

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

BY JAMES CLARK.]

VOL. XII, NO. 8.

HUNTINGDON, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1847.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

WHOLE NO. 578.

## TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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## POETICAL.

### TIME.

Chide not the lingering hours of life,  
Its toils will soon be o'er,  
Its schemes of glory and of strife,  
Its dreams with disappointments rife,  
Will vex the heart no more—  
And yet the very souls that grieve  
A moment's weary track  
Perhaps in after years would give  
A world—to win it back.

Chide not the lingering lapse of time,  
Nor count its moments dull;  
For soon the bell with mournful chime,  
Will wait the spirit to be hurled,  
More bright and beautiful—  
A land where grief will never fling  
Its darkness on the soul;  
Where faith and hope shall gladly wing  
Their path without control.

Chide not Time's slow and silent hours,  
Though heavy they may seem;  
The past has sought oblivion's shores—  
The present which alone is ours,  
Is passing like a dream;  
And they who secretly heed its track,  
Or wish its course more fast,  
With futile prayer may yet call back  
One moment of the past.

Chide not a moment's weary flight,  
Too soon it speeds away;  
And nearer brings the hour of night—  
And dinner makes the feeble sight—  
Then wait while yet 'tis day!  
Thus shall life's morning ray depart,  
Without one vain regret,  
And death's glad gleam on the heart,  
When Life's bright sun hath set.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE MAD WOLF.

A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY "SOLITAIRE."

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 Alexandre, 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 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 a Little Wolf—a name conferred upon me by an old chief of the tribe while I was sojourning in their village—they immediately remembered me, and all signs of hostilities 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 Arapahoes, and with pleasure learned that the war parties of the Crows had driven them far from 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 his 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 everything 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 our lariat ropes which confined our animals, and then a short smoke—the trapper's 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 him in sleep I know not; but 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 the Indians had attacked us, but the light of the fire disclosed 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, I broke his hold, but in doing so, lacerated my thumb against his tusk. The whole was but the work of a moment. Alexandre, 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, Verboncœur and Worthington having secured their knives they rushed upon the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon him, but both were bitten. With a howl which curled the hearer'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 that he would lurk in our neighborhood. But, after an extended search, we were forced 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 shot. 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 their 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.

Everything being in readiness, we departed from the camping ground, and, holding our way down the valley, came upon the great Crow 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" dread of a wolf bite, I checked their mirth by imparting to them the intelligence I had gained from the Crows. Having, however, commenced amusing themselves at the expense of my fears, in a spirit of bravado 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 natural, and have amused them—but my troubled countenance, coupled with the quiet despair of my actions, made them uneasy, and they watched me with interest. The liquor first made keen my sensibilities, then imparted a reckless indifference, which was followed by the stupor of deep intoxication, and wrapped in its attendant robe of oblivion, I forgot the previous night's encounter. The songs and adventures 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 awoke with me, and, stupid and sick, I made my way to a brook beside the halting ground, and laved my fevered head and body in its cool waters. Here Worthington, one of my companions, separated from us, and joined the other company. Bidding him and the party adieu, we turned our horses heads, and again took up the line of march for the Laramie river. We were in a region where danger lurked in every bush and where the footsteps of human being 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 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 horrid 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 *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 found out he had been bitten. Alexandre and Verboncœur had fastened their guns upon his back to relieve themselves of the burthen while climbing the river banks, and now with dismay they observed him break loose from the mule to which he has tied, 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 to 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 ledge to our left, ere I reached the promontory he was entirely lost to view. 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 Alexandre, who complained of being ill, in the tent, Verboncœur and myself started in pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts that this might indeed 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 fagot. We instantly turned our horses heads, and rode 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 madman!

After a violent struggle, in which he inflicted severe 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, no doubt he observed the same in mine.—Alexandre, in the meantime, 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 to the full, and the tide of which but lingers to the brim. Another, and another convulsion followed the progress of the disease upon poor Alexandre; in his terrible paroxysms he tore one arm loose from the cords, 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 blood and foam 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; indeed he would have been welcomed to a conflict which promised certain death. As the sun of that day of sorrow went down, the half-breed's paroxysms 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 its tortured body to its long sleep.

Alexandre's knife had been carried off by the colt, with the guns, and the amount of arms between Verboncœur and myself was one rifle, two knives, and a pistol; of these my companion had but a knife as 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 motion with painful vigilance. We could not bury Alexandre's body, the earth being so frozen it was impossible to dig it with our knives; we therefore started down to the river, with the intention of cutting a hole through the ice, and depositing it in the stream, out of reach of the wolves. Verboncœur first commenced cutting, but had not succeeded in making a crevice before he snapped his knife-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 in the ice, but folding up the remains of our dead companion in a buffalo robe, left it upon the prairie without a sepulchre, 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 wretched 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 grow re-assured; 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. When we were about to cross 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 insensible 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—for, like Alexandre, he besought me to despatch him—but finding his supplications moved me not, he broke into horrid imprecations and threats, in which he swore he would kill me—that he would tear me with his teeth, and bound as he was, he 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 eve of being consummated, when a whisper of hope would bid me to firmly suffer on. Worn out nature could bear no longer without repose, and so wearied was I in mind and body, that almost unconsciously I sunk into slumber. While the fire grew more and more dim, my senses wandered away in a delightful dream to the fire-side of my old home, and the wilderness of the trapper life, its many perils and hardships, melted away in the soft sun-light of an autumn sky, which appeared to

throw its golden beams over my far-off home. 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 wrapt, the report of fire-arms dispelled the vision, and not knowing for a moment whether it was a dream or reality, 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 a wound, but no sensation of pain manifesting itself, I seized a brand from the smouldering fire and held it over my bound companion; it was solved at a glance—he had in his struggles released one arm, and a lucid fit intervening, poor 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 now 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 scared visage. Suffering of both 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 savage 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 begin to 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 had heard our encounter with the mad wolf related, but the fact of his having the malady being 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 symptoms 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 my features.

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 remain, except the vivid recollection of our night encounter with the *Mad Wolf* of the Prairies!

LYRICAL.—The favorite street song of the Philadelphia b'hoys is said to be the following:

Old Zack's at Monterey,  
Bring out your Santa Ann-er!  
For every time we raise a gun,  
Down goes a Mexican-er!

Old Zack's in Mexico,  
Bring out your James K. Polk-ers!  
For every time he lifts his pen,  
Down goes the Locofoc-ers!

"Ma, ain't Jo Smashy a courtin' our Meley?"

"No—what makes you think so, my son?"

"Why, always when he comes near her, she sorter leans up to him like a kitten to a hot brick."

☆ Congress will adjourn in less than two weeks.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

In the House of Representatives, on 13th inst., the following message was received from the President of the United States:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

Congress by the act of the 13th of May last, declared that, "by the act of the republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that government and the United States;" and "for the purpose of enabling the government of the United States to prosecute and war to a speedy and successful termination," authority was vested in the President to employ the "naval and military force of the United States."

It has been my unalterable purpose since the commencement of hostilities by Mexico, and the declaration of the existence of war by Congress, to prosecute the war in which the country was unavoidably involved with the utmost energy, with a view to its "speedy and successful termination" by an honorable peace.

Accordingly, all the operations of our naval and military forces have been directed with this view. While the sword has been held in one hand, and our military movements pressed forward into the enemy's country, and its coasts invested by our navy, the tender of an honorable peace has been constantly presented to Mexico in the other.

Hitherto, the overtures of peace which have been made by this government have not been accepted by Mexico. With a view to avoid a protracted war, which hesitancy and delay on our part would be so well calculated to produce, I informed you, in my annual message of the 8th December last, that the war would "continue to be prosecuted with vigor as the best means of securing peace," and recommend to your early and favorable consideration the measures proposed by the Secretary of War, in his report accompanying that message.

In my message of the 4th January last, these and other measures, deemed to be essential to the "speedy and successful termination" of the war, and the attainment of a just and honorable peace, were recommended to your early and favorable consideration.

The worst state of things which could exist in a war with such a power as Mexico, would be a course of indecision and inactivity on our part. I have charged by the constitution and the laws with the conduct of the war, I have availed myself of all the means at my command to prosecute it with energy and vigor.

The act "to raise for a limited time an additional military force, and for other purposes," and which authorizes the raising of ten additional regiments to the regular army, to serve during the war, and to be disbanded at its termination, which was presented to me on the 11th instant, and approved on that day, will constitute an important part of our military force. These regiments will be raised and moved to the seat of war with the least practicable delay.

It will be perceived that this act makes no provision for the organization into brigades and divisions of the increased force which it authorizes, nor for the appointment of general officers to command it. It will be proper that authority be given by law to make such organization, and to appoint by and with the advice of the Senate, such number of major generals and brigadier generals as the efficacy of the service may demand. The number of officers of these grades now in service are not more than are required for their respective commands; but further legislative action during your present session will, in my judgment, be required, and to which it is my duty respectfully to invite your attention.

Should the war, contrary to my earnest desire, be protracted to the close of the term of service of the volunteers now in Mexico, who engaged for twelve months, an additional volunteer force will probably become necessary to supply their place. Many of the volunteers now serving in Mexico, it is not doubted, would cheerfully engage, at the conclusion of their present term, to serve during the war. They would constitute a more efficient force than could be speedily obtained by accepting the services of any new corps who might offer their services. They would have the advantage of the experience and discipline of a year's service, and will have become accustomed to the climate, and be in less danger than new levies of suffering from the diseases of the country.

I recommend, therefore, that authority be given to accept the services of such of the volunteers now in Mexico as the state of the public service may require, and who, at the termination of their present term, voluntarily engage to serve during the war with Mexico, and that provision be made for commissioning the officers. Should this measure receive the favorable consideration of Congress, it is recommended that a bounty be granted to them upon their voluntarily extending their term of service. This would not only be due to these gallant men, but it would be economy to the government because, if discharged at the end of the twelve months, the government would be bound to incur a heavy expense in bringing them back to their homes, and in sending to the seat of war new corps of fresh troops to supply their place.

By the act of the 13th of May last, the President was authorized to accept the services of volunteers, "in companies, battalions, squadrons and regiments," but no provision was made for filling up vacancies which might occur by death, or discharges from the service, on account of sickness or other casualties. In consequence of this omission, many of the corps now in service have been much reduced in numbers. Nor was any provision made for filling vacancies of regimental or company officers who might die or resign. Information has been received at the War Department of the resignation of more than one hundred of these officers. They were appointed by the State authorities, and no information has been received, except in a few instances, that their places have been filled; and the efficiency of the service has been impaired from this cause.

To remedy these defects, I recommend that authority be given to accept the services of individual volunteers, to fill up the places of such as may die, or become unfit for the service and be discharged, and that provisions be also made for filling the places of regimental and company officers who may die or resign. By such provisions, the volunteer corps may be constantly kept full, or may approximate the maximum number authorized and called into service in the true policy.

While it is deemed to be our true policy to prosecute the war in the manner indicated, and thus make the enemy feel its pressure and its evils I shall be at all times ready, with the authority conferred upon me by the constitution, and with