

[From Whitehead's "Wild Sports of the South."]

### A Night among the Wolves.

"The pass was steep and rugged,  
The wolves they howled and whined;  
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,  
And he left the wolves behind."—[Macaulay.]

"Mike, what kind of night would this be for fire shooting?" said the Doctor to that meditative Nimrod, who was busy sewing up a moccasin by the light of the camp-fire, after a week of travel.

"So, so," replied Mike, without looking up. "I am going, I think."

No answer, Mike put on his mended moccasin, and drew off the other.

"Do you think we can kill anything?"

"S'pose," replied Mike.

"Come Charlie, let us try it for a little while."

This was all a ruse on the part of Poke, in order to make Mike think our great hunt was an unpremeditated affair, and thereby increase the glory of killing so much game. It had been arranged between us during the day, that we would try fire-shooting that night. It promised to be a cloudy night, which was of great advantage, as it prevented the game from seeing anything of the hunters, and at the same time rendered their eyes more reflective when exposed to the torch-light. We had even gone so far as to make our pitch-pine torches, and the whole preparation was complete. It was a party of two—the Doctor and myself. There would be rather more interest in getting the game alone; and besides that, Mike's opinion on fire-shooting was well known, and we knew he would not go with us—so constant a hunter scorned, so primitive a snare as the one we proposed. The negroes we did not want, for the fewer in a party the better. So, one of us taking a gun, and the other carrying a torch, we left the camp.

The boys were chuckling together as they watched us go, the dogs howled because they could not go with us, and Mike gave one of his expressive coughs, that said as plainly as words, "Now for it."

We were soon outside of the glare of the camp-fire, and the little creek was crossed, and our torch flashed brightly on the taper trunks of the pine trees, the climbing vines, and the broad-leaved plants that grew by the pools of water. There was no wind, and the walking in the pine woods produced no sound. Once in a long while a sand-hill crane, disturbed in his wanderings, would be seen stalking away, with his red head high in the air, like a sentry on duty; or the sudden motion of the under brush would tell us that some one of the many little harlequins of the wood, that gambol most when mendo sleep, had fled from this unusual spectacle of a moving light. But no deer rewarded our search; no bear showed us his heavy coat.

"Faith," said the Doctor, "this romantic promenade is getting somewhat long."

"Think of the deer, one buck will well pay us."

"Fudge! If there was no one to laugh at us, I would have turned back long ago. Give me the gun, and you take the light."

Accordingly we changed positions—I going ahead, carrying the torch before me, in such a manner that it would throw the light ahead as much as possible, and none on our persons, and the Doctor received the gun, and took my place directly behind and shaded by my person. The night had become still darker, and a misty rain commenced falling. We had left the pine woods, after walking a couple of miles, and had come into a grove of lower timber. The long moss dropped into curtains, the odor of magnolias burdened the air, and every minute a denser copse would force us to turn aside from our route.

"Hush!" whispered the Doctor, suddenly, with a spasmodic pull at my coat tail, "there's a deer."

I was just wondering at this absence of deer, and could not account for it, as it was a rare thing to go a mile in Florida without seeing one.

"Where?" I whispered; "I don't see it."

"Hush! it has gone now; but we will see it in a moment again."

We advanced on tiptoe, both in body and expectation.

"There! there!" said the Doctor, pointing with his finger a little distance to the left; but the luminous spot was gone before I hardly got my eyes on it.

We were in the very place for deer. A heavy wind-fall lay ahead of us, and the mingled trunks and twisted branches looked like the chevaux de frise to some great encampment. The flickering light made the shadows move back and forth with a spectral effect, as though dancing, and the hush of the forest was unbroken by any sound. Every moment I expected to see again the two phosphorescent stars that indicate the deer's eyes, and then the true shot would bring us the prize for our labor. It seemed a long time in coming again.

"That deer must be very shy," whispered the Doctor, just above his breath.

The next time, I saw it first. It was some distance ahead, and there were two; but just before I could point them out to my comrade, they had disappeared. Presently, we saw it on one side of us.

"Charlie, that's a will-o'-the-wisp," said Poke, in rather a subdued tone, "or the devil; who ever heard of a deer going around so?"

"He is examining you to see what manner of man you are."

"Perchance it is some spirit of a departed buck, leading us a wild chase to destroy us."

"There it is, right behind me, as I live!" ejaculated the Doctor, in evident trepidation.

Sure enough, as I turned my head, I saw the

two blue lights that indicate the reflecting lenses of the eye. The Doctor was taking aim, but I noticed it was not very steady. He pulled the trigger—a dull snap announced a mis-fire. He pulled the other trigger—it snapped in the same way. The gun was wet with rain.

"Was anything ever so provoking," said Poke as the eyes vanished in the darkness.

"If it is the devil, he will have you now."

"How can you talk so," said the Doctor, with a strong accent on the "can."

"There is your deer, Poke, in the windfall," said I, as I caught sight of the eyes moving rapidly along over the mass of timber that lay heaped and knotted together.

"There's no deer," said Poke; "no cloven foot could go over that windfall that way. I would rather see the night huntsman of the Hartz Mountains than see those eyes again." As he was speaking, I saw in the darkness ahead of us, another pair of eyes, and two or three pairs on the left. The truth flashed on me, the scarcity of the deer, the proximity of the windfall, the restlessness of those eyes, all gave me the clue—the wolves were around us.

A word to Poke, and the affair was explained, and we stood still for consultation. We tried new caps on our gun: but it was of no use, the cones were saturated with water. We turned toward the camp, but in our confusion we forgot the direction. To heighten the misery of the scene, our torch was almost burnt out—let that die, and the rest could be easily divined.

We were standing, at the time, under a grove of small pecan trees, and at that instant a low snort was heard from the shadow near us, like the cough of a dog.

Poke did not say a word; but, dropping the gun, and seizing a limb of one of the trees over his head, with an agility for which I had never given him the least credit, elevated himself to the crotch, about ten feet from the ground.

I did not want to do anything of the kind, of course not; I would rather have placed my back against a tree, and won a glorious death in battle against my numerous foes; but, alack! for a bad example, I dropped the torch, that broke in pieces in falling, and claspings the nearest tree, which happened to be a medium-sized gum-tree, soon scrambled up to a place of safety. Lucky it was for me that I had that torch in my hand, for when it fell, it lay scattered around the base of the tree, still flickering and flashing in the darkness, and the animals that had surrounded us as they saw their prey escaping, rushed forward with an angry noise; they saw the glowing embers, and held back just long enough to permit my escape. As I drew myself up on the first limb, a rush of gratitude passed over my soul, and my feelings were as warm as a child's. Nothing could be seen, for the sombre forest shut out the little light there was in the atmosphere, but I heard the pattering of feet beneath my fortress, like falling rain. Back and forward they came and went, and snorting sounds and clamping teeth made the black night alive with imaginary shapes, I wondered how it fared with the Doctor, yet dared not call, for the uncertainty was less fearful than the reality might be. I pictured him fallen, dragged back from his half-attained refuge, and divided among the hungry pack; and the very noises below might be the mummbling of his bones.

"While their white tusks crunched o'er his whiter skull, As it slipped through their jaws when their edges grew dull."

At length I summoned courage, and called "Poke!"

"Hulloa!" was the response—more grateful to my ear than any sound in the world.

"How are you, my boy?" I called again.

"Safe, thank the Lord!"

"What a disgraceful situation to be in, and how are you to get out of it?"

"I will be grateful if I can only keep in it; for this tree is so small that the wolves can almost reach me when they jump; and, as I climbed up, one caught my coat tail, and tore it entirely off."

"Climb up higher then."

"I can't; the tree is so small that, when I get any higher, it bends over and lets me down—oh dear!"

"Haven't you your pistol with you? Try and shoot one, and it may frighten them."

"Oh, dear, no; there are hundreds of them. Just look at them below!"

I looked down, and surely I could see a drove of them. They were evidently the grey wolf, for in spite of the darkness, I could, once in a while, detect their motions from their light coats.

Poke suggested that they were phantom wolves, and declared they were all white.

All the fearful stories that I had ever read came coursing through my brain. I saw snow-buried huts snuffed out and ravished by these prowlers, and heard the shriek of the child, thrown from the sleigh by its fear-maddened mother, and many an old dream reshaped in my mind the terrors of nights of fever. Were we to be tired out by their devilish patience? Was one gang to relieve another until we wearily fell into their hot tainted jaws, thus to be hurled into oblivion?

I shouted in the hope that some one might hear me; but what good to shout in that midnight forest? I heard a voice—it was Poke saying his prayers. I listened devoutly, but could offer none myself.

When he had finished, I called to him. He answered faintly—

"What is it? speak quickly; I can't hold on much longer."

"Fire your pistol; do try, it may bring some help, even if it does not kill."

"I will try," answered Poke.

There was a momentary pause, and then the sharp crack of a pistol was followed by the singing of a bullet close by my ear. By the flash I saw Poke, hatless, and almost coatless, hanging on to the topmost branch of a young pecan, that bent with him like an orange tree under a heavy load of fruit. With the report of the pistol there was a scramble among the voracious crew at our feet; but they did not go away permanently, and were back in a moment.

"Fire the other barrel, dear Poke, but try and fire the other way—point it down."

Bang! sounded the pistol, and I heard a thump on the ground, as the poor fellow threw away the now useless weapon.

"Hold on, Poke; take heart, my dear boy."

"Oh, it is easy enough to say take heart, but when the tree bends a little more than usual, I am within a foot of these hell-hounds. Oh, dear!"

At this moment I thought I saw a light flashing through the foliage. A moment more, I was sure of it.

"Poke, Poke, they are coming—some one is coming."

"Where—where! Oh, dear, I can't turn my head lest I slip off."

"There they come; I see them—three torches and men and dogs."

"God bless them!" I heard Poke say, faintly. I was afraid he was fainting. "Hold on, Poke," I said, and screaming to the men, I called them to hurry. On they came, at a run. I recognized them as they came up with their torches flashing through the wood; they were Jackson and his men. He had been in our camp only the day previous, and told us he had a sheep farm in the neighborhood.

"Quick, this way," I shouted—"the wolves! the wolves!" He answered me. How blessed a thing was the sound of a human voice in our necessity. They came under the trees we were in.

"Hulloa there! where are you? where are the wolves?" he shouted in his stentorian tones.

"Dare's de sheep I'm bin huntin' all dis blessed night," exclaimed a negro who accompanied Jackson on his search.

I looked around, and there was Jackson's big flock of sheep, staring blandly at us up in the trees, and at their master by turn. It had been their eyes we had seen in the darkness.

And there was Jackson see-sawing on a fallen tree—hiccupping and laughing and crying by turns—and there were the negroes, and they called in the sheep, "Ho! ho! ho! Oh, laws a maussy, did I ever—ho! ho! ho! ho!—wolves, oh laws a maussy!"

Poke slid down the tree he was in, picking up his coat-tail, that had been torn off by a broken limb in his hurried ascent, sighing:—

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove."

### TABERNACLE.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 9, 11 o'clock, Elder James H. Hart made some cheering remarks on the growth of this church and kingdom in this dispensation, and the introduction of the gospel into the world by Joseph Smith; argued that there is not a potentate upon the earth but who has been raised up, and is permitted to reign and perform his work, by the Almighty. We are all sensible of the future destiny of the church of Christ. When the day comes that the people are of one heart and one mind, the design and labors of men will not be to aggrandise themselves and get riches, but their whole minds will be set upon working for the adorning of the kingdom of God, whereas, at the present time, it appears to be every one for himself. He was striving to improve in all things, and desired to do good. Alluded to the distress of nations, and the troubles that are now and will in future afflict the wicked. He considered that all Latter Day Saints ought to feel that all that is given unto them is the property of the kingdom of God, and with that view, their whole wealth should be directed in that one channel.

Benediction by Elder W. Woodruff.

In the afternoon, President Brigham Young said he had been delighted while hearing br.

Hart in the morning speak of those things that are calculated to cheer the hearts of the Saints of God. Every government upon the earth, he observed, is permitted of the Lord. God's word is law to a Prophet as much so as to other men, and if the Almighty saw fit to give him privileges above his brethren, he was accountable for the way he used them. All the world possess the spirit of conviction; they are entitled to it, and we shall see the day when all will acknowledge that this is the kingdom of God, and out of their own mouths will they be judged, and condemned or justified; and we shall hear them say that they had the presentiment that this was the church of Jesus Christ; they will be obliged to confess it to us, to the prophets, to the angels and to the Almighty; and we can read in these three books—the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants—who they will be, and also who will be the judge, the jury and the witnesses. Some are afraid that the brethren who are occasionally called to speak upon this stand, are a little too fast, but I say go ahead, brethren, and learn it all, get it into your hearts, let the Holy Ghost be in you, and throw out the good things to the people. He was as anxious to have the people become one as Moses wanted to have all the Lord's people become Prophets.

—A Russian tradesman recently swallowed forty tallow candles, in St. Petersburg, on a wager, and, strange to say, still lives.

### Departure of the Mails.

THE MAIL for Fillmore leaves this city every Monday and Thursday morning.

The MAIL from Fillmore to Cedar City leaves that place every other Monday, which hereafter till the end of the year will be on November 19th, and December 3d, 17th and 31st, consequently, letters for the southern part of the Territory should be mailed so as to leave this city on Thursdays, the 15th and 29th of November, and 13th and 27th of December, if intended to go through without delay.

The MAIL for Manté leaves every Thursday morning. For Brigham City, every Monday and Thursday morning.

" Cedar Valley, every Thursday morning.

" Alpine City, every Friday morning.

" St. Joseph, Mo., every Friday morning.

" Placerville, Cal., every 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

### General Notices.

#### ESTRAYS.

I HAVE in my possession one yoke of red and white spotted OXEN, about ten years old; branded J L S on the left horn; illegible brand on left hip.

41-2 SOLON FOSTER, Poundkeeper.

#### WHEAT RECEIVED IN PAYMENT OF TAXES.

HAVING been authorized by the County Court to receive wheat on taxes, due the County of Great Salt Lake, at \$1.50 per bushel, delivered at A. & R. Gardner's mill, on Big Cottonwood, those wishing to liquidate their taxes in that way, will take notice, that receipts for wheat thus delivered, will be received in payment for County Taxes on presentation at my office, at the Court House, in Great Salt Lake City, till further notice is given, or the amount wanted shall have been delivered.

41-1 R. T. BURTON, Assessor and Collector.

### GOOD NEWS. LATEST OFFER.

#### CHRISTMAS COMPLIMENT!!!

#### 10 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

I HEREBY offer to all CASH PURCHASERS of general goods the above reduction. My stock consists of the following:

#### IN DRY GOODS,

Prints, brown and bleached Domestic, Denims, Hickory, Cheek, Ticking, Gingham, Fancy Dress Lawns, Trimmings, etc.;

#### IN CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Coats, Pants, Vests, Over and Under Shirts, Satinets, Cottonades, Twills, Jeans, Flannels, etc.;

#### IN GROCERIES,

Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Tobacco, Soap, Candles, Spices, Raisins, Dried Apples, etc.;

#### IN HARDWARE,

Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butts and Screws, Locks, Latches, Axes, Hatchets, Scythes, Snaths, Cradles, Saws, Brass Kettles, etc.

#### Call and See Wm. JENNINGS,

G. S. L. City, Dec. 12th 1860. 41-3

### REDUCTION OF TEN PER CENT.

WE hereby notify the public that we SELL GOODS AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE in Utah, and will make a Deduction of TEN PER CENT. on all purchases of five dollars and upwards for cash.

We have a full assortment of every description of

### STAPLE DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Including Dried Fruits.

Special attention is directed to our SUGAR, COFFEE, and TEA, which are of the very best quality.

#### TO THE PEOPLE IN THE SOUTHERN SETTLEMENTS!!

We have purchased the Entire Stocks of Goods, in Camp Floyd, belonging to Dyer, Brother & Co. and C. A. Perry & Co., and have completely replenished, assorted, and filled up the Stock.

Mr. C. H. BASSETT, who has charge of the business in Fairfield, at the Old Stand of C. A. Perry & Co. (facing Main Street and the Market Place) will be happy to see all his old friends in the settlements south, and to make many new ones.

We invite the people to call and see us, examine our goods and prices, and judge for themselves, in Salt Lake City and Camp Floyd.

We will exchange for Eggs and Butter and every kind of produce.

#### UTAH LEGISLATORS GIVE US A CALL.

41-1

J. M. BROWNE & O.