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THE COMMERCIAL.

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VOL. 1.

WILMINGTON, MONDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 7, 1846.

NO. 111.

EDWARD CANTWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR
SOUTH CAROLINA.
OVER HIS EX-AMINEE BUILDINGS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND
HARDWARE,**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
C. W. BRADLEY.

JOHN GAMMELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

NAUTILUS
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.
W. C. LORD, Agent.

TRUST COMPANY
W. C. LORD, Agent.

THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

SAM'L P. GAUSE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

NEFF & WARNER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.

G. W. DAVIS,
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WILMINGTON, N. C.

BARRY & BRYANT,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

N. B. HUGHES,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND GENERAL AGENT
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce
and Real Estate,
RALEIGH, N. C.

C. N. BELL,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NA-
VAL STORES, AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
The above North of R. W. Brown's,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

E. A. CUSHING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

BROWN & DEROSSET,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEROSSET & BROWN,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
139 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

THOMAS ALLIBONE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 3 SOUTH WHARVES
PHILADELPHIA.
Advertise made on consignment of COTTON, RICE,
NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.
Refer to Messrs Brown & DeRosset,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ALEXANDER HERRON, Jr.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Post Office,
No. 35 SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to—
C. D. BAKER, Esq., [Wilmington, N. C.]
Aug. 11.

J. & W. L. MCGARY,
GROCERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

D. J. GILBERT,
AGENT AND COMMISSION
MERCHANT.
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS AND
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding
of Goods. Orders filled on the best terms, when
cash is enclosed, or produce in hand.
N. B. I may be found at the Store of E. Turlington
corner of Water and Princess streets, where may be
found a general assortment of groceries for both Town
and Country trade.
Nov. 10.

R. H. STANTON & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
And dealers in
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,
SHOES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
TIN WARE, CROCKERY, &c.
R. H. Stanton, [Wilmington, N. C.]
L. N. Barlow, [Wilmington, N. C.]

J. HATHAWAY & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
3rd Door North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
J. HATHAWAY, [Wilmington, N. C.]
Oct. 27, 1846.

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
AGENTS OF HENRIETTA
STEAM BOAT COMPANY,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD, [Wilmington, N. C.]
Oct. 17, 1846.

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1846.

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING-CANES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. MYERS, [Wilmington, N. C.]
Oct. 6, 1846.

ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Refer to Messrs B. DeForest & Co., New York.
E. D. Dickinson, [Wilmington, N. C.]
Oct. 3, 1846.

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
(Murphy's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3, 1846.

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,
43 1/2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 9, 1846.

JOHN HALL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Two doors S. of the Custom House,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17.

H. S. KELLY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments
of produce.
March 17.

CHARLES BLAKESLEE,
(Successor to James Ponderford),
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots and Shoes,
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

CHAS. D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17.

SAM'L P. GAUSE,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF LUMBER,
TIMBER, TURPENTINE, &c.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 21.

SANDFORD & SMITH,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD, [Wilmington, N. C.]
March 21.

J. & W. L. MCGARY,
GROCERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTORY,
Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.
THE subscriber takes this method
of informing his friends and the public gen-
erally, that he has taken the store formerly occu-
pied by Porter and Blacklock, and immediately opposite
the Chronicle Office, where he is now opening a com-
plete assortment of
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Martingales,
Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Collars,
Whips, &c., &c., at 40, 45, &c.
All of which will be warranted of good manufacture
and materials, and will be sold for CASH.
Having long experience in the above business, he
flatters himself that he will be able to render full sat-
isfaction to those who may be disposed to patronize
him.
It is his intention to keep no books, but to adopt
the CASH SYSTEM, by which means he will be
able to furnish articles much cheaper than he has
heretofore been bought in this market.
REPAIRING of all kinds done at the shortest
notice.
Aug. 6, 1846. JOHN J. CONOLEY.

FLOUR
BEST Canal Flour. For sale by
Sept. 26. E. PETERSON.

SHEETING—Four-Fourths, from the Rockers
Factory, for sale by BROWN & DEROSSET,
July 7.

TO RENT
SEVERAL well finished offices, in the fire proof
building on Water Street, over the stores of Smith,
Mitchell & Guden.
That large and convenient Wharf on Eagles Island,
opposite Town and known as the site of the Phoenix
Distillery, 220 feet front, and running back 1500 feet
with convenient dock, Warehouse 40 by 80 feet, negro
quarters, &c. all in good repair. Apply to H. Nutt,
Sept. 25, 1846. 61 u.

MESS AND PRIME PORK for Sale by
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.
Sept. 15.

FOR SALE
A FIRST RATE northern built Buggy. For sale
low by BROWN & DEROSSET.
Sept. 24.

FOR RENT
ADWELLING on Second between Market and
Dock Street, at present occupied by Mr. August
Blair, well adapted for the accommodation of a small
family. Apply to J. MULLOCK.
Sept. 12.

**SADDLES, BRIDLES,
HARNESS, TRUNKS, &c. &c. &c.**
THE Subscriber has on hand a general as-
sortment of Goods, viz: Saddles, Bridles, Harness,
Trunks, &c., all of which he will sell low. Purchasers
are respectfully invited to call at the Old Stand, North
Side of Market Street.
Wilmington, Sept. 26. GUY C. HOTCHKISS.

THE Cape Fear Steam Boat Company, having their place in
order the favorite Steamer, *Cotton*
Plant, and are building Lighters of the most approved
style, and peculiarly adapted to the low stages of the
River, are prepared to give despatch to Goods for Fay-
etteville, and the interior, on the most favorable terms.
The keel of a new Steamer has been laid, which will
soon be completed, of such light draft of water, as to
suit all stages of the River; and which, in lightness of
draft, will never be surpassed.
Goods will be received and forwarded promptly thro'
Wilmington, free of all charges for Storage, Drayage,
Wharfage, and Commission; and will be attended to
at Fayetteville, free of Commission. Goods can be
stored there, up town or at the river, as shippers may
desire.
The Cape Fear Steam Boat Company are deter-
mined to carry Goods on or favorable terms, for any other
Company, and from the long experience of their agents
at Wilmington and Fayetteville, have no doubt
of giving their friends entire satisfaction.
E. W. WILLINGS,
Agent of Fayetteville.
ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Agent at Wilmington.

5,000 BUSHELS TURKS ISLAND SALT
For Sale by
Wilmington, March 19. O. G. PARSLEY.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE—Price \$1 per bill, for
sale at the COMMERCIAL OFFICE.
March 21.

HAY
50 BALES prime Eastern Hay, just landed, for
sale by SANDFORD & SMITH.
Oct. 24, 1846.

BUTTER AND CHEESE
5 KEGS superior Golden Butter, 20 boxes prime
Cheese, 5 boxes Pine Apple Cheese, just received
per Brig Belle. J. & W. L. MCGARY.
Oct. 22.

SUGARS, Lost, Crushed and Brown best quality.
For sale by C. W. BRADLEY.
Oct. 21.

Removal
THE Subscribers have removed their Office, to
the GASTON STEAM SAW AND PLANING MILLS
Nov. 10. P. K. DICKINSON & CO.
Chronicle copy. 2m100

Eau De Cologne
50 DOZEN in quart Bottles of the real French
Cologne, just imported and arrived from Mar-
tigny, in lots to suit purchasers. For sale by
Nov. 10. [100] J. HATHAWAY & SON.

BACON
200 PRIME North Carolina Bacon (Hams) just re-
ceived, for sale by J. & W. L. MCGARY.
Nov. 10. [100]

HERRINGS
50 BOXES very superior scaled Herrings, just
received, and for sale by J. & W. L. MCGARY.
Nov. 10. [100]

CHECK BOOKS
WE have just received a superb style, bound up
in 2, 3 and 4 Quire Books. Check on the "Bank
of Cape Fear," and the "Branch Bank of the State."
Call and examine them, at the Office of The Com-
mercial.
LORING & STRINGER.
Oct. 21.

THE MAD WOLF.
A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
BY "BOLETAINE."

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, Verboncourt, 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 for-
mer tribes were the white man's inveterate
foe. Caution, therefore, counselled us to ex-
amine 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 pro-
ceeded 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, with-
out 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 name conferred upon
me by an old chief of the tribe while I was
sojourning at their village—they immediately
remembered me, and all signs of hostility
were stayed between us. After a friendly
shake of hands, and a friendly smoke of the
calumet, I obtained all the information I
required relative to the *Arapahoes*, and with
pleasure learned that the war parties of the
Crows had driven them far from the south-
ern 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 my camp, I found
my companions awaited 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
signs 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 ne-
cessary 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 fox would not approach
us in the position we occupied, with our
friends, the *Crows*, posted in such close prox-
imity—they were nearly within hail—certainly
within sound of our guns. A final
examination was made of the *larvae* ropes
which confined our animals, and then a short
smoke—the trapper's greatest luxury—was
indulged in; after which, spreading the buf-
falo robes, we dropped off into a slumber
that needed no artificial aid 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 attack-
ed, but the light of the fire disclosed my an-
tagonist to be a wolf, which had seized and
held me fast by the left hand. I had no
weapons within my reach, so, without hesi-
tation, 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 he seized him
by the cheek. He choked it off, when, by
this time, Verboncourt and Worthington—
having secured their knives, they rushed upon
the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon
him—but both were bitten. With a howl
that curdled the hearer's blood, our assailant
fled and disappeared in the darkness. This
sudden and violent interruption to our slum-
bers was not endured with Christian meek-
ness, nor commented on in those choice epi-
thets which bespeak a delightful surprise.
On the contrary, we 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 called forth in
different directions, filled with revengeful
purpose 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 encounter-
ed the *Crow* party, the chief of which in-
formed me that a *mad wolf* had visited their
camp the night previous. He had been driv-
en 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.

Every thing being in readiness we de-
parted 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 fol-
lowed 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 pre-
caution, I intimated that the animal that bit us
might be rabid. They laughed at my fears;
but after they had, as I thought, sufficient-
ly amused 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 ex-
pense 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 li-
berations, 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 in-
difference, which was followed by the stupor
of deep intoxication; and, wrapped in its at-
tendant robe of oblivion, I forgot the previ-
ous night's encounter. The songs and ad-
ventures related around the camp-fire on that
night were unheard by me—and both com-
panions were prepared to separate in the morn-
ing before they aroused me from my deep
sleep. All the painful feelings of intoxica-
tion awoke with me, and stupid and sick, I
made my way to the halting-ground, and
laved my head and body in its cool waters.
Here Worthington, one of my companions,
separated from us and joined the other com-
pany. 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 on
every bush, and where the footsteps of human
beings brought hostility almost as surely as
the clouds broken 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
average fox, 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 *Cach-a-la-Poudre*
river, a colt on which we had strapped some
light articles, betrayed symptoms of the mal-
ady, and for the first time we found out he
had been bitten. Alexandre and Verboncourt
had fastened their guns upon his back, to
relieve themselves of the burthen while climb-
ing the river banks, and now with dismay
they observed him break loose from the mule
to which he was tied, and with a yell of ter-
ror fly from the stream we had just crossed,
the foam gathering around his mouth, indi-
cating with certainty the cause of his frantic
actions. The arms he wore away were ne-
cessary for our protection. I, therefore, started
in pursuit—but the mad animal being
lightly laden, soon left my jaded mule far be-
hind, and dashing over a ledge to our left,
ere I reached the promontory he was entire-
ly 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. Leav-
ing Alexandre, who complained of being ill,
in the tent, Verboncourt 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 momen-
tary madness by some venomous insect. As
we neared the animal all hopes fled—dis-
tance and our ardent wishes had converted
the hump of a buffalo into the resemblance 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 the camp, directed my at-
tention thitherward, and the next moment I
beheld our tent on fire, and the half-breed floor-
ing around his head a burning flag—
We instantly turned our horses' heads and
rode with all speed towards him—or we ap-
proached, we started off the pack-mules with

his blood, and when we reached the spot, all
our worst fears were confirmed—he was a
howling madman!

After a violent struggle, in which he in-
flicted severe blows upon us both, we suc-
ceeded in securing his arms, and having bound
him upon a pallet of skins, we drove him into
the frozen ground, and there left him. While
he raved and howled, all the terrors in
his nature made predominant by his mad-
dy, Verboncourt and myself sat weighed
down with horrid dread, and were consen-
sually each other with fear. I fancied I
held a wild expression in his eyes, and no
doubt he observed the same in mine. Alex-
andre, in the mean time, recovered from his
convulsion, and in tones of earnest supplica-
tion, besought us to end his torture, by send-
ing a bullet through his brain. His applica-
tions but evoked the thoughts which were
courting through my mind—I was meditat-
ing suicide with all the coolness of a wretch
whose cup of despair is full, and the tide of
which but lingers on the brink. Another
and another convulsion followed the progress
of the disease upon our poor Alexandre; in
his terrible paroxysms he tore at his arms
loose from the cords, and with a howl
began to rend it with his teeth; when he se-
cured the limb he tried to seize his shoulder,
or this prevented by placing a strap ac-
ross his forehead, and fastening it on each
side with stakes—he now bit his lip 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 for no longer inspired fear, indeed 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 paroxysms became more violent,
and seating ourselves beside his rude moun-
tain couch, we watched him through the
gloom of night. Morning at length dawned,
and we were rejoiced that with his first
blush the spirit of our comrade fled, leaving
his 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 Verboncourt 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 maddest wild-
ness, would slay in a moment; I therefore
passed with an eager gripe, and
watched my comrade's motions with painful
vigilance. We could not bury Alexandre's
body, the earth being so frozen it was impos-
sible to dig it with knives, we therefore start-
ed 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.
Verboncourt 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 moun-
tains, 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,
paradoxical as it may seem, while I grieved
I rejoiced, for, while it diminished the num-
ber of our weapons, it robbed my companion
of the only dangerous one he had left, and
one I had looked upon with dread. I repre-
sented to him the necessity of carefully pre-
serving the other knife, and he assented; we
therefore concluded not to risk it in the ice,
but folding up the remains of our dead com-
panion in a buffalo robe left it upon the plain
without sepulture, with the wish 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; rather than
my 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 counte-
nance for some time, I began to grow reas-
sured—it looked calm and untroubled, 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
edge 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 growl broke from his
heaving chest. I hugged the weapons in
my possession with increased eagerness,
and elung to them with a tenacity founded on
absolute fear, for I concentrated, and rightly,
that the seeds of the dread insanity which
carried off our half-breed companion were
making themselves manifest in Verboncourt.
In crossing a small branch which emptied
into the Laramie, I again watched his fea-
tures, and all the symptoms of hydrophobia
began to manifest themselves in a paroxysm,
unmistakable in its character. He instantly rushed upon me,
when with the heavy barrel of my rifle I
fired him senseless—my horse had been
like Alexandre, brought me to despatch him;
but finding his supplications moved me not, 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, he rolled his body toward me. I
held him down to the earth, and he again
relapsed into dreadful convulsions. My dis-
pair had now no lower depth. I looked up
on my remaining comrade and shared in his
agony, for I expected that inevitable as fate