

The Highland Park News

Will be issued MONTHLY from its office in the Post Office building, where all editorial and other business will be transacted, and where all communications should be addressed.

HIGHLAND PARK TIME TABLE.

Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Yearly Fare, \$85 100 Rides, \$23.50 30 Rides, \$3 80.

TRAINS STOPPING AT HIGHLAND PARK

| Leave Chicago. | Arr. High'd Park. | Leave High'd Park. | Arr. Chicago. |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Kinzie St. 8.00 A. M. | 9.07 A. M. | 3.18 A. M. | 5.00 A. M. Kinzie St. |
| " 9.30 " | 10.25 " | 6.00 " | 7.15 " Wells St. |
| " 1.06 P. M. | 2.15 P. M. | 6.44 " | 7.55 " " |
| Wells St. 4.10 " | 5.17 " | 7.11 " | 8.25 " " |
| Kinzie St. 5.00 " | 5.54 " | 8.03 " | 9.00 " " |
| Wells St. 5.30 " | 6.42 " | 9.29 " | 10.30 " Kinzie St. |
| " 6.20 " | 7.30 " | 2.25 P. M. | 3.40 P. M. " |
| " 9.00 " | 10.15 " | 3.12 " | 4.00 " " |
| Kinzie St. 11.00 " | 12.47 " | 6.27 " | 7.30 " " |

*Sunday Trains.

The Ravines and Woods of Highland Park.

H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

It is gratifying to perceive by the evidence afforded in the communications to the News on the subject of the "Ravines,"—that their peculiar beauty is appreciated to such a degree as will tend to their preservation, alike from the desecration of being made use of for offensive purposes, and the almost equally destructive effect of attempting to improve them by the polish of artificial culture: The secret of their attractive charm, lies in the fact of their wild and picturesque natural beauty, which man should only venture to touch with reverent hands, and is certain utterly to destroy if he attempts to improve. Yet the appreciation of this truth is not instinctive, but is the result of artistic culture. In fact, notwithstanding all the twaddle that passes current on the subject of natural beauty, there are comparatively few persons who have enough genuine love of nature to find in the study and contemplation of her attractions a real and permanent source of enjoyment.

The first thought and wish of the citizen who has had no opportunity for such culture, on finding himself amidst scenes of natural beauty is to add to their attractions by the introduction of artificial ornamentation, and the reduction of the wild and picturesque features, which in fact give the *game flavor* to the scene, to the elegance and polish of a garden. A little study and reflection will serve to convince any one who has any germ of taste in his nature, that such a course must be repugnant to genuine artistic taste, and destructive of all that is best worth preserving. Let any one ramble at this season, through the ravines, and study the exquisite beauty of the young foliage of the trees, shrubs and vines, which clothe their sides, and feel the thrill of delight which tingles through his veins as he comes unexpectedly upon a bed of anemones, trilliums, blood-root, or other wild flowers (or if his own blood is too dry for such a sensation, let him bring a party of children from the city, and witness their delight, and so take his enjoyment second-hand), and then say whether any such feeling could have been excited by finding the place cleared and graded, and laid out in paths and beds, and planted with garden flowers, which, however beautiful in themselves, would be out of place and only offensive to one who could appreciate the wild beauty which had given place to them.

As a source of the the truest and purest enjoyment of which the human mind is susceptible, the study of nature should commend itself to every one who has the opportunity for its prosecution. Perhaps there may be those in Highland Park who do not know that the shelter afforded by the ravines has given to the place such a rich collection of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers as is very unusual on this side the lake, and will repay study and examination. I give herewith a list of deciduous and evergreen trees, and shrubs, which may be found there, and would suggest to any one who finds country life dull, that if he will begin the study of trees and their characteristics, and make himself familiar with those that are here enumerated, and try to add to the list by searching

the woods for new varieties, he will find his interest growing by what it feeds on, till he will only wonder that he ever could have been troubled with *causit* in the country.

Of the oaks there yet remain many fine specimens of white oak, though many have been cut for timber. It is to be hoped that these may be preserved, as also the burr oaks, as these two are by far the finest varieties of which our woods can boast, and are invaluable as ornamental trees, but can only be had where nature has furnished them. The other varieties, the red and black oaks, are not as picturesque in character, and almost invariably in this section, become diseased and full of dead wood before coming to maturity. The American and slippery elm are too well known to need description. The white beech is one of the most beautiful of our forest trees, and is not only almost unknown as an indigenous tree in this vicinity, but can hardly be made to grow or live here however carefully planted. Yet a group of these trees may be seen on the south bank of the Grand Ravine at a point a little below where the "Ravine Drive" descends into it, which is worthy of the woods of New England. Of maples there are the scarlet flowering, the rock and the sugar maple.

White, black and prickly ash; black walnut and butternut; cottonwood, Balm-of-Gilead poplar, silver-leaf poplar and American aspen; willow of several varieties; white, black and yellow birch; American hickory, American hornbeam, hop hornbeam, buckthorn, flowering dogwood, thornapple, crab apple, wild plum, shad bush, and sumach.

Of evergreen trees, we have the white pine, red cedar, white cedar, upright and prostrate juniper; and of shrubs, several varieties of viburnum, American elder, red dogwood, euonymus or fire bush, common hazel, witch hazel, wild currant and gooseberry, and of vines, the Virginia creeper, bittersweet or Rôxberry wax plant, and several varieties of wild grape vines.

This list is not given as by any means complete, but only as the result of observation while traversing the woods and ravines for other purposes. It is given in the hope that it may incite others to the study by showing what a wealth of beauty is about them of which perhaps they know not even the distinguishing features. The preservation of the natural attractions which give to Highland Park such pre-eminence as a picturesque region should be a subject of universal interest with the community, and popular opinion should frown upon any attempt to substitute for them the garish display of artificial ornamentation. The only form of improvement admissible is by such delicate touches as only an accomplished artist can use to develop and render more impressive the natural expression without betraying where or by what means the effect had been produced.

SUBURBAN REFLECTIONS—EXALTATION.

Writing, in our suburban home, toward the end of the leafing month of May, the thought comes to us with an irresistible influence, that at this, the sweetest time of all the year, there is a special tendency, more marked than at any other season, to a rapturous state of mental exaltation, arising from the surrounding influences of teaching, speaking, budding, blooming Nature, now so full of tender beauty and promise.

It is the experience of all human life, and all history, that only occasionally, is there such a combination of causes existing, at any one time, as to lead to ecstatic and supreme moments of full delight. With buttercups set profusely in the emerald green of our meadows, trilliums, lily and queen-like, nodding on all the sides of the ravines, and modest violets and anemones shedding fragrance on the winds, and all overhead richest blossoms of juneberry, wild plum, cherry and apple tree, surely now, the lover of nature must have his delights given to, and received by him in the most potential mood. Add to all this the fact that the groves in tender, half-expanded leaf, are all full of the melody of birds, and the eye of the beholder becomes dazzled by the brilliance of the plumage of the tanager, the oriole and yellow finch, then, surely, may delight be experienced supreme.

To the reflective mind, also, surely this fecund, sug-

gestive season, may become the time of the deepest questioning as to Nature's methods, designs, and ends. Primarily, inquiries will readily come, seeking at least to know the more obvious phases of all this phenomena. First, their meaning as an explication of the Divine mind, and second, their relation to us as a method of Divine communication and teaching. It is this appeal through Nature, to our moral and spiritual individualities; that to our mind affords the best line of proofs of the existence of Divine benevolence, and this much more so, than the mere creation or the fact of the display of the highest mechanical adaptation of means to end. The nearer we come to the proofs of the creation of moral essences, the near we come to the fact of the supremely wise and Divine Ruler of the universe.

Yet, between these more sublime considerations, and the more common operations of Nature, come in these questions as we look abroad on our suburban home. What can be the divine meaning in such endless variety in Nature, and especially such wondrous variety in the minute forms of organized life? Why the countless myriads of insects, living such a short, ephemeral existence, and why the still vaster numbers that round their short life beyond the easy observation of our perceptions? Why such variety in leaf, in bough, and tree, yet such careful rigidity in all the types of existence, such a jealous care, that none shall be obliterated or blended with that of any other type? Not only so, but why such a display of forms so insignificant and yet so rigid in character, that, so far as we know, notwithstanding endless change of surrounding circumstances,

"Such as they were at creation's dawn,
Such are they now."

Then again is any special divine *fiat* required to produce this ever recurring seasonal life, and to preserve those special types of characters; and if so, how is such power applied and how close does it come to the life of the creature so sustained?

Then, in all our relations to this natural phenomena, the question comes unbidden, How much of it is for us, and how deep should we draw from its inspirations. We know, even by intuition, that much of all this is a pure gift from the Giver to us. For why does all the beauty of nature find its reception in our faculties? Why the green of the tree, of the grass, the marvelous colored tints of the birds, the melody of their songs, and the glory and aroma of the flowers, if not for us? It is obvious that the birds could have propagated their kind as well without either beauty of plumage, or melody of song, that the trees, if there were even need for such at all, could as well have grown as tall, sere and colorless reeds, like some of the Flora of the Carboniferous era without either greenness of foliage, or beauty of form. Then is all this pure benevolence to us as bearing on the limit of this life only? Do not such influences in their results teach and sweep away beyond our present being? For if not, why does He who paints the indigo bird, barb the mosquito, and on the balmy air sometimes evolve the deadliest miasmatic poison? Who can answer fully such questions? Yet it is easy for the loyal soul to rest on the fact that "He doeth all things well."

In conclusion, we see thus some of the finer influences of suburban life and study, and how the student of Nature is easily led from effect to cause, and onward, still higher, to the *reason of cause*. Thus we get naturally what city dwellers cannot, and are easily attracted in those paths of glory, so sweetly laid out for us that lead up to the throne of the Infinite Creator, and in stepping along them in our leafy enwrapped homes, easily or frequently may enjoy times of high delight and supreme exaltation.

For the Highland Park News.

BRAHMA.

Did Brahma say, there's nothing cold,
Nothing new, yet nothing old!
That if we think the slain are dead,
Then life's deep mystery we've not read!
But sure this thought must erst be true:
A pure sweet life is ever new,
And living truth, though never cold,
Incarnate once, is ever old.