

gracefully swaying in the breeze; but as we drew near, lake, river, ocean, islands, and groves, like the panorama of a dream, gave place to the unchanging and monotonous landscape of the plains.

12th. — Last night and the night before, the wolves and coyotes exercised their vocal attainments by discoursing the most diabolical music that human ears ever need to listen to, no doubt to their own satisfaction, as they stopped of their own accord.

It is certainly not very entertaining, while with weary, aching limbs enveloped only in a blanket, stretched upon the bosom of mother earth, courting "tired nature's sweet restorer," to be thus serenaded, throughout the long hours of night, by these hungry and bloodthirsty animals, who are only prevented from bestowing closer marks of attention by their cowardly instincts.

At this moment, while I am seated at the door of the ranche — where we have put up for the night — writing, a pack of fifteen or twenty gray wolves are hovering about in plain sight, waiting for the darkness of night to give them the desired opportunity of trying their murderous teeth upon some unfortunate straggler from a Texas drove. These they often pursue for many miles, tearing out pieces of living flesh with their steel-like jaws, as they scour the plains in headlong flight, until the poor animal, worried out and exhausted by the loss of blood and muscle, as well as his own furious efforts to escape his merciless tomentors, yielding to the

imperiousness of fate, falls heavily in their midst, and is torn limb from limb ere life is yet extinct, amid the horrid snarls and growls of his blood-seeking foes.

There are, besides the coyotes, three varieties of wolves that I have seen in this country — the black or brown wolf, the gray wolf, and the white or mountain wolf. The latter, though larger, is not nearly so numerous. The gray wolf may be said to be the wolf of the country, and is a fierce but cowardly animal. I have frequently seen a dozen or more in a pack, but have not known of their attacking man, though they are more bold in the winter, when the ground is for some time covered with snow, and they are pressed with hunger.

The coyote is more slim, more of a gray, and less red than his more northern namesake, and is very abundant,

15th. — After having crossed the Cimeron, North Fork, and Main Canadian Rivers, — the latter, when I crossed it last spring, being nearly half a mile wide, deep for fording, and swift; is now, owing to its long course through the parched plains, a mere brook, which a child could easily step across, — we this day arrived at the Wichita Agency.

Proceeding directly to the school-house, I opened the school-room door without knocking, and stepping in, stood in front of the school. The room instantly rang with joyful acclamations.

Though the scholars kept their seats, they could not