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Gauley River

By Thos. Sum Eryhart

The waters of Gauley,
 Wild waters and brown,
 Through the hill-bordered valley,
 Sweep onward and down;
 Over rock over shallows,
 Through shaded ravines,
 Where the beautiful hollows
 Wild, varying scenes;
 Where the tulip-tree scatters
 Its blossoms in Spring,
 And the bank swallows spatters
 With foam its swift wing;
 Where the deer deer is stooping
 To drink from the spray,
 And the fish eagle swooping
 Bears down on its prey —
 Brown waters of Gauley
 That move evermore.

Brown waters of Ganley,
At me on your tide,
My log canner slowly
And careless I guide.
The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore,
I seek the wild trout
And shout to its roar.
The pike glides before me
In impulse of fear,
In dread of the motion
That speaks of the spear—
Dread told of these waters
He fears lest I be
A robber rapacious
And cruel as he.
He is off to his eddy
In wait for his prey,
He is off to his ambush
And then let him stay.

Brown waters of Ganley,
Impatient ye glide
To seek the Kanawha,

and mix with its tide—
Past hillside and meadow;
Past cliff and morass,
Receiving the tribute ~~of streams~~
Of streams as we pass.
You had not the being
Who floats on your breast,
Too earnest your hurry,
Too fierce your unrest,
His, his is a duty

As plain as your own;
But he feels a dullness
You never have known—
He pauses in action,
He faints and gives o'er;
Brown waters of Sunday
You move on more.

Brown waters of Sunday
My fingers I leave
In the foam that his scattered
Upon your brown wave
From sunlight to shadow,
In shadow more dark.

With the low bending birches
I guide my oar's bark.
Through the shallows whose ^{howling}
Falls fall on my ear,
Through the sharp mossy masses
My vessel I steer.

What care I for honors
The world might bestow —
What care I for gold
With its glare and its glow,
The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore
Of the waters of Gauley
That move ever more."


a picture - J. L. M.

But the shadows from the
opposite cliffs, across the
river, have already reached us;
The sun just gilds the top
of the Blue Ridge in the
distance, the heavy fog is
rising, and as the day light
fades away, we turn to the

cheerful. Inside newly⁻⁵⁶
lighted by the first logs of
the season -

How quietly have these autumn
days of clear air and mellow
sunshine stolen upon us,
bringing with them the magni-
ficent Dahlia, the royal golden
rod, their sisterhood of high-
+brilliantly tinted flowers.
The spirit of the season has
whispered too in the evening
breeze, and the forests have
arrayed themselves in their
pale golden dress, with
rich picturesque figures
of grove, (Nature now be-
ing in everything else study-
ing harmony) and this
shall soon give place
to the brilliant scarlet and
dark crimson, when

The messengers of the Fall
spirit shall have furnished
us Nature's Trill with the
most gorgeous & charming
note. — Little

An old $\frac{1}{2}$ picture
caught from my car window.
Across the road are orchard
lands with the weight of
its ruddy checked fruit; and
the till beyond with its shocks
of ripe corn and hundreds
of ^{yellow} pumpkins give promise
of plenty of rich "concoctions"
and savory pumpkin custard.
Further still in the same direc-
tion the view is abruptly
terminated by the summits
of the Blue Ridge, rich in
their autumn beauty.

Ben Newton's Leap.
(Somewhere about the present
Lock 11. on the Kanawha.)
Work in progress going by

Cumberland & Pittsburg.
Gen Lewis Dix at Ft Pleasant.
Battle there in 1774.

It was during the Indian
hostilities during the Rev.
that Ben Newlan one of
the garrison at Ft Pleasant
~~was~~ went hunting
south of Kanawha. After
he had fired his gun at some
animal he discovered that
two Indians were near him.
They shot at him at not more
than 100 yds but missed.
They then drew their guns
& started after him with knives
& tomahawks. Newlan
also threw away his gun.
& sped home as fast as his
legs would carry him.
He had about 3 miles to go.
He ran faster than he had
ever run before.

On reaching a top of the
Mountain a mile from the
starting point he glanced
behind ~~the~~ & saw that
they had gained 30-40 yds
upon him. not so much
as the other etc. He was
an experienced rock climber
but they were better. Panting
much he saw scrambling
over hills & rock etc.

He finally lost his course
on attaining another Mt. Sum.
but he glanced back again
& found they had gained still
more. — Looking before him
from this Mt top he saw beyond
it a high precipitous ridge
topped with bare craggy rocks
some of which rose to a sharp
above the general summit.
— I decided he might find
some refuge there & so
guided his pursuers

He made a dash down-
up for it. when reaching
the opposite summit he
near the top he came to a
perpendicular cliff, sur-
mounted by no other
lower rock. He was com-
pelled to go some 20 yds
aside to the left before he could
find a way to the summit.
Fortunately the thickly set
sumacs & young locusts hid
him from the Indians
who he reached this point. As
they lost the trail this
caused them to delay, they
separated one going one side
& the other to the other.

When he reached the summit
he found it consisted of
a cracked rock 50 or 60 yds
wide. He -

Before him in a deep
broad valley, he saw the shady
banks & the bright still waters
of the Kanawha, and away
to the left - the fort at Pt
Pleasant & the broad
stream of the Ohio: - but
ah! too far away - a mile &
half at least - and the
deep ^{gorges} ~~gorges~~ ^{between} ~~between~~ ^{them} and the
only sure refuge.

So he then slips forward
showing him that a mural
precipice sunk away far
below his feet. Projecting
horizontally was it at some
distance away was a large
rock. he ran to this.

to and ~~only~~ beneath him
only the interwoven w
branches of elm & buckeye
trees & grape vines from tree
to tree far below the level
of his station. They found
so dense a screen that