The water of Gaudley.
Wild waters and trout,
Through the hill-bounded valley
Drift onward and down,
Our rock our shallows,
Through shaded ravines,
Where the beautiful hollow
Wild, varying scenes;
Where the tulip, the violet
Its blossoms in spring,
And the bank swallow spatters
With flame its swift wings;
Where the deer deer is striding
To drink from the spring,
And the fish eagle snapping
There down in its prey—
Brown waters of Gaudley
That never surrender.
Brown waters of Coanley, 
At on an ebb tide 
My log ceases slowly 
And fearless I guide 
the world and its trouble 
I leave on the shore, 
I seek the wild turnst 
and shout to its roar 
the sike glides for me 
In its scudder of fear 
In dread of the winter 
that speaks of the catar 
Dread lord of these waters 
Its force left I see 
A river capacious 
And vast as he 
He is off this eddy 
In wait for his prey, 
He is off this swallow, 
And then let him stay.
and mix with its tide—
Past hillside and meadow,
Past cliff and morass.
Receiving the tribute of
Of strangers as ye pass.
Ye heed not the kings
Who float on your leash.
For constant gain hunting,
For fierce your ii seek.
It is his is a duty
As plain as your own.
Not be taste a dulness
Ye never has known.
The handsome in action,
The faint and give o'er,
Brown walls of Sunday
Ye more erroneous.
Brown walls of Sunday
My fingers I lase
In the form that this settled
Upon your brown wave
From Sunlight to shadow.
In shadow more dark.
weath the tow leading指向 my own back.

through the shallows whose breaker

tills full or my ear

through the shal low waters many

May meet I lean.

What care I for honor

the world might betroth -

What care I for girls

with its glaze and its glint

the world and its troubles

I lean in the shore

of the waters of Saxley

that never ever more.

a picture - John

But the shadow 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

tapers away, we turn to the
chiefly. Lingers nearby. Tighten by the first touch of
the season. Ann, how quietly have these autumn
days of clean air and mellow
sunshine stolen upon us,
bringing with them the mag-
ificent dahlia, the royal golden
rod, their sisters, of bright
brilliantly tinted flowers.
The spirit of the season too
whispers too in the evening
breeze, and the forests have
arranged themselves in their
fairest golden dress, with
rich picturesque figure
of gorse, heather and the
like in everything else.
And this shall again give place
to brilliant acacias, dark
cypress, when
The meaning of the new spirit shall have furnished to Nature's trial with the most gorgeous kroning

An old picture
Caught from the car window
Across the road an orchard
Trove with the weight of its mottled chequered fruit and the hill beyond with its shocks of ripe corn and hundreds of pumpkins at the perim of plenty if mid cornbelts and many pumpkin curds.
Further still is the surrounding fire. The view is abruptly terminated by the summits of the Blue Ridge, rich in their antique beauty.

Ben Needham kept.
(Somewhere about the present Lock 11 on the Kanawha.)
Cumberland to Pittsburg.

Ben Lewis lived at Pitt PLANT.

Battle lines in 1794.

It was during the Indian

hostilities among the New

York. Ben Newton was at

the Garrison at Pitt PLANT

attacking with hunting

guns at Kanhukie. After

he had fixed his gun at 20

seconds he disliked that

was Indians coming in.

They shot at him at not more

than 100 yards but missed.

They fixed their guns

at 100 yards. He ran

from there and was

killed. Newton also

ran away. It

took him as fast as two

legs would carry him.

He had about 3 miles to go

in 25 or 30 minutes than he had

ever run before.
Our returning a stop at the Mountain we climb till the standing point is gained. We saw that they had gained 30-40 yards
upon them. Nice not to look on the other side. It was an experienced mountain climber. But they were little. Pounding
up the snow resembling our hills track 12.

It finally lost its power or altura across the hill. And
not the snow and gained little

Looking up for the

further into the snow berg

it alight precipitated ridge

tipped with bare craggy

sum. For we came to the

area the ground became

2 decided he might find

one refuge there. We

made his room
He made a dash down the opposite escarpment to near the base of a perpendicular cliff, surmounted by a flat topped rock. He was convinced to go some 200 yards to the left before he could find a way up the escarpment. Fortunately he finally set out and his energies returned to him from the Indians who had reached the point. As they lost the track, this caused them some delay, they decided not going to the side of the rock to the other. When he reached the escarpment, he found it consisted of a cracked rock at the 500 yards wide.
Before him in a deep, broad valley he saw the dark banks of the Tresアンタナ, and any of the left... the foot at Placentia and the weekend stream of the Ohio. But all too far away—a wide, shallow at least—and the steep granite cliffs and the rocky reara refuge. Farther slips forward showed him that a second precipice sunk away far below his foot, projecting horizontally 300 ft. at a distance away was a large rock. He ran to this, to see if beneath him only the interwoven boughs of the hanging trees and grape vines, from 30 ft. to 60 ft. feet below the dead fallen timber. They found 20 mouse or screens that...