

“With all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever”—

stretching from the western to the eastern, and from the northern to the southern horizons, in an unbroken view, except where they are here and there relieved by clumps of timber, looking like islands peering above the waves of an agitated sea, which, by some freak of nature, had become petrified at the moment of unusual commotion, and before the lofty billows had time to subside. The same picture, so lovely in the green velvet robe that mantles it in Spring, and which in this dress has power to move the soul with emotions that language is impotent to describe, is often in Autumn changed by fire into a blackness that fills the heart with gloom and sadness by its funereal aspect. But when these wide wastes have become populous, as they soon may, the fires will then no longer make their annual visits, as they now do. Lines of Osage orange hedges will enclose many plantations, and flourish without danger from prairie fires. The prairies on either side of the Kansas are from 75 to 100 feet above the bed of that river, and their high rolling surface and ever-changing aspect, gives to that region a novel and picturesque appearance.

In the broad view which we have taken of the country around, from the bluffs in the vicinity of Fort Riley, many a rippling stream has been overlooked, and many a deep and wooded ravine, lying below the general surface has been undiscovered; while dark forms along the horizon, too distant to be clearly defined, will prove on a nearer view to be fine groves of woodland, wearing more of the air of civilization, than some of the neg-

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