Of preairie wolves to'ard a bufferler,
The heft of the herd, left out of sight;
I dror'd my breath right hard, fur I know'd
We wus in fur a 'tarnal run thet night.

XXVII.

Quiet? Ye bet! The mustang scrounch'd,
His neck stretch'd out an' his nostrils wide;
The moonshine swept, a white river down,
The black of the mighty mountain's side,
Lappin' over an' over the stuns an' brush
In whirls an' swirls of leapin' light,
Makin' straight fur the herd, what black an' still,
It stretch'd away to the left an' right

XXVIII.

On the level lot;—I tell ye, pard,
I know'd when it touch'd the first black hide,
Me an' the mustang would hev a show
Fur a breezy bit of an' evenin' ride!
One! it flow'd over a homely pine
Thet riz from a cranny, lean an' lank,
A cleft of the mountain;— reckinin' two,
It slapp'd onto an' old steer's heavin' flank,

XXIX.

Es sound he slept on the skirt of the herd,
Dreamin' his dreams of the sweet blue grass
On the plains below; an' afore it touched
The other wall of "Old Spookses' Pass"