

### What is The Prospect?

This is a question daily asked, and often many times daily, and we always endeavor to put the bright side out, although it is sometimes a satisfaction when some chronic old croaker puts the question, to assert that "all is lost!" "no hope!" "the town is dead!" and advise that a sign, "for sale, cheap," be immediately posted on the front door or fence of our dreary-minded friend, Mr. Croaker, but only occasionally, for there are not many such. For us, the town cannot die. We lived here when neighbors were few and far between, and those who were here remember those early days with almost unmingled pleasure, and the great object of anticipating or wishing a large population, was that more might enjoy what we enjoyed, and believe, as we did, that existence, surrounded by the beauties of nature, such as gave Highland Park its charm, was a pleasure. No doubt we are ambitious to have the place grow in size and importance, as a matter of pride. No doubt but we have figured the financial benefits of increased population. No doubt it is humiliating to see good, respectable mechanics pack up and leave, like the birds, for warmer and more congenial climates, still we are not alarmed; but look forward to the future with confidence. We have never seen or felt a winter yet in which Mr. Croaker and his thin blooded family did not raise their ugly voices, and chill the blood of decent folks for a time, but when the winter of their discontent was over, and the sun rose high and sent its genial rays down among the tender roots, and drove out Jack Frost, and coaxed the tender flowers to show their lovely faces, when the budding trees and shrubs changed the monotony of the sombre brown and black of winter robes into various bright and brilliant shades of beauty, then all hearts put new vigor on, and joy and hope filled them, and enterprise was expressed in every thought and action. So it has been; so it will be. To what extent, of course, will depend on the nature of each individual. One of our most enterprising citizens, who has had large experience elsewhere as a successful operator in a prosperous suburb of Chicago, said to the writer, that he found that the true way to improve and develop a place was for you, each of you, who read this, though he said for every man, to not wait for any one else, the town authorities or your neighbor, to begin to make an improvement adjoining your own property, such as making a good sidewalk, or repairing the street, or setting a street lamp, but do it, and inspired by the example of a good deed, your neighbor will be not only ready, but anxious to do as well by himself, for a decent man does not enjoy an unfavorable contrast as between slovenly grounds and trim, well kept ones, and there is nothing that will give greater value to property, and reputation to a place of the character of Highland Park, and there is no system better, than for each property owner to keep his own premises in good order, not only inside but outside his fences. We should like to observe the effect of a general improvement of say, Central Ave., by its owners, as an example to the rest of the town. The property owners on Port Clinton Ave., have set a good example, and deserve the thanks of all our citizens, but Central Ave., is so central, and also so short between the railroad and the lake, that it could be put in even better condition. There are many non-resident property owners on that street—several, we are sorry to say, are members of the Highland Park Company, and ought to know and do better—who represent a large class of owners who never spend a dollar, or if they do, are satisfied to simply "bush whack" their lots, which grow up again the first season, and look as bad as ever. They sometimes pay the place a visit, and ask the question, what is the prospect? We answer them as we answer all; that the prospects for the future depends on you, and if you wait for any one else to do what you should do, you may as well put up your sign, "For sale, cheap; apply at the drug store," at once.

From observation we are inclined to think that the great secret of the success of Highland Park has been that every man has done what he could to promote the general good, and that the same spirit exists, and with more workers, which being true, we anticipate fully our customary progress, growth and prosperity, and principally from individual enterprise.

ONE who does not offend against rules has no tragic genius. Grammar is made for school boys. Every gifted man has his own grammar.

ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

We eagerly accept the above as truth, and directly apply it to our own style, which will be a full explanation in the future for our own peculiarities and should at once be taken as a sure indication of genius.

SINCE our last number the House of French has been re-enforced and strengthened by the mustering in of a new recruit, a sturdy little eleven pounder, who, we understand, is to be the heir of the celebrated French law suit, and is to continue said suit to his own fifth son. It would be romantic if the war of families should end like the tragedy of the Montagues and Capulets, making Frederick and Bridget the Romeo, and Juliet of the future.

CHRISTMAS and New Years, those happy anniversaries, have come and passed into subjects of recollection. Both days were joyfully spent in Highland Park. All had at least one pair of stockings full on Christmas, but we did not hear of anyone who was over full on New Years day. Most of the good ladies received and many of the gentlemen gave the day to calling. In the evening the hospitable mansion of William W. Boyington, Esq., was thrown open to a very pleasant gathering of our citizens who, to the sound of sweet music and with light "fantastic toe" glided into the morning of January 2d.

### Wisdom in Charities.

You know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable, to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor;" and you know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

Now this charity of thought is not merely to be exercised toward the poor, it is to be exercised toward all men. There is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which, by kindly thought, may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest sum of money for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it. The object we covet may, indeed, be desirable and harmless so far as we are concerned, but the providing us with it may, perhaps, be a prejudicial occupation to some one else, and then it becomes instantly a moral question whether we are to indulge ourselves or not.

Let us, however, only acknowledge the principle;—once make up your mind to allow the consideration of the effect of your purchases to regulate the kind of your purchase, and you soon easily find grounds enough to decide upon. The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities. It is written "If thou sayest, behold we know it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth the soul doth not he know it?" For instance, when you spend a guinea upon an engraving, what have you done? You have paid a man for a certain number of hours to sit at a dirty table in a dirty room, inhaling the fumes of nitric acid, stooping over a steel plate on which by the help of a magnifying glass, he is, one by one, laboriously cutting out certain notches and scratches, of which the effect is to be the copy of another man's work. You cannot suppose you have done a very charitable thing in this. On the other hand, when you buy a small water-color drawing you have employed a man happily and healthily, working in a clean room, (if he likes), or more probably still, out in the pure country fresh air, thinking about something and learning about something every moment.—*Ruskin.*

Mr. S. C. HORTON has sold his new house on Central Avenue to Mr. Snyder, of Chicago, who will occupy it on completion.

### CROSSWISE.

Cupid is a friend of Highland Park. He loves her young men and her maidens; he loves to have them love, and keeps his little quiver always ready, and soon or later each fair youth, and lovely maid feels the intoxicating influence of his swift flying darts.

One moonlight evening he took his position up on the steeple of the Presbyterian Church and slyly looked about for a victim, and who should appear more willing or more pleasing than our accomplished Doctor when quick as thought, as he passed the corner of Prospect and Linden Avenues, and gazed on the fair maid of the Manse, Cupid drew from his quiver two strong, well barbed darts which flew straight to their mark and two hearts beat as one. There was no use in resisting; the aim was too true, the wounds were past the cure of surgery and none but a Doctor of Divinity could heal them which operation was duly performed on Tuesday last and a bride and groom took the early train for an eastern journey which we trust may be a joyous one and a prelude only to a long, harmonious and happy journey of life. This is the sincere wish of the News who doubt it not.

### THE ROMANCE OF A PIANO.

BY PROF. WHEELER.

The piano is the newspaper of music. What one is to intelligence, the other is to art. Both diffuse that which, until this generation, was hoarded by the few. This is a fact, however, which mankind waited for America to prove and publish, and that it is now doing at the rate of 50,000 distinct and puissant tongues, and in the other 30,000 polished home missionaries sent out annually, of which *primus inter pares*—I am one. You who have practised on me shall now be preached to a little in return. The story that I have to tell will be told in my own way; and you are to understand, at the outset, that I am not being played upon in this case. Whatever music is developed is from my inner consciousness, as you say. I purpose to tie my strings into a silver lash, and may it please your worship, interpret my interpreters—that is to say, it will be necessary for me to return some of the blows I have received. Do you think I am less sensitive and voluble than a man? Bah! I am only less vain. When he speaks of the soul of music, he means the soul he puts into it without thinking of the possible soul that was in it before man; just as though having stumbled on the diatonic scale with its inner half hints, which, mark you, had been set in the heavens with the stars, and had pulsed through all matter since chaos, he is a creator, whereas he only filches from eternity.

Music is never a creation in a physical sense; always a transposition. As well say that having put zinc and copper and sulphuric acid together, and evolved a new current, magnetic and measureless, that you create electricity when it was only asleep in dumb molecular material. Man, at his best, is a fashioner, an interpreter. Once he groped after effects among the secrets of nature with his fancy, now he searches with his science, now he caresses with his knowledge. You may compare the prescription of witchery—

"Eye of newt and toe of frog;  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog."

with the prescription of the piano fashioner—

"Elephant's tooth and skin of deer;  
Hearts of young trees and veneer;  
Ebony, silver, sole and steel,  
Lead and gum and brass and deal."

A piano is magic minus empiricism. It is an emotive engine, endowed with a susceptibility more exquisite than man's. It is beauty, sensibility and power epitomized. The tension of 214 strings amounts to 51,360 pounds, or 26 tons. It is a force capable of crushing you to dust. It is the distributed vehemence of steam, but it only breathes sonatas at the bidding of white fingers. Thus you have Prometheus bound in your chamber, and his fire is at your service.

You can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly of every occasion that presents itself.—*Blackie.*