

FOWLER FANS THE FALLS

REVISITING THE ROARING NIAGARA CATARACT.

Poetry Bubbling — Fans and Fan — A Canuck Dinner — Pedestrianism in Canadian Snow — A Delicate Appetite.

Announcement has already been made in these columns that Editor Fowler of the *Orange County Farmer* had revisited Niagara Falls recently. We have received from the Canuck frontier a full description of his flying visit, which, we doubt not, will interest our readers. The writer is a stranger to us, but he evidently knows Editor Fowler quite thoroughly. He says:

"Mr. Fowler, whom I had not seen for 50 years, reached Clifton, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, on Sunday, about dinner time. He had forgotten me, but I remembered him by his poetical eyes, gleaming with sentimental fire, and I said: "Howdy, Old Fol!" He was several minutes getting my identity through the incrustation which a half-century creates over even the brightest intellect, but when it got through, it hit the center of his sensorium and he gave me a John-L-Sullivan vice grip that squeezed the saline lacrymal drop to my optic. He introduced his companions, a grown-up son, some 30 years old, and a pale, lame, quiet, seaway man of decided baldness and exceedingly uncertain age, whose name I forget, but who, I believe, was a Russian. We dined at the "American Hotel," and my old friend Fowler, in his gallant onslaught on soup, fish, fowl, fowl, celery, cabbage, potatoes, rutabagas, oleo, vinegar, pie, pudding, lemon-water, Worcestershire sauce, tea, sugar, milk, coffee, bread, crackers and other comestibles, recalled the days of our youth when, full 50 snows ago, he was the indisputable, unethronable president of our 'Glutton Club.'

"After filling him up with a quantity of provender that distended his stomach until it was as taut as a tenor-drum, we started out and visited the Whirlpool Rapids, Goat Island and other points of interest, Fowler all the time bubbling over with poetry, raptures and rhapsodies curiously intermingled with reminiscences of 50 years ago, with fish yaws and discombobolated diablerie (see Webster's unabridged) such as Fowler can evolve. We talked and walked and talked, and all the time Fowler seemed to be watching for an opportunity to write down something. Whenever his eye would gleam unusually bright, he would drop behind and hastily jot down something in a note-book. I did not know that he had ever done poetical work, and I did not know what was "on." I mentioned my surprise to his companions, but they merely said: "O! Ac's all right!" So I quit worrying. He got off some piterecent puns, but I attributed that to bad company which he may have fallen into during the 50 years since we met.

When saying farewell to him and his party at the Erie station, he left in my hand a small roll of paper, asking me to read it and dispose of it as I saw fit. I put it in my vester pouch until I returned to my hotel. On investigation I found that Fowler had actually been unable to restrain himself and that he had written a poem on Niagara Falls. It surprised me somewhat, as Fowler had been at the Falls so often that the novelty should have been worn off. His companions had never seen the great cataract before, but they took it quite coolly. For a seasoned old campaigner to posture over Niagara was too much for me. But here is the poem: