

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT AND STAR OF THE NORTH.

JACOBY & SHUMAN, Publishers.

TRUTH AND RIGHT—GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

Two Dollars per Annum in Advance.

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JACOBY & SHUMAN.

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and Iron Streets.

JACOBY & SHUMAN,
BloomSBurg, Columbia County, Pa.

"Maiden Meditation."
(ILLUSTRATED FROM THE PAINTING BY COURT-CALIX)

By what name in cherished legend,
Lingering graceful on the tongue,
Dear to poet's deathless fancy,
Hath a maid like thee been sung?

Wert thou; many-beautiful model,
Faithful maid or Elaine,
Steadfast Ustance, meek Griselda,
Or pure Una of the plain?

Didst thou, matching it in sweetness,
Bear the name of Rosalind;
Wert thou Juliet or Miranda;
Or Castara or Lucind?

Wert thou the soul-bride of Dante—
The half goddess Florentine?
Or that earthlier fair of Florence,
Sidney's "heavenly" Geraldine?

Virtue hath no fitter symbol,
Innocence no purer shrine;
Love no more unselfish temple
Than the vestal form of thine.

Beauty waited to be perfect,
Till, with gracious dignity,
Bridgework Thought with Feeling wedded
At the altar of thine eye.

Doth thou now recall the Spring time
When the sun first roused the cloud;
And Earth, from her death-sleep waking,
Put on flowers, and cast her shroud?

Then thy bright hair's golden glory
Was to me a maize of light;
Was thy smile a bow of promise,
And the pole star of my night.

Art thou nursing on the Summer,
When the sun's first rays are prime;
When an Eden spirit tumbled,
All things in an Eden clime?

Then thy glees first veiled with blushes,
Then thy soul first spoke in song;
And the warmth of overglances
Loosed my scarcely venturing tongue.

Doth thou think upon the Autumn,
When fruitation crowned the year;
When the garner, stored with plenty,
Still left plenty everywhere?

Nature then, relieved from labor,
Halted for her well-worn rest;
And thy short-delaying fondness
Calmed the tumult of my breast.

Fear not now the harsh November,
Dealing death at every pace;
Be it mine that not too roughly
Shall its winds assail thy face!

O, my dearest love in Spring-time,
O, my fondest summer pride,
O, my all, betrothed in Autumn,
Ere the Winter, be my pride!—[A. H. G.]

General Grant's Position.

This noble soldier has taken so firm a stand
in support of the President, as to put to
confusion the radicals upon all sides. They
throw out their skirmishers, they resort to
artifice and stratagem to capture him; and
falling finally in all such feeble efforts, they
determined to carry him by storm, and chose
as a convenient opportunity the occasion of
his appearance at Cincinnati in advance of
the Presidential party. They knew he would
not give them audience, and it was deter-
mined, therefore, to surprise him in the
theatre whither he had gone for the express
purpose of avoiding them.

But the General was not to be surprised
nor overcome so easily, for his eagle-eye is
fixed as fastly and witheringly upon the foes
of the Constitution and the Union now, as
it was when he was seated before Richmond,
and the rebuke he gave them at Cincinnati
would have disheartened and dismayed any
party that had not pledged its life, its for-
tune and its sacred honor to the dissolution
and destruction of its country. The lan-
guage of the General himself is more frei-
ble than any comment we could make upon it,
and we quote therefore from the Cincinnati
papers the account of the scenes which
transpired at the theatre, the significance of
which cannot be overrated or misunderstood:

"General Grant visited Wood's Theatre
last night, where he was enthusiastically re-
ceived. The *Enquirer* of to-day says of the
proceedings: 'The boys in blue paraded to
the theatre, and Mr. Eglington and others
ascended the stairs, and Mr. Allen, the man-
ager, was requested to go and inform Gen-
eral Grant that there was a crowd of citizens
on the outside who desired to see him. Mr.
Allen went into the private box and convey-
ed the intelligence to the General, who re-
plied, 'I cannot, and will not see them.'—
Please tell their commander to come to me.'
Mr. Allen communicated with Commander
T. B. Baker, who marched into the theatre,
and with others, entered General Grant's
private box. Without giving Captain Baker
a moment to say a single word, General
Grant approached him and said in a firm
tone:

"Sir, I am no politician; the President of
the United States is my Commander-in-
Chief. I consider this demonstration in op-
position to the President of the United States,

greatly annoyed at this demonstration. I
came here to enjoy this theatrical perfor-
mance. I will be glad to see you to-morrow
when the President arrives."

This is indeed more than the General could
have expected to say, and more than he
generally does say upon any subject. He
is emphatically a man of action, and when
he appeared at the head of the armies of the
Union he did not stop to explain to the re-
bels that he was about to fight in the Union
cause, his presence there was the best expla-
nation he could give, and the world asked no
questions upon that score.

And so his voluntary presence at the right
hand of the President during his recent tour;
silently endorsing every word he said
in defence of his country, was more signifi-
cant than a volume of arguments, and much
the best explanation he could make to his
countrymen of the position he occupied upon
the overruling question of reconstruction.

He was not there in an official capacity
certainly, and the President could not have
obliged him to go, and we can therefore only
regard it as a voluntary endorsement upon
his part of the policy the President is pur-
suing to restore our shattered and bleeding
country.

The radicals know too well the weight that
the General will carry with him in the ap-
proaching election, to let him off so easily.
They have exhausted their efforts to win him
over to the disunion side, they have failed
to catch a word of encouragement from his
lips, they cannot point to a single act of his
which indicates a chance of separation from
the President; and they have therefore fal-
len back upon lying, that never-failing source
from which all their most effective ammuni-
tion is drawn. They have put a speech into
General Grant's mouth which they know he
cannot contradict in print without being
drawn into a political controversy, and they
think the chances are against his undertak-
ing this, at least until after the election is
over, and then it will matter little to them,
for he will have borne its fruit, and they are
beyond the reach of the shame that would
haunt and humiliate conscientious, honest
and honorable men.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE ROOMS,
828 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TO THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA:

The Democratic party in its platform of
principles, adopted at Harrisburg, on the
5th day of March, 1866, resolved

1. That the States whereof the people
were lately in rebellion are integral parts of
the Union, and are entitled to representa-
tion in Congress, by men duly elected, who
bear true faith to the Constitution and laws,
and in order to vindicate the maxim that
taxation without representation is tyranny,
such representatives should be forthwith ad-
mitted.

2. That the faith of the republic is pledged
to the payment of the national debt, and
Congress should pass all laws necessary for
that purpose.

3. That the white race alone is entitled to
the control of the government of the repub-
lic, and we are unwilling to grant to negroes
the right to vote.

Upon this platform we placed our candi-
date for Governor, and with these principles
we confidently look for success in this con-
test.

Our opponents in their Convention, held
at Harrisburg on the 7th day of March, 1866,
also, adopted a platform, and nominated a
candidate. The principles they enunciated
appear to be lost sight of, and the proposed
constitutional amendment takes their place
as the rule of Radical orthodoxy, and to it
their candidate gives his unhesitating sup-
port.

Negro equality and negro suffrage are the
essential elements in that amendment. By
it the negro is made the equal of the white
man in all his "privileges and immunities."
The right of Pennsylvania to make laws to
regulate the migration of negroes into the
State is denied and she is deprived of her
just share of representation in Congress un-
less her Constitution be amended and the
negro allowed to vote.

The Radical candidates for Governor and
for United States Senator; their leaders of
public sentiment; their speakers and their
newspapers are open advocates of this amend-
ment, and their practice accords with their
profession, for they mingle with the negro in
social intercourse, in political conventions, and
in public processions.

We hold that the negro is not the equal of
the white man, and, whilst we accord to him
freedom and protection of person, with the
right to enjoyment of the fruits of his labor
and aid in intellectual advancement, we af-
firm that our own race is entitled to control
the entire machinery of the government.

Sustain this amendment, and you give the
negro the right to aid in governing you; de-
feat it, and you maintain your own right of
sovereignty.

Every man who votes for Geary or for a
Radical candidate for Congress, votes as
distinctly for negro suffrage and negro equal-
ity as if they were printed on his ballot.

DEMOCRATS OF PENNSYLVANIA!

Power is no longer against you, but ranges
itself upon your side. Opportunities for
fraud do not exist. Aid comes to you from
the ranks of the enemy. No Democrat who
voted for McClellan votes against you now;
your brethren are aroused from the Lakes to
the Delaware. A change of five per cent.
upon the vote of 1864 will sweep your oppo-
nents out of existence. You can count it in
every election district in the Commonwealth,
and if you will but execute the details of
your organization, success is certain.

Faith in your principles, courage for the
contest, and a determination to poll every
Conservative vote, are the only requisites to
an assured victory.

The Prospect in Pennsylvania.

If there is a faint-hearted Democrat in
Columbia County, and we think they are
scarce, let him read the following from
the *Philadelphia Age*. This may be regard-
ed as a truthful and authoritative statement
of the condition of the canvass. Let every
Democrat read it and go to work with a will:

THE WORK BEFORE US.—A careful ex-
amination of the political situation in Pen-
nsylvania enables us to speak to-day of the
prospects of a Democratic and Conservative
victory in this Commonwealth with a confi-
dence that we never before felt in any Guber-
natorial canvass. Information from nearly
every county in the State, furnishes us with
the means of talking plainly upon this cheer-
ing topic. Everywhere the Democratic party
is thoroughly aroused. It is never more
enthusiastic. It never worked with more
zeal and energy. There is not an election
district which shows any lukewarmness or
lethargy in the good old cause. From the
Delaware to the Alleghenies, from the Mary-
land line to the New York border, but one
spirit animates our political brethren, and
there is not a single break in the advancing
column. Wherever our candidate goes, he
is received by thousands of freemen who
have devoted themselves to the great work
before us. Hiester Clymer is recognized as
the live champion of Union, Restoration, and
Constitutional Liberty. His private char-
acter is without spot or blemish. His politi-
cal record is pure and stainless. His earnest
eloquence and commanding talents are at-
tracting to his banner hundreds who never
before voted the Democratic ticket, and who
now resolved to cast their ballots for the first
time for a Democratic candidate. The peo-
ple want a pure and honest man, as well as
an able and accomplished statesman, at the
head of affairs in the old Keystone, and,
viewing the two candidates and the two plat-
forms, they are laboring with unparalleled
energy to promote the success of those prin-
ciples whose triumph will assuredly bring
peace and prosperity to the distracted nation.

In this crisis of our country's history, it is
well that every patriot should work unceasingly
until the great battle is fought and
won. No true man should be idle. There are
issues involved in this contest which should
nerve every one to the solemn task before
him. We speak earnestly to-day. Hear us
for our cause! Do not let a vote be lost. If
the full Democratic strength is polled, the
victory is as certain as that light follows dark-
ness. This fact is well understood by our
opponents, and they are endeavoring to
counteract its effect by all the arts and machin-
eries they can bring to bear upon the con-
test. They are manufacturing the grossest
slanders against the Democratic nominee.—
They are putting words into General Grant's
mouth that he never used, and, notwith-
standing his fearful rebuke to the Radical
managers, they are attempting, by the most
wilful falsehoods, to make the people believe
he is in favor of the negro-suffrage candi-
dates. To our brethren, everywhere, we say
to-day, be of good cheer! The day of your
redemption draweth nigh! All you have to
do, is to work for the victory now within
your grasp. Union men of Pennsylvania!
Your duty is plain. The whole lesson lies in
a single word—work! work! work!

Clymer Will be Elected.

"Clymer will withdraw;" Clymer must
withdraw; "Clymer is a dog on his party;"
the best posted of the Democratic leaders
declare that Clymer has no chance of elec-
tion; &c. &c. These are a few of the daily ut-
terances of Geary organs, with whom the
wish is always father to the lie. Mr. Cly-
mer will not withdraw for a very good reason
that he is the unanimous choice of the Demo-
cratic party, whose every vote he will poll
on the second Tuesday of October. He is
not a dog on the party, and no Democrat
has ever predicted or anticipated defeat for
him. On the other hand, the prospect of
electing him is unusually bright and flatter-
ing.

Mr. Clymer has been working assiduously
and faithfully in all parts of the State, and
nowhere has he failed to make a most fa-
vorable impression and to bring to his sup-
port legions of fresh voters. He has the un-
doubted assurance of largely increased ma-
jorities in every Democratic county, and of
extraordinary changes in his favor in oppo-
sition counties! In not a single county in
the State will he fail to run beyond the De-
mocratic poll of 1864 and 1865, and in several
counties his gains will amount to not
less than five thousand.

These facts are pretty well known to the
Gearyites, (whose league organization has
enabled them to "count noses,") and that is
what the serious matter is with them. They
find fewer "noses" in the league rooms than
formerly, and, upon inquiry, discover that
the absence is permanent. These absences
run from hundreds to thousands in every
county in the State, and have caused the
most serious alarm among the leaders. Men
of intelligence cannot be duped into the sup-
port of the Disunion majority of the Rump
Congress—a majority which boldly proclaims
disunion as a means to secure the "spoils;"
which voted to force negro suffrage in the
District of Columbia; which passed the Ne-
gro Rights and Freedmen's Bureau Bills;
and which has declared that all its acts are
to secure perpetual supremacy for its party,
regardless of the welfare of the country.

The leaders of the Geary faction see and feel
their want of a platform of principles, but
cover up the deficiency with abuse of the
President and all who are connected with
him, in the endeavor to excite unjust prej-
udices. In their loss of numbers they see the
fate in store for them, and hence the more
desperate become their chances, the more

A NIGHT WITH WOLVES.

Away we went at whirlwind speed over
the sheet of glistening snow which covered
the whole country for miles around.

Four splendid horses drew our sledge, and
we bounded along noiselessly, smoothly, rap-
idly, like phantoms. We had some thirty
miles to travel; but at the glorious pace we
were going, we should accomplish it in three
hours. It was now eight o'clock; we might
fairly expect to be at my chateau by a little
past eleven.

Away we went! The snow flew past us
like a vast flaming torrent, while I could
almost fancy that we were at rest, so even,
almost imperceptible, was our motion.

Suddenly one of the traces gave way, and
in an instant all our four horses, young and
high-spirited, were kicking and plunging
fearfully. The broken trace was the least of
the damage done; and when I and Fritz,
my servant, scrambled out, and seizing their
heads stopped their pranks, we found that
they had kicked themselves almost entirely
free from the sledge.

Had they but done so, and remembering
what afterward occurred, I think of the ter-
rible consequences and tremble.

It took a full hour's work to repair the
damage, and even when this was done, we
were compelled to go at a comparatively slow
pace, for fear that something should again
give way.

I lighted a cigar, and well wrapped in furs
and cloaks, leaned lazily and luxuriously
back, enjoying the gentle, easy motion, and
watching the four horses as they bounded
along with the light sledge.

On a sudden, however, I noticed that they
seemed to affright Fritz more than ordinary
trouble.

I was aroused from my half-dreamy state
by hearing him devote them to the infernal
gods, in all the mingled dialects of Poland,
Germany and Russia, and that for a cause
which seldom attracts the indignation of the
traveller—namely, for going too fast.

In spite of all his exertions they had burst
into a furious gallop. He cursed, swore,
pulled and tugged in vain. With alarmed
eyes and erected ears the eager horses disre-
garded the utmost efforts of curb and bridle
and dragged us forward with a velocity I
should have thought impossible. As there
was no danger, I was rather amused than
otherwise at the glorious pace at which we
were going.

All on a sudden, however, Fritz ceased to
speak, and with a hasty ejaculation, loosened
the reins, and allowed the horses to tear
ahead at their utmost speed without attempt-
ing to stop them.

"The beasts are right, right, by a thousand
devils. I ought to have known it!"
"What do you mean?" I asked.

He turned in his seat, and said in a low
voice, his face pale with emotion:
"The wolves!"

I stood up in the sledge and looked back,
but for a long time could discover nothing.

At last, however, I could discern a dark
mass in the snow at a great distance. I
thought, however, that it was only trees,
and laughed at the terror of Fritz, which
even the horses seemed to share.

In about ten minutes, however, the terrible
trump burst upon me—the dark mass was
in motion and approached rapidly. I heard,
too, a sound in the distance which at first I
thought was the whistling of the wind.

It was the howling of the hungry and fer-
ocious pack of wolves on our track. Closer
and closer came the dark mass; plainer and
plainer the dreadful howls. The terrified
horses could hear them now, and dashed on
with more desperate energy than before.

Nearer and nearer they came. We could
not only hear their dreadful howls, but even
the tramp of their cursed feet, as they gal-
loped along the frozen snow on our track.
The arms we had consisted of two fowling
pieces and a brace of pistols. Unfortunately,
we had but a very scanty stock of powder
and ball, and not more than enough for two
or three discharges.

"What is to be done?" I whispered to
Fritz.

"Fight! fight to the last!" he replied;
"we must be overtaken. The horses can-
not hold out much longer. It is yet quite
twenty miles to the chateau, and they will
be upon us in a few minutes. 'Ha!' he
cried, suddenly, 'I had forgotten—there is
yet a gleam of hope!"

And now he lashed the horses, already at
their utmost speed, and even stabbed them
repeatedly with his hunting knife, to urge
them on to fresh exertions.

Ahead of us was a small forest, or rather
wood. It was distant some two miles, but,
owing to the white sheet of snow between,
looked much nearer.

"If we could only reach it!" he uttered,
furiously lashing the horses.

The chase continued. I stood ready with
my fowling piece to fire immediately when
they were within shot.

The fleetest of the pack dashed ahead of
the others, and approached within a few
yards of the sledge. Their howls were fear-
ful. I fired two barrels, and three wolves
fell dead or wounded. In an instant these
were surrounded by the others, who quickly
tore to pieces and devoured their fallen com-
rades.

This obtained us a respite—but a very
short one; for in less than a minute nothing
remained of the wolves I had shot, but their
bones.

I again loaded my piece, and again the
pack dashed on in pursuit. We had not
gained half a mile when they were again up
with us.

This time they came on more furiously and

When they were near enough I again fired,
and two wolves fell. This time, however,
the devouring of their companions did not
take so long, for I had only wounded two.

Once again I reloaded the fowling piece,
and found that all our ammunition was
thoroughly exhausted.

"Do not fire," said Fritz, when I informed
him of the fact, "till the last moment—re-
serve your fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?" I asked gloomily.

"One, and one only. Not far from this,
in the woods hence—but I do not know how
far, perhaps not more than a mile—is an old
hunting lodge; if we can reach it we are
safe—if not we are lost."

On came the wolves—and they were many
and quite close upon the sledge.

Two terrific, great monsters were abso-
lutely just abreast of us, and were striving
to get ahead to the horses, who, poor brutes,
could hear and see them, and tore away at
such a terrible pace that even the swift
wolves could not gain upon us.

"Fire! fire!" shouted Fritz; "fire and
aim well; for if those brutes reach the
horses, we are lost."

I fired a barrel at the wolf on my left, and
over he went with a bullet through his body.
I very nearly missed the second, but fortu-
nately the ball grazed the bone of his leg,
breaking it, and causing him to fall. But
several others took their places.

"Keep them off! keep them off!" shout-
ed Fritz, "but for one minute, and we are
saved. The hut is close by."

Frankly he flogged and shouted to the
horses, and desperately they responded to the
call.

I fired the two barrels of the remaining
fowling piece, and then, sticking my pistols
in my belt, I shouldered my gun, and stand-
ing up, struck right and left at the howling
pack, which were now rapidly accumulating
on our rear.

The next moment we pulled up short at
the hut.

"Fire your pistols right in their faces!"
shouted old Fritz.

I did so, and had the satisfaction of seeing
the howling pack fall back for a minute.

This gave Fritz an opportunity of jump-
ing out and cutting adrift the horses, who
immediately galloped off.

"Now, sir, now!" he cried, holding open
the hut door—"haste."

Still holding the fowling piece by the bar-
rel, and swinging it around me, I leaped to
the ground.

Some of the wolves had dashed off in pur-
suit of the horses, while others were be-
tween me and the hut.

I struck viciously at the howling brutes
and rushed through them to the open door.
One monster sprang at my throat, but for-
tunately, I succeeded in striking him down,
and he was content with tearing a piece, with
his horrid fangs, from my leg.

The next instant, faint and bleeding, we
were safe in the hut, and Fritz barred and
bolted the door, leaving the pack outside.

For a moment or two they scratched and
gnawed at the door, and then dashed off to
join their companions in the chase after the
horses. Soon after we heard heart-rending
and piercing screams.

"Ah, I thought so," said Fritz sadly,
"my poor horses! They can stand a great
deal; but when one comes to be torn to
pieces by wolves, it's no wonder they cry
out."

It was not long before the furious pack
returned; for, having devoured the horses,
and apparently not half satisfied, they sur-
rounded the hut on all sides, and nothing
could be heard but their horrid howlings.

We could hear them scraping, scratching,
and tearing the wood-work of the hut with
their teeth.

Next they attempted to climb to the roof,
and soon some succeeded, for we could hear
them crawling about outside.

There was no chimney to the hut, but
merely an aperture in the roof for the smoke
to escape.

The hut in which we had found temporary
safety consisted only of four walls, made of
rough but strong slabs of wood.

forms of our enemies. Three of the largest
wolves had climbed the roof and were look-
ing down upon us.

I fired my fowling piece—our last charge
of powder. This drove them away, and the
dead body of one fell through the aperture,
and into the hut. This, however, procured
us but a short respite; the brutes knew the
way; the sun was now high in the heavens,
and the fire-brand was now useless.

Soon another and fiercer lot succeeded
those we had driven away, and we had now
no more powder or shot to drive them back.

Clubbing our guns, we struck furiously at
them, all the time shouting loudly. Several
fell wounded and incapable of injury into
the hut, but others at once took their places.
The furious monsters, ravenous with hun-
ger, which the horses and their comrades
had devoured but seemed to whet,
glared down upon us from the roof, howling
incessantly, and waiting the moment to
spring.

At last one great brute set the example,
and crouching for an instant, sprang right at
Fritz, at the same time giving a terrible yell.
Fortunately old Fritz was enabled to spring
on one side, and the moment the wolf land-
ed he dashed out his brains with the gun he
wielded.

Hardly was this accomplished, than another
and another leaped down, and those were
followed by still more, which all our efforts
could not keep back. Furiously we fought
with the desperation of despair, for we had
almost given up hope. Several times I felt
the fangs of the wolves in my flesh; but by
almost superhuman exertions freed myself,
and laying about me right and left, sent the
shaggy brutes sprawling under the terrible
force of my blows.

In vain; as fast as they fell others came
leaping down, and the hut was now alive
with the wild, savage beasts. With a short
prayer, and nerved with a fierce determina-
tion, I threw myself in their midst, and giving
my strength to one last desperate effort,
I created fearful havoc among the crowded
mass.

The cry was still they come. Weary, faint
and despairing, I staggered, and was about
to fall prostrate on the ground among the
horrible sea of glaring eyes, white teeth and
red throats which surrounded me, when a
loud shout from outside, followed by a rapid
and sustained discharge of fire-arms, gave
me fresh strength, and once again nerved
my arm.

At this moment a wolf, leaping from the
aperture, alighted on my shoulders, and en-
deavored to fix his horrid fangs in my throat.
I tore him away and flung him on the em-
bers of the fire, regardless of a dreadful
bite I received in the hand.

The sparks flew in all directions, and the
darkness of the hut was illuminated by a
flame of light as the fire blazed up. The
wolves were steadied by this for a mo-
ment, and in that moment I noticed with
joy that no more were on the roof.

Another shout outside, and a still closer
discharge, informed us that friends were
near. Shouting words of encouragement to
Fritz, who was terribly torn by the teeth of
the brutes, I again attacked them with my
little remaining strength. Fritz, too, nobly
seconded me, and in half a minute our re-
maining enemies were killed or disabled.

Scarcely had the glaring eyes of the last
disappeared, under a furious blow from the
butt-end of my gun, than, utterly worn out
by the tremendous exertion of the