"The Democrat"

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

[illegible] News, [illegible] and Morality.

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Poetry.

From the New York Tribune.

A Stick of Type.

BY C. D. STUART.

A STICK of Type! what shot or shell
From War's grim camp hath half the power?
A Stick of Type! with this one thought,
That *Freedom's Man's God-given dower!*

That Stick of Type hath more of might
Than warrior hosts or fortress walls;
And it shall batter towers to dust
That laugh at siege or cannon balls.

That Stick of Type! I see it break
The eldest of the blood-built thrones,
And lift the yoke from millions, bowed
O'er dead slave-millions' bleaching bones.

That Stick of Type! Careering fleets
Before it idly flap their wings,
And bannered armies pass like chaff,
Grown hideous 'mong remembered things.

That Stick of Type! God bless the Faust,
Who wrought it in his conquering brain:
That Stick of Type! God bless the Hoe,
Who scatters it abroad like rain.

The Type! the Press! the living thought!
By stream and lightning sped abroad,
Shall conquer yet, and bring to man
The Freedom, Love and Truth of God!

Fortune and Love.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let me live without Fortune if Providence will it,
For joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to spill it,
And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread:
I care not though fate may deny me profusion,
If earth will but show me some rays from above,
Tell me not that God's light is a dreamy illusion,
I could live without Fortune, but not without Love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are [illegible] us
Who tune the most exquisite tones [illegible]
To feel they would not be happy [illegible]
And that we in their lonelier [illegible] part
Oh! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish
A star-beam within us that comes from above—
To know that if all the world goes should perish,
The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our Love!

Oh! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some one [illegible]
That self is not all we depend on below,
That all [illegible]
Whose faith will [illegible]
Though the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Love.

From the [illegible]

THE RESCUE.

BY [illegible]

CHAPTER I.

In one of the southern counties of Georgia dwelt, a few years since, a family of wealth and high standing in the social world. Mr. Northrop was the surviving scion of a noble name, whose prowess had been felt in the struggle for American independence. A man of polished manners himself, and highly educated at one of our ancient colleges, he had spared no pains in adorning the mind of his only child with the various accomplishments which her exalted position in society demanded. Adelaide was a girl of the finest intellect, which had been most carefully cultivated; and now that she had the age of young womanhood, she stood forth in all her surpassing loveliness, the admiration of her parents, and the wonder of the world. Thoroughly versed in all the sciences to which woman could attain in so limited a period, allotted to her by the customs and demands of society, she astonished her friends no less by the remarkable ease with which she could converse in the French, the Italian and the German languages, and the intimate acquaintance she held, the critical acumen she displayed in conversing upon the comparative merits of the ablest writers in those alien tongues. And yet, though remarkable for the scope of her genius and the astounding progress she had made in the acquisition of knowledge, Adelaide was ever silent and reserved before strangers—giving vent to her imagination only in the presence of her most intimate friends.—Then, when her mind became absorbed in the contemplation of some noble theme worthy her nature, she would pour forth in ravishing accents the inspirations of her noble mind; suddenly, and with entrancing power, as a deep-toned harp which has been touched by an invisible, but master-hand. Strange that genius is ever thus! And yet it is a wise and happy law of the Infinite God. The harp whose chords are ever strung to their utmost tension, must lose its melody. And so the nerve which ever thrills with ecstacy must snap at length, and the mind be wearied with the conflict of contending thoughts. Nor less does the whirlwind spend its fury upon the iron-oak which bends, but breaks not, than the passions of the human breast which lull the spirit to repose, but seldom leave the mind a wreck.

If Adelaide possessed a lofty intellect, rare attainments and immense wealth, the heritage of her father, she was not less gifted in her person. Her form was perfect, and might have vied with Raphael's most splendid conceptions of female loveliness, whether the embodiment of a Venus de Medici, or the bewitching sweetness of his Madonnas. Her forehead, round and high, was partly covered with golden ringlets, which gracefully waved upon her round and polished shoulders, and threw their brilliant tint upon her rosy, dimpled cheek.—Her eyes were black as jet, and sparkled as the diamond beneath the blaze of the flaming torch, whenever a flash of genius—a sudden ray of inspiration lighted up the dark windows of her mind; just as some transient electric spark which flashed across the darkened sky exposes to the enraptured sight the infinitude of glowing worlds beyond. And like those orbs but lately lighted up, her eye so brilliant, so intensely bright at times would loose as suddenly its lustre; then settle down into a calm and melancholy sweetness. These outbursts of impetuous feeling and joy and sorrow, could not, perhaps, be better portrayed, than by comparing them to the sudden lighting up the midnight sky by the broad glare of a brilliant sun, or the rushing forth of the pent up stream, whose subterranean course was hitherto concealed, though rolling on in silent grandeur. So wild, so grand her eloquence; so electrical the flash which ever and anon escaped her mind, that it dazzled, bewildered, confounded the enraptured gazer-on, and left him almost sad that her joyous spirit drooped its wings in weariness.

But although this young woman possessed so exalted an intellect, so rare an education, she was kind and playful as the child; as tender as the lamb which bleats and moans for its absent mother. For Adelaide had lost her mother when quite young; and although she could scarcely have retained a very vivid remembrance of her parent's features, yet the memory of her sweetness was ever grateful to her mind as the perfume of some Arabian flower wafted by the constant breeze, to cheer the dreary desert of her earthly pilgrimage. A young and ardent girl as Adelaide, required all the generous love—all the kind attention the world could lavish on her. Nor was she denied the privilege of faithful friends to minister to her every want.

But not only could Adelaide boast of innumerable female friends who seemed to vie with each other in performing acts of kindness, but vast also was the number of [illegible] suitors who advanced their overtures of marriage; [illegible] was the homage laid at her feet by the grave and gay, the honorable and the wise, the rich and the poor who craved her hand and coveted her fortune. In all sections of the Union, nor less in England and in France, had Adelaide met with men who had been captivated by the gracefulness of her manners, the loveliness of her person, and the polished grandeur of her mind. But however advantageous many of the matrimonial propositions may have seemed in the eyes of the world, Adelaide was the arbiter of her own destiny, and firmly denied them all. In consequence of the indifference manifested by Adelaide to a few of those who had [illegible] Mr. Northrop expressed some chagrin, although his ardent affection for his child prevented her from coercing her will that it should comply with his own. Still he could not refrain from expressing an earnest request, that Adelaide should [illegible] chances of [illegible] unencumbered. For although he, [illegible] to a fault towards his only child, and though remarkably [illegible] Mr. Northrop was still a proud man and exulted in the recollection of his ancestral greatness. Hence, when Adelaide had rejected some suitor whom he deemed unworthy of her, a calm satisfaction stole over the features of the aristocratic, but kind hearted father. Conscious of his daughter's worth, and assured of the correctness of her judgment, besides the secret desire of retaining her by his fireside as a comfort to his declining years, Mr. Northrop made no undue effort to hasten a union, which, however desirable in his own estimation, might nevertheless mar forever the peace of his darling child. Little did he know who had long held a quiet but constant sway over the affections of Adelaide, and the terrible conflict such a sacrifice would cost his doating heart.

One of the plantations adjoining Mr. Northrop's place of residence, was the property of a young man who had almost grown up under his tutelage. The parents of Henry Weston had both died when their child was yet in infancy, leaving their boy to the care of Mr. Northrop, who also assumed the management of a small remnant which was rescued from a once respectable property. Debt, together with the loss of a lovely wife, had for some years weighed like an incubus upon the spirits of Henry's father, until at length grief broke his generous heart. Mr. Northrop had carefully collected the residue of Mr. Weston's much encumbered estate, after paying the demands of his creditors, and thus ascertained the fact that there was barely enough to educate the orphan boy, and suitably establish him in the world. Never having been blessed with a son, Mr. Northrop had secretly rejoiced at the fortuitous circumstances which had thrown into his arms this friendless boy, whom he wished to claim as his own. The little Henry was accordingly installed in the princely mansion of the Northrops, at the early age of eight years, and no pains were spared in the education of his mind.

The young Adelaide threw her little arms around his neck, and welcomed the orphan boy to her own home, promising to be his most affectionate sister. Alone in the world, without father or mother, this unlooked for tenderness touched the heart of little Henry Weston, and he promised to be the constant companion of her years—an affectionate brother to whom she might confide her joys and sorrows.

Years passed on. Henry grew up to be a man of cultivated mind and lofty character. "A change had come o'er the spirit of their dream." Now, Adelaide no longer met her former playmate with that bounding step, that open, beaming countenance with which a fond sister welcomes to her side her favorite brother. For, when Henry's manly tread was heard upon the porch, or if she met his coming in the open park before his father's mansion, or beneath the rose-clad bower which her soft hand had trained, there was a crimson blush upon her cheeks, and a tottering in her usually firm and elastic gait. And yet she could not turn her gaze from his frank and open countenance, nor refuse his slightest wish. The love of the child had grown and strengthened with her growth, until it grew to be a woman's love. Deep, fervent, almost to madness was the love of Adelaide for the noble orphan. Nor less intense, nor less wild and deep was the attachment which Henry Weston experienced for the lovely Adelaide. Strange, that the usually observant, penetrating, sagacious Mr. Northrop did not at once perceive the new channel into which the love of Henry and Adelaide now flowed. But no. He had either closed his eyes to the fact, or had been so absorbed in other pursuits, that he could not behold the growing attachment which had ripened into sacred love, and now bound by an indissoluble chain the hearts of those he held dearest in the world.

Henry Weston had graduated with considerable honor at the University of Edinburg. Several years of absence from his native country, had occurred since he had beheld his lady-love; for Adelaide was secretly his affianced bride. And now he came with trembling in his heart and withering doubts; for he feared lest his Adelaide might have been seduced, by the flattery of the world and the homage of the great, to forget her plighted troth to the humble orphan youth, who had played with her the gambols of the child. Alas! that a single doubt, so dishonoring to each, should ever have darkened for a single moment, the happiness so dear to noble hearts.

When Henry returned from the University, his first visit was to Adelaide. His tread upon the floor, though light, first caught her ear. She had been reading by the unsteady light of a candle, and it was near the hour of rest. Her father had retired to bed at rather an early hour from some slight indisposition; and Adelaide, still seated by the [illegible], read the pages of a book but listlessly, for she thought of him. Raising her eyes from the gilded page, she saw the manly form of Harry Weston, and rushing into his outstretched arms, she fell fainting upon the bosom of her lover. Pressing the lovely girl to his palpitating heart, he led, or rather conveyed her to a sofa, and then sat silently by her side. No noise had been occasioned by his hasty action, and the lovers enjoyed their situation the more that secrecy seemed necessary for the further continuance of their happiness.

"Adelaide!" said Henry in a low voice, gently pressing back a curl, which, from the confused movement, had escaped its wonted place, and partly hid the increasing redness of her cheek. "Adelaide! my own dear Adelaide! How sweet to meet you thus, your heart still beating joyously in unison to mine! You are changed—yes, changed! But oh, how joyous the change. No more I see the child but lovely woman. And then your love—our love—that has changed also. But then, how grand the change. Once it was the little streamlet that rushed along, rapidly enough it is true, but with scarce the power, in its rippling wave to push aside the little crystal pebbles which seemed to bar its meandering way. But now that stream has rushed on and on, gathering impetuosity from its joyous career. And though at first it overleaped with feebleness the barriers opposed to its onward progress, it still rushed on, widening and deepening its channel as it went, until it at length gained its ocean-bed—broad, and deep, and lasting as infinity itself. What say you, Adelaide? shall our love grow less?" "No, Henry," replied the generous girl, in a soft, but firm voice. "Our love, commenced in childhood, shall endure through Time. And the it is my fervent prayer, that still united in death, we shall join hands together around the throne of God. Do you not think, Harry, that the spirits of those who have mingled together in this life, shall recognize each other in the world of bliss which the Savior has destined for them?"

"Yes, Addy! And more than this, they shall love each other there, but with a holier and purer love. For I am not one of those visionary beings who imagine that eternity is a nameless, invisible *nothing*, which is never to be realized by our immortal spirits."

"God grant that it may be so! For oh, Harry, it would seem as labor lost, that the love of a few short years should be buried in the dust. Far nobler the thought, that the love of mortals is but the alphabet of angel minds. Here we are beginners in the lovely art; there, we shall be adepts, and with master-hand shall sweep the heavenly strings. Oh, Harry, how sweet to sit together there, with one sacred harp alone, on which our hands shall beat harmoniously with an eternal concord!"

"Though sweet the thought to muse upon the glories of an eternal world," replied Henry, "let us not forget to embrace the present, so replete with love, and joy, and hope. The idealist but rarely seizes on the passing hour; looking with rapture only on the grandeur of the distant future which ever flees before him, like the wayward meteor, and ever, as he reaches forth his hand to grasp the prize with childish joy, it flits before him still and seems to mock his longing sight. More considerate than this dotard, we will think upon and gladly claim the happiness of to-day. For, oh, never was my heart so glad and gay as now, and never so secure my hope as when to-night I clasped you in my arms. Say, dearest Adelaide, shall it be long before the world will recognize my holy right to pillow on my breast, as now this sacred head of thine, and on these ruby lips of yours to imprint the wedded kiss?"

No maiden shame enthralled her heart; no trembling shook her frame, when slowly but with joyful countenance, she raised her head to fix her eyes swimming with tears of rapture upon the noble features of her lover. "Alas, Henry, said Adelaide with sadness, "it will be a terrible sacrifice.—For, although my father loves you as a son, yet I fear me, that such are his lordly notions, he will but reluctantly consent to a union which can bring no dazzling crown to deck his daughter's brow. Alas, that the world should be thus coyed and cozened by the glittering gew-gaws which a fortune and a name can bring. For what's in a name? And why should men be esteemed by the fortune they possess, or honored for the chivalric deeds of their fathers? Pity the world did not acknowledge, in reality, the glorious maxim of such men as Franklin, Burns, Tom Moore and other bright spirits, who recognized no other merit than that which lived in the mind and heart of him who claimed the right of homage. For wealth may soon take wings and flee away, while the child seldom inherits the greatness of his parent. So "what's in a name," Harry? "The man's the goud for a' that!"

"True, Addy," said Henry mournfully: for the words of his betrothed had awakened in his bosom dark doubts of the future. Doubts which had never before overshadowed his sunny prospects, now flitted before his vision and shrouded like a pall "Love's young dream" of bliss. Covering his face with both his hands, Henry Weston remained silent for a few seconds only: then shuddering, he withdrew them and repeated slowly, "True Addy! I had never thought of that: and yet the harsh opinions of the world, but most of all your father will doubtless interpose a firm barrier to our happy union." He paused again for a moment; then raising up his head proudly, his brilliant eye flashed lightning, while his lip trembled with emotion. He then resumed in a low, but bitter tone, while Adelaide looked on in silence, the tears still trickling down her cheeks. "What though the world shall sneer at our happiness, Addy; and what if your father seem to place your hand in mine, yet shall I win their good esteem at last. God has blest me with a mind. With my pen I'll weave a chaplet for my brow, to be transferred at last as a garland for your own. Or may be, if war shall come with horror in its trail, my right arm may do my country service: and with the same sword which wins me glory, will I cut the Gordian knot which *I*, at least, may not untie! For surely, if the world but smile upon me, and justly sing a poem to my name, however reluctantly, your father's sternness shall relax, and his consent be given to our union—a union sanctioned by the God of Heaven!"

"NEVER!" said a deep, stern voice which sounded near them in the dimly lighted apartment. The young lovers simultaneously started to their feet, and became rooted to the floor as they beheld Mr. Northrop: his tall form bending towards them as he stood in the act of listening: his left hand, hanging by his side, while his right pointed towards the youthful pair.—He was dressed *en dishabille*: and wore a velvet robe which he used in his reading room, while on his feet he had hastily drawn a pair of slippers. Recognizing the voice of Henry Weston, he had risen from his bed with joy in his heart to welcome back his ward, and clasp to his breast his foster son. But what was his surprise when treading softly, on the Persian carpet, he heard them talk of love and plighted faith. What! his daughter! *Adelaide!* she who had been courted and caressed by the great and honorable and refused them all! shall Adelaide be wedded to an unknown boy! a youth of obscure name and humble fortune! The thought was shocking in the extreme to the delicate nerves of the haughty, but usually generous aristocrat. Strange that he should be willing almost to adopt him as his son, and yet refuse to claim him in reality, now that a chance was offered. But there was a nice distinction in the mind of Mr. Northrop, and he repulsed the thought of so odious a union, with horror.

At first Mr. Northrop appeared to be actually stupified by the terrible announcement of his daughter's love for Henry Weston, and her lover's ardent, but noble determination to earn the fame which would entitle him to claim her hand in holy wedlock. But gradually the consequent numbness of this sudden intelligence gave way, and he stood with clenched fists; his heavy eyebrows contracted, while the fiercest passions distorted his usually calm features and his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotions. With the same deep, stern, almost husky voice Mr. Northrop again repeated the fearful word "never!" And lowering his voice still more as his passions grew stronger, until it sounded like the hissing of a serpent, as if some hideous reptile had coiled within his heart, he slowly whispered these cruel words still leaning towards his abashed and humbled ward.—"I have nursed you, sir, from a boy. Your beggard and spendthrift father left a scanty pittance which was not enough to save you from the poor-house. I took you in and saved you from the gallows. I became a doating father to you. I reared you up; educated your mind and fondly dreamed that I had implanted in your breast some noble sentiments and made you an honorable man. To effect this desirable object I never touched a dollar of your scanty means. I suffered it to increase in bulk that it might afford you a gentleman's support when you became a man. The money that you squandered, sir, at Edinburgh was drawn from *my* purse. I gave it freely, nor would I have it back, because I hoped that I would be paid in gratitude. But vain have been my hopes! I have learned the lesson, from sad experience, that the puppy of the cur, though sleeked and fed by its master's hand, will still possess the nature, and bear the marks of its base-born father. I took you in, but had quite forgotten the homely proverb, that the numbed and frozen serpent would drive its deadly fangs into its benefactor's bosom, when the warmth of its generous heart began to thaw the miserable reptile which ought indeed to have been crushed beneath the heel, ere it had time and strength to raise its poisonous head! Begone, sir! and never dare to cross the threshhold of my roof, or blunder in my path!"

It is in vain to attempt a portraiture of the effect which Mr. Northrop's words produced upon the mind of Henry Weston. Mortification, rage, despair and love alternately struggled in his breast and held him mute. Once he would have replied as became a man who felt himself called upon to avenge his insulted honor; but just at that moment he met the soft beseeching look of Adelaide, who had constantly watched his noble countenance, as if for a chance to prevent any return of violence; and that mute, but eloquent appeal palsied his arm and enchained his tongue. Then bowing low to Adelaide he whispered, "we shall meet again," and strode from the apartment, with a slow, but heavy tread, and with the air of one who scorned a foe whose impotence forbade the thought of revenge.

As the sound of Henry's last footsteps died upon the brick walk which led through the shrubbery in front of Mr. Northrop's dwelling, and when the little gate swung back uopn its hinges, Adelaide's nerves, which had been strung to their highest tension, seemed all at once to give way; and clasping her little hands in the wildest energy, she threw herself heavily into the large *fantuel* in which she had been previously seated, and exclaimed in frantic accents, "Oh, my God! the blow—the fearful blow has come at last! My father, I have deceived you too long!—Not in words, but in actions. 'T was for his love I renounced the honors which have been flung in such thoughtless profusion at my feet! My father! pity and forgive your child! Henry is noble. For often would he have declared to you his unhappy love for your daughter; but my wish alone has sealed his lips. And it was through fear of this! Yes, oh my God! how true my heart tells me you would tear him from me! But no His image shall ever live in liveliest colors in my heart! No, father! Excuse me, for I must speak, although you may command me to be silent. Yes, I love him, *ardently, madly love him!* No words, nor stern decree, nor threat, nor bribe, nor rack, nor torture, shall ever make me yield my vows to Henry Weston. I am in your power, father. You may frown upon me, but what boots your frown? You may grind me with your heel, or fling me penniless upon the world. What then? I'll love him still! I'll spin and weave his homespun cloth to warm his limbs. And when he is weary from fatigue, I will comfort and console him."

"Has it come to this? This to me, madam?" cried the father of Adelaide in undissembled wrath—the first he had ever felt towards his daughter whom he had so long idolized.

"Yes, father, to you I have told the truth at last. My destiny is sealed; and no will of yours, or mine, can alter the stern necessity which binds me. I will marry Henry Weston." Then sweeping by her entranced father, with the rapid but silent movement of a spirit, she hastily entered the apartment, locked the door, and throwing herself upon her couch, she burst into a flood of tears. Bewildered—confounded as a man awaking from a dream; like an enraged blood-hound baffled of its prey, slowly and with surly steps, sometimes pausing for a second to look back upon the door through which his daughter had disappeared, the proud, dispirited Mr. Northrop retired from the chamber where so recently the chalice of his earthly hopes had been dashed with sudden violence from his greedy lips.

Thus our fondest hopes are seldom realized. The fool who builds his castle on the sand looks with childish admiration on the noble edifice. Some sudden gust of wind, an ocean surge upheaves and floats away the arduous toil of years. The man who yesterday had bloomed and scattered on the air its richest fragrance, to-day has withered and lost its sweetness. There is a fruit in Palestine which hangs in lovely clusters from its vine, [illegible] rich its tint, so plump its form, that the hungry traveller reaches forth his hand in very eagerness to grasp the prize, and bear it to his parched and famished lips. But alas, how sad the disappointment. That lovely fruit, so plump and tempting to the sight is crushed by the softest touch, revealing nought but dust within.

CHAPTER II.

Some days after the interview held between Henry and Adelaide, and the disgraceful conduct of Mr. Northop towards his ward, an alarming circumstance occurred, which placed in commotion the entire community. It was a season when the Indians of Alabama were moving down to aid the Seminoles in their bloody contest with the whites. Many of the Cherokees dwelling between the waters of the Flint and Chatahoochee, who had been hitherto regarded as peaceful in their intentions, were observed in frequent councils, and seemed daily to be busy in their preparations for a speedy departure. Their women and children were conveyed secretly to some secure retreat, while deputies were sent to Savannah and other towns at a distance to procure large supplies of powder. The truth is they had grown jealous of the encroachments of the whites, and had begun to fear their growing strength; but were too weak in themselves to hope for a successful issue, unless they could amalgamate their forces and assist the daring Seminole to push the bold intruders from their borders. Messengers were accordingly dispatched to Florida to apprise their southern neighbors that relief might soon be expected. Already had the Indians, who lived in Fowl-Town Creek, a tributary of the majestic Flint, begun to display an unfriendly disposition to their white neighbors with whom they had dwelt so long upon terms of friendly intercourse; while the pioneers of this section of Georgia began to feel considerable uneasiness with respect to their individual safety. For it was well known to the whites that a war council had been actually held, in which it was determined that the peace-pipe should be filled up with powder and the tomahawk again be bathed in blood. Indeed, so deep was the hatred, so violent the hostility of the hitherto peaceful Cherokee, that when their aged chieftain opposed such war-like measures, there was a deep murmur of discontent among the warriors who composed the council; an occurrence quite unusual to a council of grave and deliberative Indians, who feel more than they express, and who bow to age and rank with child-like veneration.

"Let us not fight the white men," said the old Indian chief, whose head was bowed down with age. "They have been our friends; we should be their brothers.—When our lodges were empty, they gave us bread. Let not the white man teach the Indian how to act. If we cannot pay them back with bread and corn we may be just at least. We will give them love, never rob them of their own. And besides I am old now; my head has grown white like the snow which covers our mountains. My back is bowed like some mighty tree of the forest which bends its lofty head to the earth with the weight of age. My once sturdy arm and iron sinews have lost their strength now, and can no longer twang the bow, or hurl the shining tomahawk. If you will go, leave me with the women, or slay me upon the alter, that my bowels may serve your prophet as a book to read the destiny of our undying people. Ah! how fast they die! And now this will be their last convulsive throe. They have breathed free only in war, and have enjoyed refreshing slumbers only upon the battle-field; and the long knife of the whiteman shall dig their graves upon the native soil. Woe to the red man; for his days are ended, and the echo of the warwhoop shall sound as the death-rattle in the Indian's throat. The whistling of your arrows shall sing a requiem for the dead; while the sharp flint which points them to their mark shall light with its constant sparks the Indian's passage to the tomb!"

"Down with that croaker!" cried a deep, savage voice; and as all eyes were turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded, a quick, crashing noise was heard, a deep groan, a heavy fall upon the clay floor of the council chamber. When a band of warriors turned their faces toward the oaken chair where sat their venerable chieftain, they beheld a sight which made even the boldest warrior shudder. The aged Hawk-bill had been cruelly murdered in their presence. The tomahawk which had cleft his skull, still reeking with the warm blood of the veteran, was held aloft by a daring villain, whose voice rang loudest in the council for an endless war. His form was athletic like the Indian's, while his features resembled strongly the Anglo-Saxon race.—His hair, too, had not the straightness of the native American, but hung in dirty curls over his projecting temples. He spoke the dialect of the Cherokee with fluency, but with more rapid volubility and less grace than the other speakers who had addressed the council. He might have been a half-breed and consequently may have showed a fairer skin, but for the paint which dyed his face after their usual custom in going into battle.

"Be not alarmed, brothers," cried the painted warrior; "I slew him because I thought it best for our country's good. I would not have his babling tongue and woman's heart to mar our hopes of victory.—And besides, did he not tell us to slay him that our prophet might read upon his entrails the fortunes of our country? It was a noble gift. The last and best he could bestow; for though he was a faithful chief, his days were numbered and his hour had come. Pity that he should have spoiled his good acts, beclouded the grandeur of his warrior days by crippling the agile strength of a youthful nation. But enough. The deed is done; the action cannot be recalled; my life is yours; do with me as is good."

The words and bold manner of the speaker subdued the rage which had begun to manifest itself in the swarthy features of the warriors around. Instead of wreaking their revenge upon the murderer and signally chastizing the profanation, they now hailed him by acclamation as their leader, and the Long-Arm became the chief of the savage host.

The choice of Long-Arm as chief of the Fowl-Town tamp, soon became known to the citizens of that section, through the advice of an Indian, who had given timely warning to one of the settlers, as an expression of gratitude for the relief he had afforded in former years, when famine threatened their camp. The decree of the war council was to burn and sack all within their reach, and then to push on to join the Seminole tribe in Florida.

A few days after the transactions recorded above, Adelaide issued from her father's house alone to enjoy the refreshing shade of the evening, and seek repose for her wounded spirit in the silence of the forest which surrounded her father's mansion. As she sauntered carelessly along through the winding footpaths, which to this day cross those dense woods in every direction, her mind became absorbed in the contemplation of the bitter past, and a blighting melancholy sat upon her heart. Regardless of the lateness of the hour, or the length of the walk, she still wandered on and on, her white dress fluttering in the breeze and her hair streaming in the wind, till suddenly a rough hand was laid upon her shoulder, and her arms were hastily pinioned from behind. A bandage was soon placed over her eyes and a gag upon her mouth, that she might not know the direction in which she was conveyed, nor call to her deliverance some accidental passer-by. But this precaution was wholly unnecessary, for her gentle spirit had already become exhausted by the rude shock, and she sunk lifeless upon the shoulder of the man who bore her away from her home and lover.

When Adelaide opened her eyes, she found herself in a dismal cave, whose darkness of her dreary cell, the horribleness of Adelaide's situation can scarcely be imagined. But a few moments had elapsed before the cold floor of the stony department revived the prostrate form of the youthful creature. Then opening her eyes she looked around languidly and saw the form of a tall man bending over her. Slowly his sensual features recurred to her mind as a dim light neared the apartment which they occupied; and she recognized the countenance of a stalwart farmer, who had before sought her hand in wedlock, and had been indignantly rejected. What now must have been the sufferings of that tender young girl, when she saw standing before her the dark villain who would dare to rob her even of her honor. But Adelaide possessed a degree of nerve unusual to one of her gentle breeding. If Wilson made advances toward, she repulsed him with a degree of firmness which awed the cowardly villain who sought to destroy the lovliest flower that ever bloomed its sweetness on the summer air. For weeks she remained almost alone in that dismal cell whose damp walls ever dripped with moisture; her only companion a miserable old negro woman, who performed the office of cook and washerwoman. Yet such a situation might have been an Eden could she have escaped the hateful caresses that her odious lover lavished upon her in the hope that her repugnance to him might yet be overcome by continued acts of kindness, and a union eventually effected which would render him master of her immense fortune. But he knew not the heart of woman in her native purity. He knew not how deep and fervent was her love for Henry Weston; and vain must have been that brute who hoped to claim a heart which was ready to yield her home and kindred, her only parent and all, to live in poverty and cling in death to her heart's free choice.

(Remainder next week.)

The Southern Side.

The *Tribune* has a report of the speech of Mr. Clingman, whig member from North Carolina, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 22d, which probably lays down the Southern Platform. It is so ultra Southern, and advocates disunion with such perfect coolness that we cannot forbear letting our readers see it. After some introductory allusion to his personal appearance, the report continues:

He considered that the claim of the North to the exclusive occupation of California and New Mexico for those citizens who do not carry slaves with them *as property,* was the most impudent proposition ever offered; affirmed that the mines of California would have been worked by slaves had their owners been permitted to take them there as property; and that "it remained to be proved that the Negro any more than the Horse, could exist in a state of freedom out of the tropics."

His views of the future were substantially these:

That if the South were now to give way on the question of Slavery in the Territories, five States, viz: California, New-Mexico, Oregon, Minnesota, and Deseret, would in the course of five years, seek and obtain admission into the Union, and thus give the North the control of the other wing of this capitol (meaning a decided majority in the Senate.)

That the slave States would soon be surrounded by Free States, if the Union should thus continue, and the South submit, while in 25 years their slaves would number 7 or 8,000,000.

That the census to be taken this year will give the North two to one on this floor—that is, two members from the free States for every member from those which hold slaves.

That the federal revenue system was very unequal in its operation; railroad iron could be produced in England at $40 per ton—in this country the cost of its manufacture is $50 or $60, and a revenue tax is therefore necessary to encourage the home manufacturer, the domestic article bringing on a demand for our home products. The South pays this tax, but, added Mr. Clingman, "my constituents get no benefit" by the import or by the domestic demand which it produces.

That of $46,000,000 to be spent this year by the Federal Government, he did not think that the South got back $5,000,000: that North Carolina was taxed about $3,000,000, of which he really did not suppose she got back $100,000.

That if the South were to secede from the Union and place on their imports a tax of 20 per cent—Clay's Compromise—it would produce for them a revenue of $25,000,000—half of which would amply support their General Government, while the other half could be employed in building railways and in making other internal improvements. Capital, he asserted, would come in abundantly from abroad—English capital had filled Belgium with factories—and if for a time the commerce of the South would remain in the hands of foreigners, and he admitted it would, the people would suffer but little by that, and he instanced the high rates of freight between Charleston and New York, &c. in proof of his assertion that competition would serve the South in lieu of a merchantile marine.

The South, with six millions of free white people, with able officers naval and military—and he named Scott and (*I think*) Taylor and others in illustration—would be abundantly able to protect themselves. It had been said that the North and North-West might endeavor to seize upon the Lower Mississippi; but Great Briten had tried that in 1815, and met with a Jackson and his brave comrades from the South and West; nor was it probable that a future effort from any quarter in that direction, would terminate differently from that made at New-Orleans in 1815.

In the way of Compromise, Mr. Clingman signified that he would be contented to let California go if the South were to obtain the territory on this side of the mountains—meaning the whole country south of 36 deg. and 30 min., bounded by Texas, (in addition to Texas)—it being, as he stated, "well fitted for slave labor."

☞ Prof. Webster is to be arraigned in March, but his trial will not likely come on before June or July next.