

must admit I felt rather nervous here, I suppose it was owing to the dismal howling of the wolves. There was not the slightest fear of their doing us any harm, in fact we should have been only glad for them to come within range of our guns. After making a large smoky fire—smudge, the Yankees call it—just outside the tent to keep the mosquitoes off, in such a position that the horses could get into it, we laid down for the night, but had not been in the tent long before we discovered that something was wrong with the ponies, and on looking out we found that the wild one had broken loose, and was wandering away. We were greatly alarmed at this, as it was so dark that we could scarcely see the way it was going. We kept the other fast tied to the tent, where it kept neighing for its mate, which was an inducement for the runaway not to get too far off. After running about nearly half the night we succeeded in driving it back, and by quite a stroke of luck George captured it, after which we were careful to make him doubly secure.

The next morning we decided to try the experiment of swimming the mustangs and buck-board across the stream to save the trouble of making a raft; so in we plunged, letting the ponies have their heads, and sticking to the buck-board with all our might. We landed safely on the other side without accident, except a thorough wetting for the pro-