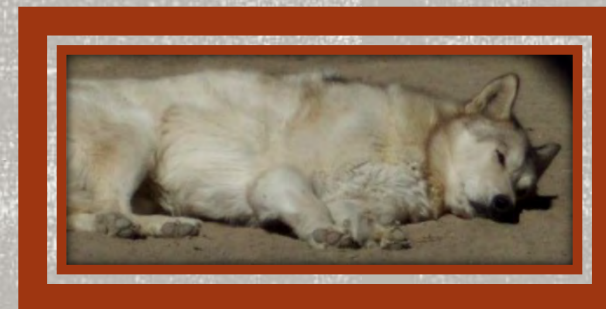


WOLFERIA

GREAT GRAY WOLF

A PHOTOALBUM BY FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE



EXPLANATION

Ten years ago, I visited the *Wild Spirit Wolf Sanctuary - Wolf and Wolfdog Rescue and Sanctuary*, a non-profit organization dedicated to rescuing displaced, unwanted, and non-releasable captive-bred wolves, wolfdogs, and other wild canid species. It is located at a distance of 63 miles from Gallup (approx. one hour and a half by car): on Highway 602 South; left (east) on Highway 53 toward Ramah; south on the stony road B1A 125; right onto B1A 120 toward Mountain View.

A private "farm" of wolves, wild dogs, and foxes. At about 60 wild animals at time, confined to about 25 wire fences. Subsisting by donations and sponsorships: <https://wildspiritwolfsanctuary.org/>.

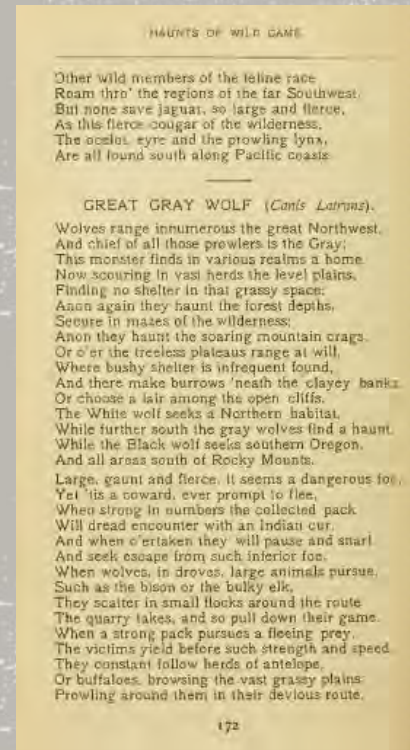
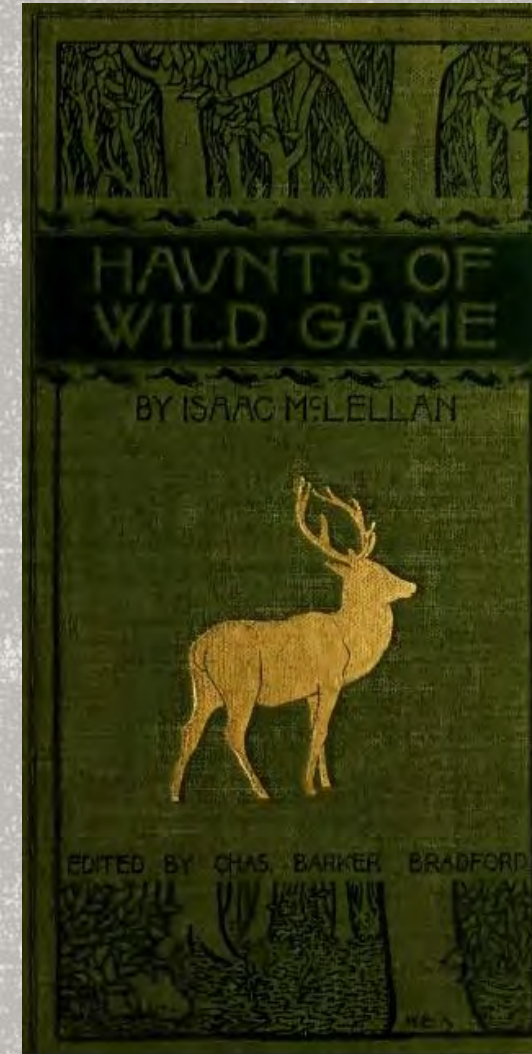
Each animal has a name: "Flurry", "Ally", "Contessa", "Duchess", "Gipsy", "Zorro", so on. Each with its own history (the guide tells us). "Nikki" is the most untamed (bad boy!) ... no trainer can approach him. "Silva" has only three legs (one was amputated). Most are white or gray wolves, resembling the Siberian Husky. Others were black, like soot.

Reviewing today the photos I took at this *Sanctuary*, my mind flew to Isaac McLellan's poems, the New England poet and sportsman (1806-1899). I accompanied the photos in this album by one of his poems, *Great Gray Wolf*, placing a verse next to each picture, both as a tribute to his spirit, and as a gratefulness for the work of people from the *Wild Spirit Wolf Sanctuary*.

Isaac McLellan (1806-1899), New England poet and sportsman
Illustration by James Grant Wilson (1832-1914)
and John Fiske (1842-1901)
Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography



Isaac McLellan



Frontcover and page 172 of Isaac McLellan's poetry collection "Haunts of wild game"
Publisher: New York, C. B. Bradford (1896)



Isaac McLellan is the last of the great poets of America. He wrote side by side and was classed with Longfellow, Holmes, Willis and Bryant, and is the last to leave the field.

He is the last of the sportsmen of the "Frank Forester" period. He knew Forester (Henry William Herbert) intimately, and with him and Genio C. Scott, William T. Porter ("York's Tall Son"), Ned Buntline, Harry Fenwood and hosts of other equally famous sportsmen, enjoyed many a day afield.

His literary companions through life have been such men as Daniel Webster, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, N. P. Willis, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jas. Freeman Clarke, Geo. P. Morris, Henry William Herbert, Samuel C. Clarke and Seargent S. Prentiss.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to McLellan on April 4, 1886: "I remember well the time when we were writing side by side in the same periodicals and annuals. * * * I hope you still enjoy the outdoor life which you have helped to render attractive, and that you will throw a fly and bring down your bird after you are counted among the centenarians."

Henry W. Longfellow wrote: "I see you in imagination, tramping with your gun and dogs over frozen marshes, eager for any birds that have not been wise enough to migrate southward at this season (February 6, 1875). 'Straight a sharp thunder breaks the frozen sky' and the beautiful creatures fall and leave their little lives in air. Meanwhile I sit here by my fire, busy with the reading and making of books; not so healthy a recreation as yours, perhaps, but more congenial to my taste. My old enemy neuralgia sometimes troubles me, and then I suffer like Laocoon with his serpents."

Wolfeeria

From the *Preface* of Isaac McLellan's poetry collection "Haunts of wild game", with a remark by H. W. Longfellow.

A PHOTOALBUM BY FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE





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Wolves range in numerous the great Northwest,



And chief
of all those prowlers
is the Gray;

This monster finds in various realms a home.





Now scouring in
vast herds the level
plains,



Finding no shelter in that
grassy space;

Anon again they haunt the forest depths.



Secure in mazes of the wilderness;



Anon they haunt the soaring mountain crags,



Or o'er the treeless plateaus range at will,



Where bushy shelter
is infrequent found,





And there make burrows
'neath the clayey banks,

Or choose a lair among the open cliffs.



The White wolf seeks a Northern habitat,



While further south the gray
wolves find a haunt,



While the Black wolf seeks southern Oregon,





And all areas south of Rocky Mounts.

Large, gaunt and fierce, it seems a dangerous foe.



Yet 'tis a coward, ever prompt to flee.



When strong in numbers the collected pack



Will dread encounter with an Indian cur.





And when o'ertaken they will pause
and snarl



And seek escape from such inferior foe.

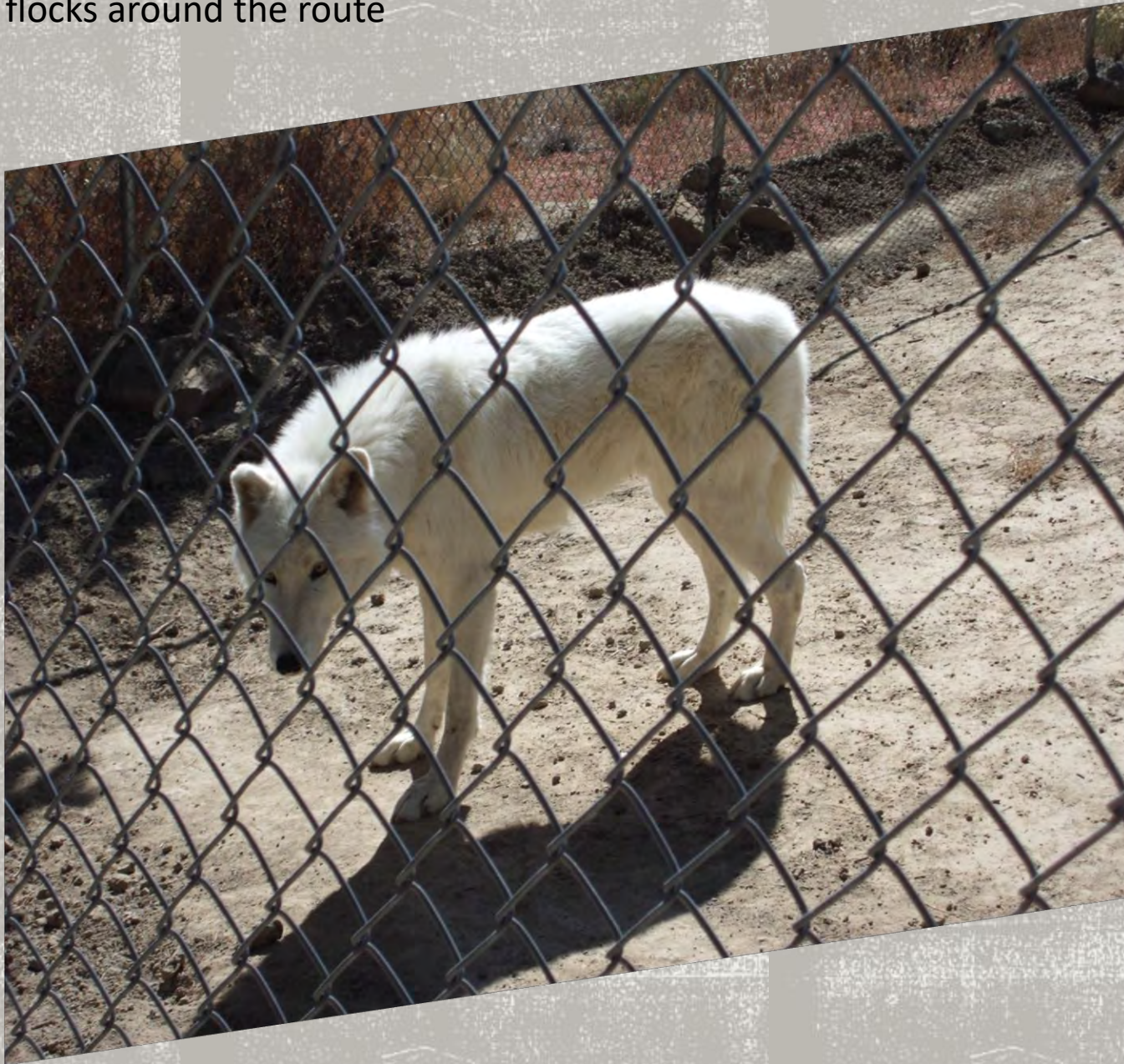


When wolves, in droves, large animals pursue,

Such as the bison or the bulky elk,



They scatter in small flocks around the route





The quarry takes, and so pull down their game.

When a strong pack pursues a fleeing prey,



The victims yield before such strength and speed.



They constant follow herds of antelope,





Or buffaloes, browsing the vast grassy plains,

Prowling around them in their devious route.



E'en in the wintry regions of the North,



They prey insatiate on a lesser game,





Badger and fox, the prairie dog
and hare,

And when with hunger stung, in wintry times



They prowl around the farmers' homes for spoil.



Great is the sport to hunt those wolfish herds,





With blast of horn and howling cries of hounds,

And when the mounted
Indian tribes pursue,





They form a circle
round the fleeing
pack



And to a centre drive
them to their death.



So vast the numbers of these
savage wolves,



So vast the hunting grounds
o'er treeless plains

That in the future years the grand wolf-hunt,





Must prove the noblest pastime
of the chase.

Ten years ago, I visited the *Wild Spirit Wolf Sanctuary - Wolf and Wolfdog Rescue and Sanctuary*, a non-profit organization dedicated to rescuing displaced, unwanted, and non-releasable captive-bred wolves, wolfdogs, and other wild canid species, located in Ramah, NM, USA.

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