

Mr. Editor:—From the following you will discover that "a child's among us taking notes," and if you think them worthy of a spare corner in your next number of the News this writer would like to have you "print 'em," and oblige.
H. E. R.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

HIGHLAND PARK NAMES.

Of colored men we've Grays, Browns, Greens, to represent the Park,
Of callings, a Smith, Baker, Carter, Plumber, a Clerk,
A Savage little Joiner, and a Fisher-man-at-sea,
Some O-bees, several Bee-bees and some other busy bees.
There's Hawkins, always Frank, and Schroeder, moving us to tears,
Midst pleasant Fields, Downs, Banks) and Ha(e)rts, and hardy look-
ing Steers.
A Middle-man and Boy-in-ton, Prest-on with Denit(e)son,
Two kinds of Ham-one Duffield, one of French, another one,
Two-dies all tall, but flars none in any of our Hats,
Or(r) Buse-y-Allen, Wood and Co(e) who love to Hammer balls.
Of James, Williams, Edwards, Phillips, hardly any end,
A Spend-er, Lasher, Afwater, or Street-er, to befriend,
A portly Dean, a Cross M. D., one Curtis and a Wren,
With others who by'r Davie's te'en have quite escaped my pen,
These oft combined to force a smile when pondered in the News,
And prompted this poor effort your young readers to amuse.
HIGHLAND PARK, Oct. 18th, 1874.

OCTOBER.

I cannot call these autumn days,
"The saddest of the year,"
Nor o'er the summer glories gone,
Shed one regretful tear.

To me a richer beauty rests
Upon the tinted leaves,—
For me a greater gladness lies
Within the garnered sheaves.

They whisper of life's hopes fulfilled,
Of restful days to come—
They 'mind me of the better-land,
And of its "harvest home."

M. L. B.

HIGHLAND PARK, Oct. 23, 1874.

ON A TOO FAMILIAR SUBJECT.

A south sea chief was visited by traders. They displayed their glittering trifles, flattered his dusky majesty, made love to his oleaginous belles, and generally went through all the foolery with which the son of civilization blandly fleeces his unsophisticated brethren. But this particular man and brother turned from beads and looking glasses, smiled sadly at the blandishments of the pale face, and even waved away fire-water like a crusader. The traders were puzzled and baffled; but accident solved the mystery. One fruit of civilization he had seen or heard of. Its fascinations lingered in his mind as the glance of a maiden in the mind of a lover,—and of all things in the world it was—cows. Apathy became excitement,—avarice, extravagance—when he got upon that subject; for cows, and for cows alone would he give anything—everything—without them life had no further object for him. Cows are not usually a part of a trader's outfit—and the savage was a man of one idea—and so Aboriginal and European parted in mutual woe and wrath.

This is only noteworthy as a most remarkable instance of infatuation. There is no doubt that the chief, sooner or later, got his cows; for he was rich and powerful; and then it is safe to say, that the next missionary who came along and preached on the hollowness of earthly hopes found a willing listener. It is a sad picture; a simple, peaceful population, at first in delight, then in doubt, then in dismay; then in disgust, as they found their once prized pets calmly breaking down their bananas, placidly grazing their yam patches, quietly stepping on dusky babies, wildly dancing before some terrified island beauty or trampling a week's washing in the—though, on second thoughts, we doubt whether that last troubled them much. And the ill-fated sovereign too—how he must have groaned as he found his once quiet politics complicated by questions of cows or no cows; by deadly feuds between neighbors; by intricate questions of fence laws and pound ordinances. Let us hope that they solved the problem in their usual simple way—by eating up the cause of difficulty.

What possessed those three restless antediluvian boys of Lamech, first husband of two wives, and set them to vying with each other in drawing from the virgin world, sources of torment for their descendants. And, though Jubal was father of all such as handle the harp and the organ; a 1 though Tubal Cain invented sword and spear; yet Jubal, "father of them that have cattle," has

as much to answer for as either of his brethren. Could he have seen, in some dim vision of the future, smashed buggy and wrecked train, could he have seen the vision of cow-stricken Chicago; could he have seen a suburban dignitary, chasing a sportive heifer over his flower beds, and through his vegetables, and at last, breathless with rage and fatigue, standing and looking at her with emotions too deep for utterance; could he have seen the busy housewife, at last able to snatch an afternoon for long neglected calls, in her best clothes and a neighbor's front yard, spending her precious time in alternate fearful glances at the frisky herd in front of the gate and at the closed blinds behind her to see if anybody is looking; and could he have realized the thoughts that pass through the mind of that matron, Jubal, son of Lamech, fierce descendant of Cain, would have shuddered and wept.

Some hundreds of pounds of stupidity and egotism, wandering at will among the delicate and frail interests of modern civilization, make wild work. It shows the power of human idealization that even the unpractical poet or painter should ever have made of the cow a kind of emblem of peace; should have been able to evolve such pictures as, for instance, a young wife strolling through the fragrant meadow,

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling,
While the evening dews are falling."

when they know that before she found her Jetty or Light-foot, and the rest of them, she called something more emphatic than "Cusha;" that she found them somewhere, where nothing could ever have taken them except that utter stupidity which surpasses, in its results, the highest genius; that she came back with flushed face and snappish words from some angry tilt with a neighbor, and who next night told her husband that he might go after them himself, and that the peace of one humble family was ruined. Were I to paint Bellona, I should picture her as riding on a cow, in the quietest of hamlets, where the wanderer from the strife of cities thinks surely all is repose. Lo! he finds vilest slander and fiercest enmity; and tracing it to its original source he no longer wonders that the father of evil was represented with horns.

The cow is demoralizing. No one who has not heard the evidence in a "cow case" knows to what extent passion can carry the gentle granger; and milk-men have a bad reputation, both for honesty and temper. Perhaps this is owing to the utter lack of all moral sense in the cow. Never can she be made to see that she is the least in the wrong, or to feel the slightest remorse. When she has crushed your dearest interests she replies only to oburgations and missiles by a look of mild wonder and reproach, and if she can no longer delay a departure, goes with an air of amiability and indulgence for your weakness, which makes you madder than ever; like a man on whom you have in wrath heaped "winged words," and who only replies by lighting his cigar and smilingly bidding you good morning. Her egotistical views of things probably more or less affect her owner on the "evil communication" principle.

Fortunately for humanity, the traditions of a past age are disappearing. For long ages the cow has been held in as much reverence in our laws as in those of the ancient Egyptians, but, though the usages of years are not to be broken up at once, yet, the reformatory spirit of the time is extending itself gradually even to her venerated privileges, and enables us to be hopeful of a time when eternal vigilance shall no longer be the price of vegetables, and when, literally, "peace shall be in all our gates."

AN undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper, this: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head; much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts, and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will, if you stick it in."

THE following brief sketch from the Chicago Tribune will find no heartier endorsement anywhere than in Highland Park, among Dr. Patterson's friends and neighbors:

"ROBERT W. PATTERSON, D. D.—The Rev. R. W. Patterson, before retiring from his long pastorate over the Second Presbyterian Church, had held the pastoral office longer than any other clergyman in Chicago. For many years the Second Church, situated, as it was, in the heart of the city, was the centre of a very powerful religious influence. Its societies were thronged by the young and energetic clerks and business men of the city, and its prayer-meetings were the centre of a fervid religious influence. Dr. Patterson was, for more than a quarter of a century, the guiding spirit, the patron, and promoter of the well-being of the Church; and his influence upon the moral and religious state of the city is second to that of no man. In his retirement from the pastorate of his Church, not only his own denomination were conscious of a great loss, but all other Protestant Churches sympathized more or less in the regret.

"Dr. Patterson was born in Blount county, Tenn., in the year 1814, and is now 60 years of age. He is a descendant of Scotch Presbyterians, and owes to this fact that rugged constitution which enabled him to go through the herculean efforts at self-education which were essential to overcome his almost total neglect of any book knowledge up to the age of 12 years. With a little help from an itinerant schoolmaster, at the age of 18, he was enabled six years after to pass an examination which admitted him to the preparatory class at Illinois College, Jacksonville, he having determined upon becoming a minister. Five years afterward he graduated from this college, and in 1837 went to Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati. Dr. Lyman Beecher was at this time President and professor of theology in this seminary, and no one will for a moment doubt the influences of the great theologian upon his teachable and vigorous pupil. He was unable to finish his course, and became a tutor in the seminary after two years. In 1840 he began preaching, and temporarily supplied the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. He finally received and accepted a call to this church in 1842, and from that time until the past year has been a dearly beloved and efficient pastor. The church had but twenty-six members at its organization, but at the time of his separation from its pastorate it must have had 600 or 700. The burning of this church edifice, situated upon the corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street, was succeeded by much delay in locating a site, as there are always so many to please in settling such questions. This delay, and the restlessness such delays are always sure to bring, undoubtedly had much to do with Dr. Patterson's severance from the church after a pastorate of above thirty years.

Dr. Patterson in person is tall, stately, and dignified, and combining, as he does, broad learning, good judgment, and a wisdom which seldom errs, he commands the respect and confidence of all who know him. In his recently assumed position as a member of the faculty of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of this city he will, without doubt, attract to his lecture room many students who will hereafter adorn the Presbyterianism of the West."

A WAUKEGAN candidate for the Legislature was asking Prof. Phelps, of Highland Park, if he knew who Col. James was, who replied that he would answer that question as the man did who was asked who James K. Polk was—o wait until after the election and he would find out.

ACE AND DEUCE.—The paternal relatives of the following new arrivals make the announcement with a charming mixture of pride and modesty. We trust they have come to stay, and that the census-taker will make a note of it:

At the residence of Mr. George B. Cummings, 1 boy.

At the residence of Mr. John Brooks, 2 girls.