

"The Democrat."
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VOLUME VII.

ered upon his polo forehead, and his eye
burned with peculiar brightness.
"Come!" said Henry, in a deep, almost
supercilious tone, "Come! we will hunt the
villains down, and beard, if need be, the
lion in his den. Revenge! revenge! re-
venge!" He took the old man by the
hand, and led him from the apartment;
then passing through a little flower garden
in front of the house, which had been plant-
ed and tastefully decorated with seeds and
cuttings culled by the hand of Adelaide,
he led him on his way from College, they
soon reached the spot where Mr. Northrop's
horses were standing, impatiently
pawing the earth with their hoofs.
Henry's groom had obeyed the will of his mas-
ter, without an order, so that a couple of
fine animals were soon ready, with holsters
a necessary attachment to a horseman's
equipment, in those days of danger. Mr.
Northrop had mechanically obeyed the com-
mand of Henry Weston, and seemed tacitly
to yield to him the right of controlling his
horses. Nothing into his saddle, Henry
led the way in silence; Mr. Northrop and
the two black grooms keeping in the rear,
on account of the narrowness of the path.
Not a word was uttered by either of the
party; for the slaves sympathized deeply
with the feelings of their masters, whom
they idolized as their best and noblest
excellence; while Henry and Mr. Northrop
were too much absorbed in their medita-
tions to indulge in conversation.

Not many moments had elapsed before
they reached the hills of Mr. Northrop.
On looking up a little above the horizon,
they beheld, to their astonishment, the sky
suddenly illuminated by a bright light, and
could discover nothing more on account of
the interminable depth of the intervening
forests. Nothing but a few twinkling stars
were visible, and bounding into the
open air in front of the dwelling, they
saw with amazement the house enveloped
in flames.
The Indians cried the four in one
breath, and about they charged up
to the burning building. But it was too
late to save the noble edifice from destruc-
tion. Riding among the negro settlement,
they found several negro women lying upon
the ground, with their heads gashed, and
their limbs mangled by the fire.
At length, however, they slowly returned, and
corroborated the statement of some of the
wounded, by relating the bloody tragedy
which had been so recently enacted, with
the additional account that several of the
principal warriors had been carried off by
the hostile band. There could be no longer a
doubt upon the minds of all interested, that
the same party who had committed such
a depredation on the hills of Mr. Northrop,
were now being reported by the most auth-
oritative source. It was easy to perceive, that
this party of Indians had been skulking
around the premises for some hours before
they attacked, and seeing Adelaide alone
in the house, they had carried her away captive,
to serve as the bride of their savage chief.
A few moments' consultation between
Mr. Northrop and Henry Weston decided
them as to the course they should pursue.
With all their united forces, and at the
most rapid of their march, they set out
to muster up a sufficient number of men, who
should punish the audacity of these mid-
night assassins. But a few days would
have been necessary to raise a band not
less than one thousand warriors, it was de-
termined to proceed more cautiously in the
provinces. To ensure a victory, therefore,
it was necessary to collect at least six hun-
dred well armed men. For the accomplish-
ment of this desirable object, a fortnight
had elapsed before the regiment could be
properly equipped. In consequence of this
delay, Henry Weston suffered much mental
anxiety. For while he rested upon his
arms, and lounged in the camp, was it not
highly probable that Adelaide had been
sacrificed to the rapacity of the heathen?
The thought was distressing.

As length the preparations were com-
pleted, and Henry was unanimously chosen
leader of the regiment. At first he would
have declined the honor conferred upon
him through modesty; but upon reflection,
he thought that he would be foremost in
the fight, and, perhaps, first to the rescue
of his beloved Adely, caused him to waive
his objection.
The choice of so young a man as colonel
of the regiment, might appear strange.—
But, aside from the consideration that he
had been deeply injured by the savages,
Henry was distinguishedly distinguished by
all who knew him, on account of his native
courage, the nobleness of his nature, and
the keenness of his intellect. These quali-
ties combined, rendered him not only be-
loved; but feared and respected. With
such a leader, it was not to be expected
that the cannon's mouth, with such abilities
victorious in the soldier's breast, when guided
by a leader in whom he could confide.

Preparations were speedily made for a
retreat, and the Indians camped in
the Chickasawatchie Swamp. At this
point, almost impenetrable in consequence
of the numerous cane-brakes which inter-
sected the passage, they had been quietly
gathering their forces, together with a quan-
tity of provisions, and all their women
and children. Colonel Weston had fortu-
nately selected as a guide a man in whom
he could confide, by the name of Green,
a living witness of those bloody transactions,
a noble name, which was never dissem-
bled by this individual in particular. To Green

was entrusted the important responsibility
of piloting the troops through the dense
cane-brakes of the Chickasawatchie. It was
a responsible and a hazardous post; for the
safety of a large number of men depended
upon his skillful conduct, while it required
not a little nerve to push boldly forward
through the mud and cleft; thus exposed
to the silent stroke of a deadly moccasin,
and the low, unerring aim of the Indian
rifle. But they marched; and that brave
band of men had resolved on victory or
death. There was a desperate necessity
to conquer this party of Indians; for un-
less they were cut off, the whole country
would be swept by their lawless march,
and the smiling valley of the Flint would
be left as bare as when the caterpillar has
swept the fields of its greenness. They
must be met, and they were met; and they
must be killed, and they were killed, upon
the knoll of the Chickasawatchie, where
they then bivouacked in fancied security.

Slowly and silently crept the long trail
of 600 men, as a single serpent creeps
upon a log, and, without a sound, upon
the knoll, they halted until the rear should
come up with the front. Orders were issued
in suppressed whispers, and obeyed as
silently. Each man made as sure an
aim as possible; and when the command
"fire" was given, the air was filled with
a deafening roar, and a shower of balls
fell about the heads of the Indians. The
charge of "my brave fellows," which
shouted the almost phrenzied Colonel,
"Revenge! and no quarter! charge!"
rushed the regiment like a parcel of blood-
thirsty fiends upon the savages, who,
upon the suddenness of the unexpected
onset, had scarcely time for reflection,
and became an easy prey. At length the
survivors, who still outnumbered Col. West-
on's regiment, rallied, and fought with
their accustomed ferocity; for they soon
ascertained the fact that escape was impos-
sible; for they were surrounded. In the
thickest of the fight might be seen the tall
figure of Henry Weston, moving down his
enemies as a strong reaper levels the ripe
wheat with his keen scythe. He felt like
a man who is engaged in a desperate
struggle, and who is determined to
win, or die. He felt like a man who is
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Seeing that his friends had now
must become forever annihilated. Hence,
instead of being crushed completely by the
double weight of affliction, Henry was saved
from idleness by the determination to avenge
his friend from the death which would in-
evitably await him, if in the hands of the
savages.

POETRY.
WILDERNESS.
BY C. SWAIN.
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small;
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.
A little table, a little chair,
A little lamp, a little fire,
From simple things appear
A home, a hearth, and life.
A simple home, and small;
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

As the usual hour for supper had ar-
rived, Mr. Northrop was surprised that
Adelaide did not make her appearance in
the private parlour. He accordingly des-
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delinquent in her bed-chamber; but
Adelaide was nowhere to be found. The
meal was suspended until the search should
be effectual; for Mr. Northrop had a vague
suspicion that all was not right. Hence,
while the various servants who had been
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his horse caparisoned, he immediately
took the road to his ward's plantation,
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the infuriate man entered the dwelling with
a ceremony. Demanding his daughter in a
peremptory manner, he leveled a pistol, and
fired at the head of the terrified young
man. The ball grazed his temple, and
passing on, buried itself in the plastered
wall behind him. Staggering backward,
Henry leaned for a few seconds against the
wall, stunned as much by the extraordinary
concentric of the force of the bullet. Recovering soon from the effects
of the surprise, he demanded in a firm and
polite tone the cause of the intrusion into
his privacy, and the reasons for such un-
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sessed a bold and commanding countenance.
His calmness, while confronting danger,
awed the madman quailed, and his eyes fell
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THE RESCUE.
CHAPTER III.
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