

When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier
Will
That leaves from the dell like the cheek of a
child.
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will
flush

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden
rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?—

Then the forest-tops will be gray with gold.
How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped
down,
And crumbled to dust?—

O then, as we try
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my
crown."
We will dream of green leaves, when the
woods turn brown.
—Lucy Larcom, in *St. Nicholas* for November

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA.

"Yes, stranger, it is a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness. You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts any where. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it."

"I hate it, but I calculate the sight's nuts to you. You think that Nature's got it fine up, for you to stroll down to after breakfast at Forsyth's."

"It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and tot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?"

The dollar-giving uses of this sublime cataract had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker who took this view of perhaps the most marvelous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray-clouds ever steaming up from the abyss which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind to associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting-house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I replied, I dare say smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self-possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimate of his want of what our fine old scuptor Nollekens used to call "enthusiasm."

"Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?" I said. "I know familiarity breeds contempt towards most things, but I rather expected to find Niagara beyond this customary result."

"Well, to say the plain truth, Britisher, I don't go in for any outlandish howling about this roarer; but when you talk of my having any sort of contempt for it, I tell you my fancies about Old Thunder are somewhat particularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes? Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us." So, with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flashing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollections of Niagara.

"Why do I get savage at traveler's spoonery raptures about this awfullest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummageham tinsel—not got up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't made to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I see; my dander isn't rized by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real scare with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done you're a cooler card than I give you credit for being."

"I'm toughish still, you see. Oldish rather, for sixty odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess; every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away—up to Erie and down to Ontario. Field and forest know my shoe leather all through these parts."

"When I was thirty, or thereabouts, I hatted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though, as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of generations yet to come."

"Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Further down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and white and green scoured like of wharls before it. The water exercises itself for the hell it has to go through. It tastes purgatory. It's foam and dash, and

splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that roughen it for a while. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate."

"How grand that calm deep flood is that pours along without stay or hurry that you can see, to its awful plunge! But, stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, its deep enough and strong enough to astonish weak nerves, or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done if my tongue does its duty."

"Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horse-shoe near you. That curve is some two thousand feet broad, and some hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there's Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small, flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it, as you'll hear. Our American fall beyond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable water-shed, too. Twelve hundred feet in the breadth, a hundred and fifty feet high. Your knowalls guess that every passage minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good fresh river roll over that rock into sprays and foam in the dim gulf below."

"As a boy, I used to see beauty as well as wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam see what a clear green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of rock it slips down."

"How does it strike you? You dare say, as I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror. It's lovely too. And to me? Well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable, unutterable that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron gray you see it now. Their iron entered into my soul, as they say. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle kills the memory of all this side of my coffin."

"I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I could get a ready sale for what I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had canoed it from when I could recollect any thing, and was pretty spry, I tell you, with the paddles, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from."

"I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it, I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none of the scare new-comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it, I know it by night, when the calm moon-light poured down light through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rainbows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be dreaded by me."

"One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for his human prey."

"It was one Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure seekers bled freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could skim any where."

"Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe. Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little toward the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore."

"I got fully employed with my lines, for, as I glided down stream, my take was rapid, and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful."

"It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething waters could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddles strongly and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertions I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall."

Inch by inch I fought my way up stream and towards the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as if a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me."

"As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me."

"I talk staggily, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your

fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech, if you think or utter anything."

"Minutes that had seemed hours had passed, and still I was struggling frantically, steaming with my frenzied exertions. I had won some way. I had edged some distance from the central rush of the river, and safety would be found in the slower waters that skirted the bank, could I but reach them."

"I bent still more madly to the effort. In a moment I had lost my hold on existence, and was rushing, helpless and hopeless, to the dreadful fate I had been fighting against. One of my paddles, overstrained, had broken, and, at the mercy of the mighty flood, I was speeding every minute more swiftly to what I knew so well—what I saw as plainly with my mind's eye as I had thousands of times seen it with my living sight."

"How I saw all we are looking down on here! Not a sight, not a sound, we are seeing and hearing, but was in that moment heard and seen by me more vividly than now. I was literally bewildered with the roar I now hear so calmly."

"I shrieked aloud in my agony as I clasped my useless hands over my sight, vainly, to shut out the smooth slide of the inland sea, as I saw it flashing back the morning sun as it leapt into the misty gulf into whose thunder it shot."

"A few moments bore me down to the rapids. A few minutes, and I was through them—safely. How I escaped wreck among them puzzles me. I was too paralyzed with horror to use my one paddle, to in any way steer my light craft through the foaming currents on which it tossed. Its lightness must have saved it. Had it been a heavier built boat it would have been dashed to shreds a score of times before we reached smooth water. As it was, it danced along, frolicking as it seemed to me, with a ghastly defiance of the destiny to which it so surely hurried."

"Out of the hissing! out of the frothing foam! We were on the calm, majestic mass of waters—the sea tide, you might surely call it, that was to hurl itself and me to atoms."

"How oddly the mind acts in such moments of horror! Would you believe it? a tradition of Niagara actually occurred to me as I flashed along. It was an Indian legend. I remembered how an Indian squaw, long the favorite of a famous Chief, found a young maiden was to supplant her in her wigwam. I recollect—I swear I saw it as plainly as it imagination and reality were one—she bore the best-loved child she had borne to its father from her forest home till she reached a canoe. Then she paddled herself and her boy into the full stream and cast the paddles from her, and with a heavy heart, nerved by hate and revenge and misery unendurable, stood up chanting her death song that recounted her wrong and her misery, and welcomed her coming escape from it, till they shot into eternity amid the hell of waters below."

"Even while this was for an instant flashing through my bewildered brain I was entering the very heart of the thunder of the fall. Moments only separated me from my release from agony. But the Indian stoicism was foreign to me; I could have yelled aloud in the terror that possessed me."

"I dared not await seated the awful last moment that was so near. I faced my fate; I turned; I stood up; I looked straight ahead to where the curving waters were to launch me to peace eternal."

"The flood had scarcely a ripple on its surface. 'Was it real? Within a few yards of the awful brink the canoe had shot by a flat speck of rock that off the shores of Goat Island lay still on the very edge of the abyss.'

"With a hardly conscious effort in passing I had sprang to its slippery surface. That moment had saved me from instant annihilation. The canoe was gone. I was standing as yet, while almost washing my very feet, the sea of waters hurried on—on either side of me, and disappeared."

"I gasped a cry of blessing for deliverance. Deliverance? Was it deliverance? For how long? I yet breathed, but who would, who could, save me from the rushing flood that tore past me, from the thundering cataract that fell almost within reach of my touch?"

"Oh heaven! What had I saved life for? For a prolonged agony? For such misery as must end in starvation, madness, suicide? Could my mind long bear the strain now upon it? How could it?"

"Let your eye skirt the rounding edge of this nearest fall. You can see the very rock I was on. It looks but yards from the larger space of Goat Island, but those yards were as bad as miles. They were an impassable gulf between me and the stretch of rock that seemed so near."

"What were my chances of escape? Dared I hope there were any? I was almost two wild with terror to think at all. Yet the brain seemed fevered with life in such moments."

"Should I be starved? Should I slide into the rushing tide from cold and exhaustion? Would sheer, unbearable terror fling me to death from my utter inability to endure the horror that possessed me?"

"What could be done for me? Was rescue possible? Could a boat be floated in any way down to me? Even if it could be guided to so small a point, could I dare to trust myself to it?"

"Would any rope be strong enough to bear the force that the mighty flood would require it to endure and overcome?"

An instant's relaxation of the strain on the rope that might hold it till it towed it to shore, and I, if not it, would be where my own canoe had gone."

"Would human strength, could human endeavor, snatch me from the doom that

had so nearly already engulfed me? All these thoughts were in my brain at that instant, even while the very power to think seemed frozen in me."

"How could I dare to see? I shrieked to be senseless. Oh, for madness, if madness would rid me of the terror in my brain, in my very blood, that was, as it seemed, my life—that so possessed me, that existence had room for nothing but unutterable horror!"

"I looked to this very rock on which we stand. Here, on this spot, I saw a throng of excited spectators. I was seen; and who could see a human being in such peril, and not faintly share the terror that I felt?"

"I could hear the calls of men to me to have heart. I could catch cries to me that I should be saved. I could see women wild with pity. Ah, what could their pity do for me? Yet that, perhaps, was the saving of my life. Any thing—any thing—to make me forget the ever-rushing waters that unceasingly flashed by my feet and disappeared."

"Men were crowding the river bank. They were consulting, I could see, excitedly, debating what should be done."

"There is a rush of some from the crowd. Time passes, ages to me, in my agony. At last a boat comes borne on the shoulders of boatmen at a run. They lay it at the water's edge. Delay! delay! Oh, God! Oh, God! There is a rush of others with a coil of cable, not rope; rope they knew would be murder."

"I see them boring the boat's sides—passing the cable through—knetting it—nailing it securely."

"The boat is towed along the still side-water far up the stream. The crowd follow it. What will they do? God! what will they do? What sane being will venture his life to save mine? Delay! delay! They have stopped. Talk! chatter! will they never act? Oh, dear God, help him—bless him! A canoe pulls out from shore, with the boat in tow. The canoe, as well as the boat, has a cable secured to it, by which those on the bank regulate its drift down stream. How strongly it struggles up and out into the full flood! Both cables are secured round trees and paid out by numbers."

"Fighting up and across the tide, drifted down it as the cables slack their length, I watch—with what hungering eyes! The canoe stalls inch by inch to where it and the boat holds it are in a line with my feet. The set of some current drifted me to the rock I stand on. The boat is detached, straining on the cable, guided, too, by a rope from the nearly stationary canoe. The current sets it toward me. It is brought up by the strain of the cable ashore. Still it drifts nearer and nearer."

"There are moments in life that swallow up all the rest of existence in our memories. They haunt us awake. We dream them always. If I should be a Methuselah with centuries of breath it seems to me one thought would always absorb all others, as Aaron's snake devoured Pharaoh's magician's serpents."

I remember nothing else but that I woke out of a dream of hell in bed at Forsyth's I was told I had been in a death agony with a brain fever. What mattered that? I was out of the torment of the damned. I felt the blessedness of peace, of safety, of life wrung from death."

"They dared not tell me it was real—that all I am now telling you had been awful reality—that I had dared as the boat drifted abreast of me to risk a leap into it—that, on the very edge and utter brink of perdition, the strength of scores ashore had overpowered the rushing flood—that amid the shouts and tears and sobs, not of women only, but of bearded, iron-nerved men, I had been lifted senseless from the boat and borne to enjoy brain fever safely in the hotel yonder."

"Do you think I have told you a lie or a believable truth—the bare fact? I know it is plain truth, and yet I only half credit myself. Well, stranger, dream or truth, I never forget it; it's part of me always. 'God save any one from ever trying, in fact or fancy, such an experience as mine! 'Now you know why I don't see any thing of beauty in Niagara. I leave that to be discovered by those who never came so near to being a real part of it as I did."

The Dog that Worried the Cows that Nearly Killed the Parson.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A thrilling occurrence is reported from Evanston, Ill., and, as it is probably the first instance on record in which the bustle of lovely woman became an implement of crime, the case is thus immortalized by the *Cleveland Leader*. There was a boy in that town named Daley. The boy had a dog, which he was accustomed to take with him on his daily excursions to certain suburban pasture fields to drive home the cows. On the 6th inst., young Daley found, on his way to the pasture, something white and ruffled and mysterious. He did not know what it was, but it was too beautiful to throw away, and the happy thought struck him that it might be intended as an ornamental portable awning for a dog. So he called his dog and tied the gay device around his body just behind the fore legs. This held the wavy frills of the tournure aloft like a canopy. Thus caparisoned the dog pranced along gayly in front of his master to where the cows were quietly grazing in the field. Immediately there was a wild commotion. The cows knew in a general way something about dogs, but an animal half dog and half bird, with a towering banner of whalebone and wire and muslin floating in the summer wind, was to them a new and terrifying spectacle. They eyed the approaching terror a moment, then tossed their heads, turned tail, and broke in a wild stampede for town. The frantic herd burst from the end of the lane into the main road just as a grave and serious ex-minister of the Gospel—whose sands of life had nearly run, etc., came driving along. Him the cows heed not. The dog, with his phenomenal attachment waving up and down, was be-

hind, and they cared for nothing in front. One jumped across between the horses and the vehicle, two others dashed against the wheels, capsize the Elder into a ditch full of muddy water, and left the buggy standing on its beam end with two wheels in the air. Then the horse caught sight of the dog ran after the cows, smashing the vehicle to atoms and distributing it along about two miles of the public highway. The cows reinforced by the flying steed, carried the village like an invading army, and such was the terror and surprise of the people that they have since done little else but talk about it. The minister crawled out of the ditch and began legal proceedings against the boy, who came into town by a side street and slipped up the back stairs supperless to bed. The dog with the bustle saw that he had overdone the thing, and crept under a barn. The problem that absorbs Evanston is where to classify the crime of that boy under the statutes of Illinois.

The Douglass Squirrel in the Sequoia Forests.

The Douglass squirrel, the "chickaree" of the west, is the happy harvester of most of the sequoia cones. Out of every hundred perhaps ninety-nine fall to his share, and unless cut off by his sharp ivory sickle, they shake out their seeds and remain firmly attached to the tree for many years. Watching the squirrels in their Indian-summer harvest days is one of the most delightful diversions imaginable. The woods are calm then, and the ripe colors are blazing in all their glory. The cone-laden trees poise motionless in the warm smoky air, and you may see the crimson-crested woodcock, the prince of Sierra woodpeckers, drilling the giant trees with his ivory pick, and ever and anon filling the glens with his careless cackle; the hummings-bird, too, glancing among the pentstemon, or resting wing-weary on some leafless twig; and the old familiar robin of the orchards; and the great, grizzly or brown bear, so obviously fitted for these majestic solitudes—mammoth brown bears harmonizing grandly with mammoth grown trees. But the Douglass squirrel gives forth more appreciable life than all the birds, bears and humming insects taken together. His movements are perfect jets and flashes of energy, as if surcharged with the refined fire and space of the woods in which he feeds. He cuts off his food cones with one or two snips of his keen chisel teeth, and without waiting to see what becomes of them, cuts of another and another, keeping up a dripping, pumping shower for hours together. Then, after three or four bushels are thus harvested, he comes down to gather the nuts, carrying them away patiently one by one in his mouth, with jaws grotesquely stretched, storing them in hollows beneath logs or under the roots of standing trees, in many different places, so that when his many granaries are full, his bread is indeed sure. Some demand has sprung up for sequoia seeds in foreign and American markets, and several thousand dollars' worth is annually collected, most of which is stolen from the squirrels.—John Muir, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

Survivors of the Alamo.

New Orleans Picayune.

A venerable Mexican named Ráigido Guerro, residing in San Antonio, applied last week for a pension from the State of Texas, on the ground that he is the only male survivor of the Alamo massacre, of those who were in the building when it was captured by Santa Anna's troops and the heroic defenders put to the sword. It has always been believed in Texas—and we heard the tragic story of the Alamo by men who lost relatives there, and who helped to defeat Santa Anna afterward at San Jacinto—that there was no male in the fortress escaped death except a doctor, and he was wounded. Quite a number of Mexicans, a few of them men of prominence, residing in Texas when her war of independence commenced, joined the Texans and fought with them. A few of these brave men still live in Western Texas. The Navarro, Manchaca, Mexia and other families of note were among these patriots, and their descendents are now in or near San Antonio and held in great esteem. It is possible that a few Mexican volunteers were in the Alamo during its memorable siege. This would account for Guerro's presence within the bloodstained walls. He states in his pension application that "with five other men he attempted to gain the room occupied by the women, and in doing so the other four were killed. When he gained the apartment he induced the women to secrete him beneath the bedding and sit upon it when the captors effected an entrance. After they had made the capture of the place, he waited an hour on the spot where he was concealed, and then passed out unobserved and hid himself in a house to which the women had fled and taken refuge."

A little fellow, at whose home hens had been kept but a few weeks, visited a neighbor's to find a playmate, when he was informed that his young friend was suffering from the chicken-pox. The lady of the house, in tones of curiosity and solicitude, asked the little fellow if they had the chicken-pox over at his house. "No," replied the youngster gravely, "we haven't had our hens long enough yet."

A little girl was reproved for playing out-doors with boys, and informed that being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied: "Why, the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em."

A little girl was visiting the country and for the first time witnessed the operation of milking. Watching the proceeding intently for a while, she inspected the cow minutely, and then launched out the poser. "Where do they put it in?"