whispered to him the discoveries he had made, his fears, and his determination. Gaines at once, with a generous promptness, proposed that he should take his mare to make the attempt upon, as her high-blooded mettle would distance any Mexican horse with ease. This was precisely what Dan desired, and he eagerly accepted the offer. The officers had not yet been deprived of their pistols, and the holsters of Gaines remained on the saddle. The mare was very spirited and fiery, and Dan slily roused up all her mettle by touching her with the spur. She began to pitch and plunge, and throw out her heels. This compelled the escort, or rather guard, which rode on either side of the prisoners to open their line occasionally. Dan kept it up for some minutes so as to remove all suspicion, and watched his chance, until he saw the guard were beginning to become careless, and regard those unruly capers rather with amusement than otherwise. Then seeing his way open as they moved slowly through the squadrons of green-coated cavalry, he suddenly reined up the mare in the midst of her capricolings, and plunging the spurs into her, she darted off like an arrow loosened from the bow, while he stooped, laying himself close along her side, after the manner of the Camanche Indians—a shower of balls was fired hurriedly after him, but without effect, as they all passed over him. The plain to the foot of the mountains was very narrow just here; and he had observed, before he made his break, that they were opposite a road which came down a narrow valley. He made for this gap, running the gauntlets between several squadrons of cavalry, before he reached its shelter. Just as he was diving into it, he wheeled in his saddle and amidst the whistling of balls, shook his clenched hand at them, and shouted back his defiance. This sudden escape caused great uproar and confusion among the Mexicans, and several hundred men started at full speed in the pursuit; but the gallant mare soon left them all far enough behind, and she clattered with sparkling hoofs along the deep ravine. Before the first two miles had been passed, they were out of sight in the rear. The valley-road, which he had taken at hap-hazard, without the slightest idea of where it led, now opened upon a small plain of table-land, which was occupied by a hacienda of considerable extent. As he swept by in front of the buildings, he saw a number of green-coats hastily mounting their horses, and in another moment heard the clatter of their pursuing horses coming down the road. He looked over his shoulder and saw that it was probably a foraging party of about ten lancers. The first agony was over now, and he felt sure of the game and speed of his mare; and with his usual audacity, he determined to give the "yaller bellies" something to remember him by before he took his final leave. He accordingly reined up his mare gradually, and let them gain upon him. They thought she was failing, and raised a yell of triumph as they urged their horses to yet greater exertions. He looked behind again, and the officer, with one of his men, was now considerably in the advance, and closing rapidly upon him. He loosened a pistol from the holster. The officer was foremost, and was already shouting to him with many "garacoes," to surrender, when he wheeled suddenly in his saddle and shot him dead. The lancer, who was close behind, and coming on at furious speed, attempting in vain to rein up his horse, but it was too late—he was carried by the impetus of his speed within ten feet of Dan, who had by this time drawn his other pistol, with which he shot him through the head, and then galloped leisurely along, feeling sure that the remainder of his pursuers would be stopped effectually by this bloody barricade he had left across their path. He was not mistaken, for they halted there, and this was the last he saw of their green-coats.

All that day long he kept the noble beast in swift motion, since at every little rancho or village he came to, it would be necessary for the fugitive to make a desperate run for it, before a suit could be organized. The roads were filled, too, with scouting parties of the enemy, and it required all his knowledge of the sort of tactic to enable him to dodge them. He several times very narrowly avoided rushing headlong into the very midst of these advancing parties. The Mexicans are usually very noisy troops, and he would hear them talking on the march in time to dodge to one side and let them pass, for he had no fancy to try the hacienda trick over again with empty pistols, since he had nothing to load them with again. He finally threw them away as so much "make-weight," that was useless to him and embarrassing to his mare. So he hurried on, not daring to pause a moment to rest or obtain food, until the next day, when, in a deep wild gorge among the mountains, his game and gallant mare fell beneath him dead! The ravenous and filthy gapalates, (turkey-buzzards,) were gouging at her fawn-like eyes before they were fairly glazed, and before her stiffened and staggered rider was out of sight. Now came the most terrible part of this wild and remarkable adventure. He was totally without food, except what little he could gather during the day while he was skulking, for he only ventured to travel at night now. This was scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, while his clothes soon became torn to pieces, and hung about his bleeding limbs like broad and tattered ribbons. He, however, still continued making his way steadfastly in the direction of Gen. Wool's camp. At last, some of his scouts picked the poor fellow up when almost speechless with thirst and hunger:—he was yet feebly reeling along like a ghostly and haggard drunkard.

This affair very properly got him his promotion to a captaincy. But strange, perilous, and even wonderful as this escape seems, it is only one of many others quite as remarkable, by which his most eventful life has been chequered. In the Texan war with the Cherokees, which was a very bloody business while it lasted, he passed through scenes as bad, if not worse than this. Then his adventures as a ranger are very remarkable, for of many of these I am myself personally cognizant; and of his cruel sufferings and headlong daring during the Meir imprisonment, all the country has been, to a certain degree, made aware since the publication of Gen. Green's book. He, by the way, was too much of a pompous egotist to do full credit to Dan, or any body else except *Gen. Green!*

It is one of Dan's curious adventures while a ranger, that I propose to relate now. I shall endeavor to give it as nearly as I can remember, in his own way, as he related it to me; though I must confess, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the raciness of his rattle-pate and peculiar manner. It was before he joined the Meir expedition, and while yet with the rangers, under the command of McCullough.

Dan, whose excellence as a guide was well-known to the captain, was despatched by him along with three others of the troop, on a spring expedition, towards the head waters of the Nueces. This was in the early winter of the year before the Meir expedition, and the Mexicans were in many ways annoying and threatening the weak settlements along that river. This state of things had encouraged the Indians, as well to make very bold descents. McCullough had on his first arrival given them both a severe lesson, upon which the marauders had taken the hint, and nothing further had been heard from either party for several months. Unwilling that his men should lie in camps at such a place as Corpus Christi, with nothing to do but drink and carouse, the prudent captain of Rangers had thought best to despatch all the most restless spirits on tours of observation in various quarters. Besides, the aspect of affairs in that part of Texas generally, had begun to seem rather forlorn, and seemed to call for unremitting vigilance.

Dan and his companions had reached the foot of the mountains in which the western branch of the Nueces takes rise, without meeting with any other sort of incident than those which are common to prairie travel. Here they formed their camp, and as they had yet discovered no signs of Indians, it was concluded that they would take each his own course the next day, and after travelling as much ground as possible, return to camp and report, and if it should then appear that no sign had yet been discovered by any of them; it was agreed they would spend several days in a regular buffalo-hunting frolic, as these animals seemed to abound greatly in this region. Accordingly they were under way quite early, each man following the best of his own humor and fancy for the time. Dan had been travelling in a leisurely sort of way until noon, when he came upon a scene of such remarkable beauty that he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon it. He had—scarcely without observing—followed up the west branch of the Nueces, until he now found himself at its very head-spring. In front of him a bold and broken mountain stood out somewhat from the chain, at the feet of which he had been riding all the morning. The front of this mountain was almost a square perpendicular, and looked as if it had been cleft from crest to foot by a bolt of thunder, and hurled from out the ranks of its peers. The huge masses of stone with which it seemed built were seamed with a sort of excentric regularity, and evergreens were rooted along these seams. As the eye descended, these masses became more broken, and assumed a fantastic resemblance to the lines and forms of Gothic architecture in decay—while from the prairie level sprung a broken arch, one side of which was perfect in outline, and the other concealed by the over-hanging masses of evergreen shrubs. At a distance this seemed the arched gateway of some huge cavern, but when he approached it, he found that the rock slanted in at just sufficient angle to give it, at a distance, the appearance of shadow. Instead of an enormous cavern, it proved to be only a recess or slanting niche, some twenty feet deep at the bottom—from the back part of which, a bold spring burst a little above the level of the prairie, and rushed down and out from the shadow, rejoicing over the white sand, until it sparkled in the chequered sunlight beneath the over-hanging evergreens outside—then it coursed away toward the chain of mountains and wound about their feet. All off to the left, and beyond this remarkable mountain seemed an interminable stretch of rolling prairies, over which, amidst clumps of cactus were scattered herds of deer, mustangs and buffalo, in view at once.

Dan has not much poetry in him, but he could not help being both astonished and enchanted by the strange, wild loveliness of this scene. He slid from his saddle and stood leaning against it for only a moment or two of wrapt contemplation, when the habitual instincts of watchfulness peculiar to the ranger, caused him to change his position, and turn his head. As he did so he perceived one of the droves of mustangs (wild horses,) moving slowly towards him. They were a long way off, and there appeared nothing peculiar about them—but it served to remind him that he had a short time before seen the unshod tracks of horses and mules moving at a gallop, or that, though they might be nothing more than mustangs, yet the simple fact of their going at a gallop, was in itself suspicious of another fact or so—either that they were the tracks of Indian horses and mules, or of mustangs that had been chased or otherwise frightened by them; so that whatever of enchantment there may have been for him in the scene, it now gave place quickly to caution, and his head turned rapidly from side to side, with the habitual manner of the old spy. His eye now and then fell upon the advancing drove, but not with any consciously defined suspicion. At length they disappeared slowly down a long valley, like the sway of the prairie undulations, and were out of sight so long that he had quite forgotten them, when suddenly they appeared again on this side, moving directly towards him, at a swift gallop. He bounded into his saddle as quick as thought, supposing that, may be one or two Indians who were mustang-hunting had lain in wait for this herd, in the deep grass of that prairie valley, and were now chasing them with the lasso. He urged his horse behind one of the many clumps of cactus around him, with the intention of laying in wait to give these dusky wild horse hunters a trial for their scalps as they went past him.

As he changed his position, the figures which were approaching became more distinctly defined against the back-ground of sky, for they were descending towards him! He saw what sent his heart into his throat! that each animal had an Indian slung along its side, by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle! This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by day-light, on the prairies, and it is difficult of detection at a distance, by the most experienced eye, as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse. Dan was off in a twinkling! The tables were very suddenly turned, for instead of taking a scalp or two himself, as he had expected, it would now require the best he knew to save his own. It was well that he could trust his horse, for they had got so close to him that his escape at all must be a matter of sheer speed—he must run away from them or be run through by them. "To be or not to be," was the question now with poor Dan, while he desperately urged his good horse with quirt and spur. So soon as they saw him start the rascals had wheeled up into their saddles again, and yelled their war-whoop, like exulting devils. This was a sound which, though it came to his ears somewhat softened by the distance, was by no means calculated to diminish the energy or urgency of the calls upon the speed of his horse, which were made by Dan. He glanced furtively over his shoulder and saw that they were spreading out into the prairie with the intention of hemming him in against the mountains. He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for an elbow of the chain, which, if he could reach and turn first, he thought would secure his scalp for the present, as around it the stream became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends. It was a tremendous race, for the Indians knew the advantage as well as he, and Dan vows that his long curly hair began to straighten and lift his cap on its ends before he reached the point, they pushed him so close and hard. By the skin of his teeth he got by before they surrounded him, and now he says his hair fell as smooth and sleek as if a pint of bear's grease had been poured over it; but not until he had reached up and taken *down* his cap to waive as he shouted back at them in derisive triumph, and then darted beneath the shades of the friendly wood. They left him here as he expected; but as this was most evidently a dangerous neighborhood, he concluded it would be safest not to tarry here but get out of it as fast as possible, for there was no telling what new whim might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail and found him to be alone! So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting. The hurry and necessities of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered this as he emerged from the timber upon the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream. He paused but for a moment, to collect himself and try and get back the true idea of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakable indications that he must have rest before he went much farther. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep, rough cut, and as he supposed, in the direction of the west branch of the Nueces. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, but this would set him right if he followed it up when day-break came. So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the great clusters of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding-place, and though hungry enough, he was fain this time "to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came, of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well-stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in most tantalizing visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament, however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterday's hard work and the somewhat narrow commons of the night. However, he moved now with something less of a hurry, as there were no indications of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoining his comrades and guiding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of our Indian warrior, lying across the very ashes of their camp fire, all gashed and hewed with bowie-knife cuts.— All around the earth was deeply broken up with the evidences of a desperate and hand to hand struggle. The breech of a rifle, which he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield, were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at this sight.— His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the multitude of the tracks of unshod horses he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom! He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a great deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when rising the comb of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt he would have indeed to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs but the horses of his comrades were as swift and in every sense as good as his, now they were to be turned against him! He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for regrets—he was off, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already somewhat fagged, would raise. All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells, distinctly, for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was no great matter, if, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was hot work before and he had it to attend to! His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back and could not see it or them. He felt a little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape;—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past, a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occurred to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse, that he would not last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe! Acting upon this stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse, proceeded to prepare himself for a trail of the fiery sea. He cut his blanket into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in a loose bag about the lower part of its head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own face in a loose visor of the same material. The blanket was coarse and let in air enough to barely sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke. He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly again, headed his horse directly for the fire. On he went not knowing where; the reins were tightened, and the lash and spur applied with the energy of desperation. Hotter and hotter the air became, but on he careered, blind and headlong. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy, but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron! It cannot shy—the poor horse. On! on! searching thro' the stifling blaze! A few bounds more and the terrific surges are past! The fresh air has met him! He tore the envelope from his face and leaped from the staggering horse upon the charred hot ground. The blankets is torn away from its mouth and the animal begins to revive quickly, though it shivers and can scarcely stand for the mortal terror! He is safe! He has accomplished an unparalleled feat! He hears faintly above the crackling and roar of the retiring flames a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine they have driven him into the fire, and that he is burnt, horse and all. He makes a feeble attempt to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice. Stunned, and grasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs, he and his horse stand, side by side, upon that blackened plain without moving a step for more than an hour. But the perils of the day were by no means passed. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred, levelled, smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he could reach water, for which both himself and horse were now almost perishing. He started on at last, taking his course at random, for one seemed to his bewildered sense about as good as another. He did not ride at first but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet, and then he turned to mount. He now, for the first time looked at the animal carefully, and to his horror saw that every hair upon his body was gone, and nothing but the bare skin left, and that was so badly scorched in places, that it came off to the slightest touch. This was dreadful enough, but—water! water! water! he must have that, or they would both die. He sprang into the saddle and urged the wretched creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had began to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round, and tossed him to and fro! Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lifting waves of the earth would almost seem to leap up into his face, he would catch glimpses of huge wolves careering on them, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his and howl at him with red hot open mouths and lolling tongues! Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing. Water! Blessed God, water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold delicious fluid. In an instant his senses had returned, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake, as he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his heavy knife. One of them seized his passive horse, who, while it was endeavoring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest back out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at the well known call to a banquet. He now remembered that these wearied and infernal brutes always collect in large numbers, to follow in the wake of a great prairie fire and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or band together, to chase and drag down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded and staggering, as was his poor horse. They become very savage, with blood, impunity and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from the hungry flames can escape from their yet more ravenous jaws. The creature, at other times, is utterly contemptible for its cowardice, but he shuddered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of their deadly fierceness at such times as this. "My God!" he moaned aloud—"wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell of slaves back yonder? and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?" He looked at his horse, the animal was now refreshed, and began to be conscious of the new danger as he gazed around with staring eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the shore. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wildly mournful neigh, that seemed to poor Dan the most piteous sound that ever rung upon his ear before. There was some comfort though, the horse had life enough left in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and after having fired his rifle, with deliberate aim, into the thickest of them, charged right through at full speed. They leaped at his feet and attempted to seize his horse's legs, but the animal was to mortally frightened for them to impede his way for an instant. Through he trampled, and away across the prairie he flies snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if perfectly fresh, and away, too, in pursuit, swept the yelling wolves. They were more than a hundred now, and seemed increasing in numbers at every jump, for as Dan glanced his frightened eyes around, he would see them straitened out with speed and their mouths wide open, coming to join that terrible route from every direction over the prairie. He looks behind him—they were close upon his heels—the great part of them, particularly those in front, and who seemed most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked, and with the white foam flying, their long red tongues, their fiery glaring eyes, they presented the most hideous picture of unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by before, unless by the horrible phantasmagoria of madness! He fired his pistol back at them, but it made no difference, they only yelled the louder, and came on the more fiercely, while five joined their long train for each one that he had killed. If his horse should fall or give out they would be both torn to fragments in an instant. This appalling conviction caused him to give all of eye and nerve that were left him in the mortal fright to steadying and guiding his horse, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon perceived, however, that he was leaving the pack far behind, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of the prairie wolf.

He now began to feel something of hope and as the frantic speed of his horse placed yet a greater distance between them, the unimaginable dread, seemed to be lifting from his life. Now he could not hear their yells, and could barely distinguish far in the rear, the long snake-like train yet moving on through in the relentless chase over the undulations of the bare plain. He sees timber ahead, and shouts in an ecstacy of joyful relief, for then he himself at least is safe! He can climb a tree and in the delight of that theft, he has no time for thinking that his poor horse cannot climb trees!

The horse sees, and is inspirited too—for to all creatures on the praries there seems to be a vague feeling of safety in the woods! But, alas! poor horse! They have reached the timber, but scarcely a hundred rods have been passed over, when the poor horse gives out, and after a few ineffectual efforts still obey the urging spur, can only lean against the trunk of the tree and pant and groan with exhaustion. Dan ascends the tree, tying the lariat of his horse to one of the lower limbs. He then loaded his arms in the forlorn hope of defending his horse if they came up. All was still as death, but the loud panting of the poor horse. He ascended higher to look out for the approach of the wolves, for he had a faint hope that they had given up the chase. But alas! his heart sinks again! There they come, the long yellowish looking train, and several large white wolves have joined them now. He knows well the tameless and pitiless ferocity of these red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse, must go! Now he can hear their cry! They are in the woods. The poor horse shivers—looks back, and utters that wild and wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. Dan fires down among them, but what avail is it! In a twinkling, his faithful horse is down, and has been torn to atoms! The halter of the lariat hangs empty beside the tree. Now they lie panting around the foot of the tree, with their fiery eyes turned up at him—for the horse had been only a mouthful apiece. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise with eager yells, and leap up towards him as if to meet his fall. Dan says, that in the utter and dreadfully hopeless desperation of his position now, a grotesque sort of humor possessed him of a sudden, and he commenced deliberately firing down at the red glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and would roar with laughter, and fairly dance upon his ticklish perch with glee, when he saw the creatures tumble over with a shrill death-cry, and then the whole pack rush on it and tear it into shreds in an instant, with gnashing cries. He says he amused himself in this way for an hour, and made them tear to pieces, in this way, one after another, every white wolf that had joined the chase. This sport delighted him so much, that he became careless, and commenced falling. He only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they sieved, and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable. I saw the dents of their teeth in the barrel afterwards. Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go, and he felt that he must tumble out from faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to spend another hour in that tree without food. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded up his pistols, determined, if he must fall, to bring death with him for some more of them. Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprung to their feet in a body, and with pricked ears, listened. He looked towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low bellowing of the creature's agony—another victim! and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look back wistfully at him, and whine and lick their dry chaps. When the chase come in sight though, off they started in a body with savage yells. He fired his pistols after them in farewell, and killed one of the hindmost dead, while the other with a broken shoulder, kept on yelling with the pack. He knew he would be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did at all.

Before they were ought of sight he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of his tinder-box, which every ranger carries. He soon had a great fire blazing, and then cutting a piece from the last wolf he had killed, proceeded to roast it for food. When he had eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great deal of dried wood and built a large fire in a circle about the spot he had selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had finished his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all round the outside of the circle, and they kept up a continued howling all night long, he laid himself down and slept soundly until morning. When he waked up, the wolves were all gone but one or two, crouching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them with his pistol, and made a breakfast off it. He picked up the gun, and found that though very much torn, it could still be used. He now took his course, and started to foot it into the settlements. After a week of almost incredible suffering, he got in safe, and saw nothing more of the wolves or of his comrades, who are thought to have been carried off prisoners, and afterwards murdered by the Indians on their attempting to escape. Dan was sick of a fever for several weeks at Corpus Christi after he got in, and raved incessantly about wolves!