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NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."—*The Neighbors.*

O no, no—let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when Death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadrons' heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bold eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that Beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of these piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington, upon the green
Where the first blood was shed
That to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still:
— Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nimble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No; let me die
Where the blue heavens bend o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depth! Or let me leave
The world when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits—spirits that have blessed
The human brotherhood,
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last;
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope,—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are moldering there.

FLOWERS.

Flowers! Flowers! the poetry of earth,
Impulsive, pure, and wild;
With what a strange delight they fill
The wandering mirthful child.
How passing beautiful they are
On youth's unclouded plain,
And yet we scarcely know their worth
Till life is on its wane.
Then grows their love a deeper thing,
As our lone pathway tends
Down 'mid the withering plants of hope,
And graves of buried friends.

[From the Christian World.

THE LITTLE STEP-SON.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

I have a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive,
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a bloomy glow, his eyes are black as jet,
And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous and wet.
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter and in song,
As careless as a summer rill that sings itself along;
For like a pretty fairy-tale that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one, that's only five years old.

He's dreaming on his happy couch before the day grows dark,
He's up with morning's rosy ray, a-singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,
With light locks waving on the wind, his fairy form is seen.
Amid the whistling March-winds, amid the April showers,
He warbles with the singing birds, and blossoms with the flowers:
He cares not for the summer-heat, he cares not for the cold,
My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled hands in prayer,
And raise his little rosy face with reverential air!
How simple is his eloquence! how soft his accents fall!
When pleading with the King of kings to love and bless us all;
And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God goes with the sinless boy.
A little lambkin of the flock, within the Savior's fold,
Is he, my lovely step-son, that's only five years old.

I have not told you of our home, that in the summer hours,
Stands in its simple modesty half hid among the flowers.
I have not said a single word about our mines of wealth—
Our treasures are this little boy, contentment, peace and health;
For even a lordly hall to us would be a voiceless place,
Without the gush of his glad voice, the gleams of his bright face:
And many a courtly pair, I ween, would give their gems and gold,
For a noble happy boy like ours, some four or five years old.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel!" said Singleton, walking backward and forward, in an angry state of excitement.

"Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton," said lawyer Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way that way that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called!" responded the client with increasing warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?" asked Mr. Truman, whose age and respectability gave him the license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavoring to arrange some business difficulty with his former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman; but now I have good reason for being angry, and the language I use in reference to Williams, is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impressions of his character."

"But I cannot find in that letter any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement, that is all! He wants to over-reach me, and is determined to do so if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong," said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and are both unreasonable; and if I must speak plainly, I think you are the most unreasonable in the present case. Two angry men can never settle any business properly. You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now, if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all letters that in future pass to Mr. Williams."

"But how can you properly express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings are to remain as they now are—for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties, under such circumstances, I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and after that I promise that you shall have your own way."

"No, I shall consent to no such thing. It is the reply to that letter that is to modify the negotiation for a settlement in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you, in the present state of your mind, to write such an one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment."

Singleton paused for some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter just alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a "tricky and deliberate scoundrel," with other opinions of a similar character. He found it, therefore, impossible to make up his mind to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write this most important letter.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said. "There are some things that I want to say to him, which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me as a man of honor. I never allow any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly, without a prompt response."

"There is in the Bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this—'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honorably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein.—Now is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman"—

"I do assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and, as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

"If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come at the same conclusion in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman; therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I *must* write it."

"Well, I suppose, then, I shall have to submit. When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft, which you can copy and sign."

In the afternoon Mr. Singleton came and received the letter prepared by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after the date and formal address—

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable settlement. You may rely upon my consent to it, if it meets his approbation."

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect *me* to sign such a cringing letter as that?" said Mr. Singleton, throwing it down, and walking backward and forward with great irritation of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?" replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he was prepared far such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a question? Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got in the world first, the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—*honorably* settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honorable settlement."

"Why, I mean"——

The young man hesitated a moment and Mr. Trueman said,

"You mean a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly, and that"—

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams, in the settlement, shall consider and treat you as a gentleman?"

"Certainly I do; but that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is the present."

"But I'll never send that mean, cringing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You certainly carefully considered before you adopted it, the proposed basis of a settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz: that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made—and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact, he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, *you* profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words that they are *gentle*-men."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say; but as you seem to be bent on having it your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it," said the young man suddenly changing his manner.

"There, now," he added, passing across the table the brief letter he had copied, "I suppose he'll think me a low spirited fellow, after he gets that: but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it did'nt contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter, and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard from that milk-and-water letter of yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat and I will read it to you," said the old gentleman.

"Well let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE:—I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable, and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce.

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS WILLIAMS."

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

"You know his writing, I presume," said Mr. Trueman, handing him the letter.

"It's Thomas William's own hand, as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing at the letter. "My old friend, Thomas Williams, the best natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And what a fool I have been!" said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand towards Singleton.

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed Singleton grasping his had. "Why, what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, "I have known you long, and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now, let give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is,

"*A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.*"

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do—smile, and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every one around you miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face—a kind heart—and speak pleasant words. Wear a smiling countenance—let joy beam in your eyes, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed—and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through all the day, when about your business.

"A smile; who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing breast to cheer!
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?

A pleasant smile for every face,
O, 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring."

THE MAD WOLF.

A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

In the month of October, 1833, I was on my return from a trapping tour on Green River, the grand Colorado of the West, in company with three companions, one named Alexander, a half-breed—Verboncœur, a Frenchman, and an American, named Worthington. After a long day's tramp, we halted in a neck of timber, upon a tributary of the Colorado, immediately bordering upon a wide-spreading prairie; and having here pitched our tent and tied the animals, we started out to reconnoitre the neighborhood surrounding the camp ground. The country we had been travelling over all day lay immediately in the path of the roving bands of *Arapaho* and *Crow* Indians, and the former tribe was the white man's inveterate foe. Caution, therefore, counselled us to examine the tracks imprinted around us before we resigned ourselves to security and repose. Having mounted a willow-covered ridge, near the encampment, I descended into a small valley on our right, and had not proceeded far before I descried smoke issuing from the covert. Carefully approaching the spot I soon discovered a numerous war party encampment of the Crows, and as they were friendly to the Company I belonged to, without hesitation I entered the circle seated around the fire. All seized their weapons with a general exclamation of "*how!*" when, informing them in their own language that I was "*Little Wolf*"—a named conferred upon me by an old chief of their tribe when I sojourned at their village—they immediately remembered me, and all signs of hostility were stayed between us. After a friendly shaking of hands and a short smoke of the calumet, I obtained all the information I needed relative to the Arapahos, and with pleasure learned that the war parties of the Crows had driven them far beyond the southern hunting grounds. The chief of the party, and a number of his braves accompanied me a short distance on my return, and when we parted, it was with mutual expressions of friendship. On arriving at camp, I found my companions awaiting my coming. Each reported their observations, and the information which I imparted was received with general satisfaction. It also confirmed their several reports, all declaring their search yielded no sign of hostile footsteps.

Every preparation was now made for a night of uninterrupted repose, and every thing promised the luxury. Our wearied march, with the unceasing watchfulness necessary for safety, had worn us down, until a night of unbroken sleep was looked forward to as the greatest boon circumstances could confer upon us. A foe would not approach us in the position we occupied, with our friends the Crows posted in such close proximity. They were nearly within hail—certainly within sound of our guns. A final examination was made of the *lariat* ropes which confined our animals, and then a short smoke—the trappers' greatest luxury—was indulged in; after which, spreading the buffalo robes, we dropped off into a slumber that needed no artificial aids to prolong its soundness.

How long we had lain in sleep I know not; but, all at once, with a suddenness which started repose into flight, I felt myself jerked from the robe on which I was resting. My first thought was that Indians had attacked us, but the light of the fire discovered my antagonist to be a *wolf*, who had seized and still held me fast by the left hand. I had no weapon within my reach, so, without hesitation, I struck him with my shut fist, and delivering the blow upon his grinning muzzle with all my force, broke his hold, but, in doing so, lacerated my thumb against his tusk. The whole was but the work of a moment.—Alexander, who lay nearest to me, aroused himself, and, no sooner was I released from the infuriated beast, than it seized him by the cheek. He choked it off, when by this time, Verbancour and Worthington, having secured their knives, rushed upon the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon him, but both were bitten. With a howl which curdled the heart's blood, our assailant fled, and disappeared in the darkness. This sudden and violent interruption to our slumbers was not endured with Christian meekness, nor commented on in those choice epithets which bespeak a delightful surprise. On the contrary, we all indulged in a few bitter expletives against this nocturnal visitor, and, having thus in a measure appeased the wrath within us, we hastily bound up the wounds we had received, and once more forgot our dangers in the oblivion of sleep.

When morning broke, all sallied forth, in different directions, filled with revengeful purposes against the wolf, believing he would lurk in our neighborhood. But, after an extensive search, we had to forego the promised revenge, and vent our anger in declarations of what we would have done if chance had only placed him within gun shop. On my return I again encountered the Crow party, the chief of which informed me that a *mad wolf* had visited their camp the night previous. He had been driven off, however, before he had bitten any of the party. This intelligence chilled my blood with a horrid apprehension; and when he added that the animal fled in the direction of our camp, I felt assured he had been our fierce visitor. With gloomy forebodings of coming ill I returned to my companions, who were preparing for a start.

Every thing being in readiness, we abandoned the camping ground, and, holding our way down the valley, came upon the great Cow trace, where, discovering the tracks of a large party of white men, we followed it up and fell in with a trapping party of the North American Fur Company. From them I obtained some whiskey and salt, which I applied to my wounds, and advising my companions to use the same precaution I intimated that the animal which bit us might be rabid. They laughed at my fears, but after, as I thought, sufficiently amusing themselves about my womanish dream of a wolf-bite, I checked their mirth by imparting to them the information I had gained from the Crows. Having, however, commenced amusing themselves at the expense of my fears, in a spirit of bravdo they continued. I was awed by a presentiment of coming evil, and exhibited it no doubt in my countenance.—Moreover, between dread of the wounds I had received, and chagrin at their ill-timed merriment, I was influenced to drink freely of the liquor. My stolid air of indifference, together with my continued libations, alarmed them, for I was habitually temperate as regarded drink—but the reverse in passion. An outburst of anger on my part would have been perfectly natural, and have amused them—but my troubled countenance, with the quiet despair of my actions, made them uneasy, and they watched me with interest. The liquor first made keen my sensibility, then imparted a reckless indifference, which was followed by the stupor of deep intoxication; and wrapt in its attendant robe of deep oblivion, I forgot the previous night's encounter. The songs and adventure related around the camp fire on that night were unheard by me—and both companies were prepared to separate in the morning before they aroused me from my deep sleep. All the painful feelings of intoxication awaked with me, and, stupid and sick, I made my way to a brook beside the halting ground and laved my fevered head in its cold waters. Here Worthington, one of my companions, separated from us and joined the other company. Bidding him and the other party adieu, we turned our horses' heads and again took up our line of march for the Laramie river. We were in a region where danger lurked in every bush, and where the footsteps of human beings brought hostility almost as surely as the clouds betoken rain. Thus far, through the whole season of trapping, we had escaped unhurt, and were returning richly laden with the spoils.

But while successfully avoiding the savage foe, a hidden one was at work in our midst more terrible than the painted warriors of the western desert—more appalling in its promised fatality than the torturing knife of the ruthless red man. *Hydrophobia*, in all its panoply of terrors, looked out from the eyes that surrounded me, and I thought the madness was reflected back from my own.

On the day we crossed the *Cache-a-la-Poudre* river, a colt, on which we had strapped some light articles, betrayed symptoms of the malady, and for the first time we had found out that he had been bitten. Alexander and Verboncœur had fastened their guns upon his back, to relieve themselves of the burden while climbing the river banks, and now with dismay they observed him break loose from the mule to which he was attached, and with a yell of terror fly from the stream we had just crossed, the foam gathering around his mouth, indicating with certainty the cause of his frantic actions. The arms he bore away were necessary for our protection. I, therefore started in pursuit—but the mad animal being lightly laden, soon left my jaded mule far behind, and, dashing over a hedge to our left, ere I reached the promontory was far out of sight. Misfortune appeared to have thrown her mantle over us, and, to a dread of the disease which threatened us, was now added the loss of weapons. Continuing our course down the borders of the Laramie, which became frozen over by the continued cold weather, we approached the North Fork of the Platte, and while in its immediate neighborhood, fancied we observed the colt quietly grazing in a plain before us. Leaving Alexander who complained of being ill, in the tent, Verboncœur and myself started in the pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts, that this indeed might be the runaway animal, free from hydrophobia, which had fled, startled by the close proximity of a beast of prey, or had been only stung to momentary madness by some venomous insect. As we neared the animal, all hopes fled—distance and our ardent wishes had converted the hump of a buffalo into the semblance of a pack, which on nearer approach resolved itself into its real character, and cast us back again into a state of despondency. At this moment a cry from my companion who was pointing toward camp, directed my attention thitherward, and the next moment I beheld our tent on fire, and the half-breed flourishing around his head a burning faggot.—We instantly turned our horses' heads, and hastened with all speed toward him—as we approached he started off the pack mules with his brand, and when we reached the spot all our worst fears were confirmed—he was a howling *mad-man*.

After a violent struggle, in which he inflicted several blows upon us both, we succeeded in securing his arms, and having bound him upon a pallet of skins, we drove stakes into the frozen ground and there tied him. While he raved and howled, all the savage in his nature made predominant by his malady, Verboncœur and myself sat weighed down with horrid dread, and were contemplating each other with fear. I fancied I beheld a wild expression in his eyes, and no doubt he observed the same in mine. Alexander, in the mean time, recovered from his convulsion, and in tones of earnest supplication besought us to end his torture by sending a bullet through his brain. His supplications but echoed the thoughts which were coursing through my mind—I was meditating suicide with all the coolness of a wretch whose cup of despair is filled to the full, and the tide of which but lingers on the brim. Another, and another convulsion followed the progress of the disease upon poor Alexander; in his terrible paroxysm he tore one arm loose from the chords, and with a howl began to rend it with his teeth; when we secured the limb he tried to seize his shoulder; this we prevented by placing a strap across his forehead, and fastening it on each side with stakes—he now bit his lips with fury and the foam and blood gathered about them in his agony, while the pupil of his dark eye shot fire, and the ball, which a few days previous was white as the snow upon the hills, assumed a hue as red as blood. All other dangers vanished before this one—the savage foe no longer inspired fear, and he would have been welcomed to a conflict which promised for us certain death. As the sun of that day of sorrow went down, the half-breed's paroxysm became more violent, and seating ourselves beside his rude mountain couch, we watched him through the gloom of night. Morning at length dawned, and we were rejoiced that with its first blush the spirit of our comrade fled, leaving his tortured body to its long sleep.

Alexander's knife had been carried off by the colt with the guns, and the amount of arms between us was one rifle, two knives, and a pistol; of those my companion had but a knife for his share, and I felt selfishly glad, for he was an athletic man, who, armed in madness would slay me in a moment. I therefore clutched the weapons I possessed with an eager gripe; and watched my comrade's motions with painful vigilance. We could not bury Alexander's body, the earth being so frozen that we could not dig it with our knives, we therefore, started down the river with the intention of cutting a hole through the ice and depositing it in the stream out of the reach of wolves. Verboncœur first commenced cutting but had not succeeded in making a crevice before he snapped his blade off about midway. This accident at any time while in the mountains, would have been looked upon as a great misfortune—in our situation it was viewed as a frightful calamity—a loss which rendered us weak and helpless in defence and which it was impossible to replace; and yet paradox as it may seem, while I grieved I rejoiced, for while it diminished the number of our weapons, it robbed my companion of the only dangerous one he had left, and one I had looked upon with dread. I represented to him the necessity of carefully preserving the other knife, and he assented; we therefore concluded not to risk it on the ice, but folding up the remains of our dead companion in a buffalo robe, left it upon the prairie without sepulture with the winds alone to murmur his dirge. So perished the first victim of the mad wolf.

When we again started my companion asked me for the pistol in my belt and the knife in my sheath, which he argued would be a fair division of the weapons, and I had no good reason for refusing him, other than my wakeful fears, but I put him off with an excuse that I wished to place them in proper order before I resigned them. He smiled and we journeyed on. After observing his countenance for some time, I began to be reassured—it looked calm and undisturbed, and his step displayed a firmness and decision which I believed could only belong to health in body and mind. While thus growing in hope and confidence, and when on the very eve of yielding up a weapon to him, a wolf howled in our immediate neighborhood, and I could see him shudder, the muscles of his face contract, and his eye assume an unusual lustre, while a low groan broke from his heaving chest. I hugged the weapons in my possession with increased eagerness, and clung to them with a tenacity founded upon absolute fear, for I conjectured, that the seeds of the dread malady which carried off our half-breed companion were making themselves manifest in Verboncœur. In crossing a small branch which emptied into the Laramie, I again watched his features, and all the symptoms of hydrophobia burst forth in a paroxysm, unmistakable in its character. He instantly rushed upon me, when with the heavy barrel of my rifle I felled him senseless—my fears had made me a Hercules in strength—and then leaping upon his senseless body I bound him with a *lariat* rope so tightly that in vain he struggled for freedom. I sat down beside him with my teeth clenched, and listened unmoved to his ravings and prayers for death—he like Alexander, besought me to despatch him—but finding that his supplications did not move me, he broke into horrid imprecations and threats, in which he swore that he would kill me—that he would tear me with his teeth, and, bound as he was, rolled his body towards me. I held him down to the earth, and he again relapsed into dreadful convulsions. My despair had now no lower depth. I looked upon my remaining comrade and shared in his agony, for I expected that inevitable as fate my turn would come next: and yet, with this belief preying at my heart some unknown power of the human will held back my hand when I would have yielded to my comrade's entreaties for death.

At times the resolution to despatch him and follow it up with my own death, was on the very eve of being consummated, when a whisper of hope would bid me to firmly suffer on. Worn out nature could bear up no longer without repose, and so wearied was I in mind and body, that almost unconsciously I sunk into slumber. While the fire at my feet grew more and more dim, my senses wandered away in a delightful dream to the fireside of my old home, and the wildness of the trapper's life, its many perils and hardships, melted away in the soft sunlight of an autumn sky, which seemed to throw its golden beams over my far off home. There the settler smoked his pipe in security, his household slumbered in peace, and the morning sun awoke him to enjoyment instead of fear. My dream had taken the hue of my hopes and wishes.

While my senses were thus wrapped, the report of fire-arms dispelled the vision, and not knowing for a moment whether it was a dream or reality, I sprung to my feet and felt for my pistol—it was gone!—I stood for a moment collecting my thoughts, and partly waiting to feel the effects of the wound, but no sensation of pain manifesting itself I seized a brand from the smouldering fire and held it over my companion; all was solved at a glance—he had in his struggles released one arm, and a fiend fit intervening, Verboncœur had drawn the pistol from my belt, while I slept, and ended his agony by his own hand.

I was now *alone*—far in the wilderness—a dreadful apprehension of the poison being in my veins ever present to my thoughts—and thus seated in darkness by my dead companion, my heart bowed down and my mind cheerless as the gloom surrounding me, I yielded to the feelings which were preying upon my manhood, and wept like a child. Morning at length dawned, and folding my dead companion up, as we together had previously bestowed the first victim, I mounted a mule, and with the pack animals pursued my solitary way.—My march was one of indifference, and with a kind of foolish daring, I plunged through every stream impeding my progress, and drank freely of their waters, inviting as it were the madness I was sure would come. My progress was tedious, difficult, laborious and full of hardships, but at length, almost worn down, I arrived at our trading post on the North Fork of the Platte. When I presented myself to the commander of the post, he did not recognize my gaunt form and seared visage. Suffering, both of body and mind, had so stamped my features, that I looked like some escaped maniac, and the uneasy appearance of my sunken eye made old friends look upon me with suspicion—they thought I was crazed. When I told my story and showed the wounds upon my hands inflicted by the rabid wolf, and related the death of my comrades, they shook their heads with doubt, and I could hear it whispered among them that some dreadful affray had occurred between us resulting in their death. Others suggested that the savages had slain my companions, and that through suffering alone in the wilderness, I had become insane. All these doubts worked upon my troubled mind until reason did indeed totter upon its throne. A few days after my arrival at the North Fork post, an express rider arrived, who had passed a night in the camp of the American trapping party, our companion, Worthington had joined, and he not only heard our encounter with the mad wolf related, but the fact of his having the malady dreadfully confirmed in the death of Worthington, who perished in their camp under all the certain symptoms of hydrophobia. My story being thus confirmed and painful suspicions removed, I felt a change in the tone of my mind; fears which had harbored there began to diminish in intensity, and no symptom of the much dreaded malady appearing, hope grew strong within me. This produced a corresponding improvement in health, until gradually the marks of my dreadful march disappeared from both form and feature.

I have often since endeavored to assign a cause for my escape, and have as frequently been led to attribute it to my free use of liquor and salt, at our meeting with the north-western trappers—combined, they nullified the poison. Fifteen years have passed since the adventure, and with a thankful heart I chronicle the fact that no vestige of its effects remains, except the vivid recollection of our night encounter with the *Mad Wolf* of the Prairies!

THE EMANCIPATED SLAVES OF JAMAICA

We had an opportunity on the last Sabbath, of learning some interesting facts in relation to the Emancipated Slaves of the Island of Jamaica, from a discourse delivered in one of our city churches by the Rev. Mr. RENSHAW, who for many years has been among these sons of Africa as a missionary.

The present colored population of Jamaica is about 400,000—the white residents of the island numbering only about 50,000. The colored population for the most part consists of the slaves who were emancipated by the British act of August, 1838; the remainder—the browns as they are called—being the offspring of the concubinage which so universally existed previous to emancipation.

Mr. Renshaw explained, satisfactorily, one or two facts connected with the business of Jamaica, from which inferences have been drawn unfavorable to the change which has taken place in the condition of the working population. There had been a falling off, for instance, of about 25,000 hogsheads of sugar, in the exports from the island. The inference, drawn from this fact, that the negroes had become more indolent under a state of freedom, was not founded in truth. The negroes had now many more wants than when they were in their degraded condition as slaves.—They now used sugar themselves largely. Allowing them 15 pounds a head annually, more than they formerly used, it would more than make good the deficiency in the exports. The decrease in the value of plantation property, too, had been adduced as an argument against the condition of freedom in a pecuniary point of view.—This decrease, however, was clearly accounted for by the exchange in the policy of England in reference to the products of its colonies, from that protection which amounted to a prohibition, to free trade, which gave the sugar of Jamaica no preference in the English market.

Since emancipation, the legislation of the colony had entirely changed, as regards the colored population. Many of the same gentlemen were still in the government, it was true, but they were now as kind and considerate towards the negroes, as they once were necessarily cruel. An improved system of prison discipline had been adopted; a lunatic asylum had been established, at an expense of $100,000; abundant provision had been made for enlightened medical attendance upon the laboring people; public schools had been established; a general interest, in fine, was manifested in the welfare of the laboring population, and all public measures looked to the amelioration of their condition.

A great change, and an entirely spontaneous one, had also taken place in the morals and manners of the white population. Prior to emancipation, marriage was virtually prohibited by the customs of society, and concubinage was universal. Intemperance and other vices generally prevailed. Now public sentiment regarded marriage as honorable; concubinage had, to a great extent, disappeared, and the principles and practice of temperance were commonly cherished. The prejudice against color had been almost entirely removed. The brown class, once proscribed, now took a position in society. They were found in all public stations, both in the legislative and judicial branches of the government. There was in fact no distinction as to complexion, and no bar on that account to the social receptacities and amenities of life.

The change in the condition of the negroes had been very great—so much so that it had operated as a hindrance to those