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PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

When Autumn, bleak and sun-burnt do appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When leaping fires and leaves do meet from far the sight,
When the fair apple, ruddy as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,
When juicy pears and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air and call the eye around;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my heart's joy is stained with some care.

CHATTERTON.

A PIECE OF A JOURNEY.

Come with me to the mountains where rocks,
Scarce harsh above the troop of hanging pine.—*Songs of Jubal*

A journey however long, or short, is made up of about the same elements as the journey of life.

There are long stretches of dull wearying monotony, of patiently endured plodding, which cannot be changed or varied, because it is a repetition, shown hour by hour, day by day, week by week, of the same duties and responsibilities, which keep us from taking any path which might change to more agreeable scenes and occupations, for it is a *journey*, and for each there is a way which our journeys lend and an end to which we hasten, toward which we instinctively keep our course however rough the road, however poor the fare. Whether the path leads at times through burning desert, or luxuriant fields, which ever it may be, humanity adapts itself to the position and endures or enjoys, according to what is provided or laid out for them. When the journey is ended the dull days are forgotten, and the bright, joyous ones which come occasionally and break the monotony, fill up the recollection and give character and tone to our memories of the whole journey. Thus it was with a journey which it was my pleasure, and good fortune to take in a brilliant company to Colorado some years ago, on the occasion of the opening of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. It is an old story now, and so often described that I would not attempt to repeat again so well told a tale. Years have now passed, the days of the long journey which were endured with patience, the weariness, the aches and pains are forgotten, but the experience and the deep impressions made in a single hour upon my mind will never be forgotten, will never grow dim in my memory. Many have journeyed there since, and the novelty is past, but what I saw and experienced, in that hour, I believe few have, or ever will see or enjoy. It was a picture that I saw, a picture set in the Heavens, a picture made by God's own hand, seemingly to make the climax of a glorious excursion, to dazzle and awe those who had come to do homage to the enterprise and power of man. To attempt a description is presumptuous; not to do so is stupidity and selfishness combined. I gazed with open eyed wonder and delight, which after years stirs within me, and instinctively I try to picture the scene, so that others may taste of the delight which was so rich a feast to me. It was early in September, the weather had been perfect, neither hot or cold. For days we rolled along over level plains in the balmy atmosphere, the scene on all sides, and all about the same. All was peaceful, and quiet, save the rumbling of our wheels, care was put aside, only happiness was welcome. When within about thirty miles of Denver we were in full view of the mountains, our train stopped, the engine was put on the rear of the train and open and platform cars covered with canvass were put in front and the excursionists invited forward. When all were

comfortably seated, the train moved on. From this point to Denver the road is down a steep grade into the valley of the Platte River which comes tumbling and rushing down the mountain into the valley, into which we too rushed at a fearful rate, which to most of our party was most exhilarating, but to the experienced railroad men a most dangerous thing to do, for the weight of the train was all in the rear, and the light cars with their human freight were liable to jump the track at any moment and be crushed and destroyed by the awful weight of a train of heavy Pullman cars and the engine in the rear.

The ladies especially enjoyed the excitement and felt no fear, but the brown and grizzled faces of old rail-
readers blanched, and with eager fierceness they demanded a more reasonable and safe rate of speed which was cheerfully complied with. The ride was most exciting and exhilarating, but gradually all eyes were fixed far off in the west, and exclamations of delight and wonder continually broke forth from unemotional men, and never in my life have I seen a company of sober people so intoxicated with delight and wonder over the grandeur of what lay before them. It was the afternoon of a lovely September day, the air was clear, though soft and dreamy in appearance. We were gliding down into the valley. Beyond from the river, rose gradually up, hill upon hill, mountain upon mountain—up, still upward, up, even with the clouds, above the clouds—up, almost to the sun. The mountains not only extended to, and joined the clouds, but spread out, to the North and South mountain upon mountain as though the gods had here made a stupendous barricade to awe, and keep back poor, puny man. For height, their tops were lost in the clouds. Where the clouds began and the mountains left off could not be told. To right and left, mile beyond mile, and beyond the reach of vision they spread their mighty forms above them, and directly in front, or before, us the sun in all his autumn splendor, was grandly setting in a scene of glory. As the sun was beyond the mountains, the eastern slope was in shadow, sombre, in deep black and richest brown, but varied and ever changing as a vast cluster of gorgeously fringed and brilliant clouds of purest amber floated in graceful and fantastic shapes before the regal sun, each amber cloud fringed with a deep bordering of gold and silver light, golden upon the upper edge, and silver on the lower, sometimes veiling the sun's face with transparent drapery, then forming in shapes like vast mountain ranges, the sun all the time radiating bright rays of light below the mountain top, below the clouds, down, down to the slender rails of our iron track, which ran perfectly straight for miles. Here was the strangest part of the beautiful scene. Sitting on the center of the front car of the train, directly between the two rails of our track, and looking forward for miles in the perspective, the two rails which in the light of the setting sun, shone and looked like silver, and seemed, only a short distance forward, to unite and become one broad, beautiful line of silver leading directly up the mountain, into the clouds and into the sun. The end of the track became invisible in the shadow of the mountains, but the bright radiation of the sun directly in front of it, made a perfect illusion, and no illusion could have seemed more perfect than that our course was directly there. The whole reminded me of a picture I have seen of the last scene in the Pilgrim's Progress, and for moments it really seemed as though the golden gates of the Celestial City were before us, and that through a blaze of light and glory, we were being borne "right onward to the gates

of Heaven." The sun gradually disappeared behind the dark mountains, the clouds became dark and gloomy, the air grew chilly and uncomfortable, over wrought nature relapsed, the usual effects of intoxication were experienced, the party separated quietly, I retired to the gross occupation of eating, and soon to sleep, but not to forget, as I never shall, the magnificent picture that had vanished away from sight.

Compulsory Morality.

BY HENRY H. EVERTS.

All men are only big children. True, we sometimes see men whose lofty qualities, inspire us with true and high reverence, and whom we wish instinctively to fall down before and worship. Such are the men who in all ages have passed through the ordeal of apotheosis and become gods in the estimation of their devoted worshippers and followers.

But still it remains true, notwithstanding these isolated cases of rare excellence, that all men are only big children. They are natural fools and natural rogues. We say *natural* fools and rogues because they are so until their natural foolishness and roguery are educated out of them. *Culture* is the watchword, the talisman of human progress.

These assertions conceded, it follows that man will carry his foolishness and roguery into all the departments of human life. The great mass of mankind, being naturally ignorant and helpless, fall helplessly into the hands of their human oppressors, like children into the hands of their parents, or like sheep under the leading and control of the bell wethers of society. The intelligent few must necessarily govern the ignorant many until society reaches a vastly higher grade of uniformity in intelligence and morality than it has at present attained to. These principles being conceded, it follows that all government, whether civil, ecclesiastical corporate or merely the government of unorganized public opinion, is, and must necessarily be, more or less unjust and oppressive, until the true principles of government are thoroughly and universally understood, and there is sufficient power in the at present feeble classes fully to enforce all the demands of equity and justice.

We begin then, by asserting that all laws whether civil, ecclesiastical or merely corporate, and all social influences of whatever kind, whether organized or unorganized, which are employed for the coercion of the beliefs, opinions or conduct of any human being in opposition to the moral convictions of that being as to what is true and right (meaning by the term coercion in opposition to pure moral suasion the infliction of any personal penalty whatever, whether that penalty be physical restraint or constraint or physical pain, moral or social stigma, or the direct or indirect forcible suppression of intellectual activity,) are gross outrages on the dearest rights and interests of its victims and against society at large unless they are rendered necessary for the general weal. And in the great majority of cases, where private beliefs, opinions or conduct are forcibly interfered with in any of the above mentioned ways, the chances are that the individual is right and the public is wrong, because laws and all other social influences as we have, already shown are almost always instituted more or less

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